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August 1993 - April 1994

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
SCRAPBOOK MICROFILMING PROJECT

Funded in part by

THE NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE
HUMANITIES

Grant No. PS-20709-93

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BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA MICROFILMING PROJECT

**A COOPERATIVE PROJECT BETWEEN THE BOSTON SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA ARCHIVES AND THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
(AUGUST 1993 - APRIL 1994)**

This microfilming project includes two collections of scrapbooks housed in two separate repositories. The first set of scrapbooks (80 volumes) resides within the Allen A. Brown Collection in the Music Department of the Boston Public Library (BPL). Their call number is **M.125.5. The second set of scrapbooks (132 volumes) resides within the Boston Symphony Orchestra (BSO) Archives' Press Clippings collection. They have the designation Pres 56.

The BPL scrapbooks begin with the founding of the BSO in 1881 and continue, through 79 seasons, to 1960. Articles consist mainly of reviews and feature stories from Boston and New York newspapers. Occasionally, magazine articles and press releases are also included. The scrapbooks cover most aspects of the BSO.

The BSO scrapbooks run from 1889, the Orchestra's 9th season, to 1973. In addition to local reviews and features, the volumes contain articles culled from national and international publications. The scrapbooks document, in detail, all aspects of the BSO: The Symphony Orchestra (including subscription concerts, tours, and trips), the Boston Pops, the Tanglewood Festival, the Tanglewood Music Center, and Symphony Hall.

The two sets of scrapbooks have been filmed as two separate entities. Researchers wanting to look at specific seasons or subjects must examine both sets of films to ensure full coverage.

The scrapbooks do not represent the complete holdings of either location on the subject of the BSO.

Requests for positive microfilm copies of individual rolls, or of film sets, should be directed to the respective repositories.

**Music Department
Boston Public Library
P. O. Box 286
Boston, MA 02117**

**Boston Symphony Orchestra Archives
Symphony Hall
Boston, MA 02115**

**M.125

.5

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SCRAPBOOKS

1881-1882 TO 1959-1960

1181-18 to 1915-16 compiled by Allen A. Brown

1916-17 to 1937-38 compiled by Mary A. Brown

1938-39 to 1959-60 compiled by the Music Department

These scrapbooks contain reviews of concerts, articles concerning the Symphony, its players and conductors, interviews with soloists and composers, occasional letters and notes, an occasional autograph, ticket stubs, pictures of conductors, the Symphony, soloists and composers, and caricatures.

In the scrapbooks compiled by Mr. Brown, it is possible to find articles or reviews pasted on a program which does not have the same date. Mr. Brown used multiple copies of programs for his scrapbook "fillers;" the fillers have no relation to the articles pasted on them. The fillers may be partially to completely covered.

These scrapbooks do not contain the complete programs. For the complete program, the researcher must consult either the hard copies found in either the Boston Symphony Archives or the Boston Public Library's Music Department or the microfilm of programs published by KTO Microform (Millwood, New York) and dating from the 1881-82 season through the 1974-75 season.

Generally, one volume represents one Symphony season; the volume and season should therefore match. Depending upon the compiler and the clippings available, some reviews and articles may be found concerning the Promenade Concerts, Boston Pops, the Berkshire Music Festival and Tanglewood.

The Music Department of the Boston Public Library does maintain other materials concerning the Boston Symphony Orchestra in other scrapbooks and files. Please consult with the Music Librarian for these materials.

VOLUMES 63-67

1943-44 TO 1947-48

TECHNICAL DATA

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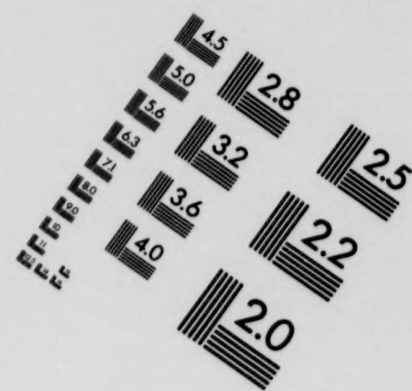
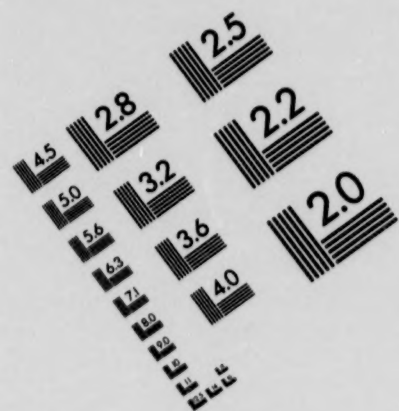
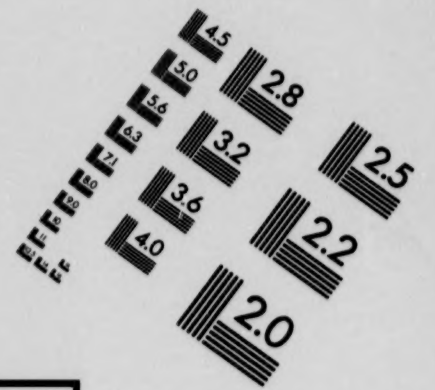
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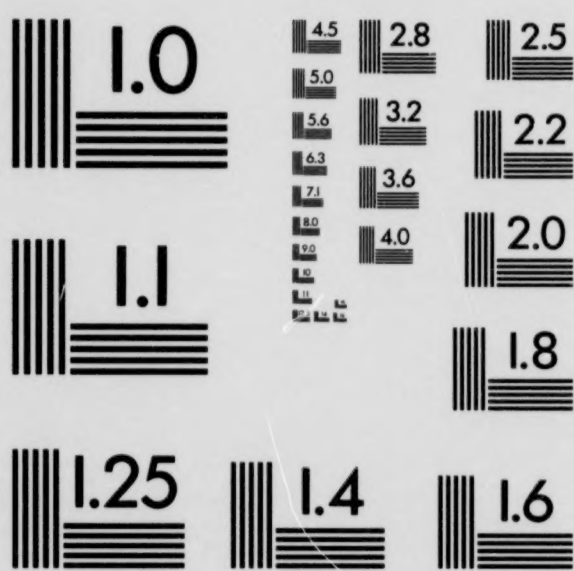
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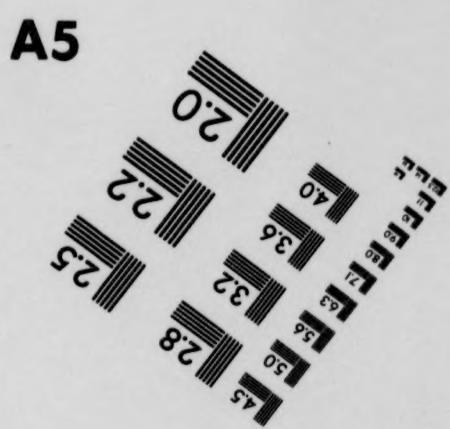
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AND OVERLAPPING
MATERIAL**

VOLUME 63

1943-1944



No. 77.125.5

v. 63

1943-44



xx.125.5.v.63

Boston Symphony Orchestra

1943-1944



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Boston Symphony Orchestra

[Sixty-third Season, 1943-1944]

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

Personnel

VIOLINS

BURGIN, R. <i>Concert-master</i> THEODOROWICZ, J.	ELCUS, G. TAPLEY, R.	LAUGA, N. KASSMAN, N.	KRIPS, A. CHERKASSKY, P.	RESNIKOFF, V. LEIBOVICI, J.
HANSEN, E. EISLER, D.	DICKSON, H. PINFIELD, C.	FEDOROVSKY, P. BEALE, M.	ZAZOFSKY, G. DUBBS, H.	
KNUDSON, C. MAYER, P.	ZUNG, M. DIAMOND, S.	LEVEEN, P. DEL SORDO, R.	GORODETZKY, L. HILLYER, R.	
BRYANT, M. MURRAY, J.	STONESTREET, L. ERKELENS, H.	MESSINA, S. SEINIGER, S.	TRAMPLER, W. SAUVLET, H.	

VIOLAS

LEFRANC, J. CAUHAPÉ, J.	FOUREL, G. ARTIERES, L.	VAN WYNBERGEN, C. BERNARD, A.	GROVER, H. WERNER, H.
LEHNER, E. GERHARDT, S.		KORNSAND, E. HUMPHREY, G.	

VIOLONCELLOS

BEDETTI, J. ZIGHERA, A.	LANGENDOEN, J.	DROEGHMANS, H. ZIMBLER, J.	ZEISE, K. NIELAND, M.	FABRIZIO, E. MARJOLLET, L.
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BASSES

MOLEUX, G. DUFRESNE, G.	JUHT, L. FRANKEL, I.	GREENBERG, H. PORTNOI, H.	GIRARD, H. PROSE, P.	BARWICKI, J.
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FLUTES

LAURENT, G.
PAPPOUTSAKIS, J.
KAPLAN, P.

OBOES

GILLET, F.
DEVERGIE, J.
LUKATSKY, J.

CLARINETS

POLATSCHEK, V.
VALERIO, M.
CARDILLO, P.

BASSOONS

ALLARD, R.
PANENKA, E.
LAUS, A.

PICCOLO

MADSEN, G.

ENGLISH HORN

SPEYER, L.

BASS CLARINET

MAZZEO, R.

CONTRA-BASSOON

PILLER, B.

HORNS

VALKENIER, W.
MACDONALD, W.
MEEK, H.
KEANEY, P.

HORNS

LANNOME, M.
SHAPIRO, H.
GEBHARDT, W.

TRUMPETS

MAGER, G.
LAFOSSE, M.
VOISIN, R. L.
VOISIN, R.

TROMBONES

RAICHMAN, J.
HANSOTTE, L.
COFFEY, J.

TUBA

ADAM, E.

HARPS

ZIGHERA, B.
CAUGHEY, E.

TIMPANI

SZULC, R.
POLSTER, M.

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STERNBURG, S.
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ROGERS, L. J.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

Telephone, Commonwealth 1492

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON, 1943-1944

CONCERT BULLETIN OF THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

with historical and descriptive notes by

JOHN N. BURK

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RICHARD C. PAINE

BENTLEY W. WARREN

G. E. JUDD, *Manager*

C. W. SPALDING, *Assistant Manager*

Boston Symphony Orchestra

[Sixty-third Season, 1943-1944]

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

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4

Sixty-Third Season 1943-1944 BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*



FOUR SERIES OF CONCERTS IN SYMPHONY HALL

24 *Friday Afternoon Concerts*—October 8 to April 28 (at 2.30).

(Omitting November 19, December 10, January 7, February 11, March 10, March 31.)

There will be a concert Thursday, April 6, instead of Friday, April 7.

24 *Saturday Evening Concerts*—October 9 to April 29 (at 8.15).

(Omitting November 20, December 11, January 8, February 12, March 11, April 1.)

6 *Monday Evening Concerts* (at 8.15).

October 25, November 29, December 27, January 24, February 28,
April 10.

6 *Tuesday Afternoon Concerts* (at 3).

October 26, November 30, December 28, January 25, February 29,
April 11.



TICKET INFORMATION

SEASON TICKETS for all concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor, are now on sale at the Box Office, Symphony Hall (Telephone: COMMONwealth 1492). Seating plans showing prices will be mailed upon request. Special payment arrangements if desired. If it is not convenient to call at Symphony Hall please mail the enclosed application blank.

5

The Twentieth Year



THE LAST twenty years of the Boston Symphony Orchestra — the Koussevitzky years — have been notable in the increase of the Orchestra's listening public: in the winter season as much as a full schedule allows; to numbers beyond count through the mechanical means of the disc and the dial, and by greatly extended summer concerts. This has been a natural expansion, furthered by the conductor's enterprise, in which the Boston Symphony Orchestra has taken a leading place in our growth as a musical nation. But the significant development of the Orchestra lies more deeply in the quality of the performances, and this inner growth is directly attributable to the genius of its famous leader.

The American career of Serge Koussevitzky hardly requires retelling — the results year after year of his insight as interpreter, his vision as artist, and his power to command. In this way he has lifted the Boston Symphony concerts to their present degree of virtuosity and beauty, and in so doing made this country and its music his own while taking a foremost place in our musical life. These achievements point to a twentieth season replete with interest and importance.

A number of compositions which have proved outstanding in the seasons past will be repeated, and new works by composers whom Dr. Koussevitzky has made known will have their first performance. Other works to be heard here for the first time will include a new violin concerto by Martinu, with MISCHA ELMAN as soloist, and the Third Symphony of Rachmaninoff. The soloists will also include LILY PONS, soprano, and the pianists, VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY, RUDOLF SERKIN, the violinist JOSEPH SZIGETI and the violoncellist, GREGOR PIATIGORSKY. IGOR STRAVINSKY will conduct a pair of concerts, giving the first performance of his new Ode. Other guest conductors will be ANDRE KOSTELANETZ and VLADIMIR GOLSCHMANN.



*The Blue Network Commissions
The Sixth Symphony by Roy Harris
For Broadcast Presentation by*
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THREE MEN MEET—Serge Koussevitzky, Conductor of The Boston Symphony; Mark Woods, President of The Blue Network (right); and Roy Harris, America's leading symphonic composer (at the piano).

And as a result of the meeting, the three men have set up another major milestone in American musical history. The Blue Network has commissioned Roy Harris to write his next—his Sixth—Symphony. The new work will be broadcast, coast-to-coast, next Spring, by The Boston Symphony Orchestra, over The Blue Network.

"In offering this commission to Mr. Harris," said President Woods, "I have made no demands. Nor any suggestions, beyond the hope

that Harris, an American of the soil, would dedicate his Sixth to America's fighting forces—and that it would symbolize our nation's struggle for the freedom of mankind."

Of Harris, as man and musician, Dr. Koussevitzky thus expresses himself, "I think that nobody has captured in music the essence of American life—its vitality, its greatness, its strength—so well as Roy Harris. I feel the genius of his art—which is great because it so colorfully portrays the life of our people."

Speaking of his new work, Harris said that he would compose a major choral symphony, dwelling upon the Lincoln era—which being an era of war and high purpose is particularly significant for the America of today.



*The Blue Network Commissions
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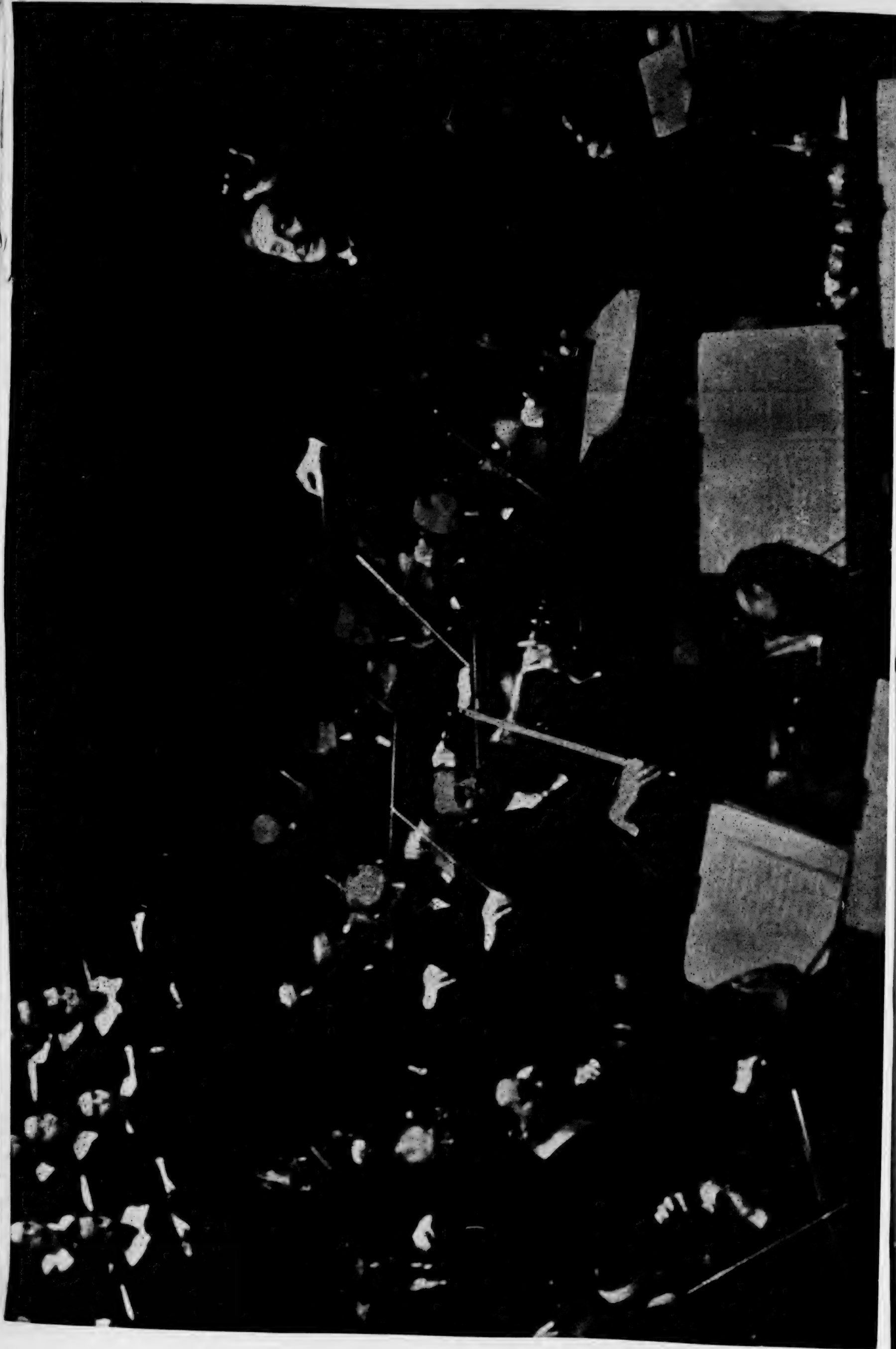
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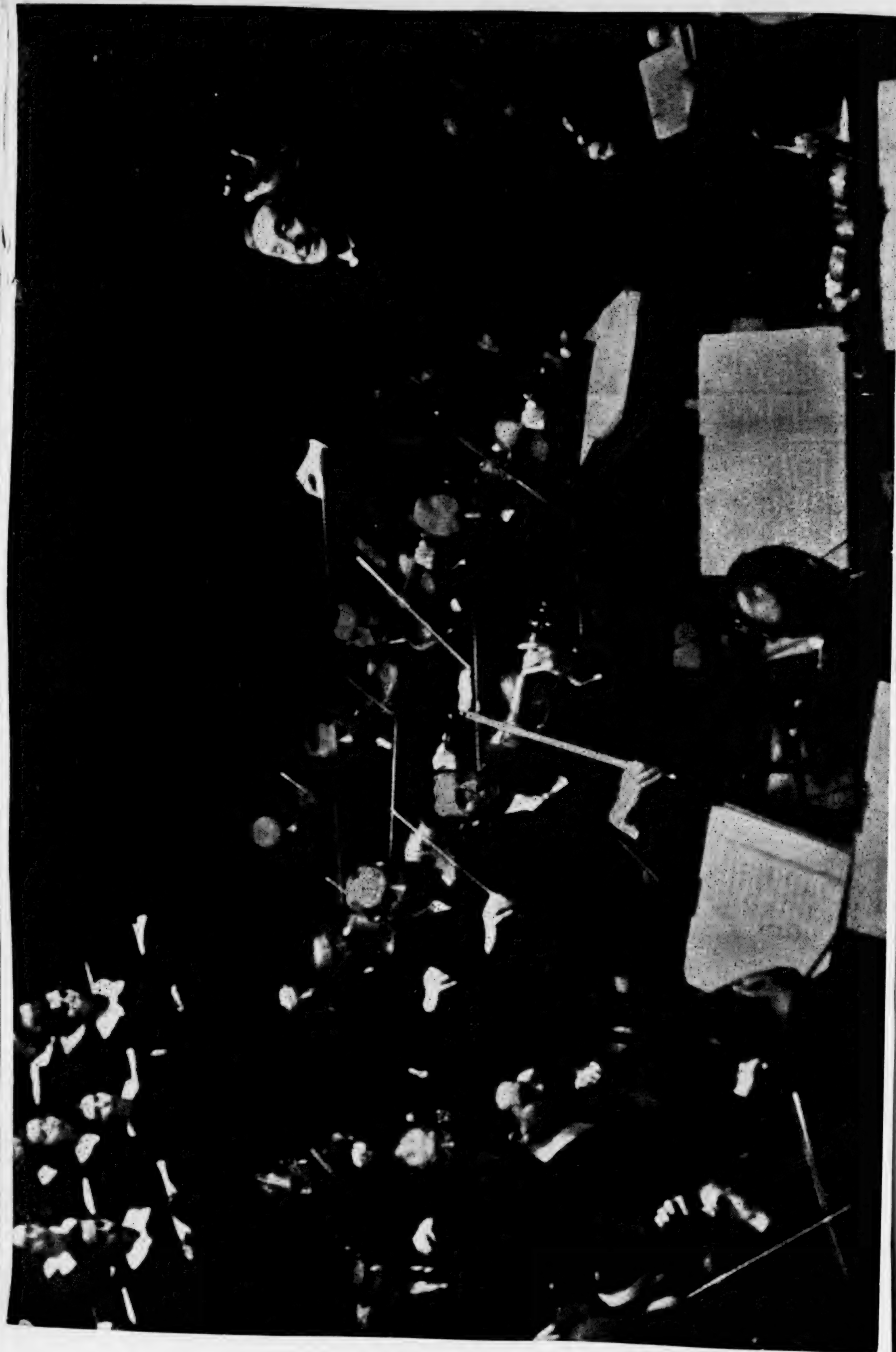
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Wide World

Serge Koussevitzky

Who on Oct. 8 begins his twentieth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.



Wide World

Serge Koussevitzky

Who on Oct. 8 begins his twentieth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

New Works By Americans On Schedule

Three new symphonies by American composers and a new Violin Concerto by Bohuslav Martinů will be among the novelties to be presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its sixty-third season, which opens Oct. 8. Dr. Koussevitzky will then begin his twentieth year as conductor of the orchestra.

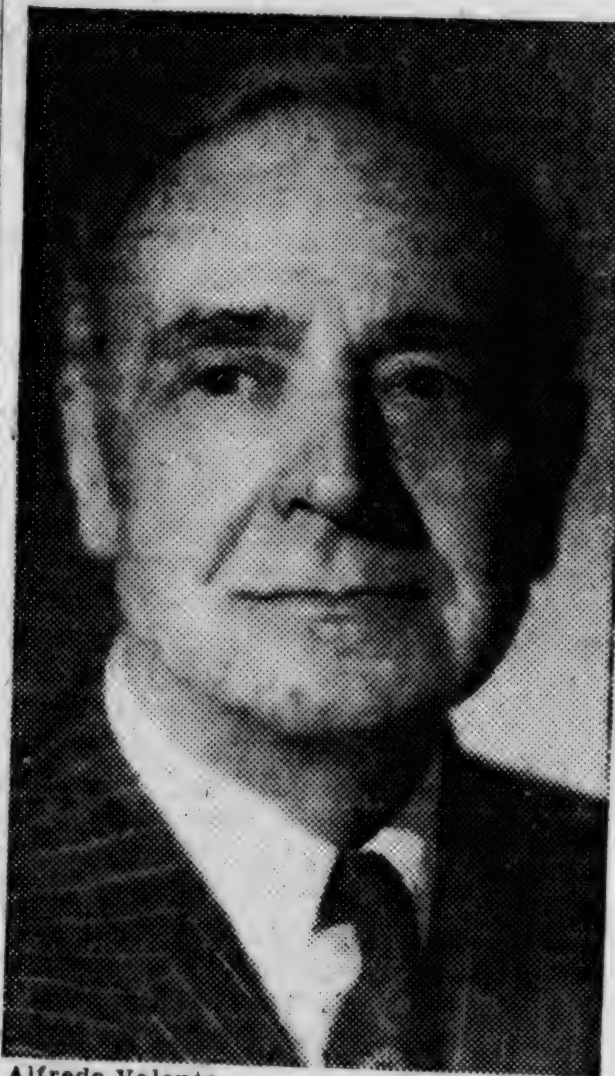
The new symphonies will be Samuel Barber's Second, William Schuman's Fifth (for strings), and Roy Harris's Fifth. The soloist in the Martinů Concerto will be Mischa Elman.

Lily Pons, soprano, and André Kostelanetz, conductor, will share a program. Vladimir Golschmann, conductor of the St. Louis Orchestra, will make his first appearance in Boston. Igor Stravinsky will conduct a pair of concerts, and Richard Burgin his usual two pairs.

Other soloists will be Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Brailovsky, Vladimir Horowitz, Joseph Szigeti and Gregor Piatigorsky.

Music to be repeated from past seasons will include Mahler's "The Song of the Earth," Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," Roussel's Suite in F, Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring," Sibelius's "Pohjola's Daughter," and the First and Seventh Symphonies of Shostakovich. Music not yet heard or long unheard at these concerts will include the Third Symphony of Rachmaninoff, the Sixth of Schubert, and the Third of Tchaikovsky.

The season will include the usual 24 pairs of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts, and six pairs of concerts on Monday evenings and Tuesday afternoons. Season tickets for each of these series are now being subscribed at Symphony Hall. The orchestra will undertake its usual schedule of concerts in other cities, with five visits to New York in the course of the season, and a tour of Western cities in December. The orchestra will continue to meet wartime conditions by carrying performances to the men in war service.



Alfredo Valente

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky

Who enters this fall upon his twentieth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

SYMPHONY SEASON WILL OPEN HERE FRIDAY, OCT. 8

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD OF MUSIC

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE 63rd season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which begins on Friday, Oct. 8, next, will be the 20th of its eminent conductor, Serge Koussevitzky. One can hardly take exception to this summary of the conductor's achievements as set forth in the announcement from Symphony Hall:

"The 19 years through which Serge Koussevitzky has devoted his life to the American musical scene have been notable in more ways than could be enumerated in a short space: in the quality of the orchestra's performances, in the enlargement of its scope of concerts, and, not least, in the expanse and enrichment of its repertory. The American citizenship of Serge Koussevitzky symbolizes his devotion to this country and the growth of its music."

Of late years Dr. Koussevitzky has been loath to announce too much of the season's repertory in advance for fear some slip-up in the plans, and these are often unavoidable, will cause disappointment. Nevertheless, this 20th season he has committed himself quite extensively.

In the matter of new pieces he will offer three American symphonies, recently completed, the Second of Samuel Barber, the Fifth, for strings alone, of William Schuman, and the Fifth, according to the Symphony Hall communique, of Roy Harris. Since we heard Mr. Harris' Fifth Symphony last season, the one dedicated to Soviet Russia, is it possible that the work under consideration is No. 6? A recently completed violin concerto by Bohuslav Martinu, to receive its world premiere from the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, with Ruth Posselt as the soloist, will be heard in Boston from Mischa Elman, who had not appeared at the Symphony concerts in many a year. New to Boston, at least, will be the Third Symphony of Rachmaninoff. And, oh yes, Igor Stravinsky, conducting a pair of concerts, as guest, will introduce a new "Ode" of his own.

The dwindling supply of new works of major importance has caused many a commentator, this one included, to cry loudly and insistently for revivals from the past. Specifically, this department has pointed out on more than one occasion that it is a mistake to let the public think of Schubert as the composer of two symphonies and Tchaikovsky as the author of three. Now comes the welcome news that Dr. Koussevitzky purposes to enrich the active repertory with Schubert's Sixth Symphony in C major and Tchaikovsky's Third in D, sometimes called the "Polish." A few years ago Arthur Fiedler conducted the former, rarely heard anywhere these days, at a concert of the MacDowell Club Orchestra, and the Tchaikovsky Third was done about the same time by Alexander Thiede and a WPA orchestra at Sanders Theatre in Cambridge. If Dr. Koussevitzky make good his intentions regarding them, they will be new to most of his listeners.

Among the pieces unheard during the past few seasons will be Mahler's masterpiece, "The Song of the Earth" (with the assisting tenor and contralto as yet unspecified); Hindemith's outstanding symphonic work to date, "Mathis der Maler"; the charming Suite in F of Roussel; Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," still dreaded by many concert-goers; Sibelius' tone poem of Finnish legend, "Pohjola's Daughter," and the First Symphony of Shostakovich. That composer's Seventh Symphony, about which so much fuss was made just a year ago, will be repeated.

When the Boston Symphony joined the musician's union the ban on top-flight soloists was lifted. In mid-season, however, it was not altogether easy to snare these birds of passage. Among those who were caught was Gregor Piatigorsky, the eminent violoncellist. He will return to us, and along with him will come the pianist, Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Brailowsky and Vladimir Horowitz; the violinist, Joseph Szigeti, whose appearance here two years ago was blocked by Czar Petrillo; and, last but not least, the soprano, Lily Pons, never before heard with our orchestra.

When it comes to appearances with orchestra, Miss Pons is half of a team these days, the other member being her conductor husband, Andre Kostelanetz. He will lead the orchestra at the pair of concerts in which his gifted wife sings. One can already vision the line of standees for the rush seats on that Friday afternoon, for this is a more popular-sounding bill than the Boston Symphony generally puts forth. Speaking of popularity, there is no mention yet of swooner-crooner Frank Sinatra, who has been helping out with varied success at outdoor symphonic concerts this past summer!

Besides Messrs. Stravinsky and Kostelanetz there will be yet another guest conductor, Vladimir Golschmann of the St. Louis Orchestra who, like Mr. Kostelanetz, will be a newcomer to Symphony Hall. Associate conductor, Richard Burgin, who steadily grows in stature and prestige, is slated for two pairs of programmes.

Conspicuous by their absence are the announcements of choral concerts, though it seems unlikely that we would be deprived them altogether. There had been talk of a performance of Bach's B minor Mass in the spring, with the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe assisting. By now the personnel of the former must be pretty well depleted.

As in recent years, there will be 24 pairs of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts and six pairs of supplementary concerts on Monday evenings and Tuesday afternoons. For what promises to be an exciting symphonic year extensive bookings are already being made.

Koussevitzky Says Boston Symphony Best in the World

How does it feel to begin one's 20th season as the conductor of the world's greatest Symphony orchestra?

"I feel happy and well," said Conductor Serge Koussevitzky in his dressing room after rehearsal yesterday morning. "I feel great satisfaction in what we have accomplished in 20 years. I can still work as hard as ever! I don't feel tired!"

The appearance of the man who has brought Boston's orchestra to highest eminence, corroborated his exclamations. Apart from gray hair, you would never think of Serge Koussevitzky approaching his 70th birthday, which will be next July 26. The Russian-born musician has amazing vitality of mind and body.

As he sat on a couch in his dressing room, he looked ruddy and healthy, dressed—as always—with a flair for elegance and color. His brown sport coat, brown sweater over which peeped the collar of a brown shirt, gave him a youthful air in keeping with his inward vigor.

"So much has happened in 20 years," he said. "When I first came here, there was little new music, little American music played. Both the orchestra and I are proud of the enormous influence the Boston Symphony has had in the entire musical life of the country."

"As the greatest orchestra in the world, the Boston Symphony has obliged other orchestras to follow our example of performing new American music."

"American music can be said to be in its third generation. The first included such men as Edward MacDowell, George Chadwick, and Ar-

thur Foote. Between them and the next generation, Edward Burlingame Hill is a connecting link. The outstanding men of America's second musical generation are Aaron Copland, Walter Piston, Roger Sessions and Roy Harris. Now we have a third, young generation, lead by William Schuman, David Diamond and Nicolai Berezowsky.

Composition Styles Changed

"Styles in American composition have changed enormously since I first came to Boston in 1911," continued Koussevitzky. "The technique has developed so that now men like Copland and Piston possess the highest, most universal technic of writing."

"I can find little emotion in modern music. The best of it sounds very well as music, is beautifully written. But try as I have, I can find little emotion in it. Perhaps other conductors can."

And he made this frank statement with the smiling simplicity and the honesty of a great artist with a vast knowledge and understanding of musical evolution.

"The public takes to modern music more easily today. Perhaps they may not like it at first, but they are willing to hear it again and again, which is important. They can absorb more dissonance and rhythmic complication than formerly. I think they have found that by listening to new music. They find old favorite masterpieces fresher when they return to them."

"You know, I realized 13 years ago that the Boston Symphony was the

best orchestra in the world. I could not say so then. I waited for other people to make the claim. Now I can say so myself."

The 63d season of the Boston Symphony begins at Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon. C. W. D.

New Work by Stravinsky On Season's First Program

10-7-43

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Igor Stravinsky, who has led composers back from modernism to classicism, holds severely to the path struck out by Bach and continued by Beethoven and Brahms; and yet he breaks with one particular rule in his latest work, which the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, is bringing out at the start of its 1943-44 season tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. The convention which he shatters is the one demanding for a symphonic work and for each division of it a more or less prolonged and emphatic terminating passage. He refuses, that is to say, to regard regular formulas of climax and coda; and he does so especially in the first and last of the three brief sketches of which his new piece, entitled "Ode," consists.

Not that he concludes sketch No. 1, carrying the designation, Eulogy, and bearing the slow-movement tag, Lento, in a fashion that would be accounted abrupt; nor that he sets a stop on No. 3, called Epitaph, and Lento again, before the themes have pursued a proper course of development. Both studies, indeed, are rounded and complete and yet they do, contrary to usual practice, finish off without vain repetition of phrase and needless pile-up of sonority.

That is something Stravinsky may be said to have added to the art of orchestral composition—the reticent close; though nobody

should expect that his example will be generally followed. It is just a matter of leaving off when all has been said that wants saying, just shading down and letting go. Simple; but simple exploits come hard even to the best craftsman, often entailing much antecedent complexity. Composers sometimes hasten after simplicity only to find themselves becoming commonplace.

As for Stravinsky, he takes care not to overdo the thing. In his sketch No. 2, Eclogue, designed for bright and lively treatment in performance (Con moto) he runs in very regular line. Here he writes more as he wrote back in the second decade of the century, when he was in the service of the Diaghileff Ballet. Rise and fall of emotion and progress to a peak of interest are in orthodox evidence. The playful tempo and the triple rhythms go a course quite according to historic regulation.

The manuscript score of the "Ode" is dated, evidently in Mr. Stravinsky's own hand, 1943; and the opening movement and the finale give every evidence of belonging in idea and execution to his present rather mechanistic period. The work is dedicated to the memory of Natalie C. Koussevitzky, and it begins and ends in a truly elegiac and commemorative, even if mathematical, style. But the Eclogue interlude may have

been latent in the composer's thinkings and imaginings for a good while past. According to a note sent to Symphony Hall with the music, the Eclogue expresses the idea of Tanglewood, the summer institute in western Massachusetts which Mme. Koussevitzky cherished along with Dr. Koussevitzky, its founder.

But any such association could exactly as well be an afterthought. In one view, the piece is of such ancient European type as to be altogether removed from anything American, whether located in the Berkshire Hills or elsewhere. For if a hurried reading of the orchestral partition reveals anything, the Eclogue is as German as Weber and as French as Couperin. Neither in mood nor in fancy does it seem to picture Stockbridge, either that of today or the one of colonial times. Never, surely, did the note of hunting horn which pervades the episode find counterpart in the vales and glades of that town. The marksmen, Indian or white, who tracked the deer in Ice Glen went about their business without blare of brass, we may be certain. Moreover, whether Jonathan Edwards would have countenanced in a community where he had influence such gaiety as wells up in Eclogue is a question.

Any Stravinsky composition is likely to be interesting for the mastery of many matters which it evinces. Take No. 1 of the "Ode;" here the violas in an early passage carry a principal melody against the other strings with a balance too good to believe. All the way through this Eulogy, moreover, one section of the orchestra

takes turns with another in an accompanying role. Again, simplicity; but a kind rarely attained.

Somehow, too, a Stravinsky composition is marked by types of theme appropriate to the purpose of the moment. The strain which dominates No. 1 seems to be of this sort. To the eye the notes on the staff have a disjunct and almost untuneful look, yet on the ear they will undoubtedly strike smoothly and connectedly. In such a way a composer can be original without undue effort and assertion.

New Season Will Open On Oct. 8

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will open its sixty-third season on Oct. 8, with Dr. Koussevitzky conducting for the twentieth year.

The activities of the orchestra's sixty-second season, concluded with the concert of Monday evening, Aug. 30, show a record number of concerts when performances through the summer and special performances for our Armed Forces are taken into account.

A total of 242 concerts were performed within the season's length of 304 days—concerts on the average of one every 30 hours. Total attendance is estimated at more than 850,000.

The orchestra gave in its regular Boston season, 1942-43, 60 concerts.

The fifty-eighth season of Pop

Concerts under Arthur Fiedler was extended to 70 nights.

The fifteenth season of Esplanade Concerts, Arthur Fielder, Conductor, was performed in the Hatch Memorial on the Charles River Embankment from July 22 to Aug. 18, with performances each night (Mondays excepted). A new series of seven pairs of chamber concerts by members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given on Sunday afternoons in Cambridge and Monday evenings in Boston from July 11 to Aug. 30.

A summer without a Berkshire Festival became a summer of music in Boston, with the Pops season extended two weeks, the Esplanade season one week longer than usual. The chamber series further extended the season to a total length of 48 weeks. Meanwhile, four concerts were given in the Library at Lenox, Mass., under the auspices of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, Inc., for the benefit of the Red Cross.

The orchestra voluntarily, as a whole or in part, gave a number of special performances in Symphony Hall for men and women in war service, and also played at several army camps.

Mr. Fiedler and Mr. Burgin conducted a series of weekly "jam sessions" for which St. Paul's Cathedral provided a room. All men in the Service who could play an instrument were invited to participate in these extemporaneous performances.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

First Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 8, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 9, at 8:15 o'clock

VIVALDI Concerto in D minor for Orchestra with Organ
(Edited by A. Siloti)

- I. Maestoso
- II. Largo
- III. Allegro

STRAVINSKY Ode in Three Parts, for Orchestra

- Eulogy
- Eclogue
- Epitaph

(First performance)

MOUSSORGSKY "Pictures at an Exhibition," Pianoforte Pieces
arranged for Orchestra by Maurice Ravel

- Promenade — Gnomus — Tuileries — Ballet of Chicks in their Shells
- Samuel Goldenburg and Schmuyle — Limoges; The Marketplace —
- Catacombs (Con mortuis in lingua mortua) — The Hut on Fowls' Legs —
- The Great Gate at Kiev

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

- I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro
- II. Andante sostenuto
- III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
- IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

BALDWIN PIANO

This programme will end about 4:30 on Friday Afternoon,
10:15 o'clock on Saturday Evening

Symphony Hall is organized for your protection in case of a blackout.
The auditorium and the corridors will remain lighted.
You are requested to keep your seats. Above all, keep calm.

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KOUSSEVITZKY OVATION OPENS 20TH YEAR HERE

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Yesterday's Symphony concert was magnificent, but equally as magnificent in promise as in execution, for it marked the beginning of Serge Koussevitzky's 20th year as conductor and musical director of the Boston Symphony orchestra. It is going to be an inspiring season, no doubt about it.

As if there is not always an air of expectancy upon the opening of the series, yesterday's pre-concert atmosphere was magical with suspense. At the click of 2:30 the lights shot down, the door leading off stage right opened, and Dr. Koussevitzky, immaculate in his correct afternoon attire, appeared. As he turned the corner behind the violas and stalked in leonine majesty toward the conductor's stand, Richard Burgin, the orchestra's concert master, leaped to the stand and the orchestra's great brass section burst out with Walter Piston's Fanfare. Taken aback, the orchestra's venerable conductor paused a moment, and stood where he was until the fanfare was over. Then, as the applause reached a crescendo, he took his place upon the stand to acknowledge the tribute.

At this moment Jerome D. Greene, president of the orchestra's trustees, leaped upon the platform and spoke a few words of welcome. To this Dr. Koussevitzky responded, reading, in his wonderful accent, a brief inspirational message. At the conclusion of the ceremony both audience and orchestra broke into prolonged applause which the conductor, his face scarlet with emotion and his head held high in pride, acknowledged with simple dignity. And so the music began. *Herald*

Appropriately enough, it began

with the exquisite Vivaldi Concerto in D minor which served to introduce the conductor to America just 20 years ago, almost to the hour. In this, as well as in Brahms' C minor Symphony and Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" (which the conductor had most certainly elected to play in the hope that the performance of the final "Gates of Kiev" section would coincide with the taking of that well-spring of Russian culture by the Red Army), the orchestra achieved wonders of sonority and the conductor wonders of interpretative vitality. But musical discussion must be limited these days to first things, and Stravinsky's "Ode" comes under that classification. *10-9-43*

On first hearing, despite its many charming and even beautiful passages, the "Ode" appears clearly to be a case of sending a man on a boy's errand. Scored for 110 men, the work is nonetheless a miniature, and would unquestionably prove more effective scored for chamber orchestra. As it is, three quarters of the time three quarters of the orchestra is engaged only in counting measures of rest. Yet it cannot be denied that the other quarter is engaged in making exceedingly good music. The first movement, of long, flowing melodic contours, is patently reminiscent of sections of "Baiser de la Fee" both in content and in scoring. The two subsequent movements, rarefied neo-classic texture, are even more intimate than the first, but both are filled with moments of exceeding delicacy of expression. In short, reduced to proper dimensions, the "Ode" (dedicated by the way to the memory of Natalie Koussevitzky) would prove of extraordinary beauty. As it is, the picture is made ridiculous by the size of the frame.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The fanfare that Walter Piston composed for the Harvard ceremonies honoring Winston Churchill was played in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon as greeting to Serge Koussevitzky. When the conductor rounded the corner of the stage to enter his 20th season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Concertmaster Richard Burgin, fiddle tucked under left arm, leaped to the stand and signaled the men to begin. *10-9-43*

A moment or two before orchestra and audience had risen in tribute to Mr. Koussevitzky, usual at the start and finish of each season. But this was not all. Jerome D. Greene, president of the orchestra's board of trustees, mounted steps from the audience and made a short, formal speech of welcome.

In the reply Mr. Koussevitzky read, he said in part: "On my 20th year in America, I am happy to be able to serve the musical art of this country and to carry on the traditions of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. . . . It is during the two decades of my association with the Boston Symphony that I have learned to love the spirit of America."

These ceremonies and the customary performance of "The Star Spangled Banner" concluded, conductor and players addressed themselves to the opening program of the orchestra's 63d season. Vivaldi's D minor Orchestral Concerto (in the edition of Siloti) fittingly came first because it was the first music that Mr. Koussevitzky conducted in Boston. Subsequently we heard the initial performance of Igor Stravinsky's new Ode; the Moussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition" and Brahms' First Symphony.

In the classic order of Vivaldi, the color of Moussorgsky's tone-pictures and the energizing sweep of the C minor Symphony, we all had again the vast pleasure of hearing instrumental virtuosity and interpretive distinction applied to masterpieces. It was too bad that "The Old

Castle" and "Bydlo" were omitted from the "Pictures at an Exhibition," presumably to comply with the exactitudes of radio timing. Stravinsky's Ode is dedicated to the memory of Mme. Koussevitzky and falls in three movements: Eulogy, Eclogue and Epitaph. In view of Stravinsky's purpose, it is regrettable that enthusiastic words cannot be written of the Ode. But Stravinsky seems to have landed in a creative dead-end characterized by superficiality, little energy, thinness and aridity. —C. W. D.

20TH OPENING

Koussevitzky Arranges Notable Programme

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's 20th season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began yesterday afternoon with ceremony. While orchestra and audience stood at attention, Concert Master Richard Burgin presided over the performance of that form of fanfare for wind instruments known as "tuschi." *10-9-43*

Thereupon, Jerome D. Greene, president of the board of trustees, delivered a few words of welcome to orchestra and leader, mentioning also the radio audience that will hear the first half of the concert tonight. Finally Dr. Koussevitzky read from a prepared script his sentiments on this notable anniversary and then led band and listeners in a performance of the national anthem.

As for the programme proper, the initial number, Vivaldi's sturdy Concerto in D minor for orchestra with organ, as arranged by Siloti, had a more than purely musical interest and significance since it headed the conductor's first Boston programme.

Throughout the afternoon the standard of performance was exceptionally high. The final number, Brahms' First Symphony, which for some reason was overlooked last season, received a glamorous presentation.

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON, Oct. 8.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conductor, first concert of the season this afternoon in Symphony Hall.

Concerto in D minor.....Vivaldi-Siloti
Ode.....Stravinsky
(First performance)
"Pictures at an Exposition".....Moussorgsky
Ravel Symphony No. 1 in C minor.....Brahms

An Anniversary and a Memorial

UP BOSTON way the autumn leaves are still a little green; they will flame brighter in another ten days. It is doubtful whether the Boston Symphony Orchestra, however, will ever be, ever has been, a riper, more polished ensemble than it is right now. The beginning of Serge Koussevitzky's twentieth season as its conductor finds it suave, skillful, unified, comparable in technical and tonal excellence to only one other in the United States, that of Philadelphia.

Both are sensitive and powerful instruments. But Boston is unique among American cities today in having, along with such an instrument, a man conducting it who has worked with it for twenty years.

Today's anniversary was celebrated by the performance of the same Vivaldi work that opened Mr. Koussevitzky's first concert in Boston on Oct. 10, 1923. The piece also served to show off the string choir. This reviewer, who was present on both occasions, opines that although the orchestra is very little better (if any) now than it was then (for Pierre Monteux had formed a superb ensemble), Koussevitzky is a far better conductor than he was at that time. Bostonian intellectual standards and the orchestra's own musical ones have toned down the Russian fire-eater, have toned him up, too, and made of him an ideal spokesman for a community that cherishes the intellectual amenities as if they were the basic civilities of life.

As a memorial to the late Natalie Koussevitzky, wife and help-

Serge Koussevitzky



Who began yesterday his twentieth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

mate for many years, the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, Inc. (in other words, Mr. Koussevitzky himself), had commissioned for this anniversary occasion an elegiac piece from the great Igor Stravinsky, who knew her well. The work is in three sections, the middle one an evocation of eighteenth century garden music. The others are sober and funereal, though at no point tearful. The work as a whole is restrained, comely without ostentation and daintily noble, as befits the funeral monument of a lady who was not in her own right a public character. It is to be hoped the good Doctor will bring it along to New York when the orchestra comes down next month. We hear far too little music that is technically masterful and emotionally reserved.

20 Years in His Beloved Boston

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

They started to applaud in Symphony Hall last night and Friday afternoon the instant he appeared in the doorway leading off the stage. As he stalked majestically toward the conductor's stand the applause was silenced only when the orchestra broke into the striking chords of a fanfare, and the second the music stopped the applause broke out anew. Throughout the brief opening ceremony the audiences could hardly wait to resume the ovation for the slight, white-haired figure upon whom all eyes were focussed. And why not?

The Friday-Saturday audiences of the Boston Symphony orchestra were giving just tribute to a man of 69 years; a man who, as he approached his 20th season as the musical director and conductor of the orchestra he alone has moulded into absolute perfection, stands at the topmost peak of the musical world; a man who is not only the greatest living interpretative musician but certainly one of the greatest of all time. Applause, cheers and pandemonium for Serge Koussevitzky were tribute small enough.

The event must surely have recalled to him the day, 20 years ago, when first he stepped upon the conductor's stand to face the same audience. Relatively unknown here then, despite his formidable European reputation, he little knew (as he told me earlier in the week) the difficulties which lay ahead of him, and he could not have known of his eventual triumphs.

"It was a difficult time," he said (and it is a great pity his wonderful accent and his charming manner of speech cannot be reproduced). "You know, through no fault of my predecessor, the orchestra was—how shall I say?—at the bottom of a cycle. But I said to myself, 'you must make the Boston orchestra the best in all the world, and you must do this regardless of personal feelings. You must start at the beginning,' I said, 'and you must think only of one thing: the Boston Symphony orchestra shall be without equal."

"For three years I worked and worked just to bring together the finest musicians no matter where they came from. During those hard years I spent many, many hours of rehearsal just tuning the orchestra; many more teaching it to play all together, to attack and to respond instantaneously. And then it took seven years more to teach the orchestra how to sing the music, and not just play like mechanics. Ten years!"

He sighed, recalling the heartaches of the period. "They were hard years, yes," he went on. "but now I

see they were wonderful years. I know now how much I myself learned, and I would not have had it otherwise. It is not good to have things come too easily, yes?"

He talked about American composers, whom he has always encouraged. He said we had had only three generations of composers, and could we reasonably expect a Beethoven in so short a time? "No, that is not possible. But mark my word, the next Beethoven will be American. Why, the first thing I do when I come to Boston is to say 'who is your best composer?' They answer and say, 'why, Piston is our best composer.'"

"Good," I say, "send him to me." "Mr. Piston comes to me and I say, 'Mr. Piston, what have you written for orchestra?'"

"Nothin," says Mr. Piston, "nobody will play American things."

"I will," I say, "go home and write something."

"The first thing wasn't so good," Koussevitzky went on "but after that—magnificent! And since that time I have played hundreds—no thousands of American things. And each one is better than the last until today the American composer is the most technically assured, the most inventive and the most accomplished composer in the world. What does he need? A little more time, a little more tradition, a little more security, a few more performances and, most of all, a little more co-operation from the public which says 'Oh, American composers? They can't be any good!' But I tell you, they are good, and one day soon they will be great."

He talked about his plans for the new season ("the best and the freshest ever"); he talked about the new works he is going to do and about the guest conductors he has engaged ("wonderful, all wonderful!"); he talked about his writing, for writing is his passionate hobby ("It is Mendelssohn I am thinking about now") and he talked about his scheme to bring music to all the people of the nation through the Koussevitzky Foundation which even now is gathering momentum as he matures his plan which, once organized will possibly more than any one of his many accomplishments, keep his name fresh in musical history.

And mostly he talked of his fondest wish: to take the Boston Symphony orchestra back to his native, victorious Russia and tour with it throughout that gigantic land. "Every day I think about it. I am an American, you know, and I am proud and happy in my adopted country. But it is the dream of an old man to return with my orchestra to Russia, and to say to my native people 'These are now my people, but they are your people, too. And together we will work to bring peace and freedom and equality to all the men of earth.' Yes, and I will do it, too, mark my word."

Koussevitzky Honored At Opening of Season

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky received unprecedented honors when he stepped upon the platform in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon to begin his twentieth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As he neared the center of the stage, Richard Burgin, the concertmaster, leaped to the dais and led the orchestra in Walter Piston's Fanfare, recently played in Sanders Theater when Harvard conferred a degree on Winston Churchill.

Then Jerome D. Greene, president of the Board of Trustees, climbed to the platform and welcomed the conductor with a brief address which conveyed "warmest congratulations" from his audiences. Dr. Koussevitzky replied with a graceful tribute to the orchestra, its founder, and those who have helped it "to fulfill its cultural and artistic mission." He concluded:

"Today, when the world is a flaming battlefield for the cause and ideals of democracy, it is my deep and firm belief that music will help to build a new world free from destruction and oppression: because music is a leading and a living force toward the supreme goal—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Dr. Koussevitzky opened the musical program with Vivaldi's Concerto in D minor for orchestra and organ, edited by A. Siloti, the composition with which he began his first concert in Boston 19 years ago. He continued with Stravinsky's new "Ode" for Orchestra (first performance) and the "Mousorgsky-Ravel" "Pictures at an Exhibition," and closed with the

First Symphony of Brahms. Now he has only the Shostakovich Fifth left for period to his twentieth season.

Stravinsky's "Ode," composed for the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, is dedicated to the memory of Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky. It is a chant in three parts for orchestra, and is described by the composer as "an appreciation of Natalie Koussevitzky's spiritual contribution to the art of the eminent conductor, her husband."

The three parts are a Eulogy, an Eclogue, and an Epitaph. The piece is lightly scored, and is written in its composer's neo-classic vein of dissonant counterpoint. The first and third parts are solemn in mood, but the second is lively, and is intended, according to the composer, to suggest out-of-doors music, "an idea cherished by Natalie Koussevitzky and brilliantly materialized at Tanglewood by her husband." The work as a whole, undoubtedly born of real emotion, left in performance the impression of sterility that is made by so much of the composer's later output.

The orchestra opens its sixty-third season with only minor changes in personnel and with its virtuosity kept to concert pitch by almost continuous playing for the last two years. Indeed, it is possible to feel that it has played a little too uninterruptedly. There were raggednesses yesterday in the strings and in the brass, and tone was often harsh. These flaws, especially apparent in the Vivaldi and the Brahms, are due in part probably to a lack of clarity in the conductor's indication of entrances and to his insistence on more and more volume in climaxes. When leader and

men have settled down together for the season, we shall no doubt have greater precision and better tone.

The performance of the Mousorgsky-Ravel item, which seems to have won a settled place in the repertory, reminded us again that the more music leans on a program, the sooner we tire of it. But the finale may always be depended upon to make its effect.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 15, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16, at 8:15 o'clock

BERLIOZ Fantastic Symphony, Op. 14A

- I. Dreams, Passions
Largo: Allegro agitato e appassionato assai
- II. A Ball
Waltz: Allegro non troppo
- III. Scene in the Meadows
Adagio
- IV. March to the Scaffold
Allegretto non troppo
- V. A Witches' Sabbath
Larghetto: Allegro

INTERMISSION

LUKAS FOSS "The Prairie"
(First performance)

STRAUSS "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner, in Rondo Form," Op. 28

This programme will end about 4:20 on Friday Afternoon,
10:05 o'clock on Saturday Evening

Koussevitzky Honored At Opening of Season

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky received unprecedented honors when he stepped upon the platform in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon to begin his twentieth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As he neared the center of the stage, Richard Burgin, the concertmaster, leaped to the dais and led the orchestra in Walter Piston's Fanfare, recently played in Sanders Theater when Harvard conferred a degree on Winston Churchill.

Then Jerome D. Greene, president of the Board of Trustees, climbed to the platform and welcomed the conductor with a brief address which conveyed "warmest congratulations" from his audiences. Dr. Koussevitzky replied with a graceful tribute to the orchestra, its founder, and those who have helped it "to fulfill its cultural and artistic mission." He concluded:

"Today, when the world is a flaming battlefield for the cause and ideals of democracy, it is my deep and firm belief that music will help to build a new world free from destruction and oppression: because music is a leading and a living force toward the supreme goal—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Dr. Koussevitzky opened the musical program with Vivaldi's Concerto in D minor for orchestra and organ, edited by A. Siloti, the composition with which he began his first concert in Boston 19 years ago. He continued with Stravinsky's new "Ode" for Orchestra (first performance) and the "Mousorgsky-Ravel 'Pictures at an Exhibition,'" and closed with the

First Symphony of Brahms. Now he has only the Shostakovich Fifth left for period to his twentieth season. 10-9-43

Stravinsky's "Ode," composed for the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, is dedicated to the memory of Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky. It is a chant in three parts for orchestra, and is described by the composer as "an appreciation of Natalie Koussevitzky's spiritual contribution to the art of the eminent conductor, her husband."

The three parts are a Eulogy, an Eclogue, and an Epitaph. The piece is lightly scored, and is written in its composer's neo-classic vein of dissonant counterpoint. The first and third parts are solemn in mood, but the second is lively, and is intended, according to the composer, to suggest out-of-doors music, "an idea cherished by Natalie Koussevitzky and brilliantly materialized at Tanglewood by her husband." The work as a whole, undoubtedly born of real emotion, left in performance the impression of sterility that is made by so much of the composer's later output.

The orchestra opens its sixty-third season with only minor changes in personnel and with its virtuosity kept to concert pitch by almost continuous playing for the last two years. Indeed, it is possible to feel that it has played a little too uninterruptedly. There were raggednesses yesterday in the strings and in the brass, and tone was often harsh. These flaws, especially apparent in the Vivaldi and the Brahms, are due in part probably to a lack of clarity in the conductor's indication of entrances and to his insistence on more and more volume in climaxes. When leader and

men have settled down together for the season, we shall no doubt have greater precision and better tone.

The performance of the Mousorgsky-Ravel item, which seems to have won a settled place in the repertory, reminded us again that the more music leans on a program, the sooner we tire of it. But the finale may always be depended upon to make its effect.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 15, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 16, at 8:15 o'clock

BERLIOZ Fantastic Symphony, *Op. 14A*

I. Dreams, Passions

Largo: Allegro agitato e appassionato assai

II. A Ball

Waltz: Allegro non troppo

III. Scene in the Meadows

Adagio

IV. March to the Scaffold

Allegretto non troppo

V. A Witches' Sabbath

Larghetto: Allegro

INTERMISSION

LUKAS FOSS "The Prairie"
(First performance)

STRAUSS "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner, in Rondo Form," *Op. 28*

This programme will end about 4:20 on Friday Afternoon,
10:05 o'clock on Saturday Evening

Lukas Foss's 'The Prairie' To Have First Performance

By Winthrop P. Tryon

As a shipyard is the place for an apprentice who wants to learn shipbuilding, so a conservatory is the place for him to get into if he intends to master the craft of musical composition. Had Lukas Foss, writer of an orchestral piece entitled "The Prairie," gone as a lad into a shipyard, he would very likely today be designing cruisers or liners; but he got started at a boyish age at the Paris Conservatory and studied later at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, with the outcome that although just now only turning the corner from youth into manhood, he can set before the players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra a work to challenge their powers in a pretty serious way.

Serge Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony conductor, puts "The Prairie" on the program of his concerts for tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, in pursuance of that policy of his of giving untried American music a fair chance along with established European; and according to his latest tendency, he allows priority to talent that he himself has had a hand in shaping. In line with that, the man of present choice figures among those who have taken summer study at the Berkshire Music Center. He has been a member there of the Koussevitzky class in conducting.

Not that Mr. Foss will be called on to display his abilities as conductor in Boston at this premature date. He is in town for a few days as auditor at rehearsals of his new work, and he stays on to listen to its first presentations. Nor is "The Prairie," strictly

speaking, new. Rather it should be described by that technical program term, "novelty." For the tunes on which it is built come from a cantata which Mr. Foss composed as a setting for the text of Sandburg's "Prairie," taken out of the volume of poems entitled "Cornhuskers"; and while the cantata has never been performed, it may be regarded as a work existing by itself, and as a source yielding material for the orchestral piece.

Accordingly, "The Prairie," selected by Dr. Koussevitzky for production, is in a manner of speaking second-hand. Nobody sings, but certain airs and fragments of melody are heard which recall voices and words, or at least give hint of them. The piece, to be sure, is independently constructed, and it stands in a sort of sonata form, like the first movement of a symphony, more or less, and a good deal like many a thing of the tone poem type. What should look us in the face on turning over the pages of the manuscript score, but string after string of song tune, some slow and solemn-like, and others quick and gay appearing. Words for them are easily imagined and fairly improvise themselves before the eye.

Take the second theme, the notation of which rides high on the trombone staff. That is borrowed from an air for tenor in the cantata, Mr. Foss, when asked about it, explains. The reciter speaks, in a sort of universal role: "I was born on the prairie."

Somewhat far along in the score, to pick out obvious things at hasty glance, comes what looks like a chorale passage, brasses doing

much of the chanting. Here, explains the composer, the Prairie takes on utterance, representing not only its particular self, but perhaps the whole earth, and tells us that it was here before horsemen came riding along, before locomotives came steaming through, and so on to what may be next and next after next.

We do not, either looking at the notes beforehand, or listening to them later, require the author's exact language. We are in a realm where we may make up our own words. Whatever expresses breadth, largeness, and solemnity, along with such measure of satire, or perchance tragedy, as manages to insinuate itself into most poetry, will do.

To go back to the beginning, the main theme starts in a slow introduction with what Mr. Foss observes is a fanfare, very brief, which says: "Tomorrow!" This motto would signify, then, suppose we so accept it, a vision of days ahead. After the idea gets well stated by various kinds of instrumental repetition, a livelier tempo sets in and continues throughout, with occasional slowings-down for rest and contrast.

To turn the book over to the last pages, the closing moments of the piece are devoted to the "Tomorrow!" theme, reasserted and highly emphasized.

So much for beginning and end. To open halfway, or a little further, a combining of a slow and stately melody with a lively, figured one stands out from the paper. Here befalls what looks like the passage expected of every composition—a gracious, memorable strain which we want to listen to again. A piece to survive and return will have an episode, shorter or longer, that touches our hearts. Developments, climaxes, fugal diversions, codas may have their place; but a touch of sentiment shall be there, or something just as good. That is what earns

a work the second hearing that American composers ask for, and the third that they do not have to ask for.



Lukas Foss

Whose new work, "The Prairie," will be performed at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening.

Boston Symphony Concert

By L. A. Sloper

For the second program of the Boston Symphony season, Dr. Koussevitzky revived the "Fantastic" Symphony of Berlioz as his principal number. He included also a new work, "The Prairie," by Lukas Foss (first performance), and Richard Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." 10-16-43

The "Fantastic" Symphony, unheard for three years, holds an important place not only in the affections of Dr. Koussevitzky but in the annals of the orchestra, for it was the main item of the program in the week of the famous walkout, in 1920—not that the art of Berlioz had anything to do with the players' revolt.

Yesterday afternoon, with the orchestra in magnificent form, Dr. Koussevitzky made the most of the Byronic score, than which nothing could be more antipathetic to the spirit of the present era. The best-wearing section is the Scene in the Meadows, which probably will survive many changes of fashion, because its loveliness is not dependent upon the passions of a young French Werther, but reflects the universal human response to nature. 7 minit

For the rest, the interest of the piece is largely technical, and centers most of all in the orchestration, a department in which Berlioz was generations in advance of his time. The work is, however,

sufficiently expressive of its author's unruly emotions without the aid of the capricious tempi and dynamics which Dr. Koussevitzky applies to certain passages. The success was considerable.

Mr. Foss has studied at the Paris Conservatoire, the Curtis Institute, and the Berkshire Music Center. Although one of his teachers in composition was Paul Hindemith, this score is not severely cerebral. It is, indeed, frankly a nostalgic descriptive piece, built on themes from a cantata, a setting of Carl Sandburg's poem, "Prairie." These themes appear to be cowboy tunes, of which one is very familiar from having been used before, I think by Roy Harris. There is little or no development in the symphonic sense, but merely a repetition of the material in different instruments and keys. There are interesting rhythmic patterns, and vivid orchestral colors. A fugal passage threatens toward the close, but is quickly dropped. Altogether a promising work to come from a young man of 21. The audience was cordial.

So, with Strauss to conclude, it was quite an afternoon for instrumentation. "Till" received the usual brilliant orchestral performance, and Dr. Koussevitzky as usual presented it as if it were a serious dramatic composition, instead of one of the most amusing scherzos ever written.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the second program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:
 Fantastic Symphony, Op. 14-A Berlioz
 "The Prairie" Lukas Foss
 "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Op. 28 Strauss

A very satisfying concert, this, no question about it. The Berlioz Symphony remains, in Dr. Koussevitzky's electrifying conception of it, one of the most vivid war horses in the repertoire. As the same holds true for the Strauss favorite, it is possible to come at once to grips with Lukas Foss' "The Prairie," a piece which yesterday received its first performance in the not too enviable position of holding the fort for the contemporaries.

It is all too easy, in Mr. Foss' case, to give him an "A" for effort and remark, as a sententious aside, that he has the stuff and will doubtless do fine things when he is a little older. Yet a man with his formidable orchestral technic, his obvious sincerity and his undeniable musical gifts cannot so snidely be left hanging for later reckoning. He is, after all, 21, and there are too many examples of highly gifted youths in music to let him down for his tender years. 10-16-43

He is, I think, on the wrong path. His music, which is by no means unattractive, nonetheless from the outset shrieks "This is American music!" And then it sets out, by every means ever employed by the League of American Composers, to cram that fact down our ears. Thus there are all the Harrisian, Coplandian and Shumanian intervals which are, they tell us, ineradicably associated with the wide open spaces.

Then there are all the folksy tunes, the jagged rhythms, the "corney" jazz figures and the grotesque instrumental combinations (trumpet and xylophone in unison, for instance) which members of the league can recognize with one ear as wholly and uniquely indigenous. It's American music, by gad (it is supposed to say) and you'd better learn to like it, or else.

This sort of thing is plaguing and confusing Mr. Foss at the moment. It seems to me that if he threw the complete works of Carl Sandburg, Walt Whitman and the other wide-open-spaces poets into the dust bin and looked within himself for inspiration; if he'd cease cronying around with other violently American composers (who can do him no good but a lot of harm), and if he'd abandon the attempt to write American music and write just music, why then, Lukas Foss will one day write better music than any of his current heroes. As it is "The Prairie" is just another American piece with good spots, good workmanship and no point whatever.

All this, however, doesn't negate the quality and the beauty of the concert. On the contrary, one has only to recall the exquisite phrasing of the opening measures of the Ball Scene of the Berlioz, or the color and vividness of the performance of "Till Eulenspiegel" to realize how fine the concert was. And if "The Prairie" proved to be the weakest link, who could have expected otherwise?

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

Going by titles, you might think the Boston Symphony Orchestra is playing only story-and-color music this week. Berlioz' "Fantastic" Symphony is precisely that, and so is "Till Eulenspiegel" by Richard Strauss. But in spite of its title, "The Prairie," by Lukas Foss is not supposed to be program music.

"The Prairie" is, in fact, an instrumental work based on themes from an unperformed cantata which, in turn, was inspired by Carl Sandburg's poem. It is also very good music for a composer just over 21. Yesterday's performance of "The Prairie" was the first. **10-16-43**

Although Foss was born a European, there is nothing European about his work, which pays its respects to Aaron Copland in certain technical ways. The handling of some of the instruments, noticeably the trumpet fanfare at the outset, also brings Copland to mind.

Foss must be very talented. Already he has learned to handle orchestration, counterpoint and rhythmic movement with a notable amount of skill. He seems to have a knack for dissonance that is effective and has bite without being crude. In spite of almost sequential repetition and mood reminiscences of Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, "The Prairie" has about it a definite air of budding professionalism. **8/44**

In years to come Foss will doubtless write music more original and more important. Just now he may be satisfied with the realization that he is on his way. Appearing on the Symphony Hall stage after the performance, Foss was cordially greeted.

Each time Serge Koussevitzky conducts delinquent music like the "Fantastic" Symphony and "Till Eulenspiegel," it seems that one has never really heard them before in true perspective. The same thing happened again yesterday, as the Boston Symphony traversed Berlioz' flaming romanticism and Strauss'

genial cynicism with astounding brilliance.

Astounding is the right word. Yesterday's audience heard playing so precise, colorful, warm, graceful in phrasing and often times incredible of speed that they would be quite entitled to think that they had experienced the ultimate in orchestral virtuosity. A tuba might burble and the chimes might sound tinny in a shower of clashing harmonics, but the total effect was dazzling.

—C. W. D.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The current Symphony list provides a quick glance at the genius programme music: First, a relatively early, often tentative specimen, the present interest in which is very largely historical, Berlioz's "Fantastic" Symphony; second, what some have called the finest flowering of the species, Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and, between these extremes, one of the rare contemporary examples, Lukas Foss' "The Prairie," in its initial performance.

Of course, 21-year-old, German-born Mr. Foss, who was on hand yesterday to receive the audience's cordial applause, insists that his piece is not programme music, though "the opening fanfare-like sonorities clearly suggest vast open landscapes and lots of fresh air." Now, if Mr. Foss does not want his listeners to start thinking of everything prairie-like, from grasses to gophers, from bison to Buffalo Bill, he should not make use of so provocative a title. Actually, the piece is built on themes from a cantata based on Sandburg's poem, "Prairie," which also provided Leo Sowerby with material for a tone poem of that name, heard at Symphony Hall in 1932.

In Mr. Foss' case, the admirably suggestive beginning and end might well provide a tonal background for one of those documentary films. Between times come some irrelevant bits. Taken as a whole, the piece is decidedly amorphous, though its general flavor is recognizably American and it discloses the young composer as one well on the way to orchestral mastery.

Dr. Koussevitzky always conducts his novelties, whatever their source, painstakingly and with infectious enthusiasm. To the music of Berlioz and Strauss he and the orchestra again gave all they had. **10-16-43 Pm**

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

IT IS hard to get a line on one's contemporaries. The cronies of Franz Schubert would have been surprised indeed to learn that the tall, low-faced, bespectacled, dumpy little man, whose music few people took seriously, was destined to become one of the immortals. Conversely, the fellow-townsmen of George Philipp Telemann or of Adalbert Gyrowetz would have been disturbed to find out that these worthies would mean infinitely less to posterity than a certain J. S. Bach and one Ludwig van Beethoven. And so it is and always will be. To those who walk this planet at the same time with them, the geese and the swans may look very much alike. **10-17-43**

A problem for today's music critics is the placing of certain composers whose names begin with S: Strauss, Sibelius, Schoenberg, Stravinsky and now Shostakovich. It is possible to read all sorts of verdicts on each of these men, and it may be a long time before we find them fixed in their proper niches. Some of them, like the aforementioned Gyrowetz, may gracefully disappear and save us the trouble. **Pm**

The one to be considered here just now is Stravinsky, whose three-part Ode, on the opening Boston Symphony programme, precipitated the usual clash of opinions. This reviewer liked it very much but the paper shortage prevented the world at large from learning so, and now amends must be made. Too often the later Stravinskyan output has come in for some hard knocks in these columns. Only last summer the "Dumbarton Oaks" Concerto, as heard in the Symphony's small orchestra series, was dismissed as "pretty small acorns," while the "Pulcinella" Suite, after Pergolesi, got itself labeled a musical perversion of its model.

That the Ode, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and dedicated to the memory of Natalie Koussevitzky, would likewise prove artificial, stylized, wholly cerebral was confidently expected in this particular quarter. But, lo, the opening section yielded a brief flood of genuinely moving melody; the scherzo-like Eclogue, again regrettably short, proved wholly charming. Only the Epitaph stayed on the dry side, and here a touch of austerity was certainly not out of place. Though the piece is scored for the classical orchestra, plus a piccolo and a second pair of horns, its sonorities are always individual and arresting.

Having startled the world in 1913 with his "Sacre du Printemps" ("Who wrote this fiendish 'Rite of Spring,' what right had he to write the thing, against our helpless ears

to fling its crash, clash, cling, clang, bang, bang, bang?"), Stravinsky has been surprising it ever since. He is the chameleon among modern composers.

Like the painter, Picasso, who has made an excellent drawing of him, he has kept his imitators in a dither by adopting a new style as soon as they had got the hang of the old one.

First it was neo-classicism, the back-to-Bach movement, with modern dissonance grafted onto the old formulas, as though in the performance of a Bach concerto the players were reading from the wrong clefs. Subsequently there have appeared works in lighter vein, bordering now and then on the trivial, but always redeemed by their rhythmic vitality, their astounding workmanship. Of these post-"Sacre" compositions, Paul Rosenfeld has written: "The material was a bewildering farrago of Bach, Handel, Johann Strauss, jazz, and the kitchen range, all served up half baked together." In lighter vein we have had the Capriccio for piano and orchestra, the Tchaikovskyan ballet, "The Fairy's Kiss," the ballet, "Card Game." We have been treated to a dry but by no means dull violin concerto and a much drier symphony. The classical simplicities of

the ballet "Apollo, Leader of the Muses" might be described as limpid or insipid, according to taste.

Again, the oratorio-opera "Oedipus Rex," itself a mixture of styles, has its moments of grandeur, of tragic force. The "Symphony of Psalms," elevated and austere, does not altogether escape either ugliness or bathos. But there was one work

that proved so nobly affecting, so charged with a restrained and lofty beauty, sending you back to Gluck for suitable comparison, that its subsequent neglect at Symphony Hall has been difficult to understand. The reference is to "Persephone," or as we would say, "Proserpine," for orchestra, chorus, tenor soloist and reader, that Stravinsky himself conducted here in 1935. He will make another of his fairly frequent appearances during the current Symphony season. As this department sees it, he could do no better than repeat "Persephone" and throw in the Ode for good measure. It had even been announced that he, not Dr. Koussevitzky, would preside over the latter's premiere.

SYMPHONIC APPRECIATION Lecture, Boston Public Library lecture hall, Thursday at 4:45. Nicolas Slonimsky will discuss the current Boston Symphony program. Oct. 24/43

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 22, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 23, at 8:15 o'clock

MOZART "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade for String Orchestra (Koechel No. 525)

- I. Allegro
- II. Romanza
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto
- IV. Rondo: Allegro

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 6, in F major, *Op. 68*, "Pastoral"

- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country: Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Scene by the brookside: Andante molto moto
- III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro; in tempo d'allegro; Thunder-storm; Tempest: Allegro
- IV. Shepherd's Song: Gladsome and thankful feelings after the storm: Allegretto

INTERMISSION

BEREZOWSKY Symphony No. 4, *Op. 29*

- I. Allegro non troppo, cantabile
- II. Scherzo, vivace
- III. Andante, molto sostenuto
- IV. Allegro comodo, ma bravura

(First performance; conducted by the composer)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV Capriccio Espagnol, *Op. 34*

Alborado — Variations — Alborado — Scene and Gypsy Song — Fandango of the Asturias

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(First performance; conducted by the composer)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV Capriccio Espagnol, Op. 34

Alborado — Variations — Alborado — Scene and Gypsy Song — Fandango of the Asturias

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Nicolai Berezowsky conducted the first performance of his own Fourth Symphony yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, at the first of this week's concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The remainder of a very long program, directed by Serge Koussevitzky, began gracefully with Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," progressed through the bucolic joys of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, and ended with the lushly colored Spanish Caprice of Rimsky-Korsakoff. **91012 Oct-23/43**

Since he has lived more than 20 years in the United States, Mr. Berezowsky may by courtesy be considered an American composer. But his musical roots are in Russia and his inclinations are toward European ways. As a matter of placement, the Fourth Symphony may be catalogued American, but it is far from the Piston-Harris-Copland school.

The best things about the good-sized Fourth are its fluent, sophisticated air and its able orchestration, that shows Mr. Berezowsky to have absorbed from Rachmaninoff, Scriabin, Ravel and Shostakovich. In idiom the Fourth is one step ahead of eclecticism. The scherzo is the best-integrated movement of the four, the most dissonant and the most effective rhythmically.

Through the slow movement, which begins and finishes with lovely English horn solos, I thought almost continuously of Rachmaninoff. Thematically, the allegros of the first movement and finale seem weakest. They also are definitely labored. The finale, by the way, seems based upon a theme uncomfortably suggestive of a phrase from the Westminster Chimes.

One's total impression is of complex orchestral counterpoint well handled, a lot of agreeable sounds but very few ideas. It is always interesting to hear a composer's interpretation of his own music, and the orchestra seemed to respond to Mr. Berezowsky. But I would like to hear the Fourth again with Mr. Koussevitzky at the helm.

Mozart was beautifully done, though Mr. Koussevitzky took an overly fast pace in the andante and galloped through the rondo. Beethoven's "Pastoral" has come to be one of the loveliest Koussevitzky performances. He and the Boston Symphony have done it with more finesse, however, than was true yesterday. But even those little roughnesses did not violate the mood of the "Pastoral" nor dim the lustre of Koussevitzky's conception.

Broadly speaking, the Spanish Caprice is tune-and-effect-music, not to be heard too often because it is orchestrally pretty rich. When it is given it should have all the color, intensity and dazzling brilliance such as we heard yesterday.

C. W. D.

By L. A. Sloper

A new symphony by Nicolai Berezowsky, his fourth, was performed in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon for the first time anywhere. The composer conducted. For the rest of the third program of the Boston Symphony season, Dr. Koussevitzky directed Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Capriccio Espagnol.

We have had the opportunity of hearing a great deal of Mr. Berezowsky's music in the last decade, including three symphonies, two concertos and a composition for string quartet and orchestra. The new symphony leaves an impression similar to that made by the previous works.

The composer is at his best in lively, humorous movements, such as the Scherzo and a part of the Finale of this piece. There he displays a vigor, a rhythmic variety and an orchestral palette which hold the attention. He is at his weakest in formal movements such as the first movement of a symphony, which is traditionally its strongest; and in lyrical passages.

He has a formidable orchestral technique but little melodic invention. In the slow movement of this fourth symphony, for example, a nostalgic flavor is achieved by instrumental colors and acidulous

harmonies, but there is no arresting beauty of line. Mr. Berezowsky owes a great deal to his Russian musical forebears, but he does not seem to have inherited their lyricism. **10-23-43**

In the Mozart Dr. Koussevitzky gave a brilliant demonstration of the precision, flexibility, and glorious tone of the string choirs, and a completely un-Mozartean reading. There was an absence of charm

and grace, and a great deal too much "interpretation." The first movement and the Trio of the third were taken at too fast a pace, and the Finale was rushed to the point of blurring. The Romanza dragged.

The Beethoven, on the other hand, had one of the most beautiful performances within recollection. Dr. Koussevitzky is much closer in spirit to the romantic Beethoven of the "Pastoral" than

to the Mozart of the Serenade. The symphony from beginning to end was a song of country life, of homely pleasures, of little frights, of tender thoughts, of humble gratitude, expressed with simplicity and lyric grace. The orchestra realized vividly the conductor's vision. Individually and collectively their playing was without audible flaw. It was a performance to be treasured in memory.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Nicolai Berezowsky, who conducted his Fourth Symphony in its premiere at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, cannot complain that he is ill-used in Boston. This Russian-born composer, who by 1944 will have spent half of his 44 years in America, has now been represented at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by four symphonies and as many concerted pieces. As a violinist he has played his own Violin Concerto here. Nor is this present occasion the first time he has appeared as conductor. **10-23-43**

It was in 1931 that we first made Mr. Berezowsky's acquaintance. In the intervening years his skill and adroitness in composition and in orchestration have increased. This Fourth Symphony is well put together, it falls most pleasantly on the ear. **Post**

But no more than any of its predecessors does it mark its composer as a man of individual utterance. Mr. Berezowsky gives the theme-spotter plenty to think about. In particular does this Fourth Symphony bear witness to the place of its author's birth. Commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, it is dedicated to the memory of Mme. Koussevitzky. Mr. Berezowsky and his music were cordially applauded yesterday.

The rest of the afternoon fell to Dr. Koussevitzky and to familiar music. Next week the balance will be reversed and there will be three novelties, making a total of six in four pairs of concerts, something of a record for these days. In their several ways, yesterday's standard numbers were calculated to emphasize most of the special virtues of orchestra and conductor. They were Mozart's string serenade, "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony and Rimsky-Korsakov's glittering "Spanish Caprice."

Berezowsky to Conduct His New Fourth Symphony

By Winthrop P. Tyron

To repeat an axiom in art, something must be there to give pleasure if the work shall win general, or even special, regard and shall hold any sort of place and standing; and on this point the Symphony No. 4, Op. 29, of Nicolai Berezowsky, scheduled for presentation at this week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, ought to fill the requirement.

Let anyone with half an eye turn over the pages of the manuscript score of the symphony, he will inevitably pause for a fair and considered look at the second movement. In the case of almost any composition in large form, a good spot to investigate at a quick reading is where preliminaries end and intimate communication begins. Very often that spot will be the beginning of a slow movement, wherein the composer has not only a word to say but also a song to sing. Now and then, however, it happens to be a scherzo, as it is in this instance, where the composer happens to want to let himself go in a playful way.

Now the symphony, written within the last couple of years under the auspices of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, is of as regular classic construction as anything in these days can be—four movements, requiring a little more than a half-hour for performance; and the Scherzo is right down to the ground strict, with main portion, trio, return to the main, and an independent short stretch of measures designated as coda.

Nothing can be more unreliable than the appearance of music on paper. It frequently happens that what strikes the eye agreeably gets nowhere with the ear; and again, what has a drab, commonplace look may have surprising sound. We have only to study a piece of orchestration by Berlioz in print to be aware of that. How it will be with the Scherzo of the Berezowsky Symphony No. 4 we shall learn in the listening; but certainly the visual character of the piece, its notes done in the composer's own handwriting, as clear as if engraved, promises well.

The main part of the movement seems peculiarly rich in rhythm, a three-pulse bar being constantly

broken into, with apparent shift from odd to even. Better yet, unless somebody objects to being reminded of "Pétrouchka," a hand organ tune enters with the trio interlude, and at once a mood of laughing childhood is induced. Some of the ideas of this sportive second movement may, indeed, have a source, but the instrumental treatment bears plentiful signs of originality; and what comes to more the episode must, except, possibly, for a heavy full-band climax, turn out gracious and charming. It should keep the middle stretch of the symphony buoyant and pleasurable; and it might, if it had to, hold the whole work high on the wave and prove in itself a recommendation for further performances.

To go on to the third movement, that proceeds more or less in the romantic, voice-like manner of old-school things. The airs will no doubt cause some persons to think of Russia, more especially the tearful-sentimental days of Tchaikovsky; but they will put as many more, perhaps, in the mood of modern American emotionalism. There will be an environmental sign or two, we may be sure, for each and every listener this week to discern and respond to. The symphony, natural to suppose, being designed for production in Boston, will carry hints of inner tumult appropriate to its neighborhood.

For a word on the fourth movement, that obviously goes with glow and freedom, with the rhythmic conventionality of classic rule avoided, we may be certain, and with the powers of a big orchestra called forth quite unrestrainedly.

Mr. Berezowsky dedicates the Symphony No. 4 to the memory of Natalia Constantinova Koussevitzky. By invitation of Serge Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony conductor, he will be present at the concerts and will direct the presentations of his own music.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 29, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, at 8:15 o'clock

PISTON.....Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings
(First concert performance)
Soloist: E. POWER BIGGS

BARBER.....Commando March
(First performance at these concerts)

KHATCHATOURIAN.....Piano Concerto
I. Allegro ma non troppo e maestoso
II. Andante con anima
III. Allegro brillante
(First performance at these concerts)
Soloist: WILLIAM KAPELL

INTERMISSION

DEBUSSY.....Two Nocturnes
Nuages
Fêtes

DEBUSSY....."La Mer," Trois Esquisses Symphoniques
I. De l'aube à midi sur la mer
II. Jeux de vagues
III. Dialogue du vent et de la mer

STEINWAY PIANO

Berezowsky to Conduct His New Fourth Symphony

By Winthrop P. Tyron

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I. De l'aube à midi sur la mer
II. Jeux de vagues
III. Dialogue du vent et de la mer

STEINWAY PIANO

Khatchatourian Concerto, Piston Organ Work on Bill

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Expansion, an idea to which musical performance has always lent itself, applies in a characteristic way at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, this week, when Walter Piston's Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings is played.

For the work is evidently planned on a light scheme of sonority, whereas it will be reproduced on a heavy one. Composed for an organ of moderate size and for a chamber-music collection of stringed instruments, it will be heard in Symphony Hall on the organ of big pressures installed there, along with full contingents of violins, violas, cellos and double-basses.

Accordingly, it may be expected to take on the same broadened sound that a Brandenburg Concerto of Bach or a Concerto Grosso of Handel takes when handled after modern rule and practice.

The presentation must come through, indeed, like an enlargement of that given of the work at the Germanic Museum in Cambridge last summer, E. Power Biggs at the organ and Arthur Fiedler then conducting. Yet size, after all, is relative in music. From an eighteenth-century clavichord tinkling out a Bach invention to an assemblage of singers and players engaged on an effort like Mahler's "Symphony of the Thousand," the fundamentals remain.

Anyone who heard the Piston work as performed at the Museum or as communicated over the air

in August will have formed an idea of its content and quality. But to make a guess about it from a brief perusal of the score, it moves in classic style, beginning with a slow, meditative introduction and leading to something fast and energetic. The string parts go much in the manner of a quartet; and so for that matter does the organ part. A duet of equals comes to realization, each well individualized in ideas expounded and both concurring in sentiment and purpose.

Another novelty finds room on Dr. Koussevitzky's program—Piano Concerto, by Aram Khatchatourian (first six letters pronounced as a compromise between "catch" and "hatch"; second syllable, lone vowel, -a; third, -tour; fourth, -ian, like "yan"—not official, but awaiting better advice). The concerto is known to those who attended the Symphony Hall Pops the past spring and summer; for Arthur Fiedler brought it out to applause there. Other composers about the country have won the interest of their audiences with it.

A two-piano arrangement, published in Moscow and Leningrad in 1940, and bearing date of 1936 under the composer's name, shows that the piece has been available long enough for any particular originality to have become understood and appreciated. The full score, as designed for grand-scale presentation, calls for most of today's platform equipment, just about the whole accepted orchestral household, along with an odd item named flexotone, whatever that may be. As written for, the flexotone appears to add a

slight ting or tang to the song of the violins; but only in a spot or two, and for present Boston Symphony adjustments it is silent, left out.

About an exact half hour is the time required for performance. Program-makers are rather precise about their timing; and who knows what this may have to do with tempo? Someone holds a watch on doings in concert halls and opera houses. The exactitude of the radio was nothing new for musical managers to adapt their methods to.

Marks of expression abound in the pages of the concerto score. Monotony seems to have no chance here. Throughout the first movement the signature of D flat is consistently written; and while that does not signify what it would in a classic work as to key, it probably defines some sort of tonal center. At any rate, the movement does indeed end on a unison note of D flat.

A few quite showy effects occur, as where the bass clarinet summons the piano to dash off a cadenza by way of conclusion to the first movement; and again where the same low-speaking voice takes predominance in the second movement, the Andante. Here the bass clarinet exercises itself throughout its range and chants what looks on paper like a fine, and possibly eloquent, passage of recitative. The whole orchestral partition, truth to say, manifests much pride of decorating and polishing. Just as the first movement allows the pianist free rein to display his powers as executant in a cadenza, so in turn does the third movement, Allegro brillante.

Those who have listened to a playing of the cadenzas speak of them as summing up in a nimble, flamboyant manner certain strains of Oriental and Caucasian melody that form the material of the main composition.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Friday afternoon subscribers to the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts were treated to three pieces of comparatively new music yesterday afternoon. None of the three is remarkable. They are Walter Piston's Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings, with E. Power Biggs as soloist; the "Commando March," by Samuel Barber, and the Piano Concerto by the Soviet Aram Khatchatourian. In the latter William Kapell, 21-year-old pianist of New York, made his Boston debut. Serge Koussevitzky conducted.

Mr. Piston's is the smoothest of the new music, although organ and strings make a rather indigestible combination. There is, too, the necessity of keeping the organ down so that the smaller volume of tone from the strings will not be obscured. The Prelude is slow and quiet, the Allegro brisk and full of movement. Harmonically (or contrapuntally, if you prefer) the style is but mildly dissonant.

The Commandos, one of the finest outfits of the armed forces, deserve a better march than Mr. Barber's noisy and relatively tuneless work. A good march means, among other things, a good tune. Think of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "La Marseillaise," "From the Halls of Montezuma" and "Stars and Stripes Forever." Any one of these is a fine, swinging march when taken at the right tempo, and every one has a good tune.

As it happened, I had not heard Khatchatourian's Piano Concerto before, though it has been done twice at the Pops. Probably it is one of very few works to reach the Symphony repertory by way of Pops. The Concerto is vigorous, masculine music, but also pretty crude and far too long. Khatchatourian's orchestration is tricky but not especially skilled, though the slow movement exploits beautifully the nocturnal color of the bass clarinet. The finale winds up in a burst of keyboard fireworks.

Mr. Kapell is a pianist with a bright future. Furthermore he is a

technical virtuoso. He ought to be invited back to play again with the Boston Symphony. I'll make a bet that the applause and stamping which followed his performance were more for Kapell than for the Concerto. Messrs. Piston and Barber, whose pieces were heard for the first time at these concerts (the Piston was also first concert performance) were cordially greeted when they appeared on the stage.

The remainder of the afternoon was given over to Debussy of the wonderfully evocative Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals," and that magnificent depiction, "The Sea."

C. W. D.

By L. A. Sloper

Three items new to Boston Symphony concerts constitute the first half of this week's program, the fourth of the main subscription series. They are Walter Piston's Prelude and Allegro for organ and strings, Samuel Barber's Commando March, and Aram Khatchatourian's Piano Concerto. The soloists are E. Power Biggs in the Piston and William Kapell in the concerto. The second half of the program is dedicated to Debussy. The numbers listed are "Nuages," "Fêtes," and "La Mer." The artistic principle on which this program was founded is difficult to discern.

Mr. Piston's work, written for and presented last summer in the Germanic Museum series of radio-cast Sunday organ recitals, made an excellent first impression yesterday. Mr. Piston has always been scholarly, but he has sometimes seemed a little academic. This piece, cast in classic form, excites interest by its melodic content and its rhythmic vitality, as well as by its form. The performance, which was very sympathetic, was most pleasing in its orchestral

parts. This was not the fault of the soloist, for Mr. Biggs is a virtuoso and a musician; but although this time orchestra and organ were approximately at the same pitch, the tone of the Symphony Hall organ sounds raucous against the Boston strings.

Mr. Barber's march was composed for military band, and has been used in American short wave radiocasts throughout the world. Dr. Koussevitzky suggested that this orchestral version be prepared. It is not certain that the suggestion was well advised. The march is obviously better suited to its original milieu than to a symphony program. Its interest in the concert hall can hardly be more than topical. That interest was enhanced yesterday by the presence of the composer in the uniform of the Army Air Force. He was applauded warmly.

Khatchatourian's Piano Concerto has been played at the Pops, but I heard it for the first time yesterday. It is an interesting work. Its melodic material is drawn from Armenian folk song, which lends it a nostalgic atmosphere. Furthermore, the piece has characteristics of Liszt, Stravinsky, Prokofieff, Dukas, and Leo Ornstein. It could hardly fail of immediate effect. Its permanent value is less clear. It has moments of great brilliance, in structure and in rhythmic pattern as well as in orchestration and in the execution it exacts. It has, in the slow movement, melodic passages which just avoid sentimentality. It has vigor and a fine bravura. I suspect that it is a show-piece.

Mr. Kapell had a big personal success. He is a young man of unassuming demeanor, free of affectation. He has a prodigious technique, a rich tone, a beautiful legato, a sensitive feeling for the turn of a phrase, a capacity for the subtlest nuance and for an overwhelming tonal volume. He well deserved his repeated recalls.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the fourth concert of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The soloists were E. Power Biggs, organist, and William Kapell, pianist. The program was as follows:

Piston...Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings
Barber...Commando March
Khatchatourian...Piano Concerto
Debussy...Two Nocturnes ("Nuages," "Fêtes"); "La Mer"

It is not often a 21-year-old pianist literally "stops" a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but one did yesterday, and he will most certainly do so again tonight. His name is William Kapell, he's a native born New Yorker, and he seems to possess as formidable a technical and musical equipment as any newcomer (or oldcomer, for that matter) who ever appeared with the orchestra.

A more comprehensive analysis of his musicianship must wait, however, for it is foolhardy to go overboard at this stage of the game and claim for him a profundity or a musical feeling that only the cruel glare of the recital hall can fully reveal. That he has an enormous technical command of the instrument; that he appears to have the great gift of temperament and that he made an exceedingly strong impression in the performance of Khatchatourian's bright and brittle piano concerto cannot be denied.

Occasionally it seemed Mr. Kapell was wasting the audience's time with the work he chose to play. It is very dashing and all that; and it does have a most attractive slow movement. It frequently seems to lose sight of its goal, though, and there are long passages of thrashing about for no audible reasons. As suddenly, it seems to collect itself, and there follows an episode of real power. All in all, while the work seems destined for a career of popu-

larity (it is already more or less standard on the Pops programs, for Arthur Fiedler discovered its effectiveness in 1942 with Bernhard Weiser playing the piano part), it is not by any means a major contribution to the literature.

The concert opened with the first concert performance of Walter Piston's decidedly attractive Prelude and Allegro for Organ and String orchestra, E. Power Biggs playing the solo part. The Prelude was especially gratifying in its lyric conception while the Allegro, suitably bustling, made its point easily. For novelty the orchestra played Samuel Barber's "Commando March," originally scored for military band. Although its material was not particularly distinguished, its treatment was, so it deserved its place on the program. Both Mr. Barber and Mr. Piston were in the audience, and both were given warm receptions.

After the interval Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave one of their incredibly sensitive performances of Debussy's "Nuages," "Fêtes" and "La Mer." Familiar items on the repertoire, they never cease to be a delight in the myriad wonders of their textures.



William Kapell
Soloist at this week's Symphony concerts.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 5, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 6, at 8:15 o'clock

TCHAIKOVSKYSymphony No. 5 in E minor, *Op. 64*
(Died November 6, 1893)

- I. Andante: Allegro con anima
- II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza
- III. Valse: Allegro moderato
- IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKYConcerto for Pianoforte No. 1, in
B-flat minor, *Op. 23*

- I. Allegro non troppo e molto maestoso. Allegro con spirito
- II. Andantino semplice. Allegro vivace assai
- III. Allegro con fuoco

SOLOIST

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY

STEINWAY PIANO



Abresch

William Kapell
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SOLOIST

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY

STEINWAY PIANO

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the fifth concert of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, was the soloist. The all-Tchaikovsky program consisted of the Fifth Symphony, in E minor, Op. 64; and the B-flat minor Piano Concerto, Op. 28.

In the 50 years since his death in 1893, the position in music of Tchaikovsky has been pretty generally conceded as a paradox. On one hand there is the undeniable sound evaluation which denies him a position in the company of the great. On the other hand there is the equally sound school of thought which recognizes the bombast, the indecision, the hysteria, the gaudy sentimentality, but at the same time stoutly maintains that the music itself weaves a hypnotic spell impossible, under the best conditions, to combat.

The "best" conditions were present yesterday as Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra observed, to the day, the 50th anniversary of the celebrated Russian composer's death. Thus the performance of the Fifth, certainly, with the Sixth, the finest thing Tchaikovsky wrote, was not short of electrifying. In point of fact, until the appearance of the frenetic finale, it is to be doubted if the symphony ever received a more sympathetic, a more glowing and a more effective performance. If the finale fell apart a little, it was a small matter; what went before was of such perfection it mattered not at all. On the contrary, the conductor and the orchestra achieved their warmest Friday afternoon reception of the season.

Alexander Brailowsky, easily one of the day's really foremost pianists, brought the concert to a close with a formidably virtuoso performance of the battle-scarred B-flat minor Piano Concerto. He used a piano of especially hard and brittle tone quality which diminished, to some extent, the quality of the sonority and balance, but his superb musicianship, his ear nuance and his ex-

treme sensitivity to phrasing, overcame the harsh voice of the piano. He was given an ovation by the audience, too. But the chief and basic ovation of the day was undoubtedly for one not present: P. I. Tchaikovsky, who would appear to remain, after 50 long years, the symphonic best-seller of the century.

Next week's program offers the first performance of William Schuman's Symphony for Strings and the First and Fifth Symphonies of Shostakovich.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Russian composer Tchaikovsky died just 50 years ago today. Serge Koussevitzky, ever one to remember anniversaries, is therefore devoting this week's Boston Symphony concerts to a pair of the best-known Tchaikovsky works: the Fifth Symphony and the B-flat minor Piano Concerto. For the latter, Alexander Brailowsky is soloist.

For those who like music that takes its hair down, Tchaikovsky means a pleasant but respectable orgy. For those with opposite tastes, Tchaikovsky means lurid banalities not willingly to be suffered. In between are people who can take Tchaikovsky or leave him alone.

These, probably, are the ones who recognize in the E minor Symphony the work in which Tchaikovsky attained the most solid texture of all his half dozen symphonies. They also recognize, probably, that the B-flat minor Concerto is music whose display qualities are legitimized by their truly virtuoso nature.

But when all the arguments have been raised one must reach the conclusion that Tchaikovsky was very persuasive and certainly gifted. One may grow tired of his lamentations, and of his sequential repetition of tunes, but the tunes themselves are usually distinctive and in some cases of imperishable beauty. And even his lamentations have a ring of authenticity that makes its own effect.

In addition to his knack for emo-

tional melody and harmony Tchaikovsky handled form and orchestra more than competently. In such a unique confession as the "Pathetic" Symphony he achieved music not only his most original, but unique among all symphonies.

Tchaikovsky was musically more objective (in the sense that he was not wailing about himself) in such works as the "Romeo and Juliet" Overture-Fantasy, the C major Serenade and the Third Symphony.

There was much to admire in yesterday's performances, and Mr. Koussevitzky is, of course, unequalled in the conducting of Tchaikovsky. Yet, somehow, one missed the super-drive, that ultimate emotional power that has characterized other Tchaikovsky performances in the past. Much of the orchestral detail was beautifully clear, and at the same time prominent instruments were not together at the beginning of the first and second movements.

Mr. Brailowsky, who had given several recitals in Boston, had never played here before with the Boston Symphony. Nor had he played here at all since 1927. His performance of the Concerto was technically virtuosic. He was cordially applauded.—C. W. D.

Tchaikovsky Honored By Symphony

This week Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra are honoring the memory of Tchaikovsky, who passed on 50 years ago today. The conductor chose for the purpose a program made up of the Fifth Symphony and the Piano Concerto in B flat minor, with Alexander Brailowsky for soloist.

So far as the symphony was concerned, the tribute yesterday afternoon could hardly have been more eloquent. In this work, and in Tchaikovsky generally, Koussevitzky is supreme.

As for the orchestra, it is pretty certain that no other group of players exists that could bring either such tone or such execution to a performance. However high the violins may soar, however low the basses, however much volume the director demands, the tone of the strings never loses that golden sheen which can be found nowhere else; and the wind instruments are their compeers. The audience cheered and pounded on the floor to show its appreciation.

Why the Concerto in B flat minor should have been picked for this occasion is puzzling. True, it represents one side of the composer's talent, but not the best side. It is by no means of equal musical value with the symphony, it has been over-played, and as for that tune, I wish Tchaikovsky had left it to the radio singers—it belongs to them. It is a pity we couldn't have had something better, say the Violin Concerto, or the "Francesca da Rimini" Fantasia.

Mr. Brailowsky gave a performance that was more notable for its percussive bravura than for its lyricism. He was brilliant in the allegros, but he missed the poetry of the slow movement. He was warmly applauded. L. A. S.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Dr. Koussevitzky is marking the 50th anniversary of the death of Tchaikovsky at this week's Symphony concerts (today is the day) by presenting two of his compatriot's best loved compositions, the Fifth Symphony and the First Piano Concerto, the latter with Alexander Brailowsky as soloist. While the performances of both works yesterday aroused a capacity audience to a high pitch of excitement, that of the Concerto, because freer from extravagance and distortion, was by far the finer of the two.

Hitherto known here only as recitalist, Mr. Brailowsky gave us the most brilliant projection of the Concerto we have heard since that of Vladimir Horowitz. None could have been cleaner and clearer, and while Mr. Brailowsky

seemed possessed of fingers of steel, his tone was never hard or harsh and for the gentler moods of the music it had the proper caressing quality.

The Fifth Symphony has long been one of Dr. Koussevitsky's warhorses. In certain respects yesterday's performance was little short of sensational. Nevertheless, it was possible to believe that the conductor tried too hard, though from this verdict most of the enraptured listeners would probably dissent.

Not an ounce of the music's potential effectiveness was overlooked. Its sensuous richness was realized to the full. There was drama aplenty. However, those who are always a bit suspicious of readings with a capital "R" could feel that every "t" was crossed twice, that there were two dots on every "i." To point to specific examples, the slow movement was dragged to the point to languorousness, the finale pushed close to that of frenzy. As was said by another reviewer on another occasion: less would have been more. *H-6-83 Pmk*

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Sixth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 12, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 13, at 8:15 o'clock

WILLIAM SCHUMAN.....Symphony for Strings

- I. Molto agitato ed energico
- II. Larghissimo
- III. Presto leggiero

(First performance)

SHOSTAKOVITCH.....Symphony No. 1, Op. 10

- I. Allegretto - allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro
- III. Lento
- IV. Allegro molto

INTERMISSION

SHOSTAKOVITCH.....Symphony No. 5, Op. 47

- I. Moderato
- II. Allegretto
- III. Largo
- IV. Allegro non troppo

BALDWIN PIANO

44
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11-6-43 *Perf*

45
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BALDWIN PIANO

Koussevitzky Introduces Schuman's Fifth Symphony

By L. A. Sloper

William Schuman's Symphony for Strings, No. 5, had its first performance at the Boston Symphony concert of yesterday afternoon, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting. Otherwise the sixth program of the season was devoted to Shostakovich—his First and Fifth symphonies.

Mr. Schuman's new symphony, like his Third, is perhaps not very accurately named, but we'll not fall out with him over that, even though we might prefer to call both works neo-classic suites.

This latest one consists of only three movements, of which the second, *Larghissimo*, is notable for a melodiousness and a sentiment not commonly to be found in the work of contemporary composers. This movement was beautifully played, but unfortunately, in its final pages, Dr. Koussevitzky slowed down the tempo to a point almost of disintegration. No matter how slowly music may be moving, it is still supposed to move.

The opening movement was rather conventional in the modern vein of dissonant counterpoint, but well done. The Finale was very agreeable. Both were rhythmically

exciting. In short, the work made a good first impression.

In view of Dr. Koussevitzky's recent devotion to Shostakovich, it is odd to realize that he had never before conducted his First Symphony, which was introduced by Mr. Burgin in 1935, and played again under Nicolai Malko in 1940. It was not very impressive on those occasions, and it has not improved with the years. There are the usual bows of youth to Wagner, and the marches which have come to be accepted as inevitable in a Shostakovich symphony. Will not future musical historians include among the characteristics of Shostakovich's style the march, the crescendo, and the habits of making his symphonic movements disproportionate in size and of placing them in the wrong order? *11-13-43*

The Shostakovich Fifth was also introduced to us by Mr. Burgin, but Dr. Koussevitzky, since he adopted it in the fall of 1940, has now played it five times. Well, he can make us listen to it, but he can't make us like it. I should think the last movement would be too much even for his enthusiasm.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

This week's Boston Symphony program, composed of three symphonies, all modern, is both unusual and musically exciting.

Serge Koussevitzky conducts the first performances of William Schuman's exuberant and highly interesting Symphony for Strings, the composer's fifth work in this form, and his own first reading in Boston of the Shostakovich First Symphony, which with the same composer's Fifth, completes the program.

These are works exciting both for their musical ideas and for the contrasts they offer. The listener can observe to begin with the methods and approaches of the two artists represented. William Schuman has grown away from his early absorption of European musical culture, and moved toward a personal idiom of expression. You are tempted to call it "American," because like the work of some other Americans, it is solid, vital and forward-looking. He no longer depends alone on a distillation of classic form and medium. He is striking out on his own.

Meanwhile, Shostakovich has carried to a far degree his particular method, which seems to be the complete absorption of the European culture. And that, perhaps, is why his work is so often met with talk of "melodic derivation." In other words, you begin to point out melodic references in his symphonies that hark back to his musical ancestors. Shostakovich has gone far afield in the employment of new forms. And his sense of dra-

matic cohesion and unity has grown, even though his later works seem to be more diffused than the earlier ones. But melodically his ideas are not as fresh today (the Fifth, for instance) as they were when he composed the Puckish, talkative First Symphony at the age of 20.

At the same time Schuman and Shostakovich are alike in their musical awareness and driving energy. They have imagination and they use it. *11-13-43*

Schuman's Fifth Symphony will bear repeated hearings, for it is a work of much attractiveness. The first of three movements is weighty with rugged counterpoint. It is perhaps too heavy for, despite its seeming authority, it lacks definition. Mr. Schuman has employed the utmost technical resourcefulness. Although he uses only strings, the Symphony throughout is alive with the widest range of color effects and contrasting sonorities. Harmonically, you might describe the whole work as incisive, rather than astringent, a term used frequently in speaking of the moderns!

Schuman has produced a second movement of elusive, distant beauty that is quite affecting. And his final movement is bright with a vigorous humor. Herein, he employs a most effective use of short rests, which point up his inventive figurations.

Although the final soft chords of Schuman's slow movement were a trifle fuzzy, performances of the three symphonies swept the listener along in a wonderful current of sound and musical drama. Mr. Koussevitzky has a feeling for modern works and young minds that makes him a most sympathetic interpreter of new works.—J. W. R.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the sixth concert of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

William Schuman... Symphony for Strings
Shostakovich... Symphony No. 1, Op. 10;
Symphony No. 5, Op. 47

It is evident that William Schuman is well on his way to becoming the foremost American-born composer of the day. In point of fact, after hearing the first performance of his Symphony for Strings played by the always astonishing string band of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I can say that Mr. Schuman already is the foremost American-born composer of the day—and entertain no expectation of being called out for a dawn appointment at 12 paces.

That Mr. Schuman is a master of the orchestra has long been remarked. It was noted before the appearance of his exceedingly good Third Symphony, which also had its first performance at these concerts. With the Third, however, there came a flood of musical inspiration where before there had been labor, and the symphony has gone on to achieve a well-deserved popularity despite the fact that it is not a popular conception—as contrasted, say, with Shostakovich's Fifth, which is chiefly circus music. (The Schuman Cantata, heard last year, on the other hand, seemed pretty dreary to me, as indeed do all inspirational cantatas drawn from Walt Whitman, Carl Sandburg and other triple-riveted American poets.)

Although Mr. Schuman has employed, to some extent, the wide-open intervals, the off-beat rhythms, the folksy melodic fragments and the other clap-trap devices associated perforce with purely "American" music, he has used them as a natural means, not an artificial end. That he has endowed them with a powerful, a vigorous and a sustained

inspiration is the measure of his creative capacity. Few can listen to the second movement of the Symphony for Strings with its increasing melodic tension as the first violins are joined by the second and then by the violas in a soaring trio without being moved, while the sustained opening chords are among the most sonorous in the literature for the string orchestra. Unlike most of his contemporaries, Mr. Schuman does not come to grief in his slow movements, and therein lies his great potential.

The opening movement is all verve and exhilaration, obviously a tour de force for the strings without the employment of the trickery a tour de force implies. It hastens on to its climax, makes its point nicely, and comes to an end. The same holds true of the finale, although here the melodic materials are less distinguished. There is a feeling of compulsion about the whole symphony, as though the composer had conceived the whole as a complete structure, and not as little bricks to be piled one on top of another. In any case, it would seem that Dr. Koussevitzky has just the right piece to take on tour, although it didn't go any too well with the audience yesterday.

All this appears to leave practically no room for Shostakovich's First Symphony (which is a pity since it is delightful) and the same gentleman's Fifth (which is a god-send since it is a crashing bore). Neither, however, has escaped its share of attention, so suffice it to say they were expertly set forth by orchestra and conductor, although the latter seemed to be more interested in the Fifth than the former. The orchestra undertakes its first tour of the season during the coming week, so the next concerts will be given on Nov. 26-27, Richard Burgin conducting.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

Last week at Symphony Hall it was all Tchaikovsky. This week it is mostly Shostakovich, both the First and Fifth symphonies. Before them on this sixth programme is set a new symphony for strings by William Schuman, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation. Yesterday it came and went, in one ear and out the other. And yet it is a well-made, by no means ineffective composition from an already practiced hand. Present in the audience, the composer was summoned to the stage by Dr. Koussevitzky, after the latter's vivid projection of his score.

Mr. Schuman's dilemma is not an uncommon one, though it is generally the classics that discomfit our young men. Shostakovich, in other words, has his own style, his own idiom; had it in fact in the remarkable symphony that he wrote at the age of 19, while Mr. Schuman's piece sets you to spotting contemporary influences, that of Hindemith in particular. The first two movements are much the best, the one energetic, the other a Larghetto that after the present fashion is more sinewy than sentimental. The final Presto has a manufactured sound, and its indebtedness ranges from the pizzicato scherzo of Tchaikovsky's Fourth to the miscellaneous moderns of the previous sections.

Dr. Koussevitzky had never before conducted the Shostakovich First, which we had heard previously from Mr. Burgin, Mr. Mako and from the Cleveland orchestra under Rodzinsky. For the music of his brilliant compatriot, the Boston conductor has both a fondness and a flair, and the performance of the first was a fine one. In this work, boyish high spirits, a youthful freshness and an almost childlike fancy are set forth with a firm command of musical and orchestral resource. By contrast, the Fifth Symphony seems a work of full maturity; there is more consistency and cohesion. Yet its musical ideas are less salient, less strikingly original.

Gardner Read Conducts His Second Symphony

Read and Beethoven, two original composers, had to compete at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, yesterday afternoon, against Schönberg and Bennett, a pair of facile and entertaining arrangers; and the two who stood on the merits of their own music, the disadvantages considered, came out pretty well. Gardner Read, American, was represented on the program with his Symphony No. 2, op. 45; and he himself, invited to town for the occasion, appeared on the platform of Symphony Hall directing the first presentation anywhere of his three-movement work (Presto, Adagio, Largamente). Beethoven likewise was represented with his Symphony No. 2 in D major in four-movement form, which lists among his works as op. 36.

As for Arnold Schönberg, his contribution to proceedings was his orchestration of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E flat for Organ, known as "St. Anne's." Then for Robert Russell Bennett, his entry in the exhibition was a Symphonic Picture on George Gershwin's Negro opera, "Porgy and Bess."

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All the same, the Read Symphony No. 2 reaches ahead. It is no backward glance, like the Schönberg and Gershwin arrangements. It does something to a listener's aspirations, after all, where the works of the two orchestrators do little more than beguile and flatter recollection

W. P. T.

To take note of the new symphony and its performance, the first movement, no mistake, took hold of the matinee listeners interest with firm grip. That the attitude of the audience was hospitable to start with needs not be said. The Boston Symphony conductor has brought his public to such a pass that any native effort in the way of composing is warmly accepted for a trial. Dr. Koussevitzky may conduct himself, he may turn the duty over to Mr. Burgin as associate conductor, or he may let the composer, as at this time, show what he can do. In any case, keen and encouraging attention on the part of the house is certain. Nor was it out of mere politeness that the people were all but gasping at a moment of high pause in that energetic, assertive Presto.

Which meant just one thing. They expected something. They were right up to edge, unexaggeratingly to remark, of ecstasy when the Presto concluded; and what a chance for the music, when it made its way into the Adagio! A chance, indeed, but a rather missed one; for no song of any

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

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The order of the Programme will be as follows:

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, *Op. 36*
I. Adagio molto; allegro con brio
II. Larghetto
III. Scherzo
IV. Allegro molto

BACH.....Prelude and Fugue in E-flat for Organ
(arranged for Orchestra by Arnold Schönberg)

INTERMISSION

GARDNER READ.....Symphony No. 2, *Op. 45*
I. Presto assai e molto feroce
II. Adagio, e molto mesto
III. Largamente; Allegro frenetico; Largamente
(First performance; conducted by the composer)

GERSHWIN....."Porgy and Bess," A Symphonic Picture for
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Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the seventh concert of the 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Gardner Read was the guest conductor in the first performance of his Second Symphony. The program was as follows:

Beethoven, Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 36
Bach, Prelude and Fugue in E flat for organ (arr. Schoenberg)
Read, Symphony No. 2, Op. 45
Gershwin, "Porgy and Bess," Symphonic Picture by Robert Russell Bennett

I may be fabulously mistaken, but it seems to me that Gardner Read has written the most original, most remarkable and most compelling symphony of this war in his Second Symphony. **11-27-43**

"Of this war" is purely my own speculation; maybe in Mr. Read's conception it is a tone picture of Kansas City, where he is currently working and living or, for all I know, an etude in orchestral sonority. But to me it is a vividly contemporary musical utterance with the stark authenticity of a newsreel of Marines landing on Bougainville or a dispatch from Sicily. **Read**

From beginning to end there is a sense of nervous compulsion about the symphony as though the composer were desperately anxious to get what he felt down on paper somehow. It is true that he could not cram all this urgency into his symphony and achieve, at the same time, a perfectly finished structure. There are many unfulfilled moments and many awkward ones. Sometimes the level of inspiration falters, as in the section of the slow movement from the entrance of the trumpet to the return of the theme in the low strings, which is perilously near ba-

nalinity. Let these lapses are ridiculously unimportant when you come face to face with inspiration so intense as Mr. Read's.

If the audience expected to hear "escape" music in the symphony, it was disappointed yesterday. It is

harsh and driving and uncompromising, but these are harsh and uncompromising times. And it is bracing to know that an American com-

poser can forget technical slickness and face his responsibility to convey, at white heat, music which smacks, not of the ivory tower or the slide-rule, but of the times. As I say, unless I am colossally misled by my senses, Mr. Read's symphony is as much of the times as a letter from the front lines, just as faltering, and

nearly as awesome. The regrettable thing is it will not be broadcast, for while few might feel as I do, many might find its curiously feverish quality sticks with them, and that, after all, is enough.

The rest of the program was so-so. The Beethoven is always good, of course, and Mr. Burgin did well with it. The Bach was wretched in the

worst orchestral transcription of the generation, and the "Porgy and Bess" thing was painful throughout. Indeed (and with all respect to Gershwin) a "cornier" piece could not be imagined. Ah well, symphony orchestras never seem to learn they sound as ridiculous trying to play like Duke Ellington as Duke Ellington does trying to play like a symphony orchestra. Jazz is an art with as much integrity as any other, and it should be respected.

Next week's program offers Mahler's great "Das Lied von der Erde" and Howard Hanson's Fourth Symphony.

Read and Beethoven, two original composers, had to compete at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, yesterday afternoon, against Schönberg and Bennett, a pair of facile and entertaining arrangers; and the two who stood on the merits of their own music, the disadvantages considered, came out pretty well. Gardner Read, American, was represented on the program with his Symphony No. 2, op. 45; and he himself, invited to town for the occasion, appeared on the platform of Symphony Hall directing the first presentation anywhere of his three-movement work (Presto, Adagio, Largamente). Beethoven likewise was represented with his Symphony No. 2 in D major in four-movement form, which lists among his works as op. 36.

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SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The four works on this week's Boston Symphony program are poles apart. Hearing them at one session is a rather bizarre, not too satisfactory, experience. They do not complement one another.

Richard Burgin conducts three of the four, offering Beethoven's Second Symphony, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat (the "St. Anne Fugue") for organ, as arranged by Arnold Schoenberg for full orchestra, also Robert Russell Bennett's "Symphonic Picture" from Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess." Gardner Read, young American composer, conducts the premiere of his new Second Symphony.

The relationship of Bach and Beethoven on a symphony program is quite normal. Mr. Burgin makes the Second Symphony sound wholly lovely. But he is hard put to make Schoenberg's overblown arrangement of Bach's great work sound at all. It rattles and thumps in a way to destroy the character of the piece and one longs for some of the precision the organ affords. The musical greatness of the Prelude and Fugue perhaps is responsible for Schoenberg's attempt to give them a larger vehicle of expression. But greatness and bigness are not the same thing.

Mr. Burgin did his very best by the Beethoven Symphony. The larghetto was built of soft, transparent layers of tone and Burgin

played it a trifle faster than indicated, thereby making it full and round. After he composed the Symphony, Beethoven changed his mind about the tempo of this movement. In making a piano-trio version of it, he indicated quasi andante as the tempo, the rate at which Mr. Burgin took it. The three-cornered tunes of the scherzo were bright and spirited, and the final movement a pure delight.

As if there were not contrast enough between the epoch-making yet classic Beethoven of the Second Symphony and the "modernized" Bach, we also had the lush tunefulness of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" set against the harsh, esoteric Second Symphony of Mr. Read.

The work is cast in three relatively short movements—presto, adagio and allegro, the last bounded at each end by a largamente. It was possible to discover a tune only in the latter. But even then it sounded by the Debussy of "La Damoiselle elue." The first movement went by fits and starts, with short turbulent sections punctuated by crashing chords. There were melodic echoes of Stravinsky, without the Russian's driving energy and artistic force. Nevertheless, Mr. Read, who ably conducted his own work, has quite a flair for stirring up dramatic tension. There was somber atmosphere to the middle movement where muted brass and lower strings converse in sorrowful tones.

The program will be repeated this evening at 8:15.—J. W. R.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," in an orchestral synthesis by Robert Russell Bennett, saved yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert, conducted for the most part by Richard Burgin, from a paralyzing dullness which had begun with a pedestrian performance of Beethoven's Second Symphony (surely the poorest of the lot) and had progressed through an exhibition of Schoenberg's tasteless transcription of Bach's organ Prelude and Fugue in E-flat and another and generally dreadful Second Symphony, that of 30-year-old Gardner Read, conducted by the composer in its initial public performance. To be sure, the "Porgy and Bess" fantasia, adroitly put together by the resourceful Bennett at the behest of Pittsburgh's Fritz Reiner, is hardly music for a symphony concert. These operatic potpourris, even in the case of so original and distinguished a work as "Porgy," are better suited to the Pops, and the fastidious Alfredo Casella, during his three-year tenure of office, forbade their presence

even there. But in a desert any stream is welcome. 11-27-43

A mild looking young man, decidedly professorial of aspect, Mr. Read has concocted one of the most violent and, withal, most depressing symphonies that this observer has encountered in the course of a long career of concert-going. By token of the Italian marks of expression, the first movement is "ferocious" and the third "frenetic." The Adagio, e molto mesto, which separates them, is plunged in Stygian gloom. Here, to give the devil his due, come moments of serene and, under the circumstances, decidedly soothing beauty. There are also pleasant spots in the two Largamente sections which enclose the Finale's Allegro frenetico.

As quoted in the programme notes, Dr. Hans Rosenwald of Chicago has characterized Mr. Read's style in this symphony as based more upon "dynamics and sonorities than the pursuit of conventional melodic formulae." Right you are, Doctor. Incidentally, the piece received last March the Paderewski Prize of \$1000!

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Again we stand in debt of Richard Burgin for a Mahler revival. At this week's Boston Symphony concerts the orchestra's associate conductor produces the Bohemian master's "Song of the Earth" ("Das Lied von der Erde") with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, and Hans J. Heinz, tenor, as the soloists.

In consequence of the over-towering magnitude of Mahler's spiritual testament, Howard Hanson's new Fourth Symphony, which the composer conducts after the interval in the first public performances, stands in rather unfortunate circumstances. The Symphony might have made its mark were it of different cast, or had it been performed under other conditions. But when Mahler has said about all there is to say of poignant melancholy and darkening grief, when his expression has culminated in the artistic statement that only death is the release from the hurt of life, then the elegaic Hanson Symphony seems an echo of a greater force.

The Hanson Symphony might have added its own personal message (it is inscribed, "In memory of my beloved father"), or perhaps illuminated some of the obscurities of Mahler's greatness, for it is a rugged, forward driving work. But its lack of original expression, its dependence upon musical antecedents, thwarts its evident purpose.

Technically, the Symphony is most skillfully wrought. It has a wonderful sense of movement and enormously clever figurations. Its moods, too, are painted clearly, but they are lugubrious and unrestrained. Its melodic material is undistinguished, with too much dependence upon banal tunes constructed scale-wise. 12-4-44 S.H.

The four movements, each titled, have their special antecedents. The first (Kyrie), cold and bleak, sounds like Sibelius, while the second (Requiescat) is Tchaikovsky, distilled. And in the third (Dies Irae) you can hear the death rattle of some "realistic" pieces by Liszt, Berlioz and Saint-Saens. The terminal movement (Lux Aeterna) is the most individual. Over his work the composer presided, a wrathful figure, driving sonorities and rhythms to their peaks.

The text for the six sections of "Song of the Earth" Mahler took from "The Chinese Flute," Chinese lyrics of the Eighth Century, paraphrased by the German poet, Hans Bethge. Mahler adapted them to his purposes and in the Summer of 1908, after an unhappy season as conductor of the New York Philharmonic, composed "Song of the Earth."

The intensity, the emotional depth and the breadth of philosophic thought which are the heart of "Song of the Earth," are things to be felt rather than described. There are opaque hints here of what we have come to think of as the fragility of the archaic Chinese spirit. But Mahler has distilled this feeling, combined it with Western thought and philosophy to produce an artistic summation, a looking back and a harking forward. "Song of the Earth" is both earthy and rarely delicate.

Mr. Burgin has bound and unified "Song of the Earth" into the complete expression that it is. It is an enormous task, brilliantly accomplished. His soloists are more than adequate to the job. Miss Tourel's opulent tonal qualities are perfectly suited to the work. And Mr. Heinz, making his Boston debut, almost has the aspects of a "heldentenor" in his singing. Both sang in English, although not clearly enough to be understood.—J. W. R.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 3, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4, at 8:15 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN Conducting

MAHLER "Das Lied von der Erde" ("The Song of the Earth")
for Tenor, Contralto, and Orchestra

- I. Das Trinklied vom Jammer der Erde
(The Drinking-Song of Earth's Sorrow)
Tenor
- II. Der Einsame im Herbst (The Lonely One in Autumn)
Contralto
- III. Von der Jugend (Of Youth)
Tenor
- IV. Von der Schönheit (Of Beauty)
Contralto
- V. Der Trunkene im Frühling (The Drunken One in Springtime)
Tenor
- VI. Der Abschied (The Farewell)
Contralto

JENNIE TOUREL and HANS J. HEINZ

INTERMISSION

HANSON Symphony No. 4, Op. 34

- I. Kyrie
Andante inquieto; piu mosso
- II. Requiescat
Largo
- III. Dies Irae
Presto
- IV. Lux Aeterna
Largo pastorale; piu animato ed agitato; molto espressivo, tranquillo
(First public performance; conducted by the composer)

BRAHMS Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Again we stand in debt of Richard Burgin for a Mahler revival. At this week's Boston Symphony concerts the orchestra's associate conductor produces the Bohemian master's "Song of the Earth" ("Das Lied von der Erde") with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, and Hans J. Heinz, tenor, as the soloists.

In consequence of the over-towering magnitude of Mahler's spiritual testament, Howard Hanson's new Fourth Symphony, which the composer conducts after the interval in the first public performances, stands in rather unfortunate circumstances. The Symphony might have made its mark were it of different cast, or had it been performed under other conditions. But when Mahler has said about all there is to say of poignant melancholy and darkening grief, when his expression has culminated in the artistic statement that only death is the release from the hurt of life, then the elegaic Hanson Symphony seems an echo of a greater force.

The Hanson Symphony might have added its own personal message (it is inscribed, "In memory of my beloved father"), or perhaps illuminated some of the obscurities of Mahler's greatness, for it is a rugged, forward driving work. But its lack of original expression, its dependence upon musical antecedents, thwarts its evident purpose.

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Andante inquieto; piu mosso
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Largo pastorale; piu animato ed agitato; molto espressivo, tranquillo
(First public performance; conducted by the composer)

BRAHMS.....Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80

Mahler Revival, Hanson Novelty at the Symphony

By L. A. Sloper

Richard Burgin again directed the Boston Symphony yesterday, pending the recuperation of Dr. Koussevitzky from a slight indisposition. The program for this eighth pair of concerts reads: Mahler, "Das Lied von der Erde;" Hanson, Symphony No. 4, op. 34; Brahms, Academic Festival Overture. Dr. Hanson conducted his symphony, which was performed for the first time at a public concert. The soloists in the Mahler were Jennie Tourel and Hans J. Heinz.

"The Song of the Earth" contains the best of Mahler, and much of the best of Wagner. It is the most grateful to the ear of all the Mahler symphonic compositions that I have heard, because it has a greater simplicity, is less repetitious, and employs its means more economically than the others. The melodic material is well suited to the sense, the harmonies are exquisitely atmospheric, and the instrumentation is done with a discretion that is extraordinary, especially for Mahler.

There are few flaws in the structure. The rhythms tend to be monotonous, there is insufficient contrast between the third and fourth sections, and the final section suffers from the composer's usual fault of not knowing when to stop. This farewell is far too protracted. It reminds us of those distressing partings at steamship piers, with people ashore and people aboard waving wearily at one another, while the ship rides majestically unhurried. In Mahler's dock the contralto waves at the orchestra and the orchestra waves back, again and again, while the audience, and doubtless the artists, long for the ship to sail.

Mr. Burgin secured an excellent performance from the orchestra yesterday, with good tone, clarity of execution, and expressiveness. For the first time here the songs were sung in English, but little difference ensued from this, since neither soloist was able to make the words heard except at moments. Miss Tourel, a French artist sang here last year in "La Demoiselle Éluë." Yesterday she did not seem very much at home in the Mahler work. Her voice is not strong. Her middle range is her best. Her upper tones were constricted, and her lower ones insufficiently supported. Yet she sang intelligently, and like Mr. Heinz she paid the audience the compliment of getting along without the aid of score or word book. Mr. Heinz was, I believe, new to Boston. He appeared to be very much in the spirit of the work, but his voice was unsuccessful in competition with the orchestra.

Dr. Hanson's Symphony No. 4, inscribed "In memory of my beloved father," was undoubtedly conceived and executed in a reverent mood, and I am sorry to have to say that it did not convey to me the emotional fervor which had obviously moved its composer. The subtitles from the Requiem Mass, Kyrie, Requiescat, Dies Irae, and Lux Aeterna, describe the mood rather than the manner of the four movements. Dr. Hanson has a strong lyrical sense and he is a master of the technique of composition. What is lacking is originality of treatment and the feeling of an irresistible inner musical compulsion.

Both compositions were cordially received by the Friday audience.

Hanson's Fourth Symphony To Have Premiere Tomorrow

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Howard Hanson, who will direct the first performance of his Symphony No. 4, op. 34, at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts this week, is one American composer, however many others of his sort there may be, who can plan a work so that its main structural interest and its chief communication and appraisal come to notice in the midst rather than off somewhere at an end. A symphony of his is no mere framework holding up but itself, but rather a completed piece of architecture. To a listener, the talk of a Hanson work, the utterance it makes, the message it speaks, reach as many culminations as there are movements, and regularly in the right place, or at a point, generally speaking, some two thirds of the way through.

In other words, we wait for things to happen and at the proper moment they do happen. For Dr. Hanson is a composer who fits what he has to tell to the form he employs; or, he employs a form calculated to convey what he wishes to communicate—the difference is little, whichever way we state the matter.

Dr. Hanson happens to be a music educator; he is head of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N. Y. But that is not the reason why he composes. He would have composed if he had never been called to teach. Composing belongs to his makeup and would be there even if he never lectured to pupils or read an examination paper. That is why his music stays alive and that is why anything new he writes may be expected to have plan and purpose and to declare an idea.

What the Symphony No. 4, dedi-

cated to the memory of his father, professes to do appears in the subtitles to the four movements: Kyrie, Requiescat, Dies Irae, and Lux Aeterna. Nor is there anything ecclesiastical in these designations but the Latin words. They simply represent the four moods common to symphonies in the classic rule. If they were set down in the sequence of Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, and Finale, the outcome would be the same.

By look of the manuscript score, the Symphony No. 4 is rich in melody all the way through; melody of an original and noble style, though on standard patterns of progression, no sharp angles and no violent shifts; everything comfortably inside the scale with which hearers experienced in Brahms and Rimsky-Korsakoff, to take a couple of random names, are at home. Mr. Hanson seems to get along without resort to the awful academic devices by which certain neo-classicists bemuse the public; but he does considerable combining of song and figure, displaying great technical skill, if we wish so to regard things, and evidently producing a pleasing and expressive effect always. Particularly at high points of emotion he will have the brass chanting a chorale and the woodwinds sprightly chattering against it, or he will set off the brass choir against the cellos in what might be likened to a conflict of classes, or races, or nations.

The four movements are shrewdly marked out from one to the next, and yet they run together, no pause but an imaginary one; and the length of the whole seems to be quite appropriate to continuous playing.

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BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE broadcast New York and Boston Symphony Concerts of last week-end aired once more the long-standing Mahler controversy and, at the same time, focussed attention on that important issue, English texts for the English-speaking. Since the Metropolitan's "Tristan," sung as usual in German, was broadcast yesterday, it cannot be that the networks object on principle to the use of that language on the ether waves. It is more likely that Artur Rodzinsky and Dr. Koussevitzky (although Richard Burgin replaced him as conductor) decided independently that they would follow what is plainly a growing trend. Hence an English version of "The Song of the Earth" in Symphony Hall and of the vocal portions, solo and choral, of the Second or "Resurrection" Symphony in Carnegie. 12-12-43

And how did it work out; was the game worth the candle? As far as the audiences in the respective concert halls were concerned (two in Boston and three in New York), it probably did not make a great deal of difference, one way or the other. For those who wished to consult them, the full texts of both works were printed in the respective programme-books; while the Boston notes, with their customary explicitness, gave the German as well. For the radio listeners, it was probably of considerable assistance; and it would have been even more helpful if the four solo singers, Hans J. Heinz and the Misses Tourel, Varnay and Szanthy, had enunciated more clearly. In the case of choral singing, unless you know what the words are, it is pretty difficult to understand them. As a matter of fact, the notable Westminster Choir got much of the Symphony's text across in the quieter passages, though in the great climax all words inevitably went by the board.

Not only in his song-cycles, scored with the utmost restraint, but even in his symphonies with voice parts (and he called "The Song of the Earth" a symphony) Mahler is likely to be more considerate of the singers than any other composer of his time and school. The stormy first movement in "The Song of the Earth" is the exception that proves the rule. Mr. Heinz had his troubles here, and who hasn't? But for the most part these vocalists could hardly complain that they were not given a chance. pm

From the standpoint of the casual listener via radio, a word here and there is undoubtedly better than no words at all. In the Boston broadcast a summary of all six songs was given in advance. After that there was no time for comment; while little that was helpful, in that sense, came from New York.

Let us admit, then, that under these particular circumstances the translations were used advisedly, that it was a case of the greatest good for the greatest number. But, as has often been urged here (and elsewhere), if

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translations are to be employed they must be as good as possible. They must convey not only the sense but the flavor of the original; and the musical and verbal accents of course, be satisfactorily mated. A London reviewer, writing of an English "Il Trovatore" by the Carl Rosa Company, complained that the phrase, "Ah, those features," emerged in performance as "Are those feet yours?"

Stewart Wilson, who has made the English version of the text of "Das Lied von der Erde" for the piano and vocal score, recently issued by Boosey and Hawkes, Inc., has done well in spots, but there are many ineptitudes: such as "Life is only twilight, so is death" for "Dunkel ist das Leben, ist der Tod." That phrase, with its significant musical setting, comes three times in the initial "Drinking Song of Earthly Woe," and each time you heard it you cringed. There is nothing else to be done, yet that last lingering "Ever, ever" is a poor substitute for "Ewig, ewig." It just means that you can't have your cake and eat it, too.

As to the aforementioned Mahler controversy, one might say that in the case of "The Song of the Earth" it no longer exists, though some will place the work in the scheme of higher things than others, and you will still encounter strange misconceptions; suggesting that some hear not what is there but what a long record of prejudices, obscurantism and downright malice has persuaded them to find. Inevitably, too, so personal and individual a masterpiece is bound to inspire very personal reactions.

But the Second Symphony is a bird of another color. It, too, is a highly individual work, but not, in the same sense, a distinguished one. It courts the magniloquent and the grandiose, as did so much music in the latter part of the 19th century, and it commits, what for so many estheticians is the unpardonable sin, of relying upon an unpublished programme. In other words, you have to know what the music is all about before you can, as Philip Hale used to say, "dilute with the proper emotion." And so there will long be the two camps: those who accept Mahler on his own terms and find this symphony a sincere and enormously eloquent musical document, superbly planned and superbly carried out, deeply felt and deeply moving, and those who will have none of it, because the composer did not play the game according to canons of art not generally in force at his time. Incidentally, the performance in question was not a completely satisfactory one. The charming second movement was dragged and there was a damaging cut in the third, too brief to be condoned on the grounds of expediency.

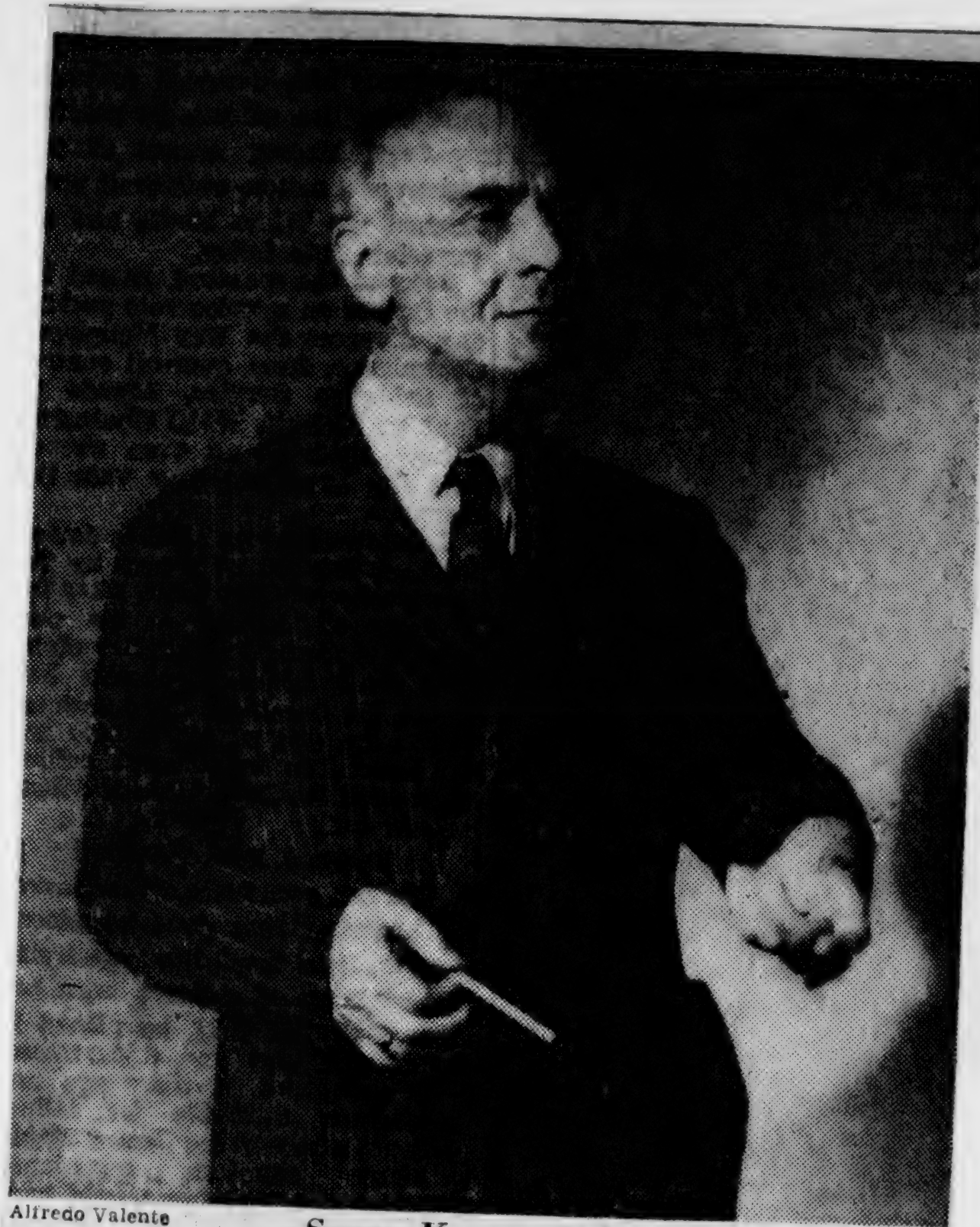
Jan Peerce, tenor, will be heard at Symphony Hall this afternoon and Duke Ellington and his band in the evening. Margaret Nugent, contralto, will offer a programme of songs at Recital Hall in the New England Conservatory building tomorrow evening.



Hans Heinz
Tenor soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at this week's concerts.



Jennie Tourel
Singing in Mahler's "Song of the Earth" in this week's Boston Symphony concerts.



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Serge Koussevitzky

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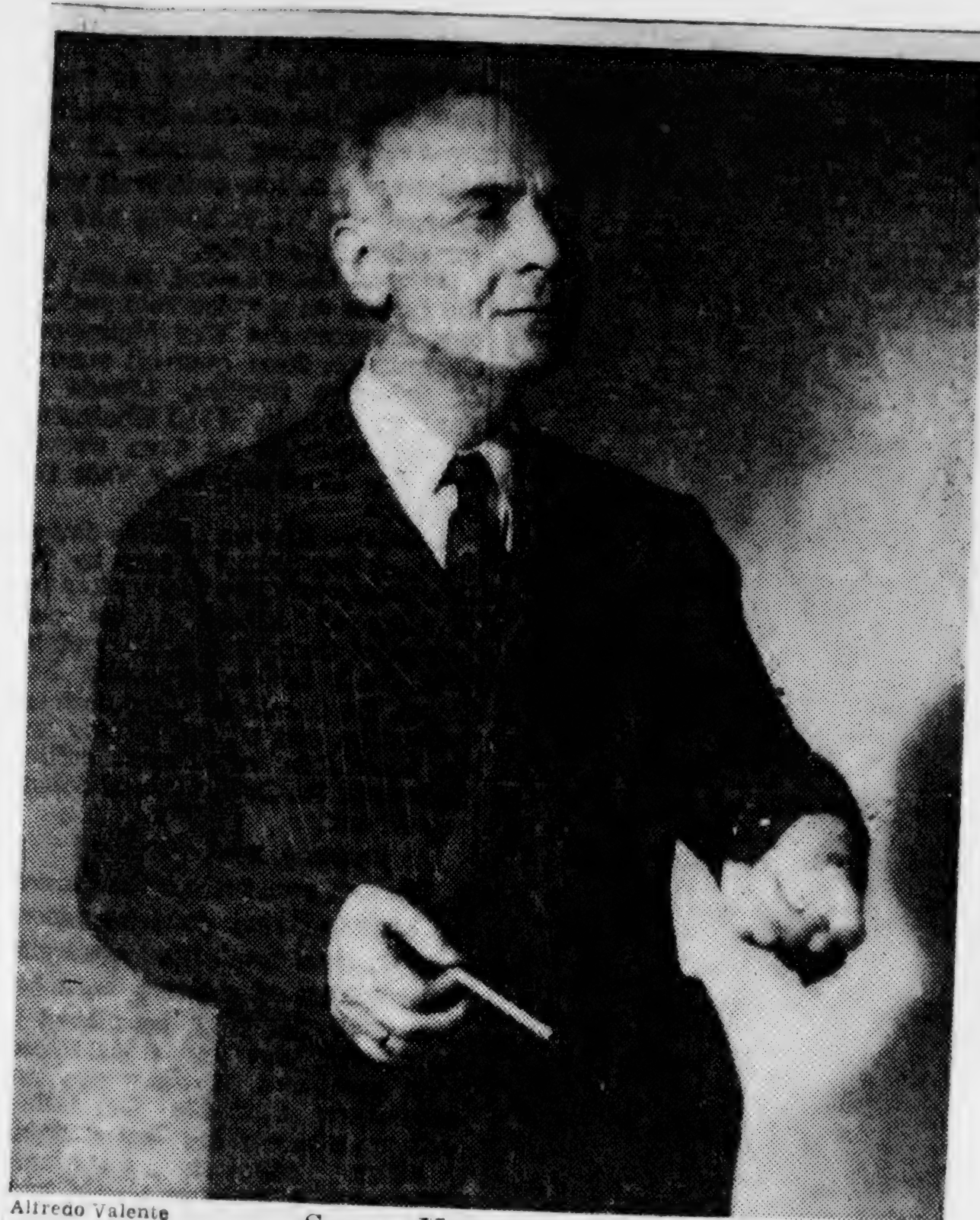
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By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the eighth program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Jennie Tourel, contralto, and Hans J. Heinz, tenor, were the soloists. Howard Hanson was the guest conductor in the first performance of his Fourth Symphony. The program was as follows:

Mahler....."Das Lied von der Erde"
Hanson.....Symphony No. 4, Op. 34
Brahms.....Academic Festival Overture

Mahler's "The Song of the Earth" remains among the most baffling musical compositions ever written. It ranges from the ridiculous to the sublime in musical content almost from bar to bar while the concept of its poetry is at once the epitome of Bacchic sensuality and delicate Chinese imagery. Yet, given the circumstances of a truly incandescent performance and a truly sympathetic audience, it can be peculiarly effective. *12-4-43 N. C. L.*

Even had these factors been present yesterday (and they were not), it is to be questioned if the work could have achieved its strange potential. It is music of the night; of morbid, tormented self-doubt, and is best heard on records in solitude. It is like a letter of longing and desperation and self-pity written at night and destroyed in the morning. It is music, in short, of such unique personal expression it creates in the listener the wretchedness of the unwilling auditor of a Brahms' ever-green "Academic Festival Overture." Next week the orchestra will be out of town, but the following week it will perform Beethoven's Seventh, Mozart's E-flat, of the purely musical means the and Haydn's "Surprise" Symphonies. The singular so-

norities, the astonishing rhythmical pulses and the sudden, soaring phrases; all combine to carry the listener away—only to bring him back with a thump at an unabashedly tormented climax, or an orgiastic sequence. It is a masterpiece, yes (and certainly its author's masterpiece), but it is so in a very special and personal sense.

Jennie Tourel, an artist of great ability, was not too appropriately cast. True, she sang very beautifully at times, but the heavy Teutonic style is not hers, and the cards were stacked against her from the outset through the generally thick orchestration of the work. As for Mr. Heinz, singing one of the most thankless roles in music, I must say I only heard him once or twice, and couldn't tell if he sang well or not, but I rather suspect he did well enough. Both soloists will doubtless be heard to greater advantage on the radio tonight when the microphones pick up their voices. The orchestra, admirably conducted by Mr. Burgin, was splendid.

Regrettably enough, I seem to have no impression worth recording of Howard Hanson's Fourth Symphony, although I seem to remember thinking at the moment that the last movement started off rather pleasantly. Mr. Hanson is certainly a competent and even a very talented composer, but, like Mahler, he puts too much emotional jam between the slices of bread, and it all leaks out on one's fingers.

The program came to an end with Brahms' ever-green "Academic Festival Overture." Next week the orchestra will be out of town, but the following week it will perform Beethoven's Seventh, Mozart's E-flat, of the purely musical means the and Haydn's "Surprise" Symphonies. The singular so-

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Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 17, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 18, at 8:15 o'clock

HAYDNSymphony in G major, No. 94 ("Surprise")

- I. Adagio cantabile e vivace assai
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Allegro di molto

MOZARTSymphony in E-flat major (Koechel No. 543)

- I. Adagio; Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVENSymphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92

- I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace
- II. Allegretto
- III. Presto; Assai meno presto; Tempo primo
- IV. Allegro con brio

BALDWIN PIANO

This programme will end about 4:25 on Friday Afternoon
10:10 o'clock on Saturday Evening

The works to be played at these concerts may be seen in the Allen A. Brown Music Collection of the Boston Public Library one week before the concert. A lecture on this programme will be given on Wednesday at 4:45 o'clock, in the Lecture Hall.

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SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

Three master symphonists—Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven—make this week's Boston Symphony program one of classic strength and symmetrical beauty. Serge Koussevitzky, having recovered from a bout with one of the prevalent illnesses, returns to conduct the orchestra, after its annual Midwest tour, in Haydn's Symphony in G major, No. 88; Mozart's Symphony in E-flat (K. 543); and the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven.

There are two standard views on such a program. Because nothing new is offered, you immediately can expect that old chestnut which puts familiarity and contempt in juxtaposition. At the opposite pole is the thought that familiar things are often good, for they promote mental and emotional relaxation.

The three symphonies are akin in mood. The Haydn Symphony is graceful and urbane with a bit of fancy here, a delicious turn of phrase there. Mozart's E-flat Symphony, one of three priceless jewels in the crown of his orchestral writing (the other two: The G minor and "Jupiter" symphonies), is limpid and lyrical, gay throughout, and quite different from the equal perfection of the other two. Various meanings, in as many periods, have been read into the Beethoven Seventh. But it seems to reveal the most when considered as absolute music. The "unbuttoned joy" of the finale, the forward drive, the caprice and the dance rhythms are all to be taken in stride. **12-18-43**

Curiously, the orchestra failed to sustain the dramatic tension of the slow introductions to the three works. Yet the faster movements were played with fair precision and sureness. Otherwise the Boston Symphony's familiar persuasive-ness and energy were happily present. **9/11**

Beginning a week from tonight, the Saturday Concerts will commence at 8:30, when radio broadcasts will be sponsored by the Al-

lis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee. At that time the program will include Handel's Concerto Grosso No. 12; the Fifth Symphony of Sibelius; three excerpts from Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust," and Schumann's Cello Concerto in which Gregor Piatigorsky will be soloist (not at this week's concerts as incorrectly reported on this page yesterday.)—J. W. R.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the ninth program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Haydn.....Symphony in G minor No. 68
Mozart.....Symphony in E flat (K. 543)
Beethoven...Symphony No. 7 in A, Op. 92

It is not until Dr. Koussevitzky frightens us most to death by being ill for a week or two that we—and that means all of us—realize just how profoundly his presence on the conductor's stand adds to any program he chooses to make.

Yesterday's program, a sort of classic breather or interlude, consisted wholly of symphonies which the orchestra doubtless could have played almost as well without him for, after all, it plays them practically once a season. Yet the "almost" in this case marks the difference between a splendid performance and a wonderful one, and it can be accounted for only by laying it to the elusive anatomy of personality. **12-18-43 Herald**

So it was yesterday with the Haydn, which is a joy under any circumstances but indescribably more so when given the lift, the nuance and the polish Dr. Koussevitzky endows it with. Much the same is true of the Mozart, which remains a monument to its composer even when clumsily done, but here the conductor seeks out its fateful implications as well as its effervescences, and makes it a composition of matchless beauty. And, to carry through the deepening motif of the program, he gives Beethoven's Seventh a jagged momentum without which the violent thumpings and full closes verge

often on the ridiculous. It may be possible to arch a brow at a tempo here, or raise a finger at an extravagance there, but it is not possible to resist succumbing to the underlying warmth, vitality and compulsion of Dr. Koussevitzky's conception.

The orchestra was in fine temper yesterday, and if it's permissible to single out any one member of it for especial mention, then such mention belongs to Mr. Polatschek for his beautiful performance of the clarinet part in the Mozart symphony. The audience was in fine temper, too, for this music was clearly its dish. Let us hope, though, it doesn't mean that the orchestra is going to settle down to the old routine of Sibelius Fifties, Mendelssohn's "Italians" and all the other pieces which have become as much a yearly tradition with Dr. Koussevitzky as carolling on Beacon Hill on Christmas Eve has to a Bostonian.

Next week the program offers Handel's B minor Concerto Grosso, Sibelius' Fifth (heavens, so soon?), Schumann's A minor Violoncello Concerto with Gregor Piatigorsky as soloist, and three excerpts from Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust."

Tenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 24, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 25, at 8:30 o'clock

HANDEL Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra in B minor, No. 12
Largo — Allegro — Larghetto — Largo — Allegro

SIBELIUS Symphony No. 5 in E-flat major, *Op.* 82

- I. { Tempo molto moderato
- II. { Allegro moderato, ma poco a poco stretto
- III. Andante mosso, quasi allegretto
- IV. Allegro molto

INTERMISSION

SCHUMANN Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra
in A minor, *Op.* 129
Nicht zu schnell — Langsam — Sehr lebhaft

BERLIOZ Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust," *Op.* 24

- I. Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps
- II. Dance of the Sylphs
- III. Hungarian March (Rakoczy)

SOLOIST

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 10th concert of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Handel—Concerto Grosso in B minor, No. 12
Sibelius—Symphony No. 5 in E flat, Op. 82
Schumann—Concerto in A minor for Violoncello and orchestra, Op. 129
Berlioz—Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps.
Dance of the Sylphs, Rakoczy March from "Damnation of Faust," Op. 24.

12-25-43
As solace to a harassed Christmas audience, most of which was doubtless in a state over one thing or another, yesterday's concert was ideal. The music was comfortably familiar and lively enough to keep everyone awake; the performance of the soloist was spectacular from a visual and an auditory standpoint; the conductor was in good form and the orchestra played at its usual high level of excellence throughout.

Of the four compositions on the program, the Handel B minor Concerto Grosso was most rewarding. Exquisitely (although generally too slowly) played by the string orchestra, it established a matchless atmosphere of relaxation and of good spirits. With its charming pastoral flavor and its noble cadences it was, at least, the one piece which seemed to reflect somehow the season and this year more than any other, such reassurance is necessary.

With every performance, Sibelius' Fifth shows its seams more clearly. It still speaks to the majority of the audience, true, and it has many effective moments, but for the most part it is pretty hollow stuff. The musical devices employed to keep it going are really pretty obvious, and

once the impact of its catchy tunes and its bleak sonorities wears off (about a half dozen performances usually suffice), you become conscious of its over-padded shoulders. Another ten years will probably be required to remove it from the repertoire to make room for Sibelius' vastly superior fourth and seventh, but there can be no question of its ultimate fate in the dust bin.

It is unfortunate such superb cellists as Gregor Piatigorsky must be chained to the Schumann and the Haydn Violoncello concertos. Both are attractive of course, although the Schumann is least so, but neither serves to demonstrate the musicianship of such a cellist as Mr. Piatigorsky. It calls his technical virtuosity into play (and it's not found wanting, either), and while he tries to infuse the music with the spark of life, it is only too evident to everyone, including the soloist, that the work was still-born.

In any case, it must be said he made it look much more interesting than it sounded, and that is something

After a delightful performance of Berlioz' "Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps," the conductor and orchestra threw caution to the wind with the "Rakoczy March," and the Beethoven plaque on the proscenium arch was severely jarred. As a good-natured recession into the wintry blasts, however, it served its purpose admirably, and practically all ended out humming. Or at least their ears did. Next week the orchestra will play C. P. E. Bach's D major orchestral Concerto, Martin's Violin Concerto (Mischa Elman, soloist) and Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D.

Piatigorsky as Soloist In Schumann Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

For the tenth program of the Boston Symphony season, last Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, Dr. Koussevitzky had chosen Handel's Concerto Grosso for string orchestra, in B minor, no. 12; the Fifth Symphony of Sibelius; Schumann's Violoncello Concerto, and the usual three excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust"—the Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps, the Sylphs' Dance, and the Rakoczy March. The soloist was Gregor Piatigorsky.

12-27-43
Although the list contained nothing that could be described as Christmas music, it was well designed, as to musical substance and popular appeal, for the holiday audiences, which always include a number of young people and others who are not regular attendants.

The strings distinguished themselves as usual in the Handel, even with Mr. Burgin still on leave; and Dr. Koussevitzky in his direction permitted himself less exaggeration than he sometimes does in eighteenth-century music—the piece sounded more like Handel and less like Tchaikovsky.

The Sibelius Fifth is getting to be an annual rite, and it is not easy to understand why. The symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms may well be heard once every two years, according to custom. Their value seems pretty well established. But that is not true of Sibelius, Cecil Gray to the contrary notwithstanding; nor is it true of Shostakovich, whose Fifth Symphony we have also heard too often. The symphonic works of Beethoven and Brahms are more

enjoyable on the hundredth hearing than on the first. Those of Sibelius and Shostakovich begin to pall on a tenth hearing, or earlier. They have at first a powerful call to the physical senses, but

they have not that "significant form" which gives permanence to the works of the greatest masters.

Mr. Piatigorsky was the hero of the occasion on Friday afternoon. He is a virtuoso, a musician and a showman. Very likely his showmanship is natural and unconscious. At all events, he, like Chaliapin, wins his audience by his mere entrance. It is impossible to resist him as he strides across the platform, holding his cello high before him, and looking rather like Don Quixote in modern dress.

Happily, his musicianship matches his showmanship and his virtuosity. The beauty and breadth of his tone, his subtle phrasing and his architectural sense combine to make memorable whatever he plays. This Schumann Concerto is not the greatest work ever devised for solo instrument and orchestra. It is a long cello solo with a rather thin orchestral accompaniment, but it possesses a lyrical beauty and grace which have an unfailing appeal when it is played as Mr. Piatigorsky plays it.

Dr. Koussevitzky's accompaniment brought out the simple beauties of the score with great skill, especially in the slow movement, where Mr. Bedetti abetted him by most discreetly paralleling the voice of the solo instrument.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

While Dr. Koussevitzky has made a few bows in that direction, what are known as seasonal programmes are not exactly in his line. There is nothing suggestive of Christmas in the list that was heard yesterday afternoon and that will be offered again this evening. A certain festive note is sounded, however, in the last number, the three excerpts from Berlioz' "The Damnation of Faust," the "Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps," "Dance of the Sylphs" and "Rakoczy" March. 12-25-43

Possibly it was because Jean Sibelius reached his 78th birthday on the eighth of this month that Dr. Koussevitzky saw fit to perform the Finnish composer's Fifth Symphony, although that work was played here no longer ago than last March. Before it comes Handel's Concerto Grosso for strings in B minor, and the piece that follows the intermission is the Cello Concerto of Schumann, with Gregor Piatigorsky as the soloist.

There are not many 'cello concertos and still fewer effective ones. The most rewarding composition in which the solo 'cello is prominent is the "Don Quixote" of Strauss, and you cannot have that every time there is a 'cello soloist. The slow movement of Schumann's Concerto has, of course, the intimate, songful beauty peculiar to that romantic composer, and Mr. Piatigorsky made the most of it. The first and third sections are on the doleful side, and the 'cello "whine," that even Mr. Piatigorsky cannot always get away from, accentuates that quality. Even though the buoyant Third Symphony, which, by the way, we have not heard in years, came immediately after it, the 'cello Concerto, for the most part, suggests all too forcibly the cloud that was already hovering over Schumann's mind.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky introduced William Schuman's Symphony for Strings and the First Symphony of Shostakovich to subscribers of the "shorter" series of Boston Symphony concerts last evening. Two works from the concerts of last Friday and Saturday completed the bill: Robert Schumann's Cello Concerto, with Gregor Piatigorsky as a most grateful soloist, and three excerpts from Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust."

The dry wine harmonies and agile tunes of Shostakovich, coming after the torrent of dramatic force and biting counterpoint of the Schuman Symphony, seemed innocent enough. But the Schumann Concerto, following these, sounded more like a lullaby. Where the melodic contours of Schuman and Shostakovich are lean and angular, the contours of the Schumann Concerto are soft and yielding, as though foreshadowing the composer's subsequent mental collapse. Schumann after Shostakovich was like turning on the heat after taking a cold shower.

The purity of Mr. Schuman's counterpoint shows the influence of the large body of choral works he has composed. At the same time, writing for orchestra is not bound by the more stringent rules of vocal writing. 12-28-43

The most remarkable thing about Mr. Koussevitzky's performance of the two symphonies was the overall rhythmic drive and continuity he maintained.

Mr. Piatigorsky lent style and fervor to the Schumann Concerto, revealing its romantic spirit clearly without overindulgence. The orchestral accompaniment was just right. The program will be repeated this afternoon at 3.—J. W. R.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Eleventh Programme

C. P. E. BACH.....Concerto in D major for Stringed Instruments
(Arranged for Orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg)

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante lento molto
- III. Allegro

MARTINU.....Concerto for Violin and Orchestra

- I. Andante — poco allegro — andante
- II. Moderato
- III. Poco allegro — allegro

(First performance)

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio non troppo
- III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino
- IV. Allegro con spirito

SOLOIST

MISCHA ELMAN

BALDWIN PIANO

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

While Dr. Koussevitzky has made a few bows in that direction, what are known as seasonal programmes are not exactly in his line. There is nothing suggestive of Christmas in the list that was heard yesterday afternoon and that will be offered again this evening. A certain festive note is sounded, however, in the last number, the three excerpts from Berlioz' "The Damnation of Faust," the "Minuet of the Will-o'-the-Wisps," "Dance of the Sylphs" and "Rakoczy" March. 12-25-43

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(Arranged for Orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg)

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- I. Andante — poco allegro — andante
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 - III. Poco allegro — allegro
- (First performance)

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- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio non troppo
- III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino
- IV. Allegro con spirito

SOLOIST

MISCHA ELMAN

BALDWIN PIANO

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.
Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 11th program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mischa Elman, violinist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

C. P. E. Bach Concerto in D major for strings (Arr. Steinberg)
Martinu Concerto for Violin and Orchestra
Brahms Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

It is clear that Martinu has composed a magnificent violin concerto in that which was yesterday given its first performance by Mischa Elman (who commissioned the work) and the Boston Symphony orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky. There were other attractions on the program, notably the wondrous C. P. E. Bach orchestral concerto, but there is no doubt that the Martinu Concerto is to recent efforts in the field what the Martinu Symphony is to recent efforts in the field what the Martinu symphonies. That is to say, the best.

Of all the forms a composer may work in, the violin concerto is certainly the most difficult. Virtually all first-line composers have had a hand at it with varying results, but few—to judge by his remarks in the program—have approached it with so clear a conception of the problems involved as Mr. Martinu. It was his intention to write a work which, while at once an orchestral work with violin solo and a violin solo with orchestral accompaniment, was a perfectly integrated combination of both and was, to boot, expressive yet absolute music. Quite an order!

Of the three movements, the first, while containing a sustained and beautiful melodic line in the andante section (and one which is exceedingly gratefully conceived for the solo instrument), is hardest to catch on first hearing. The orchestration seems turgid and thick at times, and wanting in clarity. The second movement makes its way immediately with charming and typically "Czechoslovakian" melodies, while the finale, filled with verve and rhythmic intricacy, is exciting, heady stuff.

Mr. Elman's part in the success of the work is beyond compute. He performed the formidable solo part with enormous technical bravura, achieving a tone of great warmth and color. Considering the reserve of the Friday afternoon audiences, his success was sensational. Indeed, there is no doubt that most of the applause was directed at him rather than the concerto, for it is plain that it did not give up its secret quite that readily and it is safe to say many years will elapse before it does.

The concert came to an end with an ardent performance of Brahms' Second Symphony, a work which proved an admirable postlude to the excitements of the premiere, and a work which found the orchestra and conductor in good form. 1-1-44

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

It is often said that artists are demonstrative and warm hearted people. In that case Mischa Elman fills the requirements.

The circumstances attending his first performance of Bohuslav Martinu's new Violin Concerto in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, so moved Mr. Elman that he planted a resounding kiss on the cheek of Serge Koussevitzky. 9-1-44

At the close of a brilliant performance of this new work Mr. Elman was greeted by hearty applause from both orchestra and audience.

As a violinist Mr. Elman is best known for his predilection for music of the Romantic era. His lush singing tone and precise technic are eminently suited to the difficult, showy, often musically shallow works of the 19th Century. It is strange, therefore, that Mr. Elman should commission a concerto from a modern composer, as he has in this case from Mr. Martinu. The choice is a fortunate one.

Martinu must be a fiddler himself, for his concerto is most intimately wedded to violin style. It is a show piece, pure and simple, manufactured for that express purpose. It lacks the human warmth and inspiration of his symphony,

performed here last season. But at the same time, it has its rewarding moments, musically, which is more than can be said of a lot of show pieces. It is set apart from other display pieces by a number of unusual features. It has no rapid-fire runs which call for a withering race up and down the finger board.

The concerto is cast in the customary three movements. In the first Martinu has written some incredibly long-breathed tunes of fiery and intense beauty. And Mr. Elman knows just how to breathe life into them. The middle movement sets the violin in the upper register over quiet counterpoint in the brass, a most effective treatment. In the final section there are some curious double-stop passages of fourths, fifths and seconds punctuated by heavy chords in the orchestra. It should be noted that Martinu has woven a skilled orchestra part which takes its role in the development of the work, but which never covers the violin tone. Herein, the romantic temperament of Elman and the modernism of Martinu are very adroitly combined.

The program began with a bustling, purling performance of the Concerto in D major for Stringed Instruments of C. P. E. Bach as arranged for orchestra by Steinberg, and concluded with Brahms' bright and tuneful Second Symphony. The orchestra performed, under Mr. Koussevitzky's inspiring direction, with its usual slickness.—J. W. R. 1-1-44

**Elman Talks
Of Concerto
By Martinu**

By Winthrop P. Tryon

"Give music a chance to expand," said Mischa Elman, the violinist, in conversation after a morning's Symphony Hall practice with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. "That is what Dr.

Koussevitzky is striving to do as director of the Boston Symphony concerts, and I am glad of a chance to help the cause." 12-30-43

Mr. Elman was thinking of the Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, by Bohuslav Martinu, which he is helping Dr. Koussevitzky and the Symphony men bring out before the audiences of tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. "I committed to memory the solo part in this concerto in two weeks," Mr. Elman went on to remark. "That shows you how I look on the quality of the music. I never could summon up enthusiasm to learn anything so new and difficult, unless the musical value was there to start with. 1-1-44

"In the necessary course of affairs I have studied and added to my repertory works that were interesting merely for some technical or perhaps historical reason. Take the old Ernst Concerto. That is not great music, but it is an enlightening record of violin playing on the mechanical side in the middle of the nineteenth century. I carry that along with the master-works of Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky, and I occasionally introduce it on a program. A player can handle the great things all the better for knowing something about the smaller ones.

"A violinist such as Ernst was does know more or less, after all, about the violin; and when he composes for the instrument he can put meaning into what he writes even if he reaches no high peak of originality. Then, suppose a man to be a violinist and a composer as well, you have some chance of getting a product that tests execution and that manages to express something, too.

"Now look at the logic of the present situation. Mr. Martinu is a violinist."

Those are Mr. Elman's exact words. How many men who play the violin pretty well would like to have Mr. Elman say the same of them!

"Yes, he is a violinist. Just what I have been looking for—a violinist who can compose. Well, I happened to hear some of Mr. Martinu's music that impressed me in two respects. First, it had a modern sound. It was music of today. Then, it seemed to do more than attain unconventional sonority. It seemed to talk to me. Enough, thought I. Let me get him, if I can, to write me a violin concerto."

Again, just the way Mr. Elman put it; or very nearly the way. This concerto is designed for him as executant and as musician of known outlook and temperament to perform.

"I asked Dr. Koussevitzky what he thought of the idea, and he fell right in with it. All accomplished within the past year, and here we are with the score completed and the work in rehearsal. Mr. Martinu has planned the matter with me and my violin in thought. But I have not meddled in the slightest with his procedure. Why should I mix in when I might do nothing but recommend something especially convenient for me—something in conformity, let us say, with my classical training? No. Let composers branch out. Suppose Mr. Martinu has posed me a problem or two that I would be glad to avoid. What of it? By solving them I may be all the better able to cope with Beethoven and Brahms the next time I take them up.

"Had Mr. Martinu inserted runs and passages that were mere piano tracery, unsuited to the violin, I might have objected; but, I say it over again, he is a violinist and as such he has some right of independent exploration which I must take into account."

The Bach concerto as orchestrated by Steinberg again was a musical delight, and it was played with the utmost of clarity, precision, and balance. It would have been even more lovely if Dr. Koussevitzky had been content with less strenuous contrasts in the slow movement. Mr. Speyer took a deserved bow for his lyrical playing of the English horn solo.

By L. A. Sloper

As New Year greeting, Dr. Koussevitzky set before his audiences of last Friday and Saturday

the new Violin Concerto of Martinu, with Mischa Elman for soloist. This eleventh program of the season opened with C. P. E. Bach's Concerto in D major for Stringed Instruments, arranged for orchestra by Maximilian Steinberg, and closed with the Second Symphony of Brahms. 1-3-44

For a composer, Mr. Martinu is highly articulate with words. Last season he discussed his new Symphony in a program note, and on the present occasion he writes about the difficulties involved in the composition of a violin concerto. I cannot help feeling that more surrender to inspiration and less dependence on ratiocination might have good musical results.

For on the whole this new concerto is not a very interesting work. The first movement left the impression of a prolonged cadenza, with chordal comment from the orchestra. The second movement starts better, with considerable lyrical charm, but later bogs down into scale-playing, and closes with an unnatural duo between the solo violin and the triangle, which sounded as if the soloist were being interrupted by the intermission bell. The last movement begins with a good rhythmical lilt, but again everything descends into technical dryness. I'm afraid the concerto is far more appealing to a violinist than to a listener.

Mr. Elman, however, had a notable personal triumph. He played with a tone of great breadth and warmth, and with masterly technical facility. He received an ovation, which he shared affectionately with the conductor and the orchestra. *Momita*

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

SO great is the spread between the vague and the incorporal nature of music and the very definite impression that it so often makes upon the receptive listener that writers, artists and dancers are forever trying to interpret it in terms of things that really have little to do with it. Possibly the painters, and we must here include Walt Disney and his ilk, have been less given to this sort of thing than the critics, the essayists and the votaries of terpsichore, although the exhibition of paintings on view at Symphony Hall for the past two weeks probably, in itself, puts the pictures inspired by music abreast of the compositions inspired by paintings. What can you name, besides Liszt's "Dance of Death" and "Battle of the Huns," Hans Huber's "Boecklin" Symphony, Reger's four tone poems after that same Swiss painter, Rachmaninoff's "Island of the Dead" (Boecklin again) and Hindemith's "Matthis der Maler?"

In the case of the aforementioned compositions, the uniformed listener would probably never suspect what the music was trying to express. And in some of the Symphony Hall paintings you would hardly guess what piece the artist had in mind.

These 15 pictures, forming the Capenart collection, and widely reproduced in color for advertising purposes, are the work of 10 prominent artists, hailing from Russia, France, Sweden and the U. S. When the compositions they are interpreting come under the general head of representative music, it is generally easy to get the painter's drift. The tough nuts to crack are Beethoven's Fifth and Brahms' First Symphonies, the symphony of Franck and Bach's D minor Toccata and Fugue. These might stand for a number of things. The Shostakovich Seventh is fairly plain, since everyone knows of its connection with the siege of Leningrad. There was something definite to work on in the case of "The Magic Flute," the "New World" Symphony, the "Swan Lake," the "Firebrand," the "Raindrop" Prelude (a name for which Chopin was not responsible), "The Engulfed Cathedral" (the real point of which seems to have been missed by Raymond Breinin), "Scheherazade" (in which Sergei Soudeikine had the easiest assignment of the lot), the "Hallelujah" Chorus, the "Wedding Day at Troldhaugen" and "Finlandia."

"Finlandia," of course, was meant as a sort of instrumental national anthem. It hymns not the Finnish landscape but the Finnish spirit, the spirit of a people oppressed and yearning for freedom. Paris-born Bernard Lamotte, who also contributed five other paintings, took refuge in a landscape, that is part seascape, as the simplest way out of it.

Anyway, Mr. Lamotte has depicted for us a frozen marsh. In the foreground stands the forked trunk of a tree and in the background is a red sun, half of which has already sunk below the horizon.

Besides being intrinsically one of the most striking of all, this particular painting made an especially vivid impression a week ago, since Sibelius' Fifth Symphony figured as the second number of the programme.

When the symphonies of Sibelius began to be heard here they had, indeed, a novel sound. Confronted with a strange and interesting idiom, the reviewers, like Mr. Lamotte, fell back upon the Finnish scenery in their efforts to describe and interpret it. In this music they saw bleak expanses, rock-girt shores and silvery lakes. They heard the roar or the whistle of wintry winds. They felt the oppressiveness of the bitter cold, the long winter nights. Only a man who had experienced such things, they figured, could have written this music. And they were right, nearer right, perhaps, than the subsequent commentators, who would have us believe that the Sibelius symphonies are absolute music, that Sibelius was the heir to Beethoven (save the mark!) and, in fact, the only true symphonist of modern times.

Berlioz once expressed the wish that Felicien David, composer of "Le Desert," would get off his camel. The aged Sibelius, he has just turned 78, has never got very far, musically speaking, from the physical environment into which he was born.

It so happened that last Sunday evening there was a broadcast of Sibelius recordings, in which "Lemminkainen's Homecoming" followed the Fourth Symphony, the finest of the lot, and the two, despite their different purport, sounded strangely of a piece. There was little change in idiom. To say that Sibelius' symphonies are programme music without titles would be to go too far, although Georg Schneevogt did make such a claim for No. 2. But they are full of the musical devices that the composer has used in his many tone poems based on Finnish legend. There are those whirring figures, those buzzing or bustling strings, that can suggest a spinning wheel or a speeding sledge. There are the wails, the outcries and ejaculations of woodwinds and brass. In symphony, as in symphonic poem, we can imagine frozen wastes, or perhaps the fair northern summer. And the style, in the accepted sense of the term, is really anything but symphonic.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

They say there is nothing new under the sun, so probably other soloists have kissed the conductor following a successful performance. But everyone, including Dr. Koussevitzky, seemed surprised when Mischa Elman gave him an osculatory salute while the audience was stormily applauding the world premiere of Bohuslav Martinu's Violin Concerto at yesterday's Symphony Concert.

That manly kiss implanted upon the conductor's cheek was the most striking thing about the whole business. Next came Mr. Elman's very superior fiddling, something that we have come to take for granted, and, lastly, the piece itself. Upon hearing Mr. Martinu's ingratiating First Symphony (which also had its first performance at Symphony Hall, when Dr. Koussevitzky took that work to New York, Mr. Elman asked the Czech composer to write a concerto for him.

In a long communication to the editor of the programme notes, Mr. Martinu states what he considered to be the problems confronting him and how he has tried to solve them. Perhaps it would have been better if he had kept these thoughts to himself, for their disclosure emphasizes the air of contrivance which the concerto exhibits. There are succulent spots and brilliant spots, there are opportunities for virtuosic performance by the soloist, there are sonorous proclamations by the orchestra. But on a first hearing, anyway, the piece does not appear to be sufficiently organic, and the role assigned to the solo instrument seems at variance with its essentially lyric nature. Nor, on the other hand, is this exactly a rewarding show-piece. Mr. Elman will probably play it widely, but it may be doubted whether many other violinists will be anxious to try their hand at it. 1-1-44 PMS

The first and last numbers on the programme were, respectively, the C. P. E. Bach-Steinberg Concerto, to which Dr. Koussevitzky is so devoted, and the Brahms Second Symphony, which he gives us every year. The concerto's two allegros are a bit on the mechanical side, but the slow movement has a timely beauty, and yesterday it was beautifully played.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 14, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 15, at 8:30 o'clock

IGOR STRAVINSKY *Conducting*

STRAVINSKY.....Symphony in C major

- I. Moderato alla breve
- II. Larghetto concertante
- III. Allegretto
- IV. Adagio - Tempo giusto

STRAVINSKY.....Four Norwegian Moods

- Intrada
- Song
- Wedding Dance
- Cortège

(First performances)

STRAVINSKY.....Circus Polka

(First concert performances)

INTERMISSION

STRAVINSKY.....Suite from the Ballet "Pulcinella"
for Small Orchestra (after Pergolesi)

- Sinfonia (Ouverture): Allegro moderato
- Serenata: Larghetto
- Tarantella - Toccata
- Gavotte with Two Variations
- Vivo
- Minuetto - Finale

STRAVINSKY....."Jeu de Cartes" (Card Game, Ballet in Three Deals)

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STRAVINSKY....."Jeu de Cartes" (Card Game, Ballet in Three Deals)

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky conducting, gave the 12th program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The all-Stravinsky program included the following compositions:

Symphony in C major
Four Norwegian Moods
Circus Polka
Suite from "Pulcinella"
"Jeu de Cartes"

It is a harsh and possibly foolish thing to say and all that, but the fact remains that two hours of Stravinsky—and good Stravinsky—with the composer himself conducting, is the apotheosis of rhythmic frustration. 1-15-44 *Handwritten*

This, concerning the man who more than any other is responsible for the new horizons in rhythm, is a paradox, yet there can be little question that it is true. The compositions yesterday, considered individually, were fine and striking in many ways. Combined, they offered an indigestible mass, and it is to be questioned if any person in the auditorium, audience or musician, came away with any feeling whatever of fulfillment.

The reason for this lies wholly in Stravinsky's incredibly varied rhythm. Considered from sequence to sequence, almost from bar to bar, the rhythms are extraordinary. There is invention, subtlety, even great excitement in them. Yet the moment the pulse falls in step and feels led to an impending climax, a devastating new rhythm develops, and the pulse is baffled. For the duration of an extended work, such as the Symphony, this is an exhilarating experience, both emotionally and intellectually. When it goes on for two hours in five widely

separate works, however, it can only reduce its hearers to confused emotional tatters—and that it did yesterday.

It must not be inferred, from all this, that the concert was without reward. The C major Symphony improves vastly on second hearing. It would indeed, be hard to think of a more evocative movement in contemporary music than the "Larghetto" concertante. The "Four Norwegian Moods," heard yesterday for the first time, are truly marvelous. They—and not the "Circus Polka"—should have been repeated. (This astonishing repetition, by the way, was the first time such a thing had happened since Koussevitzky had to repeat "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" in 1924, and that, in turn, was the first time since Gericke had to repeat "Danse Macabre" in 1885.)

The "Norwegian Moods" present lovely folk material in an unusual but exceedingly becoming idiom; and one of great purity of expression; the whole suffused with radiance, gentleness and nostalgia. As a composition for orchestra, too, the Moods are miracles of tonal balance and transparency, and find the composer at the pinnacle of his technical capacities. The "Polka," composed for a ballet of elephants, was suitably funny, and the grotesque quotation of Schubert's "Marche Militaire" brought an immediate repetition. "Pulcinella," of course, is one of the finest things Stravinsky ever did, and "Jeu de Cartes" never fails to make its point, with or without choreography. As always, the composer conducted with great authority and no personality, but he made the orchestra play like fiends. Next time he comes back though, let us hope he devotes only half of his program to Stravinsky.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Here it is the middle of the Boston Symphony season and the time when Mr. Koussevitzky, departing on his vacation, relinquishes the orchestra to guest conductors. Igor Stravinsky, the first of the two guests we shall have this year, appeared at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and will do so again tonight. 1-15-44 *Handwritten*

Mr. Stravinsky brings not only himself but a whole program of his own music, which may be a mixed pleasure, depending on how you look at it. Some in yesterday's audience had a fine time, and some would have settled for about half the amount of Stravinsky. But all told, the Friday subscribers were in a good mood, and applause brought the composer-conductor back to the stage a number of times. He began with his C major Symphony, and followed with Four Norwegian Moods (first performance), "Circus Polka" (first concert performance), the ballet suite "Pulcinella" after Pergolesi, and the "Card Game" ballet score.

On the stand Mr. Stravinsky was a wry, dynamic little figure, his gray-trousered legs fixed in a spreading stance that supported the gesticulations of his arms. As he beat out the meters, the lights glinted from his wrist watch and the balding spot on the back of his head, his angular profile bobbed from side to side and his knees dipped and bent.

As conductor Mr. Stravinsky is mostly concerned with rhythm. He likes animation and metrical complication. For tone quality, color, nuances and balance of sound he has little evident interest. About the same can be said of the music he has composed in the last 20 years. The colorist of "The Firebird" and the forceful creator of "Petrouchka" and "The Rite of Spring" has grown dryer and dryer until his work seems to be structure and mathematics.

The C major Symphony, which strongly impressed this reviewer when Stravinsky first conducted it here three years ago, now seems, apart from the first movement, dull and much too long. It is all bustle and structure, with no memorable melodies, no mixed colors or emotional drive.

The "Circus Polka" was written for the Ringling circus band and an elephant ballet two years ago. Later it was scored for orchestra. It has the immediate value of unconventionality and its circus humor.

Four Norwegian Moods—An Intrada, Song, Wedding Dance and Cortege—are a stylistic treatment of Norse folk tunes, and the use of the word Moods is, it seems, obscurely academic. The pieces are pleasant, mildly racial in flavor, and probably of no lasting worth. Stravinsky's "Card Game" is not without diversion, but the best music of all was "Pulcinella."—C. W. D.



Igor Stravinsky, guest conductor of the Boston Symphony

Stravinsky Leads the Boston In an All-Stravinsky Program

By Paul Bowles

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Igor Stravinsky conducting, in Symphony Hall, Boston. The program:
Symphony in C Major..... Stravinsky
Four Norwegian Moods (first performance), Stravinsky
Circus Polka (first concert performance), Stravinsky
Suite from "Pulcinella"..... Stravinsky
"Jeu de Cartes"..... Stravinsky

BOSTON, Jan. 14.—The Friday afternoon audience at Symphony Hall gave an extremely warm reception to the program of his own works which Igor Stravinsky conducted with the Boston Symphony Orchestra today. 1-15-44

Any all-Stravinsky program is news, and this was not an ordinary Stravinsky program, which is to say that no works of the so-called first period were given. And of them played, all at one were of the most recent output—representatives of the period in Stravinsky's development which has been a most frequent target for critical excoriation. Such abuse has generally been made on the grounds that the well of invention is nearly dry. It would be difficult for a serious musician to entertain such an opinion even momentarily after hearing today's concert. Paul.

Symphony in C Played

The Symphony in C, like most of the master's works dating from the last fifteen years, is a pastiche of romantic music, but it is more than romantic music in modern dress. It is twentieth century music which relies almost completely on the psychological overtones of sonorities and harmonies which came into being in the

nineteenth century, and which could mean nothing to an audience not conversant with romantic music. And like the other recent works, it is classical only in the sense that the music is climaxless. This reviewer had heard the composer conduct the work with the Orquesta Sonfonica in Mexico, and the two performances were almost equally good. The orchestra today seemed tense and somewhat unsure, and sonorous balance came undone in the third movement. This was unfortunate, inasmuch as the work is practically a problem in instrumental proportions which, if they are not exact, give it a halting aspect. Yet at any point in any movement what is going on is more interesting than in a work of any other contemporary composer.

The Four Norwegian Moods proved to be four short numbers written to coincide comfortably with popular taste. The subtitles are Intrada, Song, Wedding Dance and Cortege, and the subject matter, in spite of the composer's assurances that all themes are right out of Norway, ranges from themes which might be Irish to others which might be Levantine. The first sounds like a fanfare for a procession in a motion picture, the second like a tone poem, perhaps about snow, the third like a beer garden and the last rather like Stravinsky, with treats of becoming "Petrouchka" now and then. Incidentally, the word "mood" here does not denote what one might think, but is used in a generic

sense which Webster defines as "distinction of form in a verb to express the manner in which the action of state it denotes is conceived." Which may or may not have something to do with the four little pieces. The audience reaction was extremely favorable. One would expect this work to figure on many symphonic programs next season.

"Circus Polka" Is Repeated

The Circus Polka enjoyed the distinction of being the first work to be repeated by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Boston since 1924, when "The Flight of the Bumble Bee" was replayed for enthusiastic listeners. This piece is about elephants; it evokes their grave and dignified movements perfectly. The circus band is there, with the bass drums and calliope, and it is a brilliant tour de force, ending with a bit of Schubert.

Mr. Stravinsky is the perfect conductor for his own works because he aims directly at clarity of sound in line and balance, and in this music, which can be made to sound clearer than any music written since Mozart, utter clarity is the only way to achieve dramatic effect. There was no underbrush in his orchestral forest today; one felt that one could walk between the groups of sounds. No orchestra ever sounded more diaphanous than his did today in certain passages of "Jeu De Cartes." All these recent scores, when conducted by him, are the epitome of sonorous richness; indeed, one could say that texture has come to be the motivating passion that rhythm once was with him. And it is this reviewer's contention that the music remains as stimulating as ever.

By L. A. Sloper

Igor Stravinsky is the distinguished guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. Yesterday, at the twelfth Friday concert of the season, he offered a program made up of his own works: Symphony in C major; Four Norwegian Moods; Circus Polka; Suite from the ballet, "Pulcinella" (after Pergolesi), and the "Jeu de Cartes" ballet suite.

He opened the concert with his own arrangement of "The Star Spangled Banner." This and the Circus Polka caused more excitement than anything else on the program. The Stravinsky arrangement of the National Anthem sounds rather like a performance of the customary version by an orchestra which either cannot read or cannot play music. The harmonies have been acidulated, the note values altered, and even the melodic line reshaped. The popular success of this version is doubtful.

There can be no doubt whatever of the popularity of the Circus Polka, which is having its first performances in orchestral dress this week. The first essay by Stravinsky in Gebrauchsmusik, it was performed by the Ringling Bros.-Barnum and Bailey Circus, with the elephants as dancers, in 1942. By report, the elephants did not care for the music. But to the human ear, it is amusing, and the Friday afternoon audience applauded it with enthusiasm. It probably will wind up at the Pops.

The program as a whole was designed to reveal the master in his neo-classical vein, with only a hint of the fearsome aspects of his earlier days. It is doubtful whether an entire program in this manner

is advisable, even though there is a good deal of variety in the sources of his inspiration. Stravinsky had already been back to Bach, to Handel, to Mozart, to Tchaikovsky. In the present program you may hear echoes of Pergolesi, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Verdi, Sibelius, Stravinsky, and George M. Cohan.

Yet in spite of the determination of the composer to be classical, the creator of "Pétrouchka" will not be downed. And this is fortunate. Most of us would rather hear one "Pétrouchka" than 20 works which pay tribute to other masters. They have said their say, and the attempt to write in their style is bound to be cerebral, so long as the composer is able to keep his own manner under. Stravinsky can write a song in common time, or a waltz tune, or a little march; but always his own voice interrupts quickly. It would be better if that voice were allowed to tell the principal story. 1-15-44

The most successful of these attempts to establish contact with the past, from the viewpoint of workmanship, is the Symphony in C major. But even in this, the composer of ballet music keeps peeping through, and it is these intrusions that give the music its character.

It is instructive to compare this Symphony of Stravinsky's with Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony. Prokofiev succeeded in getting back mentally into the eighteenth century and writing in the style of the period. He had his tongue in his cheek, and he is not so naïve as he sounds (neither was Mozart) but you will hear nothing of "Sept, Ils Sont Sept" in the "Classical" Symphony.

"Pétrouchka" and the "Sacre" and the "Noces" are all audible in this symphony of Stravinsky's. Stravinsky has the technique for anything, but he lacks the capacity of imaginative transference. He imposes his own style on the classic form. The result is aridity.

The Four Norwegian Moods had their first performance. They are interesting as illustrating the unsuccessful battle Stravinsky has waged for the last 30 years to free himself from romanticism. He always calls for elimination of emotion and homage to pure form. But that is contrary to his genius. In connection with this work he has been at pains to insist that the title must not be interpreted as "impression" or "frame of mind." But that is exactly what the music is talking about. If it is not an impression it is nothing.

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Distinguished composers have to wait a spell, in some instances, for their music to be performed; and Igor Stravinsky, who takes the place of Serge Koussevitzky in the direction of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts this week stands as an example. A couple of exercises of his, "Norwegian Moods" and "Circus Polka," bearing date on the manuscripts of the year 1942 are just coming into performance, and then under his own rehearsing and conducting.

That is a happy chance all round, too; for it allows Dr. Koussevitzky a holiday, it lets Mr. Stravinsky set the general lines of presentation—speed, balance, shading, and what not—and it gives the Friday afternoon and

Saturday evening audiences the pleasure of influencing interpretation and of helping to found tradition. 1-13-44 *Monet*

Whatever may have turned Mr. Stravinsky's thought to Norway a couple of years ago, whether the consequences of invasion, or some casual folklore interest, here we are with an orchestral title—a "program," as reviewers used to like to call it—and listeners must make the music explain. To take a look at the written score before listening, here we have a small, thin clump of pages set into covers, very unpretending and carrying slight mark indeed of being advanced and modern.

The "Moods" count up to four. They comprise Intrada (what does that stage term of southern origin have to do with the case?), Song (very acknowledgeably, they sing in Norway), Wedding Dance (they dance also), and Cortège (theatrical implications again).

The whole matter wears a semblance of the ballet, Mr. Stravinsky returning, perhaps, to his early line of composing. Classicist though he has become by mature choice, he cannot but glance back occasionally on the days of his association with Diaghileff and the Imperial Russian choreographers. He will once more express the grace and the volatility of pantomime, all in symphonic freedom, with short tune, large tune, one instrument imitating the melody of another, clarinets and bassoons striking up a variation on this theme or that; and with woods, horns, and drums going into various dynamic, one group light of voice and another loud.

Writing the Intrada, the composer displays some of the devices he has learned in his experience with small chamber orchestra. He shows respect, at the same time, for tonality. In the second movement, Song, he fetches forth the English horn, of course. Since Sibelius and the "Swan of Tuonela," the strident tone of that solo element of symphonic sonority has represented the North, as the liquid tone of the flute, ever since Debussy and the "Faun," has represented the South.

In the Wedding Dance, Mr. Stravinsky calls on the full orchestra for some bright and sparkling effects. For purposes of jollity, he wants the high piping of the piccolo here. He makes shifts of tonality, but they are real shifts and not jumbles. Finally, in Cortège, he slows down with a smooth and solemn air for oboes and bassoons; and here his music gets into a mood, certainly, whether or not recognizably Norwegian.

Mr. Stravinsky's second novelty, "Circus Polka," has the appearance in the score of a piece of popular music. To describe this appearance is not easy, possibly because it is imaginary. But a dull work almost always proclaims its dullness in the show of the page, and a bright one its brightness. No gloom on the countenance of the "Polka," musicians who make acquaintance will in all likelihood wish to stay on terms of familiarity. Eager listening seems to be in store for the main part of the piece, Grazioso, and applause promises for the marche-militaire-like finale.

Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 21, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 22, at 8:30 o'clock

VLADIMIR GOLSCHMANN *Conducting*

BEETHOVENSymphony No. 3, in E-flat major,
"Eroica," *Op.* 55

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

INTERMISSION

ROUSSELSuite in F major, *Op.* 33

- I. Prelude
- II. Sarabande
- III. Gigue

SATIETwo "Gymnopédies"
(Orchestrated by Debussy)

RAVELRapsodie Espagnole

- I. Prélude à la Nuit
 - II. Malagueña
 - III. Habanera
 - IV. Feria
-

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.
Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, gave the 13th concert of its 63d season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 3 in E flat, Op. 55 "Eroica" Beethoven
Suite in F major, Op. 33 Roussel
Two "Gymnopedies" (Orch. Debussy) Satie
Rapsodie Espagnol Ravel

There are many striking things about Vladimir Golschmann, who yesterday appeared for the first time in Boston as guest conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, but the chiefest of these are first, he knows precisely what he wants and second, he knows exactly how to get it.

Naturally, the result yesterday was an exceptionally rewarding concert, and one which certainly established the conductor from St. Louis—so far as Boston is concerned—as one of the ranking conductor-virtuosos. While his part in the considerable success of yesterday's concert cannot be minimized, however, it must be established from the outset that the orchestra itself contributed incalculably to that success through its disposition to cooperate in every way to give the visitor (and so us) what he wanted. Mr. Golschmann was impressively good, yes, but his orchestra is impressively wonderful. 1-22-44

The first thing that strikes Mr. Golschmann's audience is the decision, the clarity and the force of his beat. With an orchestra incredibly responsive to the subtleties of its own conductor's beat, this decisiveness galvanizes it. The consequence is an attack so incisive, yet so delicate, that it is beyond comprehension how 110 men can perform with such utter unanimity. Thus Mr. Golschmann yesterday reaped the reward of 20 years of preparation—but this is by no means to diminish his own accomplishment. On the contrary, he is the first guest conductor in some years whose means of communicat-

ing his wishes to the orchestra have been so acutely the proper ones.

There is little if any excessive motion in Mr. Golschmann's conducting, yet he uses his hands and arms beautifully. His left hand is vastly expressive and with it he achieves a wide range of nuance. He conducts solely with his arms and head, too, and there is no distracting bobbing about. Occasionally, to make a point, he steps forward, but usually he stands quietly—as a conductor should—and never calls undue attention to himself. His sense of tempo is unerring, and once he establishes his tempo it remains firm within, of course, the natural bounds of retard or acceleration. He is never excessive in his ritardandos, either, and never juices a lyric passage with sentiment—a witness his splendid, cumulative conception of the first movement of the Beethoven. (Indeed, his reading of the entire symphony was without a trace of sentimentality, a fact which restored to it the drive and the passion which gave it its reputation). Moreover, his sense of orchestral balance and color is keen, and he brings out the textures of the scores with a fine perception as to the difference, say, between Debussy's scoring of the Satie pieces and Ravel's scoring of "Rapsodie Espagnol." In short, Mr. Golschmann is a conductor of singular attainment and one who, to boot, has a fine, unassuming and very pleasant way with an audience.

Again, this leaves little room to discuss the music. Well, most of it is pretty familiar hereabouts anyhow. The exception is the Roussel Suite, a composition of great individuality with an abundance of good humor and fine French logic. The concert will be repeated tonight, and next week Mr. Golschmann conducts the Monday-Tuesday series and the regular Friday-Saturday series, performing, on the latter occasion, works of Mozart, Milhaud, Debussy and Tchaikovsky. He-red

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Vladimir Golschmann is a very elegant conductor, with a fine ear for transparent orchestral sounds. This was evident 30 seconds after the leader of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra had begun the first of his guest appearances with the Boston Symphony at Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Golschmann is, further, a slim, well-tailored man, just over 50, with dark hair turning gray. On the stage in his cutaway and gray trousers he looked cosmopolitan and handsome. His right hand wields a long stick gracefully, and his left—upon the little finger of which glitters a large gold ring—has an appearance which all in the Friday audience must have pronounced artistic. 1-22-44 SLH

For his Boston debut Mr. Golschmann chose a program divided between Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony and French music: Roussel's F major Suite, two "Gymnopedies" by Satie in Debussy's orchestration, and the Spanish Symphony of Ravel. In general he was most successful with the Gallic share of the afternoon.

The "Eroica," as Mr. Golschmann conducted it, was remarkable for its transparency of sound. But his interpretation was cool and impersonal, shying away from Beethoven's dramatic grandeurs. In all music there is no greater test of a conductor's profundity than the Funeral March. The first eight measures, in fact, will tell the story. If the orchestral detail is not perfectly clean and if the noble melody is not made to sound tragic, the march will seem superficial. Yesterday it did seem superficial, and so did the finale, because the pace was too fast and the various episodes were not sufficiently contrasted.

When it came to Roussel, Satie and Ravel, Mr. Golschmann was more in his element. The muscular, almost witty Suite of Roussel, excellent and decidedly individual music, requires a modern, sophisticated approach and an ear that will serve to keep Roussel's consistent melody above the astringent disso-

nance of his orchestra. One has seldom encountered a more sharply etched performance of the Suite than Mr. Golschmann's.

The colorful mood music of Satie and Ravel were treated just as well. If "Gymnopedies" do not amount to very much, they are a musical embodiment of Gallic refinement and proportion. They need to be played with a light, exacting hand, with conviction, and that was the Golschmann way. The Ravellian orchestral tints, imposed upon the borrowed Spanish rhythms, were recreated with dash and skill, if not with virtuosity.

For the most part the Boston orchestra played well for Mr. Golschmann, and he was cordially received by the audience. He will be with us again next week.—C. W. D.

By Winthrop P. Tryon

To show the style of a composer, whether Bach, Beethoven, or who, is a purpose a conductor should hold to through everything, according to Vladimir Golschmann, who is on a two-weeks visit in Boston to take charge of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts while Serge Koussevitzky is away. Securing technical perfection of performance is all right enough in his view of the matter, but most necessary duty of all is to be humble before the score and to see that presentation of the music is a true expression of the man who wrote it. If the work under interpretation is Spanish, then the playing ought to have a Spanish quality. If it is classic, then its classicism must be made to appear; and if it is romantic, its romanticism.

Mr. Golschmann, whose regular post is that of conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, has been a considerable musical traveler in the United States since his coming here 20 years ago from France with an organization known as the Swedish Ballet. He has held his baton, which is a

longer stick than most conductors use, over all the principal symphonic ensembles in the country at one time or another, as a visitor, or "guest," in the jargon of managers' announcements; and the last one for him to preside over is the Boston Symphony. 1-20-44

He effected his New England debut with that organization in Providence, Tuesday evening, achieving, by authentic report, a marked success in the Beethoven "Eroica" Symphony, E flat major, op. 55. He submits his ideas on that same work at the Boston concerts of the orchestra tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, and on pieces in smaller form by the French composers, Roussel, Satie, and Ravel.

His Boston engagement calls on him for two pairs of concerts in the main series, and for the Monday evening and Tuesday afternoon pair of Jan. 24 and Jan. 25. For Friday and Saturday of next week, he is preparing the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart the "Ibéria" of Debussy and another smaller item or two.

When Mr. Golschmann came to America as a young and aspiring conductor, he was strong for mechanical excellence of execution. He had been trained in French ways as a violinist, and he had worked under Parisian conductors who made a point of doing things in elegant fashion, whatever else.

A rare thing, he said at the time, is a pianissimo effect in the orchestra, the chief difficulty being with the strings. Perhaps his experience with the American concert public has brought about a change of attitude in the particular matter of pianissimo; but at any rate mere finish for its own sake seems not his ideal after a couple of decades of dealing with the American listener.

It must be quite a school, too, leading the principal orchestras of the land on occasion—those of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cleveland, Minneapolis, Rochester, besides St. Louis for 13 years. Then his notions must have been influenced by audiences before which he appeared as conductor in Spain and in Britain in the years from 1925 to 1931. *Monica*

At any rate, Mr. Golschmann's word now is "style." Just what he means by it could not be found out in a few minutes' talk at the close of a day of Symphony Hall rehearsing. Nor would words in any degree suffice. The conducting must indicate it—the handling of the Boston Symphony men, should their response be right, in the "Eroica" of Beethoven and in the "Jupiter" of Mozart. A single novelty, final remark to make, comes into the scheme, an American work, "Pastorale and Tarentelle," by Paul Creston, on the program of Monday and Tuesday.

By L. A. Sloper

Vladimir Golschmann, distinguished conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, began this week a fortnight's tour of duty as guest leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This is his first professional visit to New England.

Mr. Golschmann, a native of Paris, has a considerable reputation as an interpreter of French music. It was natural, then, that he should place on his program, the thirteenth of the Boston season, Roussel's Suite in F; Satie's "Gymnopédies" Nos. 1 and 3, as orchestrated by Debussy, and Ravel's Rapsodie Espagnole.

But every conductor, making his bow in new surroundings, must offer a classic symphony in order to prove his musical mettle. So Mr. Golschmann opened his first

Boston program with Beethoven's "Eroica."

Mr. Golschmann made an excellent first impression. He knows his way about on the concert platform, he has a good baton technique, he is free of obtrusive mannerisms. Directing with a long stick, and with the score open on the stand, he clearly knows his music and what he wants to do with it. Moreover, he is able to command the allegiance of the orchestra. 1-22-44

He was received cordially by the audience, and applauded warmly after they had heard him in performance. This applause he tactfully shared with the instrumentalists. *Monica*

His reading of the Beethoven symphony revealed an understanding of its style, and a disposition to give the composer an opportunity to sing his song without too much interference. Mr. Golschmann has lyrical feeling, a strong sense of rhythm, and a lucid structural perception.

These qualities were much in evidence in the great first movement, in which there was no distortion and the voices were beautifully balanced. The record is not quite so clean in the other three movements, in which there was an occasional tendency to toy with the tempi, to overstress an accompanying figure at the expense of the main melody, or to exaggerate a little the dynamic contrasts.

The orchestra co-operated well with him except that in the Trio of the Scherzo the horns behaved very badly indeed on Friday; but this did not seem to affect the conductor's poise.

Mr. Golschmann showed the expected flair for the music of

France. The least French of these three composers is Roussel, who has been subject to many influences outside his native land. He has the Gallic clarity, but not so much Apollonian restraint as his French contemporaries.

The last time this Suite was played here I spoke in praise of it, making a reservation about the banality of the Gigue. Yesterday I made more reservations. The Sarabande was still pleasant, but the Prelude seemed both contrived and noisy.

Satie and Ravel, of course, are the last word in Parisian musical sophistication. These works of theirs have been heard here several times before, but never, perhaps, with a more subtle appreciation of their color, rhythmic schemes, and fête-champêtre atmosphere.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

There is a new conductor at Symphony Hall this week and next, Vladimir Golschmann of the St. Louis Orchestra, and he is worth hearing. Just entering upon his 51st year Mr. Golschmann might easily pass for younger. Tall, slender and erect, he is a vital, dynamic figure, though by no means a member of what might be called the "whoop-'er-up" school of conductors. He uses a long baton and uses it both continuously and vigorously. Otherwise his conducting is outwardly on the stable side. In short, he is no acrobat. 1:22 44 Pm

For his first programme Mr. Golschmann had chosen Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony and three French works, Roussel's Suite in F major, Satie's "Gymnopédies," as orchestrated by Debussy, and Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody. Of Parisian birth, though partly of Russian blood, Mr. Golschmann is considered something of a specialist in French music. Nevertheless, the centre of interest yesterday was the Beethoven Symphony.

In these days of fancy readings of the classics Mr. Golschmann's "Eroica" was notable for its fidelity to what may well have been the composer's intentions. There were no romantic extravagances, there was no recourse to the sort of transcendental musical speech that was unknown in Beethoven's day. We are so used to hearing the "Eroica" set forth majestically, imposingly, that Mr. Golschmann's tempi in the first movement and the finale seemed on the fast side; yet the one is marked Allegro con brio and the other Allegro molto. The result was a new sense of excitement; and, happily, the Funeral March was not made too funereal. Though the scherzo was by no means rushed, the horns went awry in their always risky passage in the trio.

It was a pleasure to hear again the Suite of Roussel, one of the most satisfying creations of a composer who just now seems to be losing ground. Dr. Koussevitzky had himself announced it for revival this season. We are quite familiar with the fragile "Gymnopédies," about the only music by the singular Satie that one hears nowadays, but the Rapsodie Espagnole was of relatively fresh interest. Not one of Ravel's more ponderable works, it is by no means hard to listen to, and yesterday the brilliant fourth division, "The Fair," provided a fitting close to a generally stimulating concert. That the audience liked Mr. Golschmann was plain to be seen.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 28, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 29, at 8:30 o'clock

VLADIMIR GOLSCHMANN *Conducting*

MOZART.....Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro"

MOZART.....Symphony in C major, "Jupiter" (Koechel No. 551)

- I. Allegro vivace
- II. Andante cantabile
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

MILHAUD.....Suite Provençale
Animé — Modéré — Vif — Modéré — Vif — Lent — Vif

INTERMISSION

DEBUSSY....."Ibéria" ("Images" for Orchestra No. 2)

- I. Par les rues et par les chemins (In the streets and byways)
- II. { Les parfums de la nuit (The fragrance of the night)
- III. { Le matin d'un jour de fête (The morning of a festival day)

TCHAIKOVSKY....."Francesca da Rimini," Orchestral Fantasia
(after Dante), Op. 32

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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TCHAIKOVSKY....."Francesca da Rimini," Orchestral Fantasia
(after Dante), *Op. 32*

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By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, gave the 14th concert of its 63d season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" K. 551 Mozart
Suite Provencale Milhaud
"Iberia" ("Images" No. 2) Debussy
"Francesca da Rimini" (Op. 32) Tchaikovsky

After the excellent impression he made at his debut as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra last week it was good to observe yesterday that Mr. Golschmann is indeed a conductor to be reckoned with. This is not to say yesterday's concert equalled the first in all-around satisfaction because it did not, but Mr. Golschmann's conducting was all that anyone could ask.

The fact of the matter is, the orchestra saw fit to reflect a certain nonchalance in its response to him yesterday. On the face of things it wasn't too evident. Surely, no ensemble ever played the notes of the Mozart more wonderfully, and certainly no orchestra ever whooped up Hades' high winds in the Tchaikovsky with more relish. Yet it is impossible to deny the feeling of a certain routineness about the whole thing; the concert smacked, in short, of the trained seal department.

1-29-44 *Heala*
Now why should the orchestra play so brilliantly for Mr. Golschmann last week and so dully this? Well, the answer to that question is so deeply rooted in the curious psychological structure of an orchestra (as we have all seen in connection with the New York Philharmonic) that its discussion has no place here. It's very regrettable, however, that it had to happen to Mr. Golschmann, for few guest conductors have made so favorable an impression as he.

As indicated, the notes in all the pieces played were all there. In-

deed, for pure technical dexterity, the orchestra slighted nothing on the program. At times, it is true, the Mozart Symphony (a composition which grows more wonderful with every performance) came to life as the orchestra infused it with some of its marvelous warmth of tone color. The Debussy, on the other hand, was waxen and dead and life cold moreover, like one of the pink bonbons which used to remind Debussy of Grieg. Was this

the conductor's fault? It doesn't seem possible that it could be and I, for one, don't think it was.

Of all the pieces on the program, the Milhaud Suite had the most real orchestral verve. The orchestra seemed to be interested in it, and played it with a good deal of color. The Suite itself is delightful. It reveals its secret a little too obviously in the first section, but its surprise cadences and its brevity help support the freshness and vigor of the composition. The Tchaikovsky Fantasia, thrashing hysterically about and ending, as Saint-Saens observed, leaving nothing to be desired (but, may I add, a breath of fresh air), brought the program to a very loud close.

Mr. Golschmann was given a very cordial reception by the audience which seems to have taken a fancy to him from the start. The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Dr Koussevitzky returns from his mid-winter vacation and will conduct a program of Beethoven, Brahms and Hindemith.

By L. A. Sloper

Vladimir Golschmann concludes his fortnight's regency of the Boston Symphony with the concerts of this week. For his final program he chose Mozart's "Figaro" Overture and "Jupiter" Symphony, Milhaud's Suite Proven-

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cale, Debussy's "Iberia," and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" Fantasia.

A rather oddly arranged list, which after beginning with Mozart allots the place of honor to Milhaud's inconsequential suite. Nevertheless, it gave the conductor opportunity to show his way with the classical scores and the ultra-romantic, as well as with the French.

1-29-44
His way with the first two numbers left the impression that Mozart is not quite his dish. The Overture was played at a pace so rapid that it resulted in blurring. The first movement of the symphony was also taken too fast, the Andante cantabile was made heavily romantic, and the Menuetto was lifeless. The Finale, however, offered some recompense. It was directed with a fine precision and a just tempo.

Again Mr. Golschmann fared better with French music. Milhaud's suite, apart from its position on the program, makes pleasant listening, although it does not escape monotony. "Iberia" received a vividly descriptive reading.

One felt that Mr. Golschmann was most at home, though, with Tchaikovsky's dramatic extravagances. He whipped the orchestra into a fine frenzy of sound, yet kept the structure clear throughout. There seemed to be but one real flaw in his interpretation: his fading from fortissimo to piano was too abrupt.

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Something or somebody instilled years ago into the consciousness of Vladimir Golschmann, visiting conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last week and this week, a fancy for

good sound; and that fancy was firmly in possession of him last night at the fourth concert of the monthly Monday series in Symphony Hall. One of the constituents of good musical sound is gradation of power—crescendo and diminuendo. Of this Mr. Golschmann has a peculiar mastery; and where did he learn the skill? Or rather, where did he acquire the zeal for it?

For aptitude no doubt has to be preceded by interest. To look back, then, on what is known of Mr. Golschmann in his American activity, without inquiring into his early education, he came to the United States in the first place as a violinist. He played in the violin ranks of the group of performers that André Messager brought over for a patriotic visit back in World War I times. Two of those men, Mr. Laurent, flutist, and Mr. Mager, trumpet player, took part in last evening's presentations; perhaps another one or two also. Artists could not, indeed, have been schooled under a better master than Messager, who could control tone so finely that he could make even the kettledrum sing.

1-29-44 *Heala*
From a second fiddler to a No. 1 conductor; quite a move ahead for Mr. Golschmann. The merit of good sound is accountable for the development. The works whereon Mr. Golschmann exhibited his talents for the benefit of the Monday subscribers were the Symphony No. 3, "Eroica," of Beethoven, Pastorale and Tarentella of Paul Creston, two "Gymnopédies" of Satie, as fitted to flutes, oboe, harps and other things by Debussy, and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca."

The work by Creston was new to Boston; yet not newer than Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Schéhé-

zade" and Debussy's "Faun." An astounding power American men of music have shown for beating that pair of composers at their own orchestral game. But the Tarentella discloses a certain rhythmic individuality, and the piece as a whole makes grateful listening. "Francesca" is always "Francesca," no matter who happens to be the conductor. We hardly know what we arrive at. We are only aware, finally, of reading no more that day.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Vladimir Golschmann is again guest conductor of the "regular" Boston Symphony concerts this week. Yesterday afternoon he renewed the impression he had made a week before, of technical skill, precision, a fondness for quick tempos, and an extraordinary grasp of orchestral balance. His program was wide-ranging and assembled two Mozart items, the Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" and the "Jupiter" Symphony; Milhaud's Suite Provencale, "Iberia" by Debussy and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini."

The sizzling pace Mr. Golschmann took for Mozart's Overture underscored the champagne qualities of the music and made a topic for lobby conversation. At the same time, though not so much talked about, it showed the mettle of the Boston Symphony virtuosi, who came through with an incredibly deft and cleanly articulated performance. Much of the "Jupiter" Symphony went rather fast, too, but not to the point of hurry. One would like to hear Mr. Golschmann do other works of Mozart, such as the "Great" G minor Symphony, more poignant and personal than the "Jupiter" and just as much a masterpiece. The slow movement of the "Jupiter," with a prophecy of Beethoven in its opening melody, was nicely phrased, and the Symphony as a whole showed good style. 1-29-44

If memory may be trusted, Darius Milhaud did not secure nearly so fine a performance of his Suite on 18th century Provence tunes three years ago as Mr. Golschmann brought about yesterday. The orchestration is second-rate and much of it sounds curiously muffled, but the St. Louis conductor gave the enjoyable pieces a tonal "bite" and a rhythmic liveliness that enhanced their good qualities.

With "Iberia" Mr. Golschmann was entirely in his element. Debussy's orchestra sounded magnificently colorful; the subtleties of rhythm and phrase were impeccably set forth. Others have made Debussy's Spanish night more sensuous and the festival morning more tensely expectant of celebration to come. Yet for sheer sound and style, Mr. Golschmann is to be acclaimed.

"Francesca da Rimini" requires the most intense Slavic brand of emotion in its telling of the embarrassing situation that developed between Francesca and Paolo. Otherwise Tchaikovsky's turbulent score is bound to reveal how old-fashioned it is around the edges, how literal and faded. Mr. Golschmann—who made some cuts in the score—did not quite reach the temperature of conviction.—C. W. D.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

At yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert, Vladimir Golschmann, guest conductor from St. Louis, materially strengthened the excellent impression that he made a week ago.

From Mozart's sparkling Overture to "The Marriage of Figaro" he passed to the masterly "Jupiter" Symphony and then to Milhaud's "Suite Provencale," a highly diverting if not exactly important work, introduced to us by its composer three years ago. After the intermission came Debussy's "Iberia" and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," which the visiting conductor had revived, after nearly six years' silence, at recent concerts. 1-29-44

To judge from his "Eroica" and his "Jupiter," Mr. Golschmann's way with classical symphonies is an eminently satisfactory one. His approach is primarily musical. Although far from

perfunctory it is still one that permits the piece to speak for itself. If the "Eroica" was set forth without false heroics the "Jupiter" was not turned into a costume piece. The Mozartian grace was there, but it never became effeminate. In fact, one was immediately convinced that this, Mozart's last symphonic effort, was the greatest thing of its kind until this same "Eroica" appeared on the scene. And if Mozart could not possibly have composed the latter, no more could Beethoven have written the "Jupiter's" contrapuntal finale in which, as in no other music since Bach, beauty was wedded to science.

How much more satisfying is Milhaud's robust treatment of his folk tunes than are Stravinsky's dallings with folk material in his "Four Norwegian Moods," that recently had their world premiere at Symphony Hall. And while on the matter of comparisons, "Iberia," with its poetic second movement, perhaps the finest flower of impressionism, is a more persuasive treatment of the Spanish idiom than Ravel's in the "Rapsodie Espagnole" of last week's concerts. "Francesca" was presented more convincingly than on Monday evening, but all Mr. Golschmann's adroitness and eloquence still could not banish the impression that the bad in the score outweighs the good. A strange blending, this fantasia, of genius and claptrap.



Vladimir Golschmann

Conductor of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, who will direct the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Jan. 21-22.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Fifteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 4, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 5, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, *Op. 72*

BRAHMS Symphony No. 3 in F major, *Op. 90*

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante
- III. Poco allegretto
- IV. Allegro

INTERMISSION

HINDEMITH Symphony, "Mathis der Maler"
("Matthias the Painter")

- I. Angelic Concert
 - II. Entombment
 - III. Temptation of Saint Anthony
-



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By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 15th program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Beethoven. Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Op. 72
Brahms. Symphony No. 3 in F major, Op. 90
Hindemith. Symphony, "Mathis der Maler"

This was a fine concert from any point of view. Looking at it first from the news angle, it was notable for the return (well tanned and in rare form) of Dr. Koussevitzky from his mid-winter vacation. Next there was the performance to consider, and surely the orchestra has never spoken more eloquently than it did in the Beethoven Overture or the Brahms Symphony (the Hindemith wasn't so polished), nor sounded better. And finally there was the program; conventional, but good and solid. 2-5-44

It seems odd to be able to say that a program containing Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" was "conventional," but such is the case. In its 10 years on the standard repertoire, this composition has become an old and trusted friend to prove once again that the severest obstacle to friendship in the case of any difficult new work is acquaintance and the understanding that follows acquaintance.

Today its cerebral, often dissonant counterpoint is hardly noticed, and one hears only its severe beauty. As Alexander Williams so acutely pointed out 10 years ago following Mathis' first performance here (and he was almost alone in his enthusiasm), the composer kept the emotional purpose of his conception clearly in front of him. Thus the emotional means, prodigious although they are—and they have influenced virtually all who have come after—have receded from the forefront now and no longer alarm or distract us. Freed of such consider-

ations we can hear the great melodic beauty and the emotional impact of the work. This was the composer's intention, and the fact that it has come about in 10 short years should encourage other contemporary composers who are maligned as arid, incapable of melodic inspiration and so forth—and dismay their maligners.

"Mathis der Maler" was not always marked, in its performance, by the perfection of ensemble which is, with its incredibly beautiful sonority, the hall-mark of the orchestra. Yet it is impossible to deny that the performance was exceedingly effective, almost unbearably so in the "Temptation of St. Anthony" section, which brings it to a close. The Brahms was beautifully done from beginning to end, but the real miracle was the performance of the third Leonore Overture. Here Dr. Koussevitzky's really fabulous physical powers electrified both orchestra and audience, inducing the former (as someone once put it) to play better than it can play, and the latter to respond more than it could respond.

The concert will be repeated to-night. Next week the orchestra is off on tour again, but the following week it will play Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne," Schumann's Third Symphony and Leonard Bernstein's First Symphony (the composer conducting).

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky is back at the helm of the Boston Symphony Orchestra after his mid-season vacation. His first entrance at the concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon was that of a conquering hero. Players and audience rose to greet him and there was a cordial demonstration by all hands. When, facing the audience and urging

them to sing, Mr. Koussevitzky as pure, symphonic music in the launched into "The Star Spangled Banner" at his slow, majestic pace, in the opera, they impressed by one realized instinctively the Symphony concerts were back to normal. their solid and expert writing, their engaging material and the air of spirituality and emotion. One can think of them in a quite different light with some notion of their operatic intent; still they retain their inner qualities. The chorale ending "Temptation of St. Anthony" is a magnificent affirmation of faith. Throughout the "Mathias" excerpts the Boston orchestra, too, was magnificent.

The program brought, in the first part, Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3 and the Third Symphony of Brahms; in the second, the three orchestral excerpts taken by Paul Hindemith from his opera "Matthias the Painter." All the music was, accordingly, familiar, both in itself and in Mr. Koussevitzky's way of performance. 2-5-44

That the conductor was in high spirits, interpretively, was apparent with the first chords of the Overture. But one soon felt disappointment—in view of how thrilling the Overture can be with Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony—at the untidy orchestral detail, at the hurried tempi and the general dramatic dislocation which resulted in a flashy but mediocre setting forth of the superlative "Leonore" No. 3.

How different went the Brahms Third! This, too, began on the robust side, louder than the "f" Brahms marked in the score, yet it presently settled down into a reading in which the Brahms style was advantageously coupled with Mr. Koussevitzky's intense and general interpretation. Here the orchestral detail was exact, as it is when the Boston Symphony men are at their best, and the balance of tone was clear as tropical waters. There might be a fumbled note here and there, but such failed to detract from the high excellence that prevailed.

Considering the amount of Brahms to be heard in concert halls and over the air, it is understandable that some people may tire of these symphonies. But a superb performance has a restorative effect upon jaded tastes. That happened yesterday.

Of the astringent Hindemith excerpts (certainly not overplayed) one does not tire. Heard originally

as pure, symphonic music in the absence of knowledge of their place in the opera, they impressed by their solid and expert writing, their engaging material and the air of spirituality and emotion. One can think of them in a quite different light with some notion of their operatic intent; still they retain their inner qualities. The chorale ending "Temptation of St. Anthony" is a magnificent affirmation of faith. Throughout the "Matthias" excerpts the Boston orchestra, too, was magnificent.

As it happened, the Beethoven and Brahms took the place of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, announced more than a week ago for radio broadcast. Well, changes are made in Mr. Koussevitzky's programs, and it is his prerogative to do so. But, please, may we not have some Bruckner?—C. W. D.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Three rousing cheers were in order at the end of yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert, though an unaccountably apathetic audience was in no mood to provide them: one for Dr. Koussevitzky, one for his unapproachable orchestra (especially when he conducts it) and one for Paul Hindemith, whose "Mathis der Maler" set the capstone on a logically planned and singularly satisfying programme, having for its other items Beethoven's Third "Leonore" Overture and the Third Symphony of Brahms. 2-5-44

From the standpoint of logic all this programme lacked was something by Bach at the very beginning. The circle then would have been complete, for Hindemith, while not ignoring any of his predecessors—even Wagner and Strauss, find their way into the last movement of "Mathis," "The Temptation of St. Anthony"—nevertheless bases his style and his musical thinking on that of the Leipzig Cantor. 1802

More than one work that has come from Hindemith's pen since this "Mathias the Painter" has brought that work to mind. Perhaps we can already say that it contains the essence of his style, as "Tristan" contains the essence of Wagner, and that if all his other music were to disappear this master-

piece, for masterpiece it certainly is, would show us what he stood for, what he represented. Incidentally, "back to Bach" in the case of Hindemith does not imply arid neo-classicism, the mere application of a modern twist to formulas already exhausted. In "Mathis," particularly, we are a long, long way from that sort of thing.

It would be hard for the present generation to see where the late Phillip Hale got his pet notion that the music of Brahms was granitic. In most contemporary performances, those of Dr. Koussevitzky are a conspicuous case in point, it is anything but. The word lush would fit a whole lot better. But in Hale's day conductors tried to make Brahms' music sound the way the composer himself looked and acted. The portly figure was there, as were the whiskers and the brusque, gruff exterior. Perhaps Dr. Koussevitzky went too far the other way yesterday, though the Symphony sounded awfully well. One might easily urge that the end was over-poetized. Nor is the doctor's rather feverish conception of "Leonore" No. 3 the one that is held by everybody.

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky returned yesterday to his Symphony Hall post, in fine trim after his fortnight's holiday. He communicated his enthusiasm, his vigor, the warmth of his imagination to the orchestra. Again we had the old beauty of tone, the clarity of exposition, the expressive power, that the players yield to nobody else.

These distinctive qualities shown by the Boston Symphony Orchestra when it plays under its regular conductor were especially in evidence in Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3, which opened the program, and in Hindemith's Symphony, made from his opera, "Mathis der Maler," which closed it. The other item was the Third Symphony of Brahms.

This so-called symphony of Hindemith's grows upon one with repeated hearings. When it was introduced by Mr. Burgin, nearly a decade ago, it made little impression. When Dr. Koussevitzky picked it up, four years ago, it came suddenly to life. And yesterday it blazed. 2-5-44

Hindemith is a very uneven composer. He is a learned master who also understands popular taste. Much of his music seems contrived, sterile, artificial. But when he writes from inspiration, he soars toward the heights. So he did in his score for Massine's ballet, "St. Francis," and so he does in "Mathis der Maler." 2-5-44

Probably much of the confusion that seemed to obscure this score when it was first heard was due to the literary efforts of some of the composer's advocates, and to the listener's attempt to connect the music either with Matthias Grunewald's paintings or with the story of the opera.

Forgetting programmatic impediment, and just listening, one gets a new illumination. This score can stand as music, without the aid of literary associations. The brilliant contrapuntal texture of the first movement, the nostalgic color and mood of the second, and the tremendous power of the third can hold our attention, win our admiration, and stir our emotions through their own aesthetic compulsion. Especially when the music is set forth with such brilliant execution and such poetic and dramatic authority as was given it yesterday.

The Third "Leonore" Overture had the virtuosic and highly dramatic performance that it usually

gets from Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston orchestra. Although I have heard it times without number, I found it freshly thrilling yesterday.

The Brahms symphony was less satisfactorily done. The first movement had the brio that the composer called for, but the slow movement sagged, and the momentum was never recovered.

The audience greeted Dr. Koussevitzky cordially, and rewarded his labors with warm applause.

"JEREMIAH" NOTABLE FOR EMOTIONAL FORCE

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

AMERICAN audiences are the politest in the world. We seem to look upon applause as a manifestation of good manners, along with hat-tipping and rising when a lady enters the room, and often it has just as little to do with our real feelings in the matter. There is also the star fetish and our natural tendency to glorify the individual over the ensemble. You will notice the latter whenever there is a soloist, good, bad or indifferent, at a symphony concert. The star business applies in opera house or theatre when a leading player comes on the stage for the first time. The ensuing hand-clapping may momentarily frustrate the efforts of other players, and that, of course, is impoliteness. 2-27-44

All this is preliminary to saying that it doesn't necessarily mean a great deal that Leonard Bernstein scored what seemed to be a decided popular success when he conducted his First, or "Jeremiah" Symphony at the Symphony Concerts of Feb. 18 and 19. His youth and good looks counted in his favor. His pinch-hitting as conductor of the New York Philharmonic on a couple of occasions had put him in the limelight. And, what is more important, his symphony required a solo singer, in this case Jennie Tourel, who did a remarkable job with the grateful setting of the Hebrew text from the Book of Lamentations. Under these circumstances several rounds of applause were naturally in order.

What is a great deal more to the point was the unanimously favorable press, something a lot rarer than you might imagine. The fact is that the "Jeremiah" Symphony proved to be that remarkable contemporary phenomenon, a work of beauty, graphic power and emotional force that had a spiritual message to impart and that put it across, albeit by means that were neither strikingly original nor obviously derivative.

To get back to Mr. Bernstein, there is no knowing what course he will ultimately steer. His sonata for clarinet and piano, his "Kid Songs," recently sung in New York by Miss Tourel, are in quite different vein. His musical enthusiasms, as wide as those of some young musicians are narrow, include boogie-woogie and Italian opera. Like Dukas, Charpentier, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, and others who might be mentioned, he could prove to be a man of one work. But just now that work seems important, both for what it is and for what it promises. It is to most of the American compositions we have heard of late years as a rose is to a weed.

Bernstein Directs His First Symphony

By L. A. Sloper

Leonard Bernstein, rising star of the musical world, directed the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in the first local performance of his new Symphony No. 1, "Jeremiah"; and also in Aaron Copland's "El Salón México." These works constituted the second half of the sixteenth program of the orchestra season. Before the intermission, Dr. Koussevitzky conducted Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne" and Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony.

The youthful Mr. Bernstein made an excellent first impression, both as conductor and as composer. Everybody knows the story of his sudden emergence into fame as assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic after completing his studies at Harvard, Curtis Institute and Tanglewood.

It was evident yesterday that the reports from New York of his prowess as leader had not been exaggerated. He follows the Koussevitzkyan style of conducting. Using no baton, he is free and energetic in his platform behavior, but his gestures are obviously meant for the players and not for the audience. There is no striving for eurythmic grace. This young man clearly knows his business and has no time for nonsense.

2-19-44 *omit*

His Symphony, "Jeremiah," gave a similar effect of mastery of the technique of composition and sincerity of emotional expression. In these respects it recalled Bloch's "Schelomo" and "Three Jewish Poems." It is unconventional in form, consisting of three movements, entitled Prophecy, Profanation, and Lamentation. The first two are purely instrumental; the last employs a solo mezzo-soprano.

The composer lives up to the assertion in his note on the work that "as for programmatic meanings, the intention is not one of literalness, but of emotional quality." The Prophecy section succeeds in conveying the intensity of Jeremiah's pleas, the second in giving a sense of the destruction

and chaos brought on by the corruption of priests and people. In the third, the solo voice intones texts from the Book of Lamentations, to a sparse instrumental accompaniment.

The musical means employed include themes based on the traditional Hebrew liturgical music, with liberal use of dissonant harmonies and involved rhythmic patterns, the latter especially in the second movement.

At a first hearing, I found the first two movements more interesting musically than the third, although there is a strong emotional appeal in the verses of this last section also. The solo part was sung by Jennie Tourel, whose voice lent itself singularly well to the dramatic demands. She was far better cast than she had been last season in Debussy's "La Damselle Elue," and she made a correspondingly better effect.

But the hero of the day, of course, was Mr. Bernstein, who had a notable popular as well as artistic success.

After "Jeremiah," the Copland piece, although played brilliantly, seemed even more superficial than on its first hearing here five years ago.

Indeed, the program as a whole was an odd mixture. Dr. Koussevitzky's apparent devotion to Rabaud's romantic picture in tone is hard to understand. The piece was pleasant to hear when its composer introduced it to us in 1918, but it has not taken on added interest with the years. Probably the conductor likes to use it as a mean of displaying the marvelous tone of his orchestra, and if that is so he was successful yesterday almost beyond complaint—except that the voice of the solo oboe, in the absence of Mr. Gillet, was thin and dry.

Probably it cannot be said that Dr. Koussevitzky is too partial to the "Rhenish" Symphony, which had not been heard at these concerts since 1931; but for some of us once in 13 years is too often to hear it, and in any case it was bound to sound out of place in the company it was keeping.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . . . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 18, at 2:30 o'clock

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RABAUD "La Procession Nocturne," Symphonic Poem
(after Lenau)

SCHUMANN Symphony No. 3, in E-flat major, "Rhenish," Op. 97

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Prophecy
Profanation
Lamentation

(Mezzo-soprano solo: JENNIE TOUREL)

(Conducted by the composer; first performance at these concerts)

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(Conducted by LEONARD BERNSTEIN)

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Those who have been protesting that we ought to hear the "Rhenish" more, instead of hearing the "Spring" so much, will now perhaps conclude that it will be best if we don't hear either of them too often. Why, indeed, do conductors find it necessary to repeat one or more of these inept symphonies every season?

As for the "Rhenish," it has all the faults and none of the virtues of the German style. Its themes are pale, its texture thin; and what is more depressing than the Teutonic notion of fun? Or funnier than the Teutonic notion of grandeur?

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BALDWIN PIANO

Symphony Concert

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 16th program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Leonard Bernstein was guest conductor and Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Rabaud....."La Procession Nocturne"
Schumann, Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("Rhenish"), Op. 97.
Bernstein...Symphony No. 1, "Jeremiah"
Copland....."El Salon Mexico"

It was Leonard Bernstein day at the symphony yesterday, no doubt about it. The first half of the program was filled with good old music very beautifully played and it contributed much, of course, to the quality and the satisfaction of the concert. In fact, Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne," a lovely piece of program music, managed to stick in the mind for all that came after it, while the Schumann, long unheard, surmounted the essentially inferior inspiration of its material and orchestral technic through the affectionate reading given it by Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra.

Yet it remained for Mr. Bernstein, the 25-year-old Bostonian and protégé of Dr. Koussevitzky, to give the concert its memorable qualities, and to help him do it, his mentor graciously gave him the whole of the second half of the concert... not to mention his advice, his encouragement and his best wishes. And for its part, the orchestra played its collective head off to make good his debut here both as conductor and composer.

To consider Mr. Bernstein first as a composer, it must be said that his first symphony is a striking and significant composition. It is not an original one in the sense that it departs violently from tradition or strives for brash, startling effects, and that is good. For frantic search for a new musical expression is as much of an attempt to escape the present as, for instance, the attempt to speak further in the romantic or classical idioms of the past. Thus Bernstein has spoken in a present-day idiom which employs, almost at random, influences of the past,

present and future, and anyone looking fustily for "influences" could find a surprising number. But why bother with all that?

The fact is, Mr. Bernstein has taken his musical language where he has found it, but he has spoken his own mind without obtrusive effort to be American (in the sense of the League of Composers tribe), Jewish (in the sense of Bloch), neo-classical, neo-romantic, impressionist or anyone else. And for his lack of pretense, his ability to resist the smart suasions of the sleek mechanics currently manufacturing music, and above all for his honesty, he deserves enormous credit.

His "Jeremiah" is a work of immediate appeal to the ear and the emotions. The first movement, rather weaker than the other two, is one of unfulfilled tension, so to speak. Its material is broad and strong—and often beautiful, but it doesn't quite make its point. The second, an exciting orchestral scherzo, is one of conflicting rhythms and bitter sonorities, very evocative and effective. The third movement, sub-titled "Lamentation," is one of the remarkable movements of contemporary music, no question about it. It reminds one strongly of Mahler, and there is the same hesitancy, at the end, of the "Lied von der Erde," to touch the final chord. Its melodic material is profoundly moving, almost incredibly so to have been the inspiration of a youthful composer in these times. The vocal part, sung in Hebrew by Jennie Tourel, was very beautiful, and Mme. Tourel sang it excellently.

Well, here we are again at the end of another column, and still nothing said of Mr. Bernstein's conducting. Imagine Serge Koussevitzky at the beginning of his career, perhaps, and you will be able to catch the essential quality of it. The same intensity the same orchestral technic, the same ability to make an orchestra sound (as witness the performance of Copland's priceless "El Salon Mexico"); even some of the same gestures.

Symphony Group Short On Manpower

Women players for the Boston Symphony Orchestra—through "a change of practice if not of policy"—may solve the problem of its manpower shortage, daily growing more acute, according to Reginald C. Foster, Chairman of the Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

However, the presence of women players in the Boston Symphony is not a new thing, it was pointed out at the Society's 10th anniversary meeting in Symphony Hall yesterday. Although women musicians as players of various instruments have been employed by other orchestras, the Boston Symphony, in all its 63 years' history, has had only three women players—and these never in any other capacity than as harpists.

Threatened shortages of personnel are but one of several problems faced by the Orchestra Trustees, said Mr. Foster, pointing out that the 14 "principal orchestras in the country already have supplied more than 200 of their members to the different services. These same orchestras have as many or more still in their ranks who are subject to call," he added.

Nonprofit Affair

Speaking for the Society, the principal function of which is to raise funds additional to the revenue from the sale of concert seats to offset the deficit which always results from maintaining a major symphony orchestra, Mr. Foster pointed out that the organization was a strictly nonprofit artistic enterprise.

It costs approximately \$1,000,000 a year to run the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Foster reported. Sources of revenue besides

the sale of seats include royalties from recordings. Citing the fact that recordings have not been permitted for two years, but that there has been a steady sale of recordings made prior to the ban, Mr. Foster added that the amount of revenue continuing from this source is uncertain because of the shortage of technical supplies.

Another source of revenue, he said, is that from concerts given on tours. Here again, revenue in these times is uncertain, he pointed out, because already existing restrictions on rail travel may become more severe.

With reference to revenue from commercial sponsorship of the Saturday night broadcasts, Mr. Foster added that "it cannot be said at this time how long commercial sponsorship will remain in effect."

Making Up Deficit

Last year, said Mr. Foster, 3,285 Friends contributed \$136,937 to make up the deficit. Up to the time of his report, he said, there was a decrease in the number of Friends to 2,215 who had contributed \$56,329. He estimated the deficit for the current season at about \$33,671.

Mr. Foster stated that last autumn the Orchestra voluntarily increased the weekly salary of four-fifths of the members for the current season. These increases represented the rank-and-file musicians, and did not include the leaders in the various sections.

When the commercial sponsors took over the broadcasts on Christmas night, all members of the Orchestra received an addition to their incomes, he said. He also brought up the question of "the risk of maintaining our personnel, should there be a still further acuteness of the present manpower shortage."

"This problem may find its solution in a change of our practice, if not of our policy, by making positions in the orchestra open to women," he said.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky and his talented protege, Leonard Bernstein, shared the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Bernstein conducted the first Boston performance of his own "Jeremiah" Symphony, and wound up the afternoon brilliantly with "El Salon Mexico," by Aaron Copland. Mr. Koussevitzky began the concert with "The Nocturnal Procession" by Rabaud, and Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony. Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano, was soloist in the finale of Mr. Bernstein's work.

That Mr. Bernstein is greatly talented, both as composer and conductor, must have been obvious to all present. He had mastered, it seemed, all the details of his own score and that of Mr. Copland (who was present as a listener). His conducting, which dispensed with a baton, was firm, vigorous and graphic. His gestures, often similar to those of Mr. Koussevitzky, were never superfluous nor contrived merely for visual effect. They meant something to the interpretation of the music.

His conducting was like his music: direct, emotional, but poised and usually clear-cut. He was meticulous in giving cues, quick to adjust dynamic shadings, and above all he gave one the impression he knew constantly what he was about. Through the rhythmical involvements of his

own scherzo he steered an apparently unperturbed course. In "El Salon Mexico," which he whisked along rapidly, he was as careful with sonorities as with rhythms and accents.

Orchestras, particularly the best, can be intractable toward newcomers on the stand. From young conductors they exact a stiff test of both talent and tact. Mr. Bernstein came out with flying colors for the Boston Symphony played with that combination of willing effort, precision and beauty that showed they admired him.

It will not disparage Mr. Bernstein's creative gifts to say that the "Jeremiah" Symphony is remarkable more for what it promises in future than for the achievement it represents. It is a work of evident purpose and consistent style, even if the unusual formal plan of two slow movements and a scherzo inevitably gives an impression of motion concentrated in one place. The idiom is contemporary if derivative, as inevitably it must be in the first major orchestral work of any composer.

Mr. Bernstein handles dissonance expressively, and to the voiced lamentations of Jeremiah over ruined Jerusalem, in the finale, he brings a well-sustained and effective melodic line. He was fortunate, too, in his soloist. Miss Tourel sang admirably.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave the Friday subscribers magnificent sounds and colors and the warmest sort of feeling in the immaculate score of Rabaud and the wine-iest of all the Schumann symphonies.—C. W. D.

Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in Symphony Hall, Friday afternoon, Feb. 18. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor; Leonard Bernstein (guest conductor); soloist, Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. The program: "La Procession Nocturne".....Rabaud Symphony No. 3, "Rhenish".....Schumann Symphony No. 1, "Jeremiah".....Bernstein "El Salon Mexico".....Copland

Bernstein in Boston

BOSTON, Feb. 18.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra at home seems always less ostentatious than on tour. In the hall where it has rehearsed (a hall of well focused, rather than diffuse acoustic properties) and in the front of its own well-washed, well-mannered and respectful audience, it strikes one as only natural that the cultural amenities should have taken on so high a polish, as of good wood long regularly waxed and rubbed. Not the least of this orchestra's cultural amenities is its gracious hospitality to that which is novel and of good report in the world of music.

Leonard Bernstein, who conducted his own first symphony today, is nationally of good report as a conductor. He is less well known as a composer, though the present work, which has already been received well by both press and public in Pittsburgh, will no doubt go far toward correcting this situation. It is not a masterpiece by any means, but it has solid orchestral qualities and a certain charm that should give it a temporary popularity, not the least of its charms in today's concert being Mr. Bernstein's excellent directing of it and Jennie Tourel's superbly resonant intoning of its Hebrew text.

Unlike Robert Schumann (his third, or "Rhenish," symphony

was played just before the new work, Mr. Koussevitzky conducting), who composed with genius but who was not a master of instrumentation, Mr. Bernstein orchestrates like a master but does not compose with either originality or much skill. His piece lacks contrapuntal coherence, melodic distinction, contrapuntal progress, harmonic logic and concentration of thought. On the other hand, it has by moments a certain lyrical intensity, and at the beginning of the middle, or scherzo, section there is a sort of dance passage that evokes most poignantly the Jewish near-East. Also, the instrumentation makes lovely sounds. The loud and soft contrasts are probably more extreme than they need be, but the placement of the instruments is at all times sonorous and soundly balanced.

There is no useless instrumental doubling anywhere. Solo passages are placed in grateful ranges for each instrument. And in the tutti he writes his brass a little high, just as Berlioz did. The result is one of shining brilliance and vibrant juxtapositions of color. Aaron Copland's "El Salon Mexico," which Mr. Bernstein conducted at the end, itself a fairly brilliant piece of orchestration, sounded muddy and unsure by comparison with the Bernstein score. Neither his sure-handed scoring, however (almost too sure-handed for a young man of twenty-five who is going to be a real composer), nor the diffuse and improvisatory character of the composition inspires the confidence in Mr. Bernstein's original gifts that this reviewer entertains toward his genius as an executant and an interpreter.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Leonard Bernstein, the Boston boy who was appointed assistant conductor of New York's Philharmonic-Symphony last fall, scored an unequivocal success both as composer and conductor at yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. (In the second half of the programme he introduced to us his First, or "Jeremiah" Symphony, with Jennie Tourel singing the mezzo-soprano solo required by the final movement, "Lamentation," and he conducted a brilliant and truly revealing performance of Aaron Copland's

"El Salon Mexico," never before heard here to such good advantage.)

In commenting upon what seemed to him a really significant occasion, this reviewer finds himself in the predicament of the Symphony man who is said to have remarked that he didn't dare say how good he thought Mr. Bernstein was for fear of appearing ridiculous. However, he is willing to go all overboard and quote Schumann's famous salutation to Chopin: "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" To be sure, we do not yet know how many kinds of music this 25-year-old maestro can conduct. We do not know whether he will ever surpass or even equal his

first symphonic effort. But no matter. The real point is that one cannot think off-hand of any other American composition that has the drive, the poignancy, the dramatic strength, the emotional force of this "Jeremiah." And Mr. Bernstein is far from being what we refer to as a composer-conductor. He directs an orchestra as one to the manner born.

The titles of the three movements tell the story. The first two are called, respectively, "Prophecy" and "Profanation." The text from the Book of Lamentations, so superbly sung by Miss Tourel, is, quite appropriately, in the original Hebrew. Much of the applause in which the orchestra joined was, of course, directed at her. In the first part of the season's most memorable concert Dr. Koussevitzky conducted a surpassingly beautiful performance of Rabaud's tone poem, "La Procession Nocturne" and he restored to us Schumann's Third, or "Rhenish" Symphony, last heard at the regular concerts in 1931. After Rabaud's exquisitely contrived sonorities, poor Schumann's orchestration sounded clumsier than ever, but his music is still refreshingly hearty, and also heart-warming in its mellowness and geniality. Dr. Koussevitzky led it con amore.

HOTEL COPLEY PLAZA

Symphony Luncheon

Boris Goldovsky spent most of his lecture period following the Symphony Luncheon in the Oval Room of Hotel Copley-Plaza yesterday, to discussing the new Ecumenical Mass by Gretchaninoff. The occasion had the further distinction of the presence of the composer and his wife. Mr. Gretchaninoff speaks little English, so he did not impart any information about his work, although he made a general greeting in Russian and a few English words, the Slavic part of which Mr. Goldovsky translated.

Attention was also given by Mr. Goldovsky to Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," which, with the Mass, forms the program of this week's Boston Symphony concerts.—C. W. D.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 25, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, at 8:30 o'clock

GRETCHANINOFF....."Missa Oecumenica" ("Ecumenical Mass"), for Four Solo Voices, Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ, Op. 142

Kyrie
Largo; Moderato
Gloria
Moderato
Credo
Moderato
Sanctus
Allegro moderato e poco maestoso
Benedictus
Andante poco marciale
Agnus Dei
Andante non troppo

(First performance)

CHORUSES OF THE

CECILIA SOCIETY AND THE APOLLO CLUB OF BOSTON
Prepared by ARTHUR FIEDLER

SOLOISTS

MARIA KURENKO, Soprano
DOROTHY CORNISH, Contralto

ROLAND HAYES, Tenor
ROBERT HALL COLLINS, Bass

E. POWER BIGGS, Organ

INTERMISSION

STRAUSS....."Death and Transfiguration," Tone Poem, Op. 24

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Leonard Bernstein, the Boston boy who was appointed assistant conductor of New York's Philharmonic-Symphony last fall, scored an unequivocal success both as composer and conductor at yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. (In the second half of the programme he introduced to us his First, or "Jeremiah" Symphony, with Jennie Tourel singing the mezzo-soprano solo required by the final movement, "Lamentation," and he conducted a brilliant and truly revealing performance of Aaron Copland's "El Salon Mexico," never before heard here to such good advantage.)

In commenting upon what seemed to him a really significant occasion, this reviewer finds himself in the predicament of the Symphony man who is said to have remarked that he didn't dare say how good he thought Mr. Bernstein was for fear of appearing ridiculous. However, he is willing to go all overboard and quote Schumann's famous salutation to Chopin: "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" To be sure, we do not yet know how many kinds of music this 25-year-old maestro can conduct. We do not know whether he will ever surpass or even equal his

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The titles of the three movements tell the story. The first two are called, respectively, "Prophecy" and "Profanation." The text from the Book of Lamentations, so superbly sung by Miss Tourel, is, quite appropriately, in the original Hebrew. Much of the applause in which the orchestra joined was, of course, directed at her. In the first part of the season's most memorable concert Dr. Koussevitzky conducted a surpassingly beautiful performance of Rabaud's tone poem, "La Procession Nocturne" and he restored to us Schumann's Third, or "Rhenish" Symphony, last heard at the regular concerts in 1931. After Rabaud's exquisitely contrived sonorities, poor Schumann's orchestration sounded clumsier than ever, but his music is still refreshingly hearty, and also heart-warming in its mellowness and geniality. Dr. Koussevitzky led it con amore.

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INTERMISSION

STRAUSS "Death and Transfiguration," Tone Poem, Op. 24

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.
Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 17th program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The soloists were Maria Kurenko, soprano; Dorothy Cornish, contralto; Roland Hayes, tenor; Robert Hall Collins, baritone, and the assisting artists were the Cecilia Society, the Apollo Club (Arthur Fiedler, director), and E. Power Biggs, organist. The program was as follows:

Missa Oecumenica, Op. 142, Gretchaninoff
"Death and Transfiguration," Op. 24, Strauss

The discussion of Alexander Gretchaninoff's "Missa Oecumenica," given its first performance yesterday afternoon by the orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky with soloists, chorus and organ, must be separated into three distinct categories: the sentimental, the religious and the musical. 2-26-44

As an occasion of sentiment the Mass was undoubtedly a great success. In the first place, Mr. Gretchaninoff is 79 years old, the venerable composer of quantities of fine music of both a liturgical and secular nature. In the second, his Mass was inspired by the happy idea of the "universal meaning of the churches." And in the third, the first performance of the Mass coincided with the beginning of a particularly significant Lenten season. It was therefore little wonder that the elderly composer was given an ovation when he appeared on the stage. 2-26-44

Considered as a contribution to the musical liturgy, however, the Mass is hardly acceptable to any orthodox faith. This is not to say that churches of all faiths in the present day offer better music, because many do not. On the contrary, sections of Mr. Gretchaninoff's Mass will doubtless appear as anthems in many churches from

now on.

Yet the fact must be faced that the Mass is basically a melange of second-rate turn-of-the-century operatic reminiscence, and although it often quotes modes of the eastern and the western church, one against the other, the supporting texture violates the basic spirit of liturgical music by introducing tunes and rhythms of a popular character. In short, it is church music of the genre of Rossini, Cherubini and Gounod, and will doubtless achieve a place on some future Motu Proprio.

In the third category, as pure musical line (forgetting its unquestioned sincerity of purpose and the religious association of its text), it is merely tedious. The composer speaks honestly and prettily in the idiom he knows best, a sort of dated romanticism. This, of course, cannot be held against him; it is simply uninteresting to modern ears. And despite the fact that all but one of the six conventional sections end with a loud chord, only the Sanctus contains the spark of real vitality.

The Mass is well written for the voice, though, and the soloists and chorus had little difficulty traversing the score, sounding generally good meanwhile. The orchestra, engaged chiefly in supporting the vocal line or adding figuration also sounded well, and Dr. Koussevitzky, who commissioned the work through his Music Foundation in memory of his wife, conducted with warmth and conviction. The concert came to an end with a terrific performance of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration." Next week the orchestra plays a Mozart Symphony, Samuel Barber's new "Air Force" Symphony, and presents Vladimir Horowitz as soloist in Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto.

Gretchaninoff's New Mass Introduced by Koussevitzky

By L. A. Sloper

A new work by a composer now in his eightieth year is the feature of the seventeenth program of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is Gretchaninoff's "Ecumenical Mass," which was performed for the first time yesterday afternoon, under the direction of Dr. Koussevitzky, and with the assistance of the choruses of the Cecilia Society and the Apollo Club, trained by Arthur Fiedler; a quartet of soloists comprising Maria Kurenko, soprano; Dorothy Cornish, contralto; Roland Hayes, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass; and E. Power Biggs as the organist. The only other number on the program is Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration."

Alexander Gretchaninoff has long been known to the musical world as a composer, especially of choral music. This mass was composed in memory of Nathalie Koussevitzky, for the Koussevitzky Musical Foundation. Mr. Gretchaninoff was present yesterday to acknowledge the cordial applause of the audience. 2-26-44

The work is manifestly the product of a deep religious emotion. Cast in traditional form, it shows no disposition to depart from conventional methods. So far as its idiom is concerned it might have been written 75 years ago. Its voice is distinctly Russian, and its style, like that of Verdi's Requiem, tends to the dramatic, if not theatrical.

The mass is melodious, and harmonically artless. The choral writing is good, that for solo voices only less so. The orchestra and the organ are employed for accompaniment, and for climactic expression.

An unusual aspect of the work is its lack of a wide dynamic variety. All but one of the six sections ends

fortissimo, with much sounding of brass. The exception is the concluding Agnus Dei. Otherwise the course of the music is but little lightened by softer tones. Strangely, the only sustained effort in this direction is a little waltz tune which is sung in the Benedictus by soprano and tenor soloists. It seems singularly inappropriate.

Dr. Koussevitzky did not fail to make the most of the dramatic possibilities of the score. The choruses sang with precision and fervor. Together they constitute a body of singers remarkable for balance. They may well be the only mixed chorus in the world in which the sopranos do not drown out the other voices. For this and for their other virtues credit must doubtless be divided between Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Fiedler. 2-26-44

The soloists were all interesting individually, but they did not make a good quartet, because their voices did not blend—too many different methods. Fortunately they were called upon to sing together only once.

The greatest authority among them was displayed by Mme. Kurenko, who has had much experience in this type of work, and who also probably had had more time for preparation, since she sang her part from memory. Her voice is of that peculiarly Russian soprano quality which seems suitable to this more or less national music.

Miss Cornish's voice has an oddly reedish quality which is of a certain effectiveness in liturgical music. Mr. Hayes sang with much of his old beauty of tone, and with more power than he used to permit himself. Mr. Collins did what little was required of him with dignity and musical expressiveness.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Ecumenical Mass by Alexander Gretchaninoff was performed for the first time at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Serge Koussevitzky conducted. The soloists were Maria Kurenko, soprano; Dorothy Cornish, contralto; Roland Hayes, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass. Arthur Fiedler had prepared the choruses of the Cecilia Society and Apollo Club. E. Power Biggs was organist. Richard Strauss' tone poem "Death and Transfiguration" completed the program.

Gretchaninoff wanted to write a Mass which would combine "the musical character of the Eastern and Western churches." The text of the Mass, in Latin, is the one used in the Catholic churches. Inasmuch as the content of the text is identical in all Christian churches, the Mass could be translated into any other language. The word ecumenical is derived from Latin and Greek, and its primary meanings are universal, world-wide. As Mr. Burk observes in his program notes, parts of the Mass are of Hebrew ancestry.

Thus the Ecumenical Mass may be taken as faith and hope voiced by all peoples. It is music warm and strongly felt, sometimes dramatic with sounding brass and tinkling (crashing is more exact) cymbals, sometimes of the purest melodic serenity. To find a comparable expression of feeling, without drawing an absurdly close comparison, I think one would have to go back to the Requiem by Faure. At the bottom of each is gentle compassion.

The Ecumenical Mass is not, in a literal sense, "churchly," although as Boris Goldovsky has said, it uses chants from the Russian liturgy. The Credo in particular suggests to me sunny radiance and open air.

The agreeable if "old-fashioned" style of Gretchaninoff—direct, simple, almost folkish melodies, rich harmonies and rhythmic buoyancy—is on every page. Such moments as the opening phrase for chorus in the Credo and the soprano solo near the start of the Benedictus (beautifully sung by Miss Kurenko) are of high distinction.

It seemed that things went wrong at several points in a dramatic performance. No matter, they did not interfere with one's enjoyment. The soloists, whose parts are woven into the choral and orchestral fabric, were uneven, but collectively more than adequate. The choruses were admirable. When Mr. Koussevitzky brought Mr. Gretchaninoff upon the stage there was what is commonly, if incorrectly, called an ovation.

"Death and Transfiguration" was rather lost in the shuffle, even though the conductor played it more slowly than ever. Gracious! What an unconscionable time a-dying!—C. W. D.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

An "Ecumenical Mass" (Missa Oecumenica) by Alexander Gretchaninoff, 73-year-old Russian composer now living in New York, had its first performance at the symphony concert of yesterday afternoon.

The orchestra was assisted by the choruses of the Cecilia Society and Apollo Club, prepared by Arthur Fiedler, and by these solo singers: Maria Kurenko, soprano; Dorothy Cornish, contralto; Roland Hayes, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass. E. Power Biggs was the organist.

A prolific composer in many forms, Gretchaninoff is best known in this country by his sacred choral music and his songs, a few of which have attained considerable celebrity. It was only to be expected that his Mass would prove well written for the voices, both solo and choral. The music is no less grateful for the orchestra, though the scoring is conventional, reminiscent of an older day.

From a purely sonorous standpoint, then, the Mass may be pronounced successful. The music itself is, however, undistinguished, hardly more than the work of a competent craftsman. Only in the Sanctus did it rise for a moment above the level of agreeable commonplace. The composer's avowed intention of writing a mass in which would be combined the musical character of the eastern-western churches seemed to promise more in the matter of diversity of style than was actually forthcoming. In these days, however, suavity is at something of a premium and it was quite apparent that the audience as a whole found this mild music greatly to its liking. There was much applause for has become excessively mannered, static in the first section, hectic in much of the middle part and incredibly drawn out at the end. Such treatment serves to emphasize the weakness of the music rather than its strength. Nor was the performance tonally irreproachable.

Cecilia Society to Assist In Gretchaninoff's Mass

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Lay the stress of voice on the next to the last syllable of the name Gretchaninoff, and anyone interested may go on and talk confidently about the composer whose "Ecumenical Mass" attains performance at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts this week.

The name, pronounced this way and that, is a familiar one on concert and recital programs and in the musical announcements of churches as well. For Gretchaninoff in a long career, first in his native Russia, then in his adopted Paris, and lately in his wartime shelter, New York, has composed vastly; and, as far as appreciation goes, he has composed successfully.

To realize what a long course as composer he has traversed, let the curious read the title of this work of his latter years: "Ecumenical Mass," for Four Solo Voices, Chorus, and Organ, op. 142, by A. Gretchaninoff. The number 142 indicates a long list of publications, indeed; something tragic about it, too, when we consider what scant property protection Mr. Gretchaninoff has had, in view of his nationality and the want of copyright relations between Russia and other countries in the days away back along. The lark sings and listeners on the ground enjoy the ecstatic strain. The song ended, the lark must go find his dinner. So with composing that has been tossed, like much of Mr. Gretchaninoff's, into the air.

For the matter of success, that was established early and it has been continuous. Most significantly of all, perhaps, it has been a vocal success. Wherever singers lift their voices, there the music of Gretchaninoff is found,

be they soloists or choristers. The Russian liturgy has been a particular field of his and it has naturally enough influenced, if not channeled, his vocal style.

Nevertheless, with him individuality has been dominant. Tradition comes only remotely to the thought of those who hear his melodies and harmonies sung. The music seems in every case to belong with the words. The Russian element transfers, merges, amalgamates, loses its merely native character and becomes appropriately American or anything else.

To note a trait that runs right through, Gretchaninoff's music is practical. That is not to say that it is easy or that it is ever commonplace. But it can be sung; or what amounts to even more, it can be enjoyed by an audience. Its moods and its purposes reveal themselves plainly. It is fluent and eloquent, yet always to the point.

The text is the same as that of the Bach and the Beethoven masses, comprising the Latin Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus, and Agnus Dei. These words are taken by chorus and solo voices in various shifts and alternations and without expressive repeating of phrases or elaborating of themes.

The feeling that pervades the work is one of nobility. Of Gretchaninoff we may say in all respect to his talents that we hardly expect the peak of exaltation. We do not look to him, let us in reasonableness admit, for expression of the sublime. Our emotions are raised to heights that are safe and free from possibility of disaster. Each hearer will find his own good moments in the not-too-long

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Rev. GEORGE MURRAY, D.D., Pastor,
West Brookline and Warren Ave.

FIRST UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
and the Parishes,
The Church of God, and 7:20 p. m., Jesus
Rev. Albert MacIntyre, The Times, 11 a. m.
The Message of the Day will be given by the
Minister.

Rev. SAMUEL ALLEN JACKSON, D.D.,
Corner Warren and Woodbine

ROXBURY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
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the solo singers, competent in their several ways, and the applause was increased when the composer, looking very spry for his years, appeared upon the stage.

After the intermission Dr. Koussevitzky returned to conduct the only other number on the programme, Strauss' tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration." Time was when he used to present "Tod und Verklärung" magnificently, but of late his version of it has become excessively mannered, static in the first section, hectic in much of the middle part and incredibly drawn out at the end. Such treatment serves to emphasize the weakness of the music rather than its strength. Nor was the performance tonally irreproachable.

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transit—a low note for the alto solo here, a loud call from the trombones there, an instant of interlude by the organ, perchance, or a quick shift of tempo and a lifting of the tonality in a four-part passage of the Benedictus.

Someone is sure to be disappointed that so little is made of the Sanctus. But Gretchaninoff is not the composer to seize obvious chances. He looks after his general plan of allegro and andante, of spirited episodes and meditative ones. His classicism is truly

classic, is fairly Greek. We find, in sum, balance, restraint; and always, nobility.



Vladimir Horowitz
Soloist at the Boston Symphony concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening.
9.2.44 2nd

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Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 3, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 4, at 8:30 o'clock

MOZART.....Symphony in A major (Koechel No. 201)
I. Allegro moderato
II. Andante
III. Minuet
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito

BARBER.....Second Symphony (Dedicated to the Army Air Forces)
I. Allegro ma non troppo
II. Andante un poco mosso
III. Presto; allegro molto
(First performance)

INTERMISSION

RACHMANINOFF.....Concerto in D minor No. 3 for Pianoforte with Orchestra, Op. 30
I. Allegro ma non tanto
II. Intermezzo: Adagio
III. Finale

SOLOIST
VLADIMIR HOROWITZ

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Boston Hears Symphony Dedicated to Air Forces

By Laura Haddock

Staff Writer of The Christian Science Monitor

Music composed by an Army corporal, written for and about the U. S. Army Air Forces, and employing techniques as modern as those used in the Air Forces themselves, had its first performance here this afternoon when the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky, presented Samuel Barber's Symphony No. 2.

Assignment by the Army Air Forces of Corporal Barber to write this symphony implies recognition that first-class American music is good American propaganda in the best sense of the word. Not only does such music have a good effect upon morale in our own ranks, but it is expected to introduce fittingly the American spirit and the American musical genius to peoples of other lands.

The performance will be repeated Saturday evening when the Boston Symphony concert goes on the air as usual. Recordings will be made and distributed by the Office of War Information to short-wave stations throughout the country, it is understood, and copies of the score will go to Army airfields. The work is dedicated to the U. S. Army Air Forces.

Goes to Aid Society

Royalties from its performances will be given by Corporal Barber to the Army Air Forces Aid Society. Following the two performances in Boston, the work will be presented by Dr. Koussevitzky successively at Northampton and New Haven, and twice the following week in Carnegie Hall, New York.

Corporal Barber thinks some kind of record will have been established in New York during that week, inasmuch as every night in the week will mark a perform-

ance of one or the other of his two symphonies in Carnegie Hall. On the nights when Dr. Koussevitzky is not presenting the new one, Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic will be playing his Symphony No. 1.

The young composer is a nephew of Louise Homer and has been composing music since the age of seven. He was inducted into the Army in September, 1942, and trained first at the Army airfield at Fort Worth, Texas. On Oct. 1 last year Corporal Barber was assigned to write his symphony, and on Feb. 22 Dr. Koussevitzky began rehearsing it. This is an unusually short period, he says, for composition of a work of this scope.

No Limitations

"I have not been confined to any limitations of techniques," he said in an interview today. "I have felt free to use any devices which I considered would best express the mood, the adventure, the vivid action of the individual Army flying man." In the Second Symphony, he said, he had not tried to depict anything as tremendous as the whole air force or the heat of battle, but had applied himself solely to the story of the pilot himself.

In the second movement he employs a machine, built especially for him by the Bell Telephone Company, which exactly simulates the sound of the radio beam by which pilots direct their course by night. The sound of the beam is woven into the fabric of the music.

Corporal Barber has worked closely with Dr. Koussevitzky on this first performance of his new composition, and he confesses that he is extremely happy that the work will have such favorable presentation on its first public performance.

Barber's New Symphony Definitely 'On the Beam'

Cpl Sam Barber's new Symphony is definitely on the beam. At least it is in the second movement, for there he produces the sound of the radio beam used in flying, and it figures as an important thematic idea.

This new Symphony, the second Barber has composed, is dedicated to the Army Air Forces, and it will be performed for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall this afternoon and tomorrow evening.

Two years ago next August the Pennsylvania-born composer donned a GI uniform. Last August he was transferred to the Air Forces and shortly afterward he was given the assignment of writing music about the outfit. The Symphony which resulted is said to be the first serious music written about Uncle Sam's present Army by a man in uniform.

Got Theme In Flying

Cpl Barber, who is a nephew of the great contralto, Louise Homer, and who has had several works performed in previous years by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston orchestra, has been in town this week for rehearsals. Encountered in the corridor of Symphony Hall yesterday morning, he spoke with high enthusiasm of the cooperation and freedom granted him by the Army Air Forces during the composition of his piece.

"I got the 'feel' of the Air Forces when they sent me up with the pilots, navigators and bombardiers," he said. "I flew in all types of craft from heavy bombers to pursuit ships."

"It's a different world up there, in more ways than one. Up there, at

night and in blind flying, the radio beam is the only connection with civilization down below. I've tried to suggest that, with purely musical means of course, in the second movement of my Symphony. And talking with the boys who have flown in actual combat opens up a new world of feeling, hearing them tell of going into danger, and, though they have returned, of seeing their pals badly wounded or killed."

That radio beam is produced from a special instrument made by the Bell Telephone laboratories of New York. It is an actual tone, the A on the first line above the treble clef. It blends with the orchestral instruments.

Music Goes Very Freely

The Air Forces Symphony attempts to express that branch of the service in the emotional terms of music. It is not "program" music, however, and does not tell a story. The song of the Air Forces is not used.

"Terrifically difficult" are the words spoken of Cpl Barber's Symphony. The last movement, for example, begins very fast with no bar lines between the notes. Barber wanted to express a spiral and believed the way to do it was to have the music go very freely, though with definite accents.

Cpl Barber began his Air Force duties at Fort Worth, Tex. Now he is attached to Stewart Field at West Point. He is a tall, lean fellow with a sensitive face and a quiet manner of speaking.

Incidentally, the OWI is going to have records made of the Symphony, which will be broadcast in Moscow, London and other cities of Allied countries.—C. W. D.

Barber's Second Symphony Dedicated to Army Air Forces

By Winthrop P. Tryon

When the United States Army sends to town a piece of music for presentation at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, that, surely, is matter for remark. But comment in the case must be made with regard for censorship; and nothing must be presumed beyond what can fairly be inferred from news releases of the military public relations service. Thus to view the situation, a work bearing the title of Symphony, Dedicated to the Army Air Forces, comes to performance in Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky.

The composer, in the community of civilians, is no one else than Samuel Barber, and the piece of music under ordinary conditions will go into catalogue as his Symphony No. 2, op. 19. It will so stand, indeed, in the Boston Symphony program book, John N. Burk, editor. To be strictly official, however, the only way anybody by the name of Barber enters is in the status of an enlisted man, Corporal Barber.

The Army, then, may be said in all exactitude to submit to the attention of the Boston public a symphony in which Corporal Barber has a hand as the man who writes the notes. If a person on the outside is to get at what this record of thought and emotion awaiting disclosure in actual performance is like, some surmising has to be done. For that, perhaps a little consideration of how Mr. Barber puts notes on paper before he went into uniform and wore two-bar chevrons on his sleeve will help.

Further than that, though only a little further, there is the penciled

manuscript of Corporal Barber, under what circumstances of convenience or inconvenience it may have been indited. This, held tightly in the Corporal's hand, or kept severely under his eye when for a moment laid down, would furnish a visitor at Symphony Hall offices more of a hint than might be imagined. Something eloquent inheres in notes drafted on lined folio sheets with lead pencil. A glance at them, and their message in a strange, yet not to be mistaken, manner replies.

Take that along with what the censorship, notwithstanding its reticence, lets escape, we may with some confidence proceed. Regard, now, the second movement, an Andante. Somewhere down in the texture of the score is a staff reserved for an electric instrument which taps out, more or less staccato-wise, the tone, A, of the aviator's "beam." Right there are elemental key, tempo, and mood, to say nothing else.

An Andante by Barber, we may be sure, will have a certain singing quality, more than one by almost any other of the present-day composing fraternity. His inclination is toward tunefulness, even if his pride of technique sometimes beguiles him into abstraction and complicated construction. He likes to make the string section sing, even when burdening it with elaborations of rhythm. He delights in a romantic solo moment for the flute or the horn, even if he has to go to the Impressionists for an idea; and for the English horn, too, if he must leap gently on Sibelius.

He has a peculiar fancy for the elegiac, and a power for sustaining it. Indeed, he can find his way around in the writing of a

slow movement more securely than the usual American modern. They have not convinced him yet that sentiment is such a bad thing.

To consider, for another venture, the final movement of the composition, designated Presto; and look out when the moderns pick up that term. For they mean business. Presto will require fast and precise execution of the players, and it will demand everything the conductor has in the way of energy and climax-building enthusiasm.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 18th program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, was the soloist. The program follows:
Mozart... Symphony in A major (K. 201)
Samuel Barber
Second Symphony ("Air Force")
Rachmaninoff
Concerto in D minor, No. 3, Op. 30

Any one of the three compositions on yesterday's program played as well as they were, would have given the concert a high position in the final summing up of Dr. Koussevitzky's 20th anniversary season. Coming as they did all of a lump yesterday—and all of them superbly played—they gave the concert a memorable aspect in a season, all things considered, of memorable concerts.

Most outstanding was the first performance of Samuel Barber's Second Symphony, commissioned by and dedicated to the Army Air Force, of which Corp. Barber is a member. Certainly the most progressive branch of the armed forces in regard to its attitude towards creative talent within its own ranks, the Air Force has not by any means backed the wrong horse in Samuel Barber. Nor has it, in backing him, embarrassed his artistic integrity by "suggesting" he incorporate Air Force tunes or realistic sound effects and so forth. On the contrary, Corp. Barber appears to have been on his own, and as his very considerable musical powers mature with every large-scale work, he has come into his own with his Second Symphony.

Despite its fairly easy success, due in no small measure to the very striking finale, it is not a work which speaks quickly to an audience. Corp. Barber's idiom is advanced; often difficult in its harsh textures and its sonorities. His rhythms are sometimes so complicated as to convey a feeling of patchiness or of a halting, groping pace. This is especially true of the first movement, which contains interesting material but which fails to make its point through its almost self-conscious attempt to achieve new combinations and contrasts. It is, in short, Barber the technician at work. The second movement, in a fine lyrical vein, is a far more emotional conception especially as it introduces the melancholy sound of a radio beam (tapping out, for no reason at all they tell me, the letter "Y"). The third movement, a striking instance of a technical orchestral tour de force combined with a powerful emotional drive, is far and away the strongest of the three as well as the most immediately effective (which is not always the case). Thus the symphony has a cumulative effect as contrasted with the conventional symphony, which states its strongest material at the outset, and it may well have been Corp. Barber's intention to follow this really more logical procedure. In any case, it works, for the composer was given an unusually warm reception following the sincere (and technically fabulous performance by Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra).

The Mozart Symphony, a gem without flaw, was done with unheard-of orchestral radiance, and the Rachmaninoff Concerto, by no means without flaw, was nonetheless in Vladimir Horowitz' prodigious performance of it, enough to unseat the most firmly established chair holder. It verges pretty close to an athletic event, to be perfectly frank, but there's little harm in that, and there would have been less if the piano tone had been more grateful. The orchestra is out of town next week, but returns on the 17th and 18th to celebrate Rimsky-Korsakov's anniversary with, of course, "Scheherazade." Joseph Szigeti will be the soloist in Brahms' D major Violin Concerto on the same program.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Yesterday's Boston Symphony concert was one of those thrilling occasions that happen about twice a year. It began with Mozart of the A major Symphony (K. 201), progressed with the first performance of Cpl Samuel Barber's Second, or Army Air Forces, Symphony, and ended with pianist Vladimir Horowitz, Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra giving a magnificent, an incredible performance of the D minor Concerto by Rachmaninoff.

The whole afternoon was a crescendo of excitement. At its end, as Mr. Horowitz returned again and again to the stage, the ordinarily self-contained Friday audience let loose with a burst of handclapping, stamping and cheers. This was the only possible conclusion to an interpretation whose emotional force had reached the ultimate peak of tension.

Mr. Horowitz must surely be the greatest keyboard technician of our time. He has his peers in the musicianship and style required for Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin and others. But I can think of no one else who plays with the same combination of speed, dexterity and smoothness. He can reduce legato passages to the merest wisps of tone; his octaves and arpeggios are like lightning and quite as dazzling; he can articulate a melody with absolute evenness. He is at his best when playing with orchestra, and in a Romantic masterpiece like this he is unique.

Cpl Barber was also received very enthusiastically when he appeared on the stage after his music had been played. His Symphony, dedicated to the United States Army Air

Forces of which he is now a member, reflects emotionally what the composer feels about the branch of service. He says it is pure music, without a story. So it is, lean and muscular and very good. The dissonance is astringent but always purposeful. Barber has a fine sense of melody, witness the English horn solo of the slow movement, and other passages.

It is easy, however, to imagine a night flight in the second movement, with the radio beam simulated by an electrical tone generator. (This device proved legitimate, but as usual with such mechanical innovations, of limited interest.) Toward the end of the finale—which begins in a "spiral" theme which dispenses with bar lines—you can find the turbulence of an air raid: block busters dropping on the scream of a trumpet and exploding in the boom of tympani and other percussion.

More to the point, you can also regard this section as a deft musical recapitulation of preceding material. Technically the Symphony is very difficult and sophisticated. Furthermore it is individual and shows that Barber has developed himself into one of the most important American composers. We can all thank the Army that he was commissioned to write the work. And we can hope that other gifted composers now in uniform will be given similar opportunity.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were at the top of their form the whole concert through. Mozart's not-often-heard and joyously youthful Symphony was done by a reduced orchestra with admirable clarity and precision, though the minuet went quite fast. In all respects this was a concert to be remembered.—C. W. D.

By L. A. Sloper

Cpl. Samuel Barber's Second Symphony, dedicated to the Army Air Forces, had its first performance yesterday afternoon as the central number of the eighteenth program of the Boston Symphony season. Sharing the honors of the occasion with him was Vladimir Horowitz, soloist in the Third Piano Concerto of Rachmaninov. The concert opened with Mozart's Symphony in A major (K-201). Dr. Koussevitzky conducted.

Corporal Barber is a familiar figure in Symphony Hall. We have heard and liked his Overture, "The School for Scandal," his Essay for Orchestra, and his Commando March. His Violin Concerto was unashamedly romantic. On the whole, that could not be said of his Second Symphony, which is couched in a very modern idiom.

At a first hearing this symphony made a strong impression. It is certainly the most ambitious work its author has presented. Without attempting to tell a story, it undoubtedly reflects emotions aroused by the composer's serv-

ice in the Army Air Forces. They are powerful emotions, expressed by violent dissonances and conflicting rhythms, but also by intricate contrapuntal patterns and even by a lyricism that pervades the slow movement and intervenes in the first Allegro.

A great deal of attention probably will be attracted by the use in the middle movement (there are three in all) of an electrical device which simulates the sound of the radio beam that is used to guide aviators. This note is ingeniously employed in the orchestration, and is heard in muted trumpets as the movement closes.

The composer appeared on the platform to acknowledge the cordial applause of audience and orchestra.

The Mozart symphony played is that early work which was written when the composer was 18 and was revived by Dr. Koussevitzky seven seasons ago. It was played yesterday with delicacy and grace. The orchestra had been reduced to appropriate numbers, and the performance was free of those ex-

travagances which often mar the conductor's dealings with Mozart.

Those who had been longing for more romantic fare were compensated by the concerto. Mr. Horowitz's performance was as brilliant as ever, and at the same time was touched by the sentiment that had been noted the last time he played this work here three years ago.

But is it not odd that Mr. Horowitz does not choose to enlarge his Boston repertory? This is the third time he has played the D minor Concerto of Rachmaninov here, and on his only other appearance with the Symphony he played the Tchaikovsky B flat minor. Surely a very restricted list for a series of visits that began in 1928. It is time, one would think, for this imposing artist to let us hear him in Beethoven.

The Friday afternoon audience, it must be said, seemed not to share these unhappy reflections. Mr. Horowitz received the ovation that always follows the kind of performance he and very few others can give to a romantic showpiece.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday's Symphony Concert, which started off rather inoffensively with Mozart's youthful A major Symphony, suddenly sat up and became notable and exciting by reason of the first performance of Samuel Barber's Second Symphony, dedicated to the Army Air Forces, in which he is now serving with the rank of corporal, and a performance of Rachmaninoff's Third Concerto at the hands of that superpianist, Vladimir Horowitz. Heretofore one of our more urbane composers, with a decidedly lyrical bent, Mr. Barber has radically changed his tune. You might say the impact of war had wrung from him a grimmer, sterner music. He has stated explicitly that his latest work, commissioned by the Army Air Forces and begun last September, is in no sense programmatic, that the emphasis in it "is on the emotional rather than the narrative factor," to quote Mr. Burk's notes. Nevertheless, one cannot help feeling that in the "blockbusting" finish the planes are right over their target.

On first acquaintance, the second and third movements seem superior to the first in which, however, an evident sincerity of utterance compensates for a certain dryness and austerity. There is also a second theme of a distinctly, and hardly distinctively, melodious character.

The Andante begins and ends in decidedly emotional vein, with an unmistakably nostalgic note, but turns dull and uninteresting in the middle section. In the latter part there is introduced an especially constructed instrument that simulates the sound of a radio beam.

The last movement, it is a pleasure to record, is masterly and compelling throughout. It is enormously vital and vigorous, rich in both rhythmic and contrapuntal interest, and, as suggested above, the dynamic close gives a hint of the air force's real business in life.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra had worked hard all the week and brought forth a masterly performance under the eyes and ears of the composer, who was called to the stage many times.

After the Symphony, Rachmaninoff's concerto, a bit old-fashioned when it was composed (in 1909), sounded as from another world, but the audience was due for change and contrast. We had heard Mr. Horowitz in this piece before and knew what to expect, from the marvelously controlled announcement of the chief theme to the hair-raising coda of the finale, which again brought the audience cheering to its feet. There is no one else who plays just that way.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Next week the Orchestra will give concerts in Northampton, New Haven, New York and Brooklyn. The next regular pair of concerts will take place on March 17 and March 18.

Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 17, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 18, at 8:30 o'clock

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV....."Dubinushka," Russian Folk Song, *Op. 62*
(Born March 18, 1844)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV.....Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" (after
"The Thousand Nights and a Night"), *Op. 35*

- I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship
- II. The Story of the Kalandar Prince
- III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess
- IV. Festival at Baghdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to Pieces on a Rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D, *Op. 77*

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace

SOLOIST
JOSEPH SZIGETI

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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JOSEPH SZIGETI

By **RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.**
Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 17th program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Joseph Szigeti, violinist, was the soloist. The program was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Rimsky-Korsakov, "Dubinushka," Op. 62;
 Symphonic Suite "Scheherazade," Op. 35.
 Brahms, Concerto in D major for Violin and orchestra, Op. 7.

If there's one thing to leave the commentator speechless it is a program such as that given yesterday. The pieces on the program were all old and true friends, one back for a welcome visit, the other returning a little too soon after his last visit to be appreciated to the full (but still good company), and the performance by the orchestra, the conductor and the soloist was capital all the way through. And that, for all practical purposes, about sums it all up. **3-15-44**

The principal reason for the appearance so soon again of our trusty old friend "Scheherazade" was to observe the 100th anniversary of its composer's birth (March 18, 1844). Little indeed can be added at this point to the position Rimsky-Korsakov occupies in music. He was, there is little question, one of the many fine composers on the second team. And, like many a fine man on the second team, he can prove a very spectacular performer when he gets his chance, as witness the enormous success "Scheherazade" achieved yesterday afternoon, and certainly will again tonight.

As was the case with many of the composers on the fringes of greatness (for instance, C. P. E. Bach, Chopin, Liszt, etc.), Rimsky-Korsakov's chief contribution to music,

besides such indubitably fine works as "Scheherazade," "Coq d'Or" and "Snegourochka," was in the way of technical or idiomatic innovation. With Rimsky the orchestra was everything, and he was the first to apply the science of acoustics to the principles of orchestration, even going so far as to apply mathematical formulae to orchestra balance and sonority.

The result, aside from the purely technical aspects which have clearly influenced virtually all composers ever since his day, was a brilliance, a clarity and a scintillating quality which, combined with his pseudo-oriental melodic invention, gave his scores an opulence and an elan not to be resisted . . . provided the melodic quality (as in "Scheherazade") is not too banal. And it is especially not to be resisted in Dr. Koussevitzky's fervent conception of it and the orchestra's fabulous performance of it. It is one of the latter-day miracles.

The Brahms Violin Concerto, certainly after Beethoven's the greatest of all, was given a nobly conceived although not always nobly executed performance by Joseph Szigeti. His technic does not always keep abreast of his superb musicianship, but even so, it is not easy to imagine a more telling traversal of this great composition. The orchestral accompaniment, or, more correctly, the orchestral performance with the soloist was notable for the warmth of its textures and the unanimity of its utterance.

Next week Andre Kostelanetz conducts the orchestra, Lily Pons appearing in two groups of songs with orchestral accompaniment. Stravinsky's Suite from "The Firebird" is the featured item on the program, with pieces by Kabalevsky, Creston and Albeniz and vocal pieces by Gretry, Milhaud, Mozart and Rachmaninoff.

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra

Conductor Serge Koussevitzky is observing another anniversary at the Boston Symphony concerts this week: the centenary of the birth of Nikolai Andreievitch Rimsky-Korsakov on March 18, 1844. The Russian composer is accordingly represented by his setting of the folk song, "Dubinushka," and the symphonic suite, "Scheherazade." After intermission comes the Brahms Violin Concerto, with Joseph Szigeti as soloist.

The performance yesterday afternoon of "Scheherazade" was not without some technical blemishes, but was at the same time one of the most exciting I can remember. And even on a warmish, damp day, which can do strings no good, the orchestra sounded superbly rich and deep. **3-15-44**

Those who felt that Rimsky's anniversary might better have been served by music infrequently played today—such as the "Antar" Symphony—must have had their feelings changed by this eloquent "Scheherazade" and the vigor of "Dubinushka." The little folk song of workers, which became a revolutionary tune in 1905, is of no great artistic stature. But it does have that cumulative and irresistible force common to melodies in which, figuratively, runs the blood of the great masses of people. "Dubinushka," like "La Marseillaise" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," is a march of victory.

After the spectacular Russian music, Brahms' uncompromisingly structural Violin Concerto had to stand on its own feet, which it did, quite easily, since it is a masterpiece. The performance, both solo and orchestral, was a crescendo that found its peak in the finale. It took a while for the first movement to get off the ground. But after it did, there was a steady interpretive soaring.

Mr. Szigeti is a fine musician in whose art are the essential qualities of grace, dignity and an interpretive ease which can be termed scholarly contemplation. There is never any doubt as to the refinement of his playing, his mastery of style. On the other hand, he seldom lets himself go in flights of emotional ecstasy.

Yesterday his tone was on the whole smoother and more fluid than I have heard it to be, and a genuine lyrical warmth ran through the slow movement and finale. In general, however, this reviewer thought his performance to be more refined than exalting.—C. W. D.

SYMPHONY CONCERT
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Often more than not the red letter Symphony Concerts offer only or mostly familiar music. That was the case yesterday when Dr. Koussevitzky marked the 100th anniversary of the birth of Rimsky-Korsakov with a performance of his symphonic masterpiece, "Scheherazade" and after the intermission turned to the Violin Concerto of Brahms with Joseph Szigeti as the soloist. The Russian composer's effective orchestral setting of the insurrectionary song of 1905, "Dubinushka" served for brief prelude. **3-15-44**

Since "Scheherazade" was heard just a year ago, one might have felt entitled to ask, why so soon again? But anniversaries are different, and there could have been no more fitting tribute to Rimsky, either in the music that was chosen or in the performance of it, speaking, of course, of "Scheherazade." The evocative power of this suite after "The Thousand Nights and a Night," is still very great. You could half believe that the Symphony Hall organ was about to be replaced by the domes and minarets of Baghdad, that Dr. Koussevitzky would be transformed into the stern Sultan Schariar, Mr. Burgin's violin into Scheherazade, herself, and the orchestra into merchants, beggars, kadis, jinns and ifrits or other beings of the male persuasion that were seen or imagined in the capital of the mighty Taroun Al-Rachid. To

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come back to earth and to the performance, if this was not the finest we have ever heard, it would be no easy task to prove otherwise.

Post
Dr. Koussevitsky's exalted mood was still on him when he came to the Concerto and the orchestral performance of this work, so different in every way from the one that had preceded it, was no less eloquent and quite as conspicuous for tonal beauty, admitting that Brahms' orchestral palette ran to colors far soberer and more subdued. The performance of the Adagio was the most beautiful within long memory and here Mr. Szigeti was at his best, weaving his silvery arabesques of tone around the orchestral melody. His somewhat nervous and incisive style of playing did not suit quite so well the first movement, though this division had its fine moments on the solo side, but it lent the right touch of excitement to the finale, which has been known to assume a rather forced and heavy gait. Throughout the concert enthusiasm was rife.

By L. A. Slopér

The nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony season is dedicated to the memory of Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov, who was born on March 18, 1844. Works by the Russian composer occupy the first half of the program: the orchestral setting of the Russian folk song, "Dubinushka," and the symphonic Suite "Schéhérazade." The Brahms Violin Concerto fills the second half of the program, with Joseph Szigeti as soloist. *3-18-44*

It is not easy to pay tribute to Rimsky in the concert hall. He was a great master of orchestration, but his orchestral works are not substantial enough to fill a program. "Schéhérazade," the most popular of them, has been played so much that it is no longer very effective for habitual concertgoers, in spite of Dr. Koussevitzky's unsparing labors to make it so. He

does dramatize vividly the tale of the Prince Kalandar, but the Young Prince and the Young Prin-

cess are not very interesting people musically, and the sea and the festival and the wreck are pretty repetitious and pretty tame today.

"Dubinushka" holds of course far less of musical value. It might be better to try something else when there is reason to list a Rimskyan item—a suite from one of his operas, for example. But then, perhaps, we should be crying out for "Schéhérazade" again. What we really need in Boston is a performance of "The Snow Maiden" or "The Golden Cockerel" at the Opera House. Alas, that prospect is remote indeed.

Mr. Szigeti has played here several times before, and we have had occasion to admire his technique and his seriousness of purpose, but it may be doubted whether the Brahms Concerto is the best vehicle for his art. His tone is sweet but not very broad, and he seemed yesterday not to be too happy with the composer's romantic lyricism. His performance was made choppy by his rather erratic rhythms, and the full beauties of the songful Adagio were not conveyed. He was warmly applauded, nevertheless, by audience and orchestra. *Monit*

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**RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S
100th ANNIVERSARY
THIS WEEK**

**SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TO
PLAY HIS WORKS**

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE composers of the '40s were middlemen, as you might say, separating the first generation of romanticists, the Schumanns and the Mendelssohns, from the final representatives of the movement, one of whom, Strauss, is still with us. (Latest reports have placed him in Switzerland.) Nationalism was the chief concern of these men, whose hundredth birthdays we have lately been celebrating. We think of Dvorak as primarily a Czech, Grieg as a Norwegian and Rimsky-Korsakov (his turn comes this week), as a Russian. Tchaikovsky, with his more cosmopolitan leanings, stands somewhat apart, yet his most characteristic music is predominately Slavic in spirit. *3-12-44 Post*

A member of that "Invincible Band" of five, who dedicated their pens to the glorifying of their motherland, Rimsky was largely preoccupied with the storied, the legendary aspects of Russia. He was the fairy tale composer par excellence. Realism was distinctly not in his line. You cannot conceive of his writing songs like those of Moussorgsky that dealt with the more sordid aspects of peasant life or the "Famine" of Cui. So far as we of this country are permitted to know them, there is no character-drawing in his operas comparable to Moussorgsky's portrait of Boris.

Perhaps he drew Ivan the Terrible as vividly. Anyway, Chaliapin made that undetectable Tsar quite as vivid as the other, according to credible report. Pskov is in the news now, and so in a way is Rimsky, and this quotation from Albert Spalding's "Rise to Follow," recently reviewed on this page, may be in order:

"One evening he (Chaliapin) played Ivan the Terrible in the seldom given opera 'The Maid of Pskov,' by Rimsky-Korsakov, and it was unforgettable. I recall Ivan's first entrance. The decrepit old Tsar, a skeleton of fragile bones, sat limply on a magnificent white horse that stamped its way to the edge of the stage 'so proudly as if he disdained the ground.' The contrast between horse and rider could not have been sharper. The feeble figure sat astride an animal of splendid vigor; the reins hung loosely from tired hands; the head was toppled forward; the sparse strands of white beard spread like thin trickles of water over the barbaric costume. On the stage and in the orchestra pit there had been a steady diminuendo both in sound and in action. The chorus, representing the waiting multitude, stood hushed and still; the orchestra muted its tones to a murmur.

"The audience waited, alert and quiet. Three centuries dropped away, and we had become part of the scene. The suspense was oppressive. An almost imperceptible movement rippled through the figure on the horse.

With a superhuman effort his body slowly straightened. Inch by inch the slack of the reins was taken up. The shoulders squared themselves. Only the head remained bent—the last part of this sagging body to draw into place. Eventually, with majestic deliberation, it lifted. The eyelids opened wide; and the personification of power and ruthless evil looked straight at his people, both on the stage and in the audience.

"Over an orchestration still low and indefinite, Ivan began to speak in measured recitative. The tones, at first hushed and hollow, slowly acquired depth and quality. The return of vitality and eloquence from the dim past was made convincing and compelling."

NOT THE AMERICAN DISH

That is Russian opera, and it is really not the American dish, though another Chaliapin, if such a thing were possible, might kindle our interest in it. We do not seek the opera house for history, or for fairy tale-fantasy. For a very good reason we do not go there to witness acting, as such. Our chief interests are still song and singers. And so, Russian opera, particularly the operas of Rimsky-Korsakov, will probably remain on the rim of our experience. Here in Boston we have seen under various auspices "The Snow Maiden," "The Golden Cockerel" and "The Tsar's Bride." Few people are aware that the composer of the popular "Scheherazade," which the Symphony Orchestra will play this week, wrote as many as 14.

As curtain-raiser to "Scheherazade" Dr. Koussevitzky will offer Rimsky's arrangement of the Revolutionary song, "Dubinushka," and the balance of the programme will be given over to the violin concerto of Brahms with Joseph Szigeti as the soloist. Some will say that this hundredth anniversary, which falls on Saturday, might provide the occasion for a hearing of some of Rimsky's less familiar music. "Scheherazade" is always with us. But that, in general, is not Dr. Koussevitzky's way. The earlier and pleasantly recalled "Antar" Symphony is not to his liking. He appears to have lost interest in the tone poem "Sadko," the excerpts from the various operas do show up from time to time, along with the "Spanish Caprice," and we are probably just as well off without the other two symphonies.

Nationalism in music is a bit like an attractive but unsound investment. It pays quick returns but its value may diminish as the years go on. The composers with the most enduring appeal never have the parochial outlook. And so we are forced to admit that Rimsky's stature grows gradually less. Incidentally, his most successful symphonic piece stems not from Russia but Arabia. Yet he remains a uniquely endowed, a lovable and an admirable figure. We appreciate the self-discipline that transformed him from a gifted amateur into a master who taught or assisted other masters. We can only marvel at his work of revising, orchestrating and completing the scores of Moussorgsky and Borodin, whose music meant no less to him than his own. Few men have wasted so little time. Still fewer have known so intimately the secrets of the orchestra.

SUNDAY CONCERTS BY HUB ORCHESTRA NEXT SEASON

LIST OF GUEST LEADERS ALSO ANNOUNCED

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE world changes and institutions great and small must change with it or lose their hold upon the public. Which is another way of saying that the Symphony Orchestra is well advised to shift, as of next season, its six Tuesday afternoon concerts to approximately the same hour on Sunday. With everyone, generally speaking, a lot busier than in more peaceful times, mid-week matinees just don't go. There has been a steady drop in patronage at the Tuesday concerts and a corresponding tendency to place as many musical events as possible on Sunday, the day when people feel freer for such pursuits.

When the Tuesday concert were begun in 1925, the second year of Dr. Koussevitzky's reign, they followed a course independent of the Monday evening ones, which had been inaugurated four years earlier. For the former, Dr. Koussevitzky devised programmes of an historical, one might say educational, nature, with an idea, no doubt, of catching some of the school trade. The works played in these half-dozen matinees were presented chronologically, or grouped according to national schools. One season was confined to music of the 19th century. Certain pieces turned up on these occasions that were not heard in the longer series or on Monday evenings and Dr. Koussevitzky's procedure seemed well justified. However, the preparing of three sets of programmes imposed a considerable strain on both

conductor and orchestra and, in time, the Monday-Tuesday concerts became a pair, like those of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Regarding the new Sunday afternoon concerts, it appears now that the programmes will be of a general nature, drawn in the main from the current repertory, but they will not duplicate those of the other two series. The six Monday evening concerts will, of course, continue as before. Save for soloists' numbers, they have not as a rule offered music peculiar to themselves.

Ordinarily the Symphony Orchestra makes its announcements early in September, but in this respect as well the times have forced its hand. Beginning with April 1 the amusement tax will be raised from 10 per cent to 20, and those who buy their season tickets now will save some money. This little detail has probably had its effect upon the sale of opera tickets which, by report, has been brisk, indeed.

Under ordinary circumstances, then, we would not have learned for several months that Messrs. Mitropoulos, Szell and Bernstein have been engaged as guest conductors for the season of 1944-45, which will be Dr. Koussevitzky's 21st. Without intending any reflection upon Vladimir Golschmann, who appeared here for a fortnight in January, or upon Andre Kostelanetz, who takes over this week while his wife, Lily Pons, makes her Boston Symphony debut, it is gratifying to have men of abilities so conspicuous as those of Mr. Mitropoulos and Mr. Szell in charge while Dr. Koussevitzky is on holiday. As a promising talent, Leonard Bernstein deserves his chance.

When the Greek conductor came to Boston seven seasons ago he was very definitely a dark horse. Few, even among well informed people hereabouts, were aware of his existence. The almost sensational impression which he created then, and on his subsequent appearance a year later, is now a matter of history. Having established himself in Minneapolis, where he still functions, Mr. Mitropoulos greatly augmented his reputation in the East by his engagements as guest with the New York Philharmonic Symphony. It would not be too much to call him the outstanding conductor of his particular generation.

Getting back to the Kostelanetz family, the conductor, who has been doing a lot of guesting with symphony orchestras of late, will introduce two works to us, the Overture to the opera "Colas Breugnon," by the Soviet composer, Dimitri Kabalevsky, and Paul Creston's "Frontiers," dedicated to Mr. Kostelanetz. The other orchestral pieces will be Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite and three numbers from Albeniz's "Iberia," as orchestrated by Arbos. Mme. Pons will sing an air by Gretry, four songs by Milhaud, Rachmaninoff's "Vocalise" and Mozart's Variations, as arranged by La Forge. Nothing routine about that programme.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 24, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 25, at 8:30 o'clock

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ, conducting

KABALEVSKY Overture to "Colas Breugnon"
(First performance in Boston)

CRESTON "Frontiers"
(First performance in Boston)

GRÉTRY Aria from "Zémire et Azor":
"La Fauvette avec ses petits"

STRAVINSKY Suite from the Ballet, "L'Oiseau de Feu"
Introduction: Kastchei's Enchanted Garden and Dance of the Fire-Bird
Dance of the Princess
Infernal Dance of all the Subjects of Kastchei
Berceuse
Finale

INTERMISSION

ALBÉNIZ Suite from "Iberia"
Evocación (Orchestrated by E. Fernández Arbós)
Fête-Dieu à Séville
Triana

MILHAUD Quatre Chansons de Ronsard
À une Fontaine
À Cupidon
Tais-toi, babillarde
Dieu vous garde
(First performance in Boston)

RACHMANINOFF Vocalise
MOZART Variations on "Ah, vous dirai-je maman" (K. No. 265)
(Arranged for Voice and Orchestra by Frank La Forge)

SOLOIST
LILY PONS

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(Arranged for Voice and Orchestra by Frank La Forge)

SOLOIST

LILY PONS

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By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Andre Kostelanetz conducting, gave the 20th program of its 63rd season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Lily Pons, soprano, was the soloist. The program:

Kabalevsky Overture to "Colas Breugnon"
Creston "Frontiers"
Stravinsky Suite from "The Firebird"
Gretry Aria, "La Fauvette avec ses petits" from "Zemire et Azor"
Albeniz Suite from "Iberia" (orch. Arbos)
Milhaud Quatre Chansons de Ronsard
Rachmaninoff "Ah, vous dirai-je Mozart."
Mozart Variations, "Ah, vous dirai-je maman" (K. 265); arr. LaForge

Yesterday's novel concert proved three things very nicely: that Andre Kostelanetz is a good, sound conductor; that Lily Pons is an especially delightful singer when she has a conductor before her and an orchestra behind her; and that a change of pace in the symphony season always makes for an agreeable concert. And "agreeable" is what everything was yesterday; nothing earth-shaking, just pleasant music expertly set forth.

There were two things, however, which gave it moments of real musical vitality. The first was Paul Creston's "Frontiers," a brief and unpretentious, but surprisingly eloquent tone poem depicting the spirit of the westward movement of the American pioneers. It is a thoroughly enjoyable composition, sincere, melodic and without a semblance of self-conscious striving. Mr. Creston, no musical brick builder, obviously knew where he was going before he started, and he refrained from pausing on the way-side to inflate his music with pompous technical bric-a-brac. "Frontiers" is an honest piece, in short, and consequently a very good one.

3-23-44 Handwritten
The second noteworthy thing was

Darius Milhaud's "Quatre Chansons de Ronsard." Conceived with the unity of a tiny four-movement symphony for voice and orchestra, the songs are by all odds the finest things Milhaud has done since he made his home in America. They express, in the first place, the composer's view that without melody, music is nothing, but he goes further than that in his wonderful delicacy of proportions, his exquisite clarity of scoring, and his charming harmonic flavor. And added to that he has the "x" factor necessary to all songs: the quality of expressing perfectly in music the essence of the verse. Miss Pons (who commissioned the songs) gave them just the proper interpretative piquance and negotiated the vocal line excellently. The other pieces she sang were outright coloratura display, and she was in good form throughout. In the Gretry and the Mozart Georges Laurent supplied beautiful flute obbligatos.

Mr. Kostelanetz, a conductor with a meticulous beat and a thorough command of orchestral technic, made the orchestra sound splendidly although his approach was always a little too reserved and straightforward to excite either the orchestra or the audience. Guest conductor and soloist were warmly applauded by the audience, which forgot that the rules prohibit encores and stood about for some time after the Mozart hoping to persuade the musicians to defy the house rules.

The orchestra is out of town on its final tour next week, but returns on April 6 and 7 with Rudolf Serkin as piano soloist and with G. Wallace Woodworth as guest conductor in a program featuring Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, a new symphony by Walter Piston and Haydn's 80th Symphony.



Lily Pons and André Kostelanetz

Guest soloist and conductor at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Friday and Saturday.

Novelties From Kostelanetz; Lily Pons in Three Numbers

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Finding is without end in the art search, on the say of André Kostelanetz, present in town to conduct, by invitation of Serge Koussevitzky, the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Sanders Theater, Cambridge, to-night and in Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, with Lily Pons as soloist in three numbers at the Boston concerts.

Mr. Kostelanetz was asked particularly about a couple of short compositions, new to the Boston community of listeners, which he is submitting—one, American; the other Russian. For him to remark that finding is without end, when talking about works by two modern composers, must mean that search in their case pays. A habit of thought more usual with orchestral directors in regard to novelties is that search extends to one or two performances and then stops, coming to a close almost as soon as begun.

But he seems to entertain the notion that in "Frontiers," a little example of instrumental picturing and philosophizing, by Paul Creston, and in the Overture to the opera, "Colas Breugnon," very brief indeed, by Dmitri Kabalevsky, he has material worthy of exploration.

Mr. Creston's work, he concludes from study of the notes and from experience also in performing them, not only describes the American borderlands and narrates the story of their conquest, but engages itself with deeper concerns as well. It contemplates and it comments. It expresses the aspiration of people moving out into

the unknown and taking civilization into fresh areas. It tells of something besides the physical trials and triumphs of a migrating population; it meditates on the meaning of distance and on the forces that lead the fancies of men into remote, untried fields.

The time required for presentation of "Frontiers" is a mere 10 minutes; so a listener must get the composer's idea quickly or not at all. It is but a sketch, anyway; no elaborate idyl, and much less a symphony. Perhaps American composers are breaking away from the conviction that they must talk at length in order to be understood.

As for Mr. Kostelanetz, when he speaks of searching out hidden significances, he probably should be thought of as bringing this novelty to town completely prepared from the directing standpoint. All the more likelihood, then, for his audience to catch his idea. Too much new music is roughly interpreted because only half mastered by conductors and consequently but half taught to executants.

So much for the American piece. The Russian one is briefer still—about a five-minute item, serving as opener on both the Cambridge and the Boston program. It could no doubt be heard through the doors by late arrivals; for the score looks like something abounding in sonority. At the same time, it had subdued moments when nothing would get through to the corridor. The book used by the conductor is a sort of blueprint reproduced from a professional copyist's partition, and it wears an inviting look.

Almost at the outset there appears in the trombone part a theme remarkably resembling that of the Prize Song in "Meistersinger." Thanks to its familiarity, a listener ought to be able to follow its symphonic developments, which are both numerous and ingenious, with uncommon ease. Things move, however, with speed. For the tempo is modern; and what of that? Boston Symphony men, given playable melodies, care not how fast they go.

The short strain which serves as theme is taken, Mr. Kostelanetz explains, from an aria by the baritone in Kabalevsky's opera; and it is a fragment of tune which he describes as "very healthy."

Mr. Kostelanetz has a routine of his own for the mobilization of an orchestra on the platform. The high strings are all on his left, and the lows on the right. He locates cellos at the right and in front, violas beyond, toward the middle; double-basses back in the right-hand corner. Harps are at the left side wall, toward the front. Tympani and other percussion are placed back in the left-hand corner. Woods sit central, according to classic rule; brasses make their proclamations, as for Dr. Koussevitzky, from the back wall.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Yesterday's Boston Symphony concert at Symphony Hall was quite a glamorous affair, decidedly different from what the Friday subscribers are accustomed to hearing. The glamor was provided by the presence as guest conductor of André Kostelanetz, noted maestro of the airwaves, and of his famous wife, Metropolitan Opera soprano, as soloist.

In its large assortment of composers and pieces, this program suggested both the old-fashioned "grand concert" and the new-fashioned potpourri you frequently hear at light symphonic radio concerts. Mr. Kostelanetz gave three "first times in Boston: the Soviet Dmitri Kabalevsky's "Colas Breugnon" overture,

Paul Creston's "Frontiers" and four lovely songs by Darius Milhaud on poems by Ronsard. Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite and Arbos' orchestration of three of the "Iberia" piano pieces by Albeniz also were played.

Mr. Kostelanetz, inclined to baldness and stoutness, made a business-like figure on the stand. Everything went off briskly and vigorously, and there was so much attention to rhythms that some of the music seemed rough about the edges. The guest showed himself a well-routined technician, though there was little imagination or delicacy in his conducting, apart from the slow sections of the "Firebird."

An orchestra so sensitive as the Boston Symphony is always changed in tonal quality when a guest directs it. Only the woodwinds invariably retain their individual timbre. The tone yesterday was dominated by that mixture of "slick and shrill" you find in much radio and film music.

Kabalevsky's Overture reveals an expert technical hand, and it bubbles like champagne. The Overture is part of an opera Kabalevsky wrote in 1937 after the Burgundian novel of Romain Rolland. Mr. Creston's laborious "Frontiers" is another of those depictions of wide-open-spaces, in an idiom which straddles conservative and radical attitudes.

Milhaud's four songs, composed for Miss Pons, are utterly delightful in their exploitation of the characteristics of a high coloratura voice, and they sound very difficult. The poems are "To a Fountain," "To Cupid," "Hush, Chatterer" and "God Keep You."

Miss Pons sang them ably and gave an impression of brilliance and buoyancy. She was also heard in an aria from Gretry's "Zemire et Azor," Rachmaninoff's Vocalise and Frank LaForge's unnecessary vocal arrangement of Mozart's Variations on "Ah, vous dirai-je Maman," whose words were sung in English. Her voice was fresh and accurately pitched, but she interpolated many aspirated h's before vowels. Miss Pons looked charming in a blue period gown and, as always, was rapturously applauded. Mr. Kostelanetz, too, was well received.

C. W. D.

Lily Pons Symphony Soloist With Kostelanetz to Conduct

By L. A. Sloper

It was like ancient times in ment is unobtrusive. Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, when André Kostelanetz directed the twentieth Friday concert of the Boston Symphony season. At least, those times seem ancient, when there could be eight numbers on a symphony program, four of them calling for the cooperation of a vocalist, two with flute obbligato. 3-25-44

Since the singer yesterday was Lily Pons, this was an occasion. Looking very charming in a gown and cap that suggested Francesca, she won the audience completely. It seems a pity that somebody, conductor or flute soloist, could not have appeared as Paolo. But perhaps that wouldn't have worked out so well, sartorially.

Mme. Pons occupies a lonely peak today in the coloratura field. Her light voice is sure in pitch, and she can still reach the F in alt, as she proved in her concluding piece, Mozart's Variations on "Ah, vous dirai-je maman," arranged for voice and orchestra by Frank La Forge. This is an agreeable display piece, of which the artist made the most.

Here, and in an aria from Grétry's "Zémire et Azor," her voice and M. Laurent's flute complemented each other suavely. The aria, seldom heard now, is characteristic of its period, full of florid grace, and the singer gave full value to its mannered style.

A group of settings by Milhaud of four songs of Ronsard had their first local hearing. Playful or wistful in turn, they were well received. The orchestral accompani-

One of the most interesting items of the day was Rachmaninov's Vocalise. The program notes told us that the composer orchestrated this wordless song for Dr. Koussevitzky's Moscow concerts in the season of 1915-16. In the present performance Mme. Pons took the melody given to solo violin in the orchestral version. The work is somberly lyrical, and beautifully scored, and its performance was a high light of the afternoon.

With all this time and space devoted to the soloist, it was impossible for Mr. Kostelanetz to present a big symphonic work. He compensated for this lack by offering two orchestral novelties. The opening number was the overture to Dmitri Kabalevsky's opera, "Colas Breugnon" (after Romain Rolland). This turned out to be a lively, forthright composition. It received an appropriately lusty performance. 3-25-44

Paul Creston's "Frontiers" also was heard for the first time in Boston. It is an impressionistic-romantic piece designed to depict the character of the American pioneers, the obstacles they met, their relentless march onward. Conventional in form and style, it conveys atmosphere and mood.

For the rest, Mr. Kostelanetz offered the Stravinsky "Fire Bird" Suite and Albeniz's Suite from "Ibérica." He is a businesslike conductor, free of pose or affectation. He secures accurate performances, faithful to the intention of the composer, and does not try to im-

pose his personal mark on the scores. Both Mme. Pons and he were warmly received.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In effect, the B. S. O. is rushing the season this week with a pair of very special Pop concerts, minus the tables and the refreshments but plus the 20-odd men who do not play under Mr. Fiedler, not to mention Lily Pons and her husband, André Kostelanetz, who made his Boston debut as conductor. Needless to say, the demand for seats exceeded the supply. 3-25-44

The first number on the programme was Dmitri Kabalevsky's Overture to his opera, "Colas Breugnon," after Romain Rolland. The piece has been going the rounds of the American orchestras, but yesterday's brilliant performance was the first in these parts. Excellent Pops material, by the way, it is full of lusty high spirits. It is also marked by the highly professional competence that comes so naturally to European composers. 3-25-44

Mme. Pons appeared on the scene to sing a charming air from Grétry's comic opera, "Zémire et Azor," and with a performance of the suite from Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" the first half of the concert came to an end.

After intermission Mr. Kostelanetz offered the suite of three numbers from Albeniz' "Ibérica," as orchestrated by Arbos, and the rest belonged to his attractive spouse. The first and most ponderable of Mme. Pons' remaining numbers was a group of four Ronsard Chansons, set to music especially for her by Darius Milhaud.

Mme. Pons looked as cute as ever and sang in the main with her accustomed skill, but her music lay almost entirely in the upper register which, in the end, made for monotony. Mr. Laurent supplied the flute obbligatos in the Grétry and the Mozart.

HOTEL COPLEY PLAZA Boris Goldovsky

Boris Goldovsky gave a lecture-recital on the piano Sonatas of Beethoven yesterday afternoon following the Symphony luncheon in the Oval Room of Hotel Copley Plaza. There were three Sonatas chronologically, the "Moonlight," the E minor, Op. 90 and the E major, Op. 109, which was the last but two of the Beethoven sonatas.

Bringing up the inevitable explanation that the biographer Rellstab had put the Romantic label "Moonlight" on Beethoven's C-sharp minor Sonata, Mr. Goldovsky added there probably was some imagery in the music. But he believes it was concerned with the song "Der Wachtelschlag" ("The Beat of the Quail"), which was published after the Sonata, but without opus number. 3-11-44

In general there was less discussion of the music than is Mr. Goldovsky's wont, for the likely reason that three sonatas of Beethoven take quite a bit of time to play. The performances—especially that of the concluding movement of the Op. 109, which, like all the slow movements of Beethoven's last period, takes off and soars—were able and expressive. C. W. D.



Rudolf Serkin, pianist, who will make his first Boston appearance on Thursday evening at Jordan Hall with Adolph Busch, violinist, in the first of a series of three programs devoted to the entire cycle of piano and violin sonatas by Beethoven.

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Twenty-first Programme

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 6, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 8, at 8:30 o'clock

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, *conducting*

HAYDNSymphony in D minor, No. 80

- I. Allegro spiritoso
- II. Adagio
- III. Minuetto: Trio
- IV. Finale: Presto

(First performance at these concerts)

PISTONSymphony No. 2

- I. Moderato
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro

(First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN....Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E-flat major, *Op. 73*

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio un poco mosso
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non tanto

SOLOIST

RUDOLF SERKIN



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- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non tanto

SOLOIST
RUDOLF SERKIN

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, G. Wallace Woodworth conducting, gave the 21st program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Rudolf Serkin, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Haydn Symphony No. 80 in D minor
Piston Symphony No. 2
Beethoven Concerto No. 5 in E flat, Op. 73 ("Emperor")

It is, when you think it over, remarkable that a man who has devoted his musical career to the training and conducting of choral groups (the Harvard and Radcliffe choirs, in particular), could step before 110 crack symphonic musicians and produce such well-disciplined and well-integrated music as G. Wallace Woodworth did yesterday. True, the finesse, the perfect schooling and the warm glow of a Dr. Koussevitzky were not there, but considering Mr. Woodworth's experience at so arduous and exacting a task, it must be considered a very impressive display of musicianship. It lent a concert, already interesting for its new music and its soloist, an additional pleasure. **4-7-44**

This is not to say Mr. Woodworth is a green hand with an orchestra. He has done odd jobs of orchestral conducting for some years and, in fact, was conductor of the school orchestra at Tanglewood some seasons back. Thus he knows his business. More than that, he has a sound, steady style, sufficient authority to command attention and respect, and a good bit of flair into the bargain. He never did set the orchestra on edge, so to speak, but he did make good and lively music free of emotional distortion or capriciousness. The Haydn Symphony, delightfully unfamiliar, was especially well done. **Herald**

Walter Piston's Second Symphony

didn't appeal to me very much for reasons not quite clear to me at the moment. It was just good, neat, clean and tidy; not dry and not juicy. Here and there it seemed a little manufactured and, in the second theme of the first movement, what would be known outside the concert hall as "corny." It starts out very well indeed with a distinguished and beautiful strain. Then comes that pseudo-American tune, characteristic of all American composers laboring under the delusion that they must be American, and it is not until the end of the movement that the noble mood of the opening is restored. The second movement also begins beautifully, but its texture is so polyphonically sustained the ear demands more contrast in note values before it is over. The finale resumes the exploitation of rhythmic device and the search for new sonorities, and is suitably agitated. I should like to hear Mr. Piston's Prelude and Allegro for organ and strings again soon, but somehow or other the symphony finds me neither hot nor cold.

The concert came to a fine close with a good but not great performance by Rudolf Serkin and the orchestra under Mr. Woodworth of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto. In sections it was most eloquently realized; in others it was not quite so satisfactory. The audience was cordially disposed toward conductor, soloist and, in the case of the new symphony, the composer, and all three were given warm receptions. Next week we shall have Roy Harris' new Sixth Symphony, a Concerto Grosso of Handel, and Mendelssohn's "Scottish" Symphony.

New Piston Work to Have First Local Performance

By Winthrop P. Tryon

"Best success I ever had," said Walter Piston, speaking of the original performance of his Symphony No. 2 at Washington a month ago. That should be reassuring to subscribers to the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who are to hear Mr. Piston's work on Thursday afternoon and Saturday evening. **4-5-44**

The symphony, written within the past year, was brought to the notice of musical folks on the afternoon of Sunday, March 5, through the agency of Hans Kindler, conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra; and the success which so gratifies Mr. Piston, was realized in Constitution Hall, an auditorium of considerable dimensions and of growing significance in American artistic activity. It was a commissioned undertaking and had to be produced at a designated where and when.

After Kindler, Koussevitzky; and other conductors will have their turn according to their place on the waiting list. Only, it is not Dr. Koussevitzky who gives the composition its second public airing, but G. Wallace Woodworth, acting conductor this week at Symphony Hall.

For once, then, a novelty gets before Boston listeners in con-

ditioned shape. It has been tested; it has been corrected, if perchance anything by so careful a designer as Mr. Piston needs correction or change. Really, it is no novelty at all; it might as well be a classic as far as Boston Symphony executives mind. If Mr. Kindler's men (and a certain number, also, of women) can present the piece in a way to win applause and to give the composer the greatest thrill of his whole experience in the show world, what won't they, their chance now arriving, do?

It is something to wonder at, too, and to account for—a Harvard University music teacher turning out tunes such as captivate the ear of Washington people and make them forget their politics for half an hour. Surely his efforts will not fall flat in his own community. Nothing must happen to countervail the Capital's attestation of merit.

Now the score; with Mr. Piston a thing of the sort goes right down on the table and is opened out to view. It is a handsomely written matter, too, a very model of notational calligraphy. The pages fairly sound at sight. Three movements. The first, reasonably rapid; the second, romantically slow; and the third, conventionally speedy and vivacious. **monk**

Right at the outset the composer gives evidence that he has awakened out of that dignified repose into which musicians of an academic way of living fall, and has become sensitive to happenings in the world of action. A certain rhythmic energy, speaking for a country at war, seems apparent here. The slow movement mirrors a population, not too much to fancy, anxiously meditating on the future, and searching high and low for solution of its problems. The finale tells of victorious outcome, complete and swift.

Tunes? Well, that is perhaps hardly the word. For Mr. Piston has never quite given the impression of being a melodist. He is more particularly an architect in tone. He can construct a symphony, albeit with other building material than what is commonly known as themes.

His Adagio looks like something of remarkable flow, steady and sustained, particularly in the strings. Yet a woodwind instrument has an occasional passage of song, odd, angular and not particularly vocal, by appearance; expressive, too, and characteristic in style of flute, oboe, clarinet, or whatever happens to carry it.

Then, too, the brasses make occasional irruptions, for the sake, we may guess, of surprise. Mr. Piston treats horn, trumpet, and trombone players kindly, however, and never asks for their full cry. If he is merciless with any, the violinists must be the ones. He gives them plenty of lines to shrill at top range, though they may not object to that. He ought to know, too, being a violin player himself.

Mr. Piston secures effects that are better than noise and assertion by devices of contrast. He is remarkable at determining just how long a good run of sonority shall last, no doubt obeying there his conscience as planner and draughtsman. He likes a quiet close, and scores for it in the first movement. The second he terminates with a deep cadenza for the bass clarinet, deliberate and subdued. But look out for the finish of the third movement. There things come right to a smart smash; and your symphony—25 minutes or so—is over.



John B. Sanromé

Walter Piston

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

G. Wallace Woodworth conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Following the practice always observed during Holy Week, the Friday concert was advanced to Thursday. The evening concert will, as usual, be given tomorrow at 8:30, when Mr. Woodworth will repeat his program of the D minor Symphony, No. 80, by Haydn; Walter Piston's Second Symphony, and the "Emperor" Piano Concerto of Beethoven, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist.

Although yesterday was the first time that Mr. Woodworth had conducted the full Boston Symphony at one of its regular concerts, the admired conductor of the Harvard Glee Club has had a long association with the orchestra. For many choral scores presented by the Boston Symphony he has prepared the Harvard and Radcliffe voices. He conducted one of the chamber concerts last Summer, when he gave the first local performance of this very Haydn Symphony. In short, he is as well known and liked in Symphony Hall as within the Harvard Yard.

He gave a very good account of himself yesterday. There were depth and style and feeling and poise in all his readings. The Haydn went nicely; to Mr. Piston's work, heard in Boston for the first time, Mr. Woodworth seemed to bring smoothness and eloquence. And the orchestra played well for him. Indeed, more than any other guest conductor I have heard this season, Mr. Woodworth made the orchestra

sound indisputably like the Boston Symphony.

In Beethoven's great Concerto there were flaws of precision and of tempo between orchestra and soloist, and the performance as a whole, though brilliant and exciting, was a bit rough and on the nervous side. Tomorrow night it probably will go better. But the cumulative effect was highly satisfying, and Mr. Serkin, Mr. Woodworth and the orchestra all deserved their hearty reception. Incidentally, if memory is correct, Mr. Woodworth did not once take a bow without asking the orchestra to rise.

Mr. Piston's Second Symphony, commissioned by the Alice M. Ditson Fund of Columbia University and first played in Washington, D. C., last March, shows a new side of Piston. The three movements have traces of academicism and echoes of Hindemith and other composers. But they are full of melodic juice, and their agreeable idiom makes this the most easily assimilable of any of Piston's serious music. Work and composer were favorably received.

Alfred Einstein, the noted musicologist now at Smith College, may be credited with revival of the Haydn Symphony, one of five put together by him from parts reposing in the British Museum. It was composed at Eisenstadt about 1783, and it is a beautiful Symphony, mellifluous and vigorous, scored for seven winds and strings. Yesterday's performance, by a reduced orchestra, was the first at these concerts. We may all hope that the great Haydn resurrection now in progress will continue.—C. W. D.

Woodworth for Conductor; Piston Work for Novelty

By L. A. Sloper

It was Harvard Day at the Symphony concerts yesterday. It was also a day of novelties. G. Wallace Woodworth conducted the orchestra for the first time in a subscription concert. Walter Piston's Second Symphony was performed for the first time in Boston. Haydn's Symphony in D minor, No. 80, was played for the first time at these concerts. Rudolf Serkin was soloist in Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto for the first time with this orchestra.

The Haydn symphony is one of five which Alfred Einstein unearthed from the British Museum. It was played last summer under Mr. Woodworth's direction by an orchestra made up of Boston Symphony men.

It is a delightful work, typical of Haydn, and most characteristic, as Mr. Einstein has noted, in its Finale, which, with its syncopated theme, disports itself with a willful gaiety and a restless wit.

The theme of the Trio, though, is surprisingly banal for this master. Mr. Einstein insists that it is as authentic as the rest of the score, but he confesses that good musicians have believed it a forgery.

Mr. Piston's Second Symphony may well become his most popular score. Without sacrifice of scholarship, it is charged with more

emotion than his previous works. A melancholy lyricism pervades it. Its harmonies are modern, but not so acidulous that conservatives will be distressed by them. In fact, you could call this symphony romantic without exaggeration. Listening to it, you recall Tchaikovsky or Franck, not because of any echoes of their works, but because their spirit seems to be hovering over the contemporary composer. An astonishing development indeed.

Mr. Serkin gave the expected brilliant performance in the "Emperor" Concerto. His technique is prodigious, and he has the bravura style which the work demands. He does less well with the gentler, more subtle phases of this music. His tone is not the most liquid, nor his phrasing the most graceful, nor his rhythms the most flexible that we have ever heard employed to express the tender moments of this concerto. But for virtuosity he has few superiors. The audience gave him an ovation.

Mr. Woodworth justified the confidence of the management in calling him to Symphony Hall for a pair of concerts in the regular series. His demeanor is modest, he has no mannerisms, and he places no reliance on glamour. He conducts with musicianly authority,

and with only such gestures as are necessary to convey his desires to the players. He rendered devoted service to Haydn and to Mr. Piston. He was only less effective in his accompaniment for Mr. Serkin. And his spirited rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" was positively refreshing.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

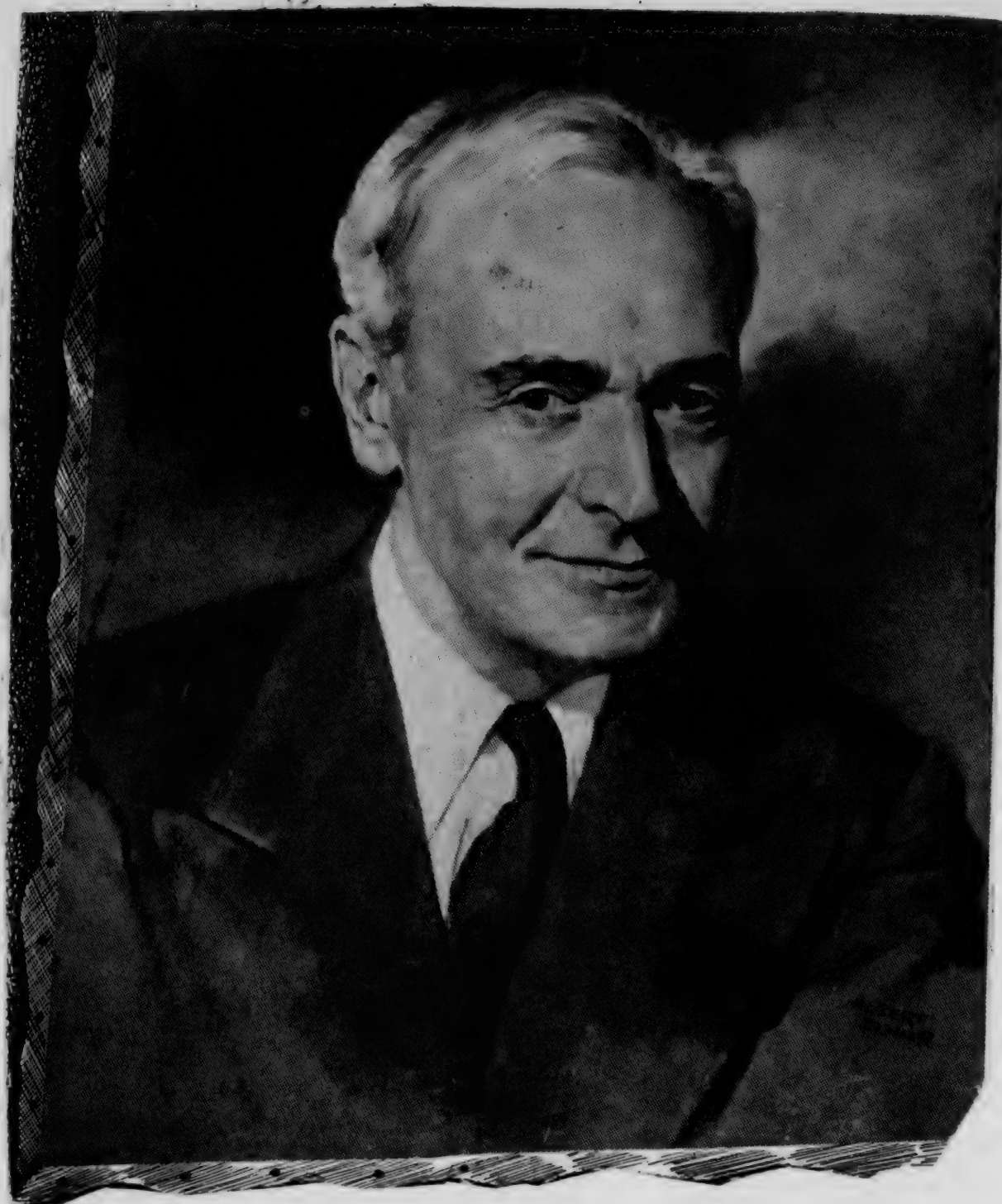
As conductor of the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe, with which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is constantly collaborating—a performance of Bach's B minor Mass is being prepared for April 30—G. Wallace Woodworth is to that organization what a chorus master is to an opera company. Last summer he directed a pair of the orchestra's so called chamber concerts, and this week he is having his first opportunity to lead the full band in a pair of regular concerts. Because of Good Friday, the first of these took place yesterday afternoon. The other will come tomorrow night.

A feature of Mr. Woodworth's concert of last August was the first performance hereabouts of Haydn's Symphony No. 80, in D minor, reconstructed by Alfred Einstein from a set of parts in the British Museum. The symphonies of Haydn's middle years are still comparatively unknown and if this engaging work is a fair sample, it is high time we made the acquaintance of some of the others. The first movement is vigorous and dramatic, the last is provocative rhythmically. The middle ones are less outstanding, but far from negligible.

To Haydn's symphony succeeded the Second of Walter Piston, which had its first performance in Washington a month ago. By it one was reminded of the story of the young composer who asked Verdi what type of music he would employ in a certain situation. Verdi replied that he would just write some music, and that is exactly what Mr. Piston has done. He has not tried to be original, or individual, or contemporaneous, or American, or anything else in particular. The first two movements might almost be considered reactionary in style. They are melodious and far from dissonant, as that term is understood nowadays. With the energetic finale things wake up a bit, though even here by certain standards Mr. Piston is conservative. Given

what seemed to be a just and revealing presentation by the composer's colleague, the Symphony greatly pleased the audience, which was probably prepared for something quite different.

To an unfamiliar classic and a novelty, Mr. Woodworth added a staple repertory piece, the "Emperor" Concerto of Beethoven, with Rudolf Serkin as the soloist. Orchestrally and pianistically, the performance was sound and musicianly. Mr. Serkin played with the brilliance, the sympathy and discernment that were to be expected from him. Yet for this observer the performance was somehow not one to get excited over. The audience thought otherwise.



SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Twenty-second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 14, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15, at 8:30 o'clock

HANDEL.....Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, *Op. 3*,
No. 6, in G minor
Larghetto e affetuoso — Allegro ma non troppo
Musette — Allegro — Allegro

ROY HARRISSymphony No. 6, *Op. 60*

- I. Awakening
- II. Conflict
- III. Dedication
- IV. Affirmation

(First performance)

INTERMISSION

MENDELSSOHN.....Symphony No. 3 in A minor, "Scottish," *Op. 56*

- I. Andante con moto; Allegro un poco agitato
- II. Vivace non troppo
- III. Adagio
- IV. Allegro vivacissimo; Allegro maestoso assai

(Played without pause)

BALDWIN PIANO



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BALDWIN PIANO

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 22d program of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows:

Handel... Concerto Grosso in G minor Op. 6, No. 6
Harris... Symphony No. 6, Op. 60
Mendelssohn... Symphony No. 3 in A minor, Op. 56 ("Scottish")

As one who can be led to the Harris fountain but cannot swallow the waters thereof, I must confess I was unmoved by Mr. Harris' latest determined go at creating the Great American Symphony, the premiere of which was the chief event on yesterday's symphony program.

There was little of a rewarding nature in the composition as pure music itself, it seemed to me, outside of a few clever tricks in instrumentation, but what really sticks in the craw is that the composer believes he can force music of an abstract nature to express intellectual or ideological concepts if he tries hard enough. There can be no doubt that he does so because he says he has tried to do so in the program notes.

He says that this symphony represents the "great cycle (of) the intellectual or spiritual growth of people." He says he finds the Gettysburg Address of Lincoln is the expression of that cycle, and to it he has turned "for guidance." The first movement, then, represents awakening; the second, conflict; the third dedication, and so on. The audience reads all this in the program notes and then listens for literal evidence of the ideas. To one listener, perhaps, a thump on the drums stands for a semi-colon in the speech; to another it stands for rifle fire, and to a third it conveys the idea of "conceived in liberty." This is foolishness and distorts, of course, Mr. Harris' obviously sincere intention. Yet he invites it by telling us what he is trying to do in specific terms. He would be well advised,

I think, to confide his titles and his program notes to his intimates and keep the rest of us guessing. Then imagine his satisfaction when the critics and commentators guess 100 per cent wrong!

While the symphony never approaches the level of the Fifth Symphony, it has some interesting moments, but they are interesting chiefly in a technical fashion. The manner in which, for instance, he builds the climax of the first movement (generally the best) through the almost unobtrusive addition of voices. The long pedal chord of the second movement is striking, but chiefly as a new treatment of a hoary old device. On the whole, however, I found the music, as music, a little tedious.

The concert began with a marvelously refined and poised performance of Handel's Sixth Concerto Grosso. It is hard to be sure, in a case like that, who is responsible for the miracle, Koussevitzky, the string section of the orchestra, or Handel himself. Of course it is a perfect amalgamation of all three, but it has to be heard to be believed. The same was more or less true of the Mendelssohn "Scottish" Symphony, a fine work but almost too elegant and well-bred to bear. Dr. Koussevitzky has recently been subjecting Mendelssohn's life and works to a complete re-study, and yesterday's vivifying performance of the Symphony was certainly a direct result.

Next week Shostakovich's Eighth has its turn and Khatchaturian's Piano Concerto (William Kapell, soloist) its return.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

The new Sixth Symphony by Roy Harris was given its first performance at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Serge Koussevitzky conducted. The program began with

the G minor Concerto Grosso for strings, Op. 6, No. 6, by Handel, and ended with Mendelssohn's "Scottish" Symphony.

Mr. Harris' work, commissioned by the Blue Network over which it will be broadcast for the first time tonight, has as yet no characterizing sub-title. Perhaps it will come to be known as his "Lincoln" Symphony, for in the mind of the composer the music is closely associated with the Gettysburg Address. They Symphony is dedicated "With Respect, to the Armed Forces of Our Nation."

In idiom the Sixth Symphony is recognizably pure Roy Harris. The strings, the brass and other instruments, the turns of harmony and counterpoint, have, in the main, the unmistakable sounds you can find in Harris' orchestral works from the Third Symphony onward. But the scoring indicates a clarifying process, in spite of all its dissonance. The sonorities of the Sixth are more transparent than in anything Harris has done before.

Whether the work is unmistakably an expression of Lincoln's classic speech only time can reveal to us. I doubt that, without the composer's explanation, I would have thought so. Music without words is abstract, and when a composer tries to put a literary pictorial or dramatic attribute in music, his avowal that he has done so is the only evidence in support of his idea.

Mr. Harris has not only claimed association between his music and the Gettysburg Address, but he has titled the four movements in accordance with the thought expressed in certain sections. The first movement is "Awakening" ("Fourscore and seven years ago..."); the tumultuous second is "Conflict" ("Now we are engaged in a great civil war..."); "Dedication" refers to "We are met on a great battlefield of that war," and "Affirmation" (a fugue that doesn't sound like one) reflects that singing paragraph which is one of the great utterances in all the history of mankind, and which concludes "... government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

There are many fine pages in the Symphony, many expertly wrought measures and some very fascinating sounds. Whether or not the dissonant ostinato that pervades most of "Conflict" was inspired by Shostakovich is of no consequence. The device is common currency, and Mr. Harris has used it graphically. But one got a disturbing impression that, for all its merit, the Sixth Symphony is pretentious and much too long for the essential worth of its musical—mind you, musical—ideas.

Only repeated hearings, however, will confirm or refute the accuracy of these observations. Yesterday's audience gave cordial applause to Mr. Harris when he appeared after the performance, and to Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra for an eloquent reading.

The Handel Concerto Grosso, certainly not the most interesting of the 12, was another testimonial to the glory of the Boston strings. Mendelssohn's Symphony, apart from a mannered phrasing of the opening theme, was beautifully vital and expressive.

Harris' Sixth Symphony

Koussevitzky Leads Bostonians in Work by U. S. Composer

Special to the Herald Tribune

BOSTON, April 14.—Commissioned by the Blue Network last May, Roy Harris' Sixth Symphony was given its premiere in Symphony Hall Friday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky.

The composition, in four movements representing, according to the composer, "the great cycle of the intellectual or spiritual growth of people" as exemplified in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, had as subtitles "Awakening," "Conflict," "Dedication" and "Affirmation."

Dedicated "with respect, to the Armed Forces of our nation," the symphony was received with moderate approval by the audience. The composer was present to take a bow on the stage.

Roy Harris' Sixth Symphony Has Its First Performance

By L. A. Sloper

The event of the antepenultimate Friday afternoon concert of the symphony season, given yesterday in Symphony Hall, was the first performance of Roy Harris' Sixth Symphony. This work is already known as the "Gettysburg" Symphony, since the composer has said that it is based upon Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

The spectacle of a world at war has naturally engaged the attention of composers. Artists have always been interested in the efforts of peoples to solve their problems by killing one another. Beethoven wrote a "Battle" Symphony, Tchaikovsky the "1812" Overture, neither of which stands in the first rank of musical compositions. *4-13-44*

Usually artistic remark on world catastrophe awaits the conclusion of the struggle. During this war there has been a good deal of musical comment already. Most of it, not surprisingly, has come from Britain, Russia, and the United States. Of the musical historians, Shostakovich and Harris have held most attention.

Both of them have written symphonies to commemorate the heroic deeds of the Soviet armies: Shostakovich's Seventh and Harris' Fifth. Now Shostakovich has written an Eighth Symphony to forecast victory, and Harris a Sixth, dedicated to the Armed Forces of the United States. There seems to be a friendly antiphonal competition between the two men.

A year ago another American musician, Aaron Copland, composed a "Lincoln Portrait," built around words of the statesman himself, spoken in the third section of the work by a Narrator. In commenting on this work I wrote: "Of course the composer

was wise in making no attempt to compete with or elaborate upon the words of the Emancipator."

Mr. Harris has been bolder, and perhaps less wise. The Gettysburg Address has long been accepted as one of the masterpieces of oratory. To attempt to say it over again in music is like Massine trying to tell us by means of choreography what Brahms meant to say in the Fourth Symphony. It is an undertaking not likely to succeed.

Nevertheless, Harris, like Massine, has tried, and unquestionably his attempt is earnest and sincere. Naturally, also, in view of his technical accomplishments, the piece commands respect as a composition. If the author does not achieve all he hoped, probably another composer could have done no better, if as well.

The four movements of the symphony bear the titles, "Awakening," "Conflict," "Dedication," and "Affirmation," and each has been inspired by particular phrases of the Address. The composer has relied extensively upon the use of pedal point, repetition of themes, and crescendo. For most of the way the work is built on long lyrical lines, but in the Scherzo ("Conflict") he glances not only at Shostakovich but at Tchaikovsky, and in the Finale ("Affirmation") he employs the fugal form. Yet the work as a whole is wanting in contrast and does not escape monotony.

The performance, under Dr. Koussevitzky's devoted guidance, was brilliant, and did, one feels sure, all that possibly could be done for the symphony.

The concert opened with Handel's Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, op. 3, no. 6, in G minor, and closed with Mendelssohn's "Scottish" Symphony.

Roy Harris' Sixth Symphony Built on Gettysburg Address

By Winthrop P. Tryon

"Fished it out of the blue," said Roy Harris, when asked where he got the melody of the third movement of his Symphony No. 6, op. 60. Somebody is sure to say that he cast his line into the Volga for that one. But we hastily impute Russian influence these days to anything novel that comes along in music, just as not long ago we found all tonal inventions mere copies of Debussy; and before that, of Wagner. *4-13-44*

The symphony rates among those American undertakings that Serge Koussevitzky so diligently fosters, and it comes to its first presentation at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts of this week. Dr. Koussevitzky makes bold to declare to his public that native composition is really something that matters; and Mr. Harris by no means holds back from support of the conductor's wild fancy. The story goes back, no denying, to the hospitality of the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening audiences to unaccustomed sound; and if a composer here and there happens to take advantage of their good nature and give bigger noise and more of it than expected, that may be charged to harmless enthusiasm, or to scant experience in orchestral chariotteering.

Now if an American symphony has any sort of tune, come it from the empyrean or other source, we have cause for rejoicing. Not that anybody want an obvious Stephen Foster reminiscence or a paraphrase of a cowboy lament. The folk song symphony proves a delusion and amounts in the end to a mere popular air with variations. Just the same, we would be glad of even a little original melody. Take the strain that dominates the Andante (not the composer's designation) of Symphony

No. 6, it does not look in the score like the most singable run of notes ever written. Mr. Harris, nevertheless, can play it over on the piano and hum it through very persuasively. Anyone else might not find it so easy, even with keyboard help. "Chorale," explains Mr. Harris, though another way of talking, it stands as the main theme of the slow movement.

It happens in this case that the composer does not care to have the jargon of music analysis applied to his work. He does not speak, therefore, in terms of allegro, adagio, scherzo, and finale. His No. 6 shapes up classically in four movements, but he avoids conventional designations for them. He wants them named according to the ideas they represent and the emotions they are designed to arouse.

To look squarely at what we have here, we find it to be in truth an example of program music. More explicitly, we have a composition that brings back a period of American history, though hardly in a pictorial manner. The period dates in the Civil War, yet it is intended to be typical, and to stand for what was with us before

that war and that remains with us today. It brings to view the figure of Abraham Lincoln, and not in actual portraiture either. It sets that personage in an actual scene, the field where the decisive battle of the war was fought, and where a soldiers' cemetery was dedicated. It endeavors to give, in fine, a musical parallel of the sentiments of the Gettysburg Address.

Possibly, then, we might be justified in referring to the work as the "Gettysburg" Symphony, and in describing it as an orchestral analogue.

To anticipate (with permission) notes of the Boston Symphony program book, of which John N.

Burk is editor, the first movement bears the designation, Awakening. It is accompanied with the opening sentence of the Gettysburg Address:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

The second movement, designated Conflict, carries the following words of the text:

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

The third movement, called Dedication, has the following:

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

The fourth movement, Affirmation, has the closing sentences:

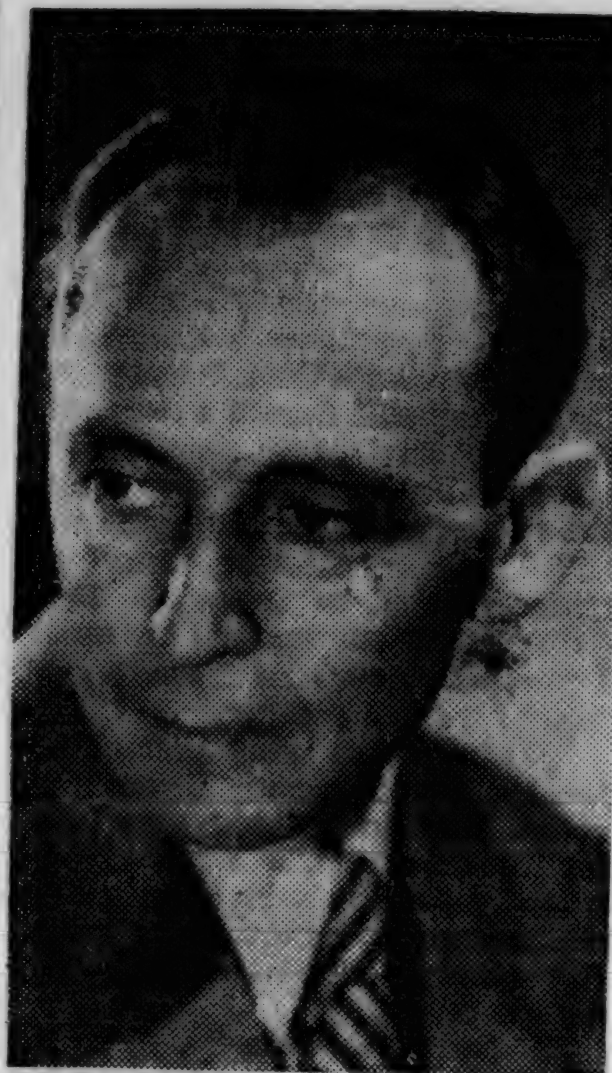
It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

For final remark, the Symphony No. 6 was commissioned last May by the Blue Network, and is but recently completed.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Of late our American composers have been endeavoring to ride to fame on the shoulders of Abraham Lincoln. We have had at least two Lincoln symphonies and a Lincoln "portrait," and now comes Roy Harris with a Sixth Symphony, based on the Gettysburg Address. With the composer in attendance it received its first performance at yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. It will be repeated tonight.

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Geoffrey Landesman

Roy Harris

In the four movements respectively entitled "Awakening," "Conflict," "Dedication" and "Affirmation," Mr. Harris would interpret musically the thoughts and emotions inspired by Lincoln's immortal words. Unhappily the monotonous result fails to bear out these laudable intentions. There are impressive moments in each of the movements. Here and there come flashes of beauty or bursts of eloquence. But the difficulty is that having expressed a certain mood in his opening measures, Mr. Harris continues to extend it, to enlarge upon it, only in the end to defeat his purpose. 4-13-44

Before Mr. Harris came the Handel of the G minor Concerto Grosso for strings and after him the Mendelssohn of the "Scotch" Symphony. This concerto is one of the finest of the set of 12 that Handel composed in the fall of 1739; and while, on the whole, a less brilliant achievement than the "Italian" Symphony, its romantic companion was most welcome. Possibly Dr. Koussevitzky finds these symphonies to be too sharply contrasted. A little more zip and zest in the faster portions and a less sentimentalized treatment of the opening of the first movement might have imparted to the "Scotch" a fuller

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 21, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 22, at 8:30 o'clock

SHOSTAKOVITCH.....Symphony No. 8, Op. 65

- I. Adagio
- II. Allegretto
- III. (Allegro non troppo
- IV. } Largo
- V. } Allegretto

(First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

KHATCHATOURIAN.....Piano Concerto

- I. Allegro ma non troppo e maestoso
- II. Andante con anima
- III. Allegro brillante

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF SOVIET RUSSIA
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

SOLOIST

WILLIAM KAPELL

STEINWAY PIANO

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

SOLOIST

WILLIAM KAPELL

STEINWAY PIANO



Dmitri Shostakovich

Whose Eighth Symphony will be performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week for the first time in Boston.

By **RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.**

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 23d concert of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. William Kapell, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 8, Op. 65.....Shostakovich
Piano Concerto.....Khatchatourian

It is a little to be regretted that so many eyes are focussed upon Mr. Shostakovich's labors in the symphonic vineyard. The poor fellow can write a fine symphony, that no one will deny, but if there were ever the signs of the uneasiness which goes with being a "great" composer whose every scratch of the pen is reported to the public in a sort of awed whisper, those signs are apparent in the Eighth Symphony.

This is not to say it doesn't have its moments. Time and again there are pages of soaring beauty as each voice strives to rise to greater heights of expression, all combining at last in a passage of great nobility. And then, as if haunted by the vision of the musical world breathlessly buzzing "what will he do next?" he either launches into the most gigantic concatenation of orchestral sonorities ever achieved at the expense of the brass and percussion players, or he repeats the whole thing twice as slowly, or he extends it through incredibly diverse manipulation of contrapuntal devices. For the symphony is an extraordinary example of thematic unity. In short, and to be perfectly blunt about it, it amounts to what the New Yorker so wonderfully labels Infatuation With the Sound of One's Own Words department.

It is clear that Shostakovich, whose every new symphony requires more time than the last, is leaning ever more heavily on sheer length to reinforce the grandeur of his conceptions. It is as though he felt the audience believes that the longer anything is, the greater it is. Mahler, to some extent, felt this, and 30 years after his death he is far more discussed than performed. Yet he, too, wrote some of the

finest and most moving passages in music. Shostakovich, whose kinship with Mahler goes far deeper than the deployment of his forces, seems headed in the same direction. Thus, in the Ninth (on which the composer is now employed), we shall doubtless have a work two hours in length and, if the war is won by then, a chorus of 5000.

The tendency, too consistent to be coincidence, is a pity, for Shostakovich, whether all of us are bowled over by him or not, is a very fine composer. He is writing for his times and his people, and this honestly cannot but be admired. It may be that he is writing for posterity, too, but first, he wants to speak to his contemporaries. The fact that he does succeed so well in this is attributable to the glorious miniatures with which his symphonies abound despite the elaborately cyclical nature of the whole.

In the Eighth, for example, the whole second movement is in reality a miniature march-scherzo. It is extended beyond its logical limits, but it is on the whole most effective. The closing moments of the first movement are very beautiful, as are the final moments of the last movement. And in the meantime there are exquisite solos for English horn, witty solos for piccolo, and all sorts of crashing climaxes which, whatever their musical merit, are paralyzing to hear. Occasionally passages reminiscent of earlier Shostakovich works and, oddly enough, this listener found himself wishing he were listening to an earlier work, such as the First Symphony or the Piano Concerto, which are much less self-conscious.

The Symphony was given a feverish performance by the orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky astonishing all by the intensity of his reading. The concert, which was a gesture to Russian-American goodwill, came to an end with a spectacular performance by William Kapell of Khatchatourian's Piano Concerto (which is a sort of Soviet Rhapsody in Blue), and the national anthems of Russia and the United States.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the first Boston performance of Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony, yesterday afternoon, and a large question mark grew smaller. This Gargantuan work formed the balance of a nearly all-Soviet program that included Aram Khatchatourian's Piano Concerto, again with young William Kapell as soloist; the new Soviet National Anthem by Anatole Alexandroff, and "The Star Spangled Banner." 4-22-44

After hearing the Western Hemisphere premiere of the Shostakovich Eighth, over the air nearly three weeks ago, one had only scattered impressions of a vast musical canvas. A second hearing indeed reduces the size of one's mental question mark, and also an individual estimate of the work. 344

Apart from the more or less philosophical and sociological aspects of the Eighth—which have nothing whatever to do with intrinsic musical value—the Eighth now seems overblown and pretentious. One had expected more of a very gifted artist who has given us great pages in his previous symphonies and other music.

Mr. Koussevitzky traveled the score in one hour and three minutes. Such exhausting length does make a certain impression, just as a large man is more conspicuous than a small one. But sheer length cannot conceal the tiring reiteration of ideas which in themselves are hardly significant.

Where Shostakovich's Seventh was vital and melodic, the Eighth is inclined to dryness and lack of motion. There is no memorable tune like that of the brilliant march in the Seventh. No advance in style or idiom is apparent; the composer seemed to have little new to state, and he said it in terms of his Fifth, Sixth and Seventh symphonies. It is true, however, that there are magnificent sounds and some terrific dynamic climaxes. No one will deny Shostakovich's orchestral mastery or his remarkable facility in establishing and extending musical moods.

The Friday audience received the Eighth Symphony quite cordially, recalling Mr. Koussevitzky to the stage several times, but they reserved their warmest applause for the Khatchatourian Concerto, which seemed a plenary masterpiece by comparison. Last October Mr. Kapell was most cordially applauded when he first played the Concerto with the Boston Symphony. His brilliant, muscular performance yesterday aroused no less approval. He is indeed a greatly talented musician.

Many beautiful orchestral effects abound in the Concerto, although it is fabricated in a mixture of styles recalling both Rachmaninoff and the Oriental touches of Rimsky-Korsakoff, as well as numerous touches of dissonant modernism. The main virtues are the work's vitality and condensation. C. W. D.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Eighth Symphony of Shostakovich was well received in its Boston premiere at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, but the cheers with which the Seventh, or "Leningrad" Symphony, was hailed a year and a half ago were missing. These came, however, at the end of the concert when William Kapell repeated his brilliant performance of the Khatchatourian Piano Concerto. This last is a taking piece, but a bit on the superficial side.

While the Shostakovich Eighth has not lacked for publicizing, it has had no such build-up as its predecessor, nor were its origins so picturesque and appealing. If the Seventh is predominantly stirring and heroic, the Eighth is for the most part contemplative and ends in peaceful calm. Both works are too long for the amount of real interest they contain. The opening Adagio of the Eighth, for instance, lasting close on half an hour, could well be cut in two, and some might favor scrapping it altogether. 4-22-44 Pal

Were this amputation effected, the remaining four movements would constitute a very good symphony, complete with a slow movement—the fourth division is a Largo and a better slow movement than the first one. Most immediately effective is number three, a sort of martial moto perpetuo that could well stand alone. The second movement is also march-like, but makes considerably less impression on the listener. The pastoral finale may owe its origin to the fact that the symphony

was completed in rural surroundings.

Not yet 40, Shostakovich is too young a man to have written himself out. However, there are indications that he has done that very thing. He tends more and more to repeat himself, to rely on formulas; though since these last are of his own creating, they give his work the stamp of individuality. We must also acknowledge the sureness of his technique and his masterly way of putting things, even when he has nothing in particular to say. For these reasons alone he towers over most of his contemporaries, and perhaps when he stops writing symphonies to order, when he begins again to create without the intention to propagandize, he will seem more the artist, less the expert rhetorician.

At the conclusion of this all-Soviet programme there came for the first time at the Symphony Concerts the new national anthem of Soviet Russia, a labored and perfunctory tune, as it seemed yesterday. "The Star-Spangled Banner," and for once Dr. Koussevitzky did not drag it, appropriately came last.

By L. A. Sloper

Soviet Russia is being honored at this week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the last pair but one of the season. The Eighth Symphony of Shostakovich had its first performance here at yesterday afternoon's concert. The second number on the program is Khatchatourian's Piano Concerto, introduced last fall, with William Kapell again as soloist.

Last season, when Roy Harris' Fifth Symphony, dedicated to the Soviet people, was performed, Dr. Koussevitzky opened the concert with what he described as the Russian National Anthem. It turned out to be the "Internationale." Yesterday's program listed "The National Anthem of Soviet Russia." But this meant something else. The Kremlin has abandoned the "Internationale" along with the Comintern, and the Russian National Anthem now is really national, though not we suppose, Tsarist. 4-22-44

At last year's concert celebrating the Soviets' 25th anniversary, the program book contained a message from Dr. Koussevitzky

hailing the Red Army and the Red Fleet as "Defenders of the Motherland"; and listed six Soviet composers whose music had been performed at these concerts. This week there is no written salutation from the conductor, but the list of Soviet composers has grown to nine. It is also reported that the Soviet Ambassador will attend tonight's concert.

But what of Shostakovich's music? His Eighth Symphony is the second of a projected trilogy. The first of them, his Seventh, represented Defense, this one stands for Attack, and the third is expected to celebrate Victory.

The Eighth has much in common with the Seventh, although naturally it contains more of repose. Its first movement is an Adagio which occupies one-half of the hour required to perform

the work. The second is an Allegretto which lasts 10 minutes. The third, fourth and fifth, joined together, take up the rest of the time. The second and the third movements are both in common time, both march-like, and both in Scherzo style. The fourth is a Largo and the fifth another Allegretto. 344

That is to say, the Eighth, like the Seventh, is badly proportioned and lacking in balance and contrast as between the movements. Again, the Eighth is remarkable for containing passages of great beauty alongside the most banal material and obvious procedures. In this it resembles many another work of Shostakovich. Finally, the symphony is much too long for the musical ideas it advances.

It would be easy, and meaningless, to provide a "program" for this symphony. Mr. Burk was discerning when he quoted in his program notes the composer's account of the philosophical content of the work: "Life is beautiful. All that is dark and ignominious will disappear; all that is beautiful will triumph."

The symphony undoubtedly profited greatly by its performance, which was magnificent. Never was the orchestra's tone more glorious, its flexibility more subtle, or its conductor more inspired. A little slip here and there in the brass could not impair the total effect. The reception was cordial.

A rehearing of the first movement of the Khatchatourian Concerto with Mr. Kapell at the piano confirmed an original impression of the exceptional talent of the soloist and the essential meretriciousness of the music.

Shostakovich's Eighth As It Arrives in Boston

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Symphony No. 8, by Dmitri Shostakovich, according to promise of the show bill of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, takes on presentation at Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, interpreted under the baton of Serge Koussevitzky. The idea of the work's importance may, indeed, be insufficiently indicated by such a routine designation as Eighth Symphony. Its merit may be such as to deserve the name of Number One symphony of the century. Any such mark should be put on, however, in pencil, the better to be erased next week, if necessary. *omit*

Yet who knows? Shostakovich issues forth, perhaps, the greatest composer of the modern era. He may be the one man of today entitled to a ranking place in the classic line. His Symphony No. 8 may be what we have been listening for since the exit of Brahms from the musical scene. It may prove to represent—as would be required of it in the character of the Number One article—a synthesis of two centuries of the art of tone, not only in Russia, the composer's native country, but in the world.

To bring up the subject of the Shostakovich Eighth is to remark upon something with which radio listeners have made acquaintance: for the music only two Sundays back was sent over the air from Carnegie Hall, New York, where it was brought out by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski conducting. From report of those who heard, a guess can be made that at least two portions of the hour-long piece will enchain more or less permanent interest—the first movement, Adagio, and the last, Allegretto. That leaves three of the five movements, the second, Allegretto, the third, Allegro, and the fourth, a sort of revival of the old-school Passacaglia, a little in doubt.

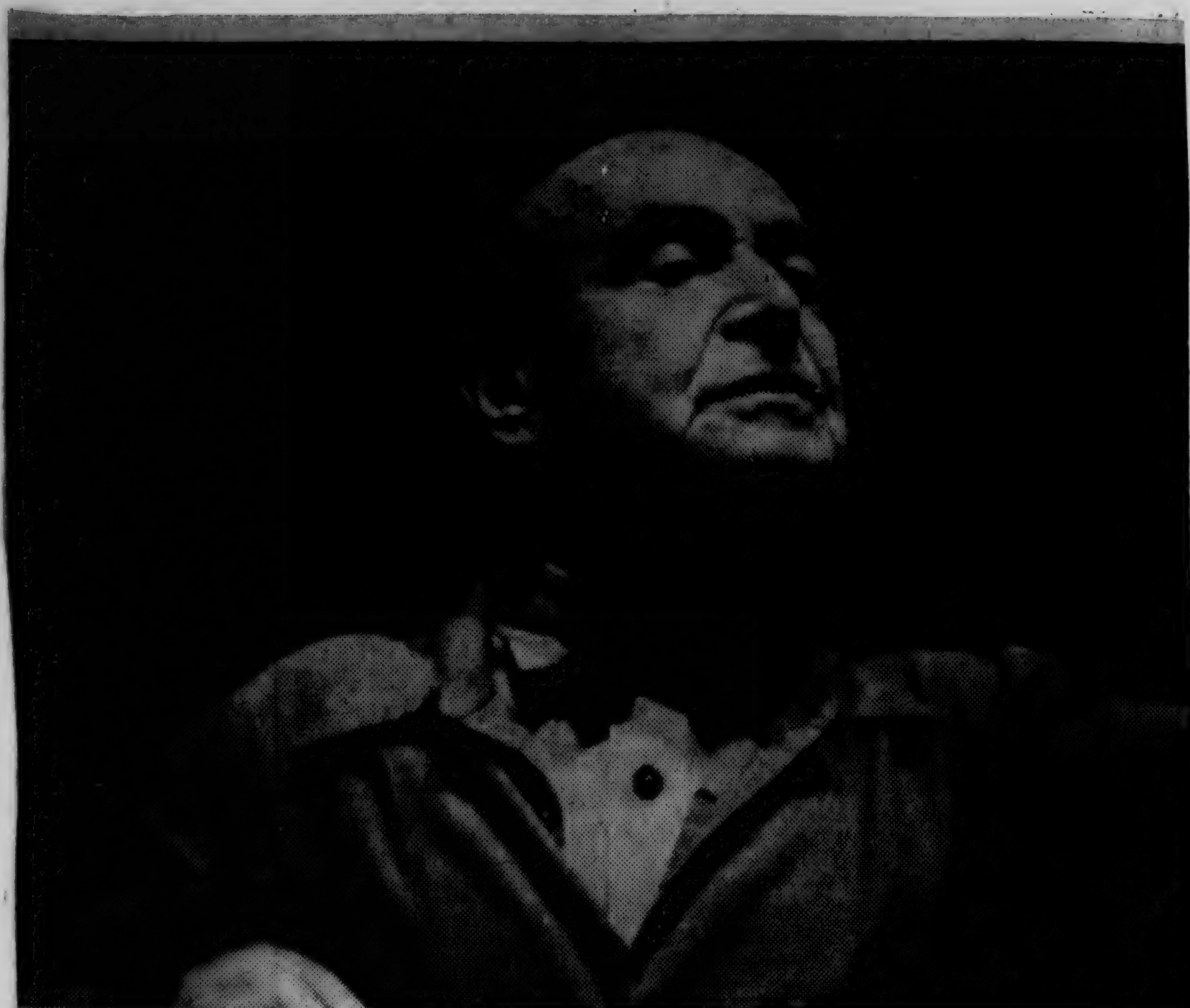
But here we may be certain of one thing. Listeners of exceedingly classical predisposition will take pleasure in the Passacaglia. To do that is to be in the fashion. It may be a pose, granted on a concert-goer's part to show a liking for a passacaglia, for nobody quite knows what the thing is anyway; but if there comes a passage somewhere along toward the wind-up of a symphony where the basses growl out a persistent and sus-

tained theme and the lighter instruments do pretty tricks of melody at the same time, you can say "passacaglia" and be near enough right.

Then, for another episode to gratifying the sophisticated, there comes at a proper distance from the close to bring realization of

cilmax, something that can be called a fugue. Bach might not think so; but the strict fugal mechanism of Bach does not fit into a symphonic cycle. Only an adaptation of it may be appropriately employed. *4-20-84*

A thoroughgoing symphonist of today looks back over the whole range of architectural styles of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, taking in Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Schumann, Tchaikovsky, and Brahms, and rears a structure in a style that is all his own and yet that recalls something of them all. This he is pretty sure to do, unless he is meditating a tone poem or simply doing, as often happens, a mere extended exercise in instrumentation. Everything depends on whether expression or display of technical powers is the object. With Shostakovich, expression seems to be the purpose; and it is a long time—nearly 60 years—since the Brahms Fourth Symphony was brought out.



Richard Tucker

Serge Koussevitzky

SIXTY-THIRD SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-THREE AND FORTY-FOUR

Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 28, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, at 8:30 o'clock

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 4 in E minor, *Op.* 98

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andante moderato
- III. Allegro giocoso
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 5 in C minor, *Op.* 67

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante con moto
- III. } Allegro: Trio
- IV. } Allegro

BALDWIN PIANO



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By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 24th concert of its 63d season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, performing the following program:

Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98 Brahms
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67 Beethoven

The first and last concerts of the symphony season are always sort of special; the first in promise; the last in fulfillment. And so it was yesterday afternoon as Serge Koussevitzky brought his 20th anniversary season to a close with as tremendous a realization of Beethoven's Fifth as anyone is ever likely to hear. Thus the concert was a perfect fulfillment to what has been a fine; indeed, a great symphony season. 4-29-44

Everything has combined to make it so. In the first place, Dr. Koussevitzky, in his full maturity as the greatest all-around conductor now living, has striven far harder to make his 20th season his most memorable than he really should have at an age when most men would consider a little coasting justifiable. Those of us who have been privileged to attend rehearsals have seen that, and have been astonished at the painstaking, arduous preparation of such a familiar work as the Beethoven Fifth.

Then there's the orchestra. True, Dr. Koussevitzky has made it what it is, and surely (as we have had occasion to see this year) only he fully commands its secret. Yet it is to be doubted if there is a more marvelously gifted ensemble of individual artists anywhere in this world; and men, moreover, of the greatest artistic sincerity and integrity. Few of us realize the terrific emotional strain and the technical responsibility of orchestral playing, while none can quite comprehend the nullification of the individual urge for self-expression or recognition which the orchestra, by its very nature, must forcibly exact.

Finally, there was the year. There never has been a time that music has been more necessary to the spiritual replenishment of the people than this, and surely there was never a time when the music of the masters spoke so clearly to so many.

All these things, then, combined to make yesterday's concert a particularly impressive event, and then tension was increased by the performance, in memory of William Cardinal O'Connell, of the largo from Vivaldi's D major concerto. The audience repeatedly called the conductor back to the stand to give him acclaim following his illuminated performance of the Beethoven, and so the season came to an end. Nor could anyone dream of saying "just another" season. It was magnificent, and unique. 4-29-44

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in their last Friday concert yesterday afternoon. With a repetition of the program tonight, the 63d season of the orchestra will be ended. To Brahms' Fourth Symphony and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the scheduled music, Mr. Koussevitzky added the Largo from the D minor Orchestral Concerto of Vivaldi, in memory of Cardinal O'Connell. 4-29-44

The Friday subscribers left with magnificent sounds in their ears. The Symphony in E minor of Brahms and Beethoven's "V for Victory" are music that kindle and then intensify the conductor's emotions. His readings of them are personal and fervid, admitting no distortions of anything in the printed score, but which heighten what the composers set down. 4-29-44

Following the score of each, yesterday afternoon, one noted places here and there where the rush and flow of the music obscured bits of orchestral detail. All that was trifling, of course, and is here noted merely as observation and not as picayune criticism of trifles. In line,

sweep, style and expression, both symphonies were done with that precision and distinction attainable only by a great orchestra bending to the will of a great conductor. For richness and depth of tone, the orchestra never sounded better.

There are certain traditional amenities observed at the beginning and end of each season. Foremost among them is the gracious custom of the audience rising, along with the orchestra, when Mr. Koussevitzky enters the stage. Yesterday a standing throng applauded him lengthily until he signalled for "The Star-Spangled Banner." Another custom is that of opening and closing a season with familiar music, to the usual exclusion of anything new or requiring a soloist. This final program is thus quite correct.

Mr. Koussevitzky and his players again take a leave knowing, along with the rest of us, that the Boston Symphony is still securely in its Golden Age. The conductor's 20 years among us will, it is said, be appropriately honored tonight. Those ceremonies will symbolize the regard held for Mr. Koussevitzky both as a man and as a musician whose genius and energies have brought a long-continuing richness to Boston's musical life. The ministrations of Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra which he has led to such perfection were never more needed than today, when the flame of culture must be more carefully guarded than ever. It is always a little melancholy to leave a 24th program at Symphony Hall, even with the realization that a pension fund performance remains ahead. Yet there is compensation and reassurance in thinking that when the leaves turn brown, the musicians and the public that make the Boston Symphony concerts what they are once more will be in their accustomed places.

IN MEMORIAM

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In memory of Cardinal O'Connell the Largo from Vivaldi's orchestral concerto in D minor has been added to this week's final Symphony programme. Not only a music-lover but an accomplished musician and composer, the late Cardinal was, in his more active years, a frequent attendant at the Friday Symphony matinees. Did it enter into Dr. Koussevitzky's mind that Vivaldi was himself a priest? And how much more suitable and appropriate these beautifully solemn measures than the conventional funeral march. 4-29-44

As originally announced, the programme heard yesterday consisted only of two symphonies, the Fourth of Brahms and the Fifth of Beethoven. So familiar are these masterpieces and the Koussevitzkyan performance of them that further comment at this time is hardly necessary. Certain general observations on the conductor's 20th season and the orchestra's 63d will appear in the music columns tomorrow.

Twenty Years of Koussevitzky

By L. A. Sloper

With the final concerts this week of the sixty-third season, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky rounds out 20 years of continuous service as director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Next fall he will begin a new season, for which he already has ambitious plans. **4-29-44**

The season now closing has held an interest not merely sentimental. It has been stimulating enough to be counted a good year if there had been no anniversary to celebrate. The conductor's powers seem not only undiminished but enlarged. His artistic curiosity seems to have increased. The programs have included more novelties than usual, and a fair proportion of them have made a good impression.

The conductor has grown with the orchestra. After two decades he displays the same energy, the same vividness of imagination, catholicity of taste and passion for perfection; and he has curbed his native tendency to exaggeration. He still is essentially dramatic in his interpretations, but nowadays he seldom slips over into the theatrical. He likes sharp contrasts of tempo and dynamics, but he is less given to distortion than he once was. His excesses are the consequence of his enthusiasm.

As a program maker Dr. Koussevitzky has always excelled. He devotes himself to all schools,

classic, romantic, impressionist, modernist. He has fewer blind spots than most conductors, and his are minor ones. He does not find the music of Vaughan Williams, for example, congenial, and he is not fond of most of the other modern Englishmen. This is not surprising; the Russian temperament is as far as the Irish from the English, and perhaps only an Anglo-Russian like Albert Coates can reconcile them.

But Dr. Koussevitzky plays Bach and Tchaikovsky, Corelli and Mendelssohn, Haydn and Debussy, Beethoven and Stravinsky, Brahms and Honegger, Sibelius and Shostakovich, Strauss and Hindemith, Ravel and Mahler—each as if this were the composer he really loved. It is true that he is inclined to treat some eighteenth-century music as if it had been written by Tchaikovsky, but that is a result of his temperament and not of wilfulness.

He has been exceptionally receptive to American music. Harris, Copland, Barber, Schuman, Piston, Hanson, Berezowsky are a few of the younger men who are indebted to him. Nor has he neglected such representatives of the older generation as Chadwick, Foote, Converse, Loeffler, Hill.

Even in wartime, the conductor has held the orchestra to the highest standards. The loss in personnel has been small so far, and the

unionization of the orchestra appears to have had no bad effects on discipline or performance. There has been talk of filling the few vacant desks with women players next year. This would be a departure. There have been several women second harpists at various times, but no other women players.

During the past season 13 works, by 11 composers, have had their first concert performances by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Thirteen more have been performed for the first time "at these concerts." The most notable of these novelties have been Barber's Second Symphony, Piston's Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings and his Second Symphony, Schuman's Symphony for Strings, Bernstein's Symphony "Jeremiah," and Shostakovich's Eighth.

The final program of the season comprised Brahms' Fourth Symphony and Beethoven's Fifth. The Largo from Vivaldi's Orchestral Concerto in D minor was played also, in memory of William Cardinal O'Connell, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Boston.

Dr. Koussevitzky was greeted on his entrance by a standing and applauding audience and orchestra, and there was an ovation at the conclusion of each of the familiar symphonies.



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, shown leading Boston Symphony Orchestra, completed 20 years as its conductor yesterday.

Koussevitzky Honored

Conductor 20 Years With Symphony

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Mr. Koussevitzky took up the direction of Boston Symphony in 1924 and has held the baton continuously since then. The longest previous tenures of the conductor's podium were those of Wilhelm Gericke and Karl Muck, each of eight years, Mr. Muck having served two terms, one of two and the other of six years.

Jerome D. Greene, president of the trustees of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, stepped forward last night to greet Mr. Koussevitzky's return to the platform, motioning to the orchestra and audience for silence.

Receives Silver Bowl

Calling attention to one of the most significant anniversaries in

the long history of the orchestra," Mr. Greene called on Richard Burgin, associate conductor and concert master, who presented Mr. Koussevitzky with a silver bowl modeled on one of the finest specimens of early American craftsmanship, as a tribute from the musicians of the orchestra.

Mr. Greene presented the conductor a commemorative album bearing the signatures of more than 1200 friends and their gift of \$16,000 to the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, the fund which he had formed in 1942 in memory of his wife for furthering musical composition in this country.

The last entry in the album was a print of the photograph taken by a Globe photographer as Mr. Koussevitzky opened last night's concert, the musicians and audience standing as he raised his baton to lead the playing of the national anthem.

4-30-44
SLM



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4-30-44
SLM

The Symphony Season: A Slight Backward Glance

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Perhaps it is not quite time to summarize the 63d season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; to tell of its guest conductors, soloists and so forth, but it is time to point out here and now that this has been a great year in Symphony Hall and to state unequivocally (while there's still time to give him the summer farewell he deserves next Friday and Saturday) that the reason for this greatness lies mainly upon the shoulders of Serge Koussevitzky.

The season ending this week, you know, is his 20th anniversary year as conductor and musical director of the orchestra, and he (and we) may well be very proud of his achievement. He has been magnificent, no doubt about it, and if there have been those too conservative to concede that he is the foremost living all-around orchestral conductor (and one of the greatest who ever lived), then this was the season to force adjustment of such a faulty impression.

At the moment, however, it is his record this season as a champion of new music which concerns us here. For Dr. Koussevitzky has brought out this year 18 compositions never heard before in Boston, and most of them never previously heard anywhere. True, he did not conduct them all himself, but even so it is incontrovertible evidence of his awareness of his obligation to living composers, of his extraordinary musical vitality and, most of all to his great physical courage in preparing music of so exacting a nature when most conductors of equal years feel they have earned a well-deserved right to coast along, intellectually speaking, on box-office favorites.

The first concert of the season brought us the first performance of Stravinsky's "Ode." It was charming, intimate music, quickly caught at first hearing. It seemed to me to have been conceived more for chamber orchestra than for a full

symphonic ensemble, and that it was a pity so many fine musicians had to be sitting around doing practically nothing most of the time, but this is, I suppose, a secondary consideration. The music, very transparently scored, was attractive and often delicately evocative.

The second concert brought the premiere of Lukas Foss' "The Prairie." This I didn't like at all, and I seem to have boxed Mr. Foss' ears rather more sharply than was perhaps necessary. Still, I recall it with no pleasure, especially for its indications of the abominable Walt Whitman-Abe Lincoln-Wide-Open-Spaces cult of American composers of which Ray Harris is the prophet.

Berezowsky's Fourth Symphony came next, the composer conducting. Its appeal was immediate, its melodic contours gracious, and its technic sound sincere. That is, the composer never displayed his orchestral command at the expense of his musical ideas; he gave us music, not a lesson in laying one musical brick atop another. It would have sounded better, I think, if Dr. Koussevitzky had conducted it, but it was enjoyable in any case.

One of the really memorable new pieces was Walter Piston's "Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings." It was miraculously traversed by the orchestra with E. Power Biggs as soloist, and it proved beyond question Mr. Piston's great gift as a composer. (Incidentally, I feel I went astray on Mr. Piston's Second Symphony a fortnight or so ago. I heard it a second time on the radio, and found it most attractive, but of this more later.) Samuel Barber's Commando March was a stunt, and not a very good one at that, but his Air Force Symphony was music of much excellence; not important, perhaps, but good, and of a most advanced technical nature.

Schuman's Symphony for Strings was certainly another of the season's high points.

It was a composition of great character with fine, plastic writing for strings, a certain nobility of spirit and a lovely, fresh melodic quality. Hanson's Fourth Symphony (conducted by the composer), on the other hand was pretty generally a pretentious bore, with, so far as I was concerned, virtually no redeeming features. Mr. Hanson is a romantic melodist at heart, and he can, it is true, write engaging and pretty tunes, not all of which sound like Sibelius or Brahms or somebody else. The trouble is, as a rule, there is too much intellectual pretention; too much striving to make things what they are not.

A surprise came with the premiere of Gardner Read's Second Symphony, also conducted by the composer. This struck me as possibly the season's most unusual new musical composition. It was crude in many ways; ugly, overly dissonant, too violent and too patchy to be a perfect work of art, but it had a tension and a driving compulsion which is, to my way of looking at it, certain evidence of a powerful creative urge. And this urge or, if you will, inspiration is more to be desired in music than the sleekest or most formidable technical assurance. Whether or not the composer has expressed himself in polished, balanced or highly cultivated musical language matters little indeed; any hack can be taught how to put notes on paper. What does matter is the intensity or the urgency of the undefinable thing which goes on in the composer's inner ear. Many contemporary composers, notably Stravinsky, do not find it fashionable to put much faith in inspiration these days, as they prefer (probably because they're equipped for little else) to depend upon their ability to accomplish prodigies of technical manipulation. With Mr. Read, I felt it was the other way around. He had something important and urgent to say, but he didn't quite know how to say it. I have no doubt that when he does bring his creative force under control we shall hear much more of Gardner Read. (To be continued next week).

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

It is curious (to continue last week's discussion of the new music given by the Boston Symphony orchestra this season) that modern musical audiences are so docile in the acceptance of what might be called "difficult" music. In no instance this year was a first performance—and there were 18 all together—received coolly. On the contrary, every one of the premieres was followed by the most extraordinary demonstration of approval.

Sometimes this was due to the presence in the audience of the composer—and one cannot imagine an American audience failing to give a composer a cordial reception—and sometimes it was due to an especially rousing performance by the orchestra. Indeed, sometimes it was due to the fact that the audience actually did like the music it heard, and liked it very much.

(For it is a curious fact that the amount of applause a new composition receives indicates in no measure the audience's actual like or dislike of the music it hears. It is not at all unusual to observe a symphony subscriber applauding like mad and even emitting a "bravo" or two, then turning to his seat neighbor and saying "wasn't that the most ghastly thing you ever heard?" The fact is, the American audience is too kind-hearted not to applaud anything or anybody making a try at something or other, reserving its candid opinion for the walk or drive home.)

Be it as it may, there were many things during the second half of the season deserving of all the applause they got. Chiefest of these, unquestionably, was Leonard Bernstein's "Jeremiah" Symphony, perhaps the only new composition which could be called wholly honest, wholly unpretentious and wholly beautiful. Mr. Bernstein was writing music for the musical public and not for the connoisseurs. He was expressing himself, first of all, but he sought recognition from the people, not from other composers. And it is this last thing, this haunting fear present-day composers have of the sneers or intellectual snobberies of other composers, that results in the horrible "cleverness" and remoteness that plagues our contemporary music. For 99

out of 100 composers are not writing for the public but for themselves and for other composers. And as every composer naturally polishes the apple for his composing friends to achieve similar buttering up when he composes something, it's a vicious and stupid circle. Bernstein, I am convinced, sought no compliments on his scholastic cleverness from the League of Composers; he sought public recognition honestly, and he got it. And more power to him!

Consider Mr. Harris, on the other hand. As he possesses one of the most formidable orchestral techniques of any contemporary American, he employs it for all he's worth, and no serious musician could but admire his scoring, his clever use of the most modern contrapuntal devices and so forth. But this is pure technic and the audience is not interested in technic. Results are what count. However, the audience can be led to believe that something is not what it is if there is a label of sufficient drama or emotional significance. To Mr. Harris, what could be more suitable to this than something about Lincoln? Indeed, yes, and the Gettysburg Address in particular, which we all admire and love. The first movement, then, shall be "Awakening." As this is a highly illustrative subject, he begins with one orchestral voice and ends with all, triple forte. Very suggestive, of course. "Conflict" comes next, and that is easy to portray in music; Beethoven, everyone has done it. But how, precisely, can he musically represent such abstractions as "Dedication" and "Affirmation" in terms we can instantly recognize? Baffled, Mr. Harris turns to a chorale and fugue and hopes that nobody will notice. Well, it seems to me that anyone with half an ear could recognize the whole as empty and pretentious bombast, suitable only for classroom discussion. *Harold*

Another controversial item was the Shostakovich Eighth Symphony, a work depending for its impressiveness chiefly on its length. That it had some moments of great, illuminated beauty no one could deny, but on the other hand no one could say that the extension of material designed for 40 minutes into a symphony lasting 63 minutes is easily forgiven, no matter how good it was. *4-30-44*

To take the others in order, there was Hanson's Fourth, a symphony of some immediate appeal but a bit on the facilely emotional side; Martinu's Violin Concerto, a composition of unchallenged mastery; Stravinsky's inconsequential but attractive Norwegian Moods; Barber's very acceptable Air Force Symphony; Creston's brief but most eloquent "Frontiers;" Gretchaninoff's Oecumenical Mass (which could hardly be termed modern music); and Walter Piston's Second Symphony. At the time this didn't seem to effect me one way or the other, and I'm afraid I was a little cavalier with it, as I heard it the following night and couldn't believe I had not gone all out for it. It proved to be, on second hearing, music of warmth, sustained beauty and of a certain nobility or gentleness of spirit that quite overcame the first impression of scholastic austerity or, if you will, music for other composers.

As for the standard repertoire on the season's program, it was just that, and little more. We did have Mahler's "Song of the Earth," a "new" Haydn Symphony and Rousset's F major Suite; the rest were chiefly yearly offerings. But it was the new music (as much as the way the old was performed) which made the season so notable, and for that we can only say "hats off to Serge Koussevitzky!"

B.S.O. NEW YORK CONCERTS

[From Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.]

BOSTON SYMPHONY IN RUSSIAN CONCERT

Igor Stravinsky's 'Ode' in 3
Parts Led by Koussevitzky
in Carnegie Hall Program

By OLIN DOWNES

For the first New York concert of his twentieth season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, last night in Carnegie Hall, Dr. Koussevitzky had arranged a program exclusively of Russian music. There was a personal element in this arrangement, as also, without doubt, thought of the relations of America and Russia today, and the heroic contribution of the Russian people to the life and the future of the world.

The personal equation was also present in the first New York performance of Igor Stravinsky's "Ode" in three parts for orchestra, commissioned for him by the Koussevitzky Musical Foundation and dedicated to the late Natalie Koussevitzky. This work had been given its premiere by Dr. Koussevitzky in Boston the 8th of last October.

The program included Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony—like Beethoven's of the same number, a true "V" symphony, with its fate motif which snatches victory from defeat and paean of triumph which closes the work and which is as a chant of liberated mankind; the Stravinsky memorial "Ode," and the Mussorgsky-Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition."

This program served to display the orchestra at the very height of its perfection. The audience had reason to marvel again at the suppleness, sensitivity and precision of an exquisitely tempered instrument, for the Boston Symphony is that—a single instrument of numerous component elements fused in a matchless ensemble, and potent to interpret a leader's proudest dream. *11-20-44*

It was also evident that, despite the fact that everything except the new Stravinsky score had been played times without number by Dr. Koussevitzky and his men in this and in other cities, everything had been restudied and polished till it shone, from the top note to the bottom, and every note and every instrument between. Such, at least, was the effect. It is hard to imagine Tchaikovsky presented with more care and finish. And for this there were rewards of virtuoso achievement.

Other results were not consistently for the good of the symphony. The reading, markedly different from others of the same work which Dr. Koussevitzky has given in this city, appeared to be over-studied and too solicitous of detail. The dramatic and the sensuous were unfortunately interspersed with the episodic and sophisticated. The symphony invites to freedom of tempo, which is more than once specifically called for in the score. But one asks why the excessive languor of the lachrymose waltz theme of the first movement and the hectic pace which weakened the effect of the finale, which should progress to its peroration with the drama and the grandeur of the Winged Victory? Probably no other orchestra could have played the finale as swiftly and as clearly as the one that performed last night, but the Tchaikovsky Fifth symphony is greater than that, and Dr. Koussevitzky, in

our recollection, has given greater performances of the work in this city.

The "Ode" of Stravinsky, which invoked memories of Dr. Koussevitzky's devoted wife, and, in the composer's explanatory words, her influence upon her husband's art, is conspicuous for its simplicity and lack of the merely ostentatious or theatrical. The music may be accorded these negative virtues. But candor compels the admission that it is conspicuously poor in thematic invention or emotional import. It was courteously received.

The most brilliant playing was that of pieces from the set that Mussorgsky wrote for piano in memory of his friend Hartmann, the architect, and that Ravel, at Dr. Koussevitzky's commission, instrumentated. It is a pity that Mussorgsky never heard this score. We venture the statement that if he had he would have uttered thanks for an orchestral realization, not only of his ideas, but of his imaginative concepts, which he was never able by himself to bring to pass. The score fulfills magic by the hands of the composer.

Kapell Plays Concerto With The Bostonians

Pianist Performs Under Koussevitzky in Another All-Russian Program

By Paul Bowles

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, with William Kapell, pianist, as soloist, in an all-Russian program yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall.

The program:
"Classical" Symphony, Op. 25, Prokofiev
Piano Concerto, Khatchatourian
Symphony No. 5, Op. 47, Shostakovich

The vogue for all-Russian concerts is still in full swing; it has

been going on for quite a while and will doubtless continue. There would seem to be no reason to object to it, particularly since during this war we are fortunate enough to be allowed to hear our German friends as well. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Koussevitzky presented us with his second all-Russian program of the week, and the orchestra as usual sounded like the perfect instrument that it is.

First the orchestra tossed off the Prokofieff "Classical" Symphony. No sparks flew, but present were the inimitable nonchalance, verve and finesse with which the Boston gentlemen always approach the work, and which make it a recurrent delight. **11-21-43**

Then came the Khatchatourian Concerto, which carries on, in a way, the tradition of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Mr. Kapell advanced boldly into its Near-Eastern labyrinths. The composer made the solo pathway relatively clear at the start, and the piano writing was grateful and functional, without much waste motion. In the first movement this effectiveness was often present in the surrounding orchestration. One section of the development showed a gleaming cloth-of-gold texture which was not equaled in originality, alas, elsewhere in the work.

On arriving at the second movement, one shortly realized that Mr. Khatchatourian had already said in the first movement what there was to be said. Themes here were childishly repetitive, the Oriental element was stressed in harmonies of rosewater and musk. (Near-Eastern melodic turns are always offensive when combined with the harmonic traditions of the West. Only in Spain with the taking over of guitar harmonies has it been possible to preserve some sort of integrity in this matter.) The third movement was energetic and playful, and in spots was reminiscent of the last movement of the

Gershwin Concerto in F, if not so successful rhythmically as that work.

There was just about enough vitality and inventiveness in the concerto for a piece the length of the first movement. The rest was an unwelcome bonus. Mr. Kapell, however, with incisive energy and a great sense of direction, rode shining through the frivolous-sounding cadenzas, skirting the morasses of blatant instrumentation, to the triumphant end.

Coming on the heels of the Khatchatourian piece, the Shostakovich Fifth Symphony made a startling impression of seriousness. The dramatic impact present in the opening of the first movement and in the whole third movement make it particularly regrettable that the rest of the frame should rely on such flimsy harmonic stays and struts, and that the emotional evocation should be constantly dissipated rather than becoming cumulative.

Only the Boston Symphony could have created the wonderful sense of hollow magnitude which emerged yesterday from the largo, with its cobwebs of string sounds and its diaphanous close. Dr. Koussevitzky made the tempo remarkably slow, and precisely because of that managed to sustain the mood of this peculiarly elongated movement to its last breath. This is excellent Shostakovich, and it is typical of him to follow it with an unwanted, callow finale. Like our own Saroyan in literature, Shostakovich has the careless and destructive habit of treating old sentimentalities and platitudes and tender personal discoveries with equal solicitude. *Tril.*

RUSSIAN CONCERT BY BOSTON GROUP

Koussevitzky Leads Symphony in Living Composers' Music —Kappel, Pianist, Heard

By OLIN DOWNES

When Dr. Koussevitzky appeared on the stage of Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra he announced briefly that the concert would be prefaced by two national hymns, not one. The first would be the Russian national anthem. The second would be America's.

The announcement brought hearty applause. The orchestra played "The Internationale." Then the audience sang, with the orchestra, "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The nature of this symbolic ceremony was sustained in the performances which followed, when an internationally famous American orchestra and a conductor whose career and citizenship make him the possession of both countries discoursed music exclusively by living Russian composers. The concert also witnessed the appearance of a young American pianist, William Kappel, who had the good fortune to present with exceptional success an unfamiliar and highly interesting Soviet concerto. These factors, and a series of superlative performances, made a memorable occasion.

Concerto of Katchatourian

The piano concerto of Aram Khatchatourian, an arresting exotic and masterfully articulated score, was first played in this city by Maro Arjemian on March 14 of last year under Albert Stoessel at the Juilliard School of Music. It was first heard in Boston when Bernard Weiser presented it at a "Pop" concert on July 13 under Arthur Fiedler's baton. There was a later performance at a Russian Relief concert in this city last Fall, but

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this was the first time that this concerto had a hearing at a major symphony concert in New York.

In view of the fact that it was composed as early as 1935, one wonders why it has been this long coming into its own. For it is going to be a very popular concerto, and a much needed addition to the numbers of the few remaining works in that form that maintain their place in the repertory.

So much, at least, is immediately evident, and so much was endorsed by the delighted audience of yesterday afternoon. The music is really oriental, but not in a merely local way, or in superficial exterior traits of the music. This is racial. These exotic themes, now barbaric and powerful, like the theme, a true descendant of Borodin, which opens the work; or the curious harmonic dress and ululation of the second theme of the same section that might sound from the bazaar; or the theme as slant-eyed as an odalisque, the languorous song which is the major idea of the middle movement, or the dervish dance motives of the whirling finale—these things come from something deeper than conscious thought; they are ancestral voices.

Part of Symphonic Fabric

Then there is the piano style. Part of the time this writing is properly a part of the symphonic fabric, or of passages most effectively conceived for virtuoso display. But there is another element in what would constitute in other hands mere solo cadenzas. In this concerto cadenzas mean really free and masterly developments, in an idiom particularly pianist, and Eastern, and rhapsodic in spirit, of the themes. The second theme of the first movement, for example, is thus given a special and immediate development by this means. This is one of several instances of the kind. 11-22-43

But the symphonic line is never lost. All the movements are on a broad plan, with needed contrasts of material and mood and original combinations of piano and orchestra, but all knit together, and at last the barbaric theme of the beginning returning for a thundering peroration and a devouring climax for piano and orchestra. *DM*

The concerto has a special technique, fresh and idiomatic for the solo instrument, requiring not only sure rhythm, force, speed, but also imagination and poetical coloring. Mr. Kappel met these demands with a fine physical equipment, a musician's sensibility and responsiveness to Dr. Koussevitzky's baton. He can acquire more depth of tone, more authority and breadth. In a word, he can mature as an artist only matures, with much practical experience and routine. But in conception and execution he gave an excellent account of himself, and Dr. Koussevitzky brought him back to the stage many times in response to the applause.

Score Often Heard Here

The concert found Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra in the highest interpretative vein. He has often performed the "Classic Symphony" here, but probably never as convincingly as yesterday. The score was put in such a light that what had appeared to this commentator as a rather obvious set of tricks in the pseudo-classic manner became now true music—notes transmuted into something entirely sun-lit, songful, Italianate; a score seen to be a true *jeu d'esprit* on the part of a modern master; one which in its substance and its mercurial by-play would fittingly companion the *commedia dell'arte*. This, indeed, was virtuoso conducting, interpretation, performance in the utmost meaning of the word.

Dr. Koussevitzky did everything that he might for Shostakovich's symphony, of which it can be said that repeated hearings confirm its palpable weakness and its inescapable strengths. We believe it to be by far the best of Shostakovich's symphonies up to the present. It is uneven, in substance eclectic and mainly derivative from many composers who thoughtlessly anticipated Mr. Shostakovich in their scores, such as Strauss of "Rosenkavalier" in the second theme of the first movement; Mahler, particularly in the second movement, which is the slickest and essentially the most superficial part of the score.

The great movement is the slow

movement, which touches rare heights of lyricism. The finale has a violence and a dramatic culmination which may not be of the most beautiful or elevated kind. But things which are not beautiful, indeed are most horrible and in earnest, in which Mr. Shostakovich and his countrymen have recently taken part. Anyone who has seen even a documentary film of certain Russian war episodes will feel responsive to the fiery, brutal and finally triumphant conclusion of this Fifth symphony. Dr. Koussevitzky's reading was powerfully dramatic and even mystical in the slow movement.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA REPEATS CONCERTO

Elman Again Soloist in Violin
Work of Martinu—Brahms'
Second Also on Program

By OLIN DOWNES

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conductor, gave its second concert of the week yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, the impression deepened of the entirely unique quality of the orchestra and the continually growing art of the conductor.

Of the Martinu violin concerto as such, which Mr. Elman, as soloist repeated on this occasion, much was said in these columns, following the New York premiere of two nights previous. The writer believes this work to be a valuable addition to the very small number of violin concertos which are significant to modern audiences. 1-9-44

This impression was emphasized by Mr. Elman's repeated performance, so masterly in point not only of performance but of musicianship and weight that one won-

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ders how such a difficult and individual score will fare with lesser interpreters of the future. But this question has another aspect which brings us back to the principal matter of the present report—back to the orchestra and the conductor.

Performance of Work

For the adequate presentation of the work an orchestral performance must follow closely if it does not equal the one provided by Dr. Koussevitzky. This element of the performance was in itself a monument to the musician's art. At the same time it so unified all participating agencies that the soloist, the conductor and every member of the orchestra in thought and deed were one.

And this was only congruous with the prevailing character of both the memorable concerts Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra he has molded have given within a week in this city. One had thought that the orchestra had not very much room for improvement. Well, either the fresh impression of its sonority has unduly altered the perspective, or it is in fact an orchestra yet finer this season than last. Meanwhile what impresses us as the unceasing development of the conductor—unpredictable as we often find him to be, always changeable and unreckonable and never static—grows at least upon one reporter.

Brahms Symphony Heard

This reference is particularly to Dr. Koussevitzky's final performance yesterday of the Brahms Second symphony—an achievement only possible to a man born with genius in the culminating years of a most industrious and artistically intense lifetime.

The slow movement of the symphony, for example, had a loftiness of mood, a greatness of line and a sheer beauty and depth of thought that were transporting. The whole conception, indeed, took the listener into another sphere. It would be an indulgence to discuss it movement by movement, but for a reader who was not

there this would be excessive and for those who heard it in some degree superfluous. But there was the sense, for those present, of the summation of long centuries of human experience and dauntless effort which at last had produced that symphony, and the wonder of a beauty so evolved and alembicated, the whole revealed by a high priest who reverently and comprehendingly administered his office.

LINCOLN PROGRAM BY KOUSSEVITZKY

Boston Symphony Plays the
'Eroica' and Aaron Copland's
'Portrait' at Carnegie Hall

With the exception of Tchaikovsky's fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini" the program presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, was devoted to works having a bearing on Lincoln's birthday, namely Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, celebrating the death of a hero; Aaron Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait," with Will Geer as speaker, and Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever," which was not on the printed list, but was added, to the surprise and delight of the audience, at the close of the afternoon and received with cheers.

The performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony was characterized by immaculate purity of sound and most highly perfected technical bravura in each of the four movements. In the opening Allegro, taken at a brisker tempo than usual, and the Funeral March, the interpretation was discreet and chaste, with an avoidance of stress on the emotional elements of the music.

2-13-44
Spirit of the Scherzo

The Scherzo capped the reading of this offering, being completely in the Beethoven spirit and put forth with thrilling élan and vital

impact. If the finale was not remarkable for inner warmth, its series of variants proved vividly differentiated in color and the entire division was projected with a verve that gave it true climactic effect.

Mr. Koussevitzky unleashed all the fire and glow of his temperament in the phenomenal presentation of Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," which left nothing undone to meet the possibilities the fantasy afforded in kaleidoscopic hues and vivid, dramatic pictorial power.

This creation of Tchaikovsky's has suffered neglect, and this is easily understandable. In its structure and its choice of themes it is closely allied to the composer's "Romeo and Juliet," written six years earlier. But unlike that popular composition, its thematic material is not of the composer's best and is used in too repetitive a fashion.

Deals With Dante Story

The fantasy, which deals with the celebrated story of Paolo and Francesca told by Dante in the fifth canto of the "Inferno," opens with a brooding introduction in which Mr. Koussevitzky at once established a sense of suspense that was not released until he final measure of the magnificent unfoldment of the opus. In the Allegro section, depicting the approach of the lovers as they are swept onward in the raging whirlwind, the conductor wisely made a considerable cut before the entrance of the central episode devoted to Francesca's narration of her tragic fate.

By means of the deletion, the work as a whole was shorn of much of its tendency to over-elaboration of the same material, and given greater compactness to its advantage. That the central part also avoided a hint of overstatement was due to the wealth of expressiveness brought to it and the wonderful tinting it enjoyed. Mr. Koussevitzky could hardly be overpraised for the masterpiece of tone painting he achieved with this work, from the start of it to the terrifying pronouncements of the terminating harmonies of the brasses.

"Portrait" Is Analyzed

Mr. Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait" received an inspiring interpretation that made the music's virtues as well as its weaknesses clearly patent. The first of its three sections, concerned with the fatality that accompanied the Civil War President in his career, is built largely on a theme too vague in its meaning to dominate the work as it does, and the third section, with its employment of a narrator who quotes passages written by Lincoln, fails to make the expected effect, since the score here only serves to mitigate instead of emphasize the impressiveness of the quotations.

But the central section delineating the general character of the times during Lincoln's life has far more to impart than the rest and is an excellent example of the use of folk music as a basis for symphonic treatment. Mr. Geer read the lines of Lincoln distinctly and forcefully, but most of them were obscured by the accompanying music, which is far too heavy. The work was warmly welcomed and occasioned bows from its composer from the stage. A rousing performance of the Sousa march mentioned gave just the right conclusion to the patriotic program.

N.S.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA AT CARNEGIE HALL

Koussevitzky Offers Berlioz
'Fantastic' and Hindemith's
'Mathis des Maler'

By NOEL STRAUS

Two symphonies, the "Fantastic" of Berlioz and Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," formed the offerings presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, last night in Carnegie Hall. To devote an evening to works both belonging to the programmatic category might

easily have lacked sufficient variety. But not in this instance, due to the wide divergence of the compositions in subject matter, style and treatment, which resulted in each proving an effective foil to the other.

2-11-44 T~
Berlioz' "Fantastic" symphony was so drastically original when it was written that it confounded most of its early listeners, and in no other work of its genre did any composer depart so radically from precedent in the history of the art, not only in musical content but also in the matter of scoring. At one bound Berlioz, in this first of his important compositions, opened the way that led to the innovations which changed the course of musical creation down to the present day. And this epochal symphony was written but three years after the death of Beethoven, when Berlioz was only 26, making its revolutionary qualities all the more remarkable.

Symphony Is Discussed

The "Fantastic" incorporates elements anticipating the tone poems of Liszt, the leitmotiv of Wagner. Even the idea of the cyclical form introduced by Liszt is implicit in the work, with its employment of a predominating theme, the "idée fixe," which undergoes transformations in each of the five movements. The symphony, moreover, exploited the possibilities of the orchestra in an entirely new manner that freed it from old conventions and introduced a wealth of color combinations so effective and successful that it has exerted immense influence on composers ever since its own time to our own period.

Whether Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" will still figure on concert programs a century after its première, as the Berlioz does, none can tell. But it seems improbable. For its virtues lie more in its technical adroitness than in its ability to stir the emotions vitally, and only works boasting the latter quality have survived for any length of time.

The Hindemith symphony, derived from the composer's opera of the same name dealing with episodes in the life of Matthias Grunewald, the sixteenth-century

German painter, consists of three movements, entitled respectively, "Angelic Concert," "Entombment" and "The Temptation of Saint Anthony," which were inspired by the three panels of Gruenewald's Isenheim altar piece in the museum at Colmar, Alsace. Unlike Berlioz, Hindemith in these movements is not literally programmatic, but his music generalizes instead, employing old German folk and liturgical melodies to aid in recording impressions made on him by the Gruenewald paintings.

In "Mathis" the composer is far less objective than in his earlier works, but he employs his typical unison themes in it on occasion, and all of it bears the stamp of his creative personality in its rhythmic vitality and its perfection of polyphonic writing. Simplicity is attempted in the brief "Entombment." But Hindemith finds most to impart in the two other movements, where he develops his ideas with a finesse, fluidity and inexorable logic that result in the most impressive opus yet to his credit.

Especially eloquent are the episode in the "Angelic Concert" where the three themes, including the old song, "Es sungen drei Engel" are worked against each other, and the climactic peroration of "The Temptation of Saint Anthony," in which the hymn "Lauda Sion Salvatorem" is heard over an ostinato figure based on the theme announced in the stirring introduction to the movement, followed by a final exuberant proclamation of a "Hallelujah" by the brasses.

Mr. Koussevitzky gave the most vivid sort of readings of both of the symphonies. They were alike brilliant in orchestral virtuosity, glamorous application of color, clarity and transparency. Especially noteworthy in the Berlioz were the close of the "Scene in the Fields" with its wonderful evocation of mood, the rousing power of the "March to the Gallows" and the entire "Witches' Sabbath," given with amazing verve and filled with details of rare vividness in the depiction of its diabolical content. Throughout the work the interpretation was on a grand scale and alive with dramatic intensity. The Hindemith opus was as magisterially performed and it was no wonder that bravos resounded through the hall at the conclusion of each of the offerings.

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. Concert in Carnegie Hall Wednesday night. The program:
Symphonie Fantastique.....Berlioz
Mathis der Maler.....Hindemith

Diminishing Artistic Returns

THERE is a point in the perfection of artistic skills beyond which further progress is without artistic value. The surface becomes so shiny that nothing else can be perceived. The Boston Symphony Orchestra has been dangerously close to that point for several years now; and if Wednesday night's concert in Carnegie Hall is typical of the orchestra's present work, one may well judge that the point of optimum precision has now been passed. 2-11-44

Matters of musical understanding, of stylistic penetration and of interpretative warmth all aside—for these constitute the inner substance of music—its outer substance, sound, is wholly a matter of precision. Precisions of attack, of pitch, of color, of phrasing, of force, of blending constitute the musical amenities. Ultimate perfection in any of them is unattainable, but a reasonable degree of accuracy makes it possible for the meaning of music to be transmitted. Overmeticulousness about any of them will more often than not defeat this end.

One has heard string quartets play so carefully for beauty of tone that all the attacks became tenuous and the rhythm got lost. One has observed them so preoccupied about simultaneity of attack that the repeated split second in which the players look at another before beginning each phrase ends by destroying the music's line. One has heard all the amenities sacrificed for a relentless rhythm or a climactic effect; and on the whole, this procedure is probably less injurious to musical communication than the more delicate violences.

Some of the precisions observed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night were good for the music and some were not. In both

the Berlioz "Symphonie Fantastique" and the Hindemith "Mathis der Maler," the instrumental colors, the mixtures and shades of sound, were more delicately differentiated and more expressively exact than this listener has ever heard them before. But their exactitude was achieved at the price of such watchfulness that both pieces seemed lacking in coherence and in continuity. In both of them, for example, Mr. Koussevitzky took such long breaths between phrases that one forgot there was supposed to be any sequence among these.

This wide spacing of phrases, plus the use of tempos rather slower than the standard French ones, dragged the Berlioz work out a good ten minutes longer than it is accustomed to last. (Forty-six minutes is the average timing of it; fifty minutes is a long version. Koussevitzky took an hour.) The first three movements seemed interminable. I did not time the Hindemith work, but it seemed slow, gasping and overemphatic. All this was the result of too much care about phrase attacks and instrumental blending. The attacks and the blending were incredibly precise. But the beautiful and spicy sounds we heard were less a performance of music by Berlioz and Hindemith than they were a performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Copland Work Is Played Here By Bostonians

'A Lincoln Portrait' Given; Beethoven's 'Eroica' Also Heard at Carnegie Hall

By Paul Bowles

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
conducted by Serge Koussevitzky, yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. In the following program:
Symphony, No. 3, in E-flat Major, "Eroica".....Beethoven
"A Lincoln Portrait".....Copland
(Speaker: Will Geer)
"Francesca da Rimini".....Tchaikovsky

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky offered his second Carnegie Hall concert of the week with the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon, terminating it with a beautifully rousing performance of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," complete with some fine piccolo playing. One felt that he owed his listeners a work with a little substance to it, in the way of a bonus, after forcing upon them Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." They appreciated his thoughtfulness and responded with a salvo of cheers. 2-13-44

As yesterday was Lincoln's Birthday, Dr. Koussevitzky paid homage to the Civil War President by giving Aaron Copland's "Lincoln Portrait," for which Will Geer was the speaker. The work has been widely discussed, and it is generally agreed that the second, or picturesque section, with its poignant evocation of a particular time and place, is the most successful. (It also sounds the most like Mr. Copland's film and ballet music, where he is always adroit in creating definite atmosphere.) The piece has some of each quality that one looks for in a work by Copland: the Mahler-like theatricality near the beginning and at the end, the touching suggestions of melody with their open, sparse but tremendously effective harmonic support, and the taut, electric rhythms, which he is fortunately able to keep going longer than most composers. The action of rhythms like Copland's is cumulative and hypnotic, and so must continue in order to have impact. There is nothing more disappointing than a seductive rhythm which stops too soon; it is like a film sequence of a landscape taken from the front end of a locomotive. One hopes it will go on and on.

The final section, judged by its musical effectiveness, is less pleasing. The performance by the orchestra was excellent in its timing and balance, with the musical punctuations actually making the spoken prosody clearer rather than confusing it. Nevertheless, no matter how great and how true Lincoln's political utterances may have been, or how apposite they

appear today, the symphonic concert scarcely seems the place to restate them, either in spoken or sung form. The public obviously thought otherwise, and Mr. Copland was called several times to the stage to acknowledge its applause.

The playing yesterday, while on the deliberate side, was always perfectly integrated sonorously. In the Beethoven Third Symphony, which occupied the first half of the program, the second movement benefited particularly from Dr. Koussevitzky's loving care. The performance of Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" was as lucid in its elaboration as an exercise in orchestration, which is the ideal treatment for such a work.

BARBER SYMPHONY HEARD IN REVISION

Walter Leads Philharmonic in
Schumann, Brahms Works
—Serkin Is Piano Soloist

The program presented by the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, under Bruno Walter, last night in Carnegie Hall contained Schumann's Fourth symphony, Samuel Barber's "Symphony in One Movement," which received its first New York hearing in its new revised version, and the Brahms piano concerto in B flat, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist.

Whether by chance or through canniness on the part of the conductor, the fact that he juxtaposed the Schumann and the Barber symphonies on the first half of the list proved particularly interesting. For here were two compositions of the same genre, written a century apart, which both were cast in the cyclic form, and possessed many accidental but striking structural resemblances, al-

though each was entirely representative of its own period in its musical content. **3-10-44**

Divisions of the Works

In each of the two works the four individual divisions, played without pause between them, do not exist as separate entities, but as integral part of a highly unified whole. In each, moreover, the short exposition of the opening allegro is followed by a long development without any restatement, and a striking feature consists of a powerful crescendo leading from the third division to the finale.

That Mr. Barber's revised symphony was able to hold its ground and not appear anticlimactic after the Schumann masterpiece spoke worlds in its favor. If it lacked the melodic invention, simplicity and freshness of that opus, it nevertheless, was so skilled in its craftsmanship, so knowingly orchestrated and filled with character that it scored heavily with its hearers, even if it was forced to bear comparison with the Schumann creation. **T**

Mr. Barber's symphony, which was first performed here by the same orchestra, under Artur Rodzinski in 1937, was completed in 1936. The revision, made last year, consisted in retouching the opening allegro, the andante and the final passacaglia, and replacing the former scherzo by an entirely new one built on a different diminution figure of the chief subject of the first movement, than the one employed in the original version. After a resounding climax of the development of the first allegro, the present scherzo, which has strength, vigor and vitality, provides a vivid contrast to the rest of the symphony, being filled with an atmosphere of sardonic humor and boasting orchestration of a particularly bizarre and effective kind.

Scoring of the Symphony

The scoring here and in the rest of the work had a rich and ample sound, the soulful and noble andante, which is the crown of the composition, proving especially attractive in its color aspects under the baton of Mr. Walter, who conducted it con amore and made the most of its possibilities.

The leader was as eloquent in his readings of the Schumann and the Brahms compositions scheduled; both of which were set forth on a heroic scale. He knew how to bring grandeur of utterance to the Schumann music without robbing it in the least of its romantic nature, and how to draw the fullest type of tone from the players without in the least sacrificing mellowness or subtle expressiveness.

Mr. Serkin played the Brahms concerto in B flat with immaculate technique throughout a monumental interpretation, remarkable in its clarity of architectural patterning. The first two movements were especially noteworthy for vitality and forcefulness, but there was a want of mood in the andante, in which the orchestra was not up to the standard reached in the rest of the evening's contributions.

Mr. Serkin was forced to take many bows after his performance, as was Mr. Barber at the conclusion of his symphony. **N. S.**

NEW BARBER WORK HONORS AIR FORCES

Koussevitzky Conducts Boston
Group in Symphony—Ovation
for Corporal-Composer

By OLIN DOWNES

The novelty of the concert given by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall was Samuel Barber's Second symphony, composed by commission of the Army Air Forces and dedicated to them. The symphony is further to be broadcast over short wave stations by the Office of War Information and scores of the work sent to London and Moscow. **3-11-44 Tm**

Corporal Barber was present last night to enjoy the very cordial reception given him and his sym-

phony, which had followed by only twenty-four hours the playing of his other "Symphony in One Movement" by the Philharmonic-Symphony in the same auditorium. He has been given opportunities for his creative work by the Army, which evidently has not been backward in recognizing his value as a composer as well as a soldier.

We are told that in this symphony Mr. Barber has made no attempt to convey a "program" or "story." It is true that he makes sounds which seem to have realistic suggestion, including the use of a special instrument, an electric "tone-generator," especially constructed for his purposes at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York, and used at the climax of the slow movement to stimulate the sound of a radio-beam. Generally speaking, we would call this programmatic. It is not the first time that a mechanical sound apparatus has been used in a symphonic score. The voice of a nightingale as canned on a Victor record has been used in a well-known symphonic poem by Ottorino Respighi. But Mr. Barber is not writing of nightingales.

Structure of Symphony

What he is writing about, if anything specific, is left to our imagination—which seems a trifle casual. For if there was no definite idea in the music, why the special electrical instrument? An ordinary woodwind or combination of wind instruments could have produced as effective a tone color, wherever wanted. One would say that an imaginary flier has found the beam, and is sticking to it. There is any dramatic connotation you please in all this, but certainly it is not "pure music." It is, however, by the test of music and not by that of a "program," implicit or otherwise, that we are to listen to this symphony.

It is a "modern" score, if modernity is assumed to be absent unless typified by dissonance. In structure this is the most close-knit and concise of his works we have heard. The first movement is clear and strong in outline and the last sounds brilliantly. Whether the slow movement is longer than its ideas justify, and whether this tonal speech is as native to Cor-

Barber as earlier idioms which he has successfully treated, to be better decided after more than one hearing.

The other compositions were Mozart's "Kleine Nachtmusik," Brahms' Third Symphony and the excerpts from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" which included the "Minuet of the Will'o the Wisps," the "Dance of the Sylphs" and the "Rakoczy March." The conductor's approach impressed us as unusually objective. Precision and beautiful balance, perfect style in the turning of the phrase, preserved the indescribably eighteenth century quality of Mozart's music. The question of how many instruments should be employed to give ideal presentation of such a score is one susceptible of long debate. It was remarkable with what mastery Dr. Koussevitzky made a large orchestra sound like a small one, very fine in tone, consummately finished in articulation.

A Virile Interpretation

The announcement of the theme that leaps like a flash of lightning from the orchestra after the two stormy chords that define a principal interval of the Brahms symphony was in the great vein. The interpretation was virile and direct to the point of the conservative, if one accepts a pace in the third movement that hurried the gruppetto which ornaments the Schumannish motive, and an end almost too tranquil for the fundamental mood of the last movement, which is that of great spaces and wind-swept splendor.

The Berlioz pieces are sure-fire. We had anticipated more of diablerie in the Minuet of Mephistopheles' spirits. The orchestra displayed its delicacy in the diaphanous scoring of the waltz, and a plenitude of power in the fiery and rhapsodic performance of the "Rakoczy."

Boston Orchestra Plays New Schuman Symphony

Work for Strings Features Carnegie Hall Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under direction of Serge Koussevitzky, performed a concert devoted to the Symphony for Strings of William Schuman, the Second Symphony (dedicated to the Army Air Forces) by Samuel Barber and "Scheherazade" by Rimsky-Korsakov at Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon. The conductor and orchestra were in top form. *3-13-44 Mail.*

It was the first New York performance of the Schuman work. Barber's Symphony was reviewed by Virgil Thomson on Friday.

Rarely do American works get such a well rehearsed reading, but in spite of this the new Schuman Symphony, his fifth, remained as hard a nut to crack as when it was first performed from Boston over the radio. Filled with harmonic and thematic mannerisms borrowed from his other works, Schuman relies too much on re-using old material to give an impression of individuality.

A performance by the Boston Symphony of Scheherazade is still one of the wonders of the musical world. This work is a touchstone that always brings out the orchestra's best playing year after year, and yesterday the artists brought their program to a close with as brilliant a performance as they have ever given. E. C.

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. Concert in Carnegie Hall Thursday night. The program: Eine kleine Nachtmusik (K. 525) . . . Mozart; Symphony No. 2, Op. 19 (dedicated to the Army Air Forces) . . . Barber; Symphony No. 3, F major, Op. 30 . . . Brahms; Excerpts from "The Damnation of Faust" . . . Berlioz.

More Barber 3-11-44 Mail

NOT in several years has your announcer heard Serge Koussevitzky in such fine form as at Thursday night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. The orchestra itself is always in such perfect condition that one gets to thinking it doesn't make much difference how the conductor feels. It does, though. Because with him, too, at his best and well cast as to repertory, the music he plays can be as memorable an experience as the sound it makes.

Mozart's *Kleine Nachtmusik* is not perfect casting for the good Doctor. The rhythm of Mozart, his meter, his varied phraseology, the relation of ornament to melodic line, the function of off-beat accents and of surprise modulations all seem to escape him. The music comes out, in consequence, pallid and a little nervous. But once this work was out of the way Thursday night the concert took on color and command. I have seldom heard a reading of the Brahms Third Symphony (by far his best, in my modest opinion) that was at once so poetic, so gracious and so transparent. The Berlioz selections, ending as usual with the *Rakoczy March*, were so happily equilibrated in every way and so utterly delicious as sheer sound that their memory will remain, I am sure, for many years as a model of the way they can and should be performed.

Samuel Barber's Second Symphony is a broadly conceived work full of variety and emphasis. I admit some uncertainty as to what it is all about. If his First, which we heard on Wednesday at the Philharmonic, represents, as I think it does, a Hamlet-like backward yearning toward the womb of German Romanticism, this one may well be Hamlet in modern

dress. I've a suspicion they are really the same piece. The new one is modernistic on the surface; at least an effort has been made to write in the dissonant style. But the melodic material would have been set off just as well, and probably better, by a less angular harmonic texture. Also, Mr. Barber does not handle dissonant counterpoint with much freedom.

The work seems to lack striking melody and contrapuntal life. There is lots of emphasis, but it is all of inferior material; and it is operated chiefly by instrumental weight rather than led up to by logic or by tonal rhetoric. Even the instrumentation, though competently calculated, is lacking in character. The constant abuse of instrumental doublings for purposes of emphasis has produced a muddiness of texture that weighs down further a piece already top-heavy with oratorical paraphernalia. Mr. Barber, at his best, is songful and elegiac. His harmonic instincts and training, though elegant, are conventional. Pending further acquaintance with his Second Symphony, I am inclined to think that the commission to write a work glorifying the Army Air Forces has led him to try his hand at a publicitary task for which he has little taste and less preparation.

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Compositions of his adopted country and of his native Russia formed the program conducted by Serge Koussevitzky at the concert given yesterday afternoon by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. The American works performed consisted of William Schuman's "Symphony for Strings," which received its New York premiere, and Corp Samuel Barber's Second Symphony, accorded its second presentation. Russia was represented by the "Schéhérazade" of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the centenary of whose birth occurs this month.

After the cacophonies and complexities that prevailed in the contemporary offerings by Mr. Schuman and Mr. Barber during the first half of the concert, the spontaneous, natural and euphonious music of Rimsky-Korsakoff's wonderfully contrived score spoke its powerful message on behalf of the essential simplicity of artistic creations destined to survive. "Schéhérazade" says what it has to say with such directness and clarity that anyone can comprehend its intentions, and yet it so fascinatingly constructed and orchestrated with such supreme skill that it can hold the attention of the most sophisticated listener.

Dr. Koussevitzky could hardly have celebrated the Rimsky-Korsakoff anniversary more fittingly than he did with his magnificent reading of this ever-popular and ingratiating suite. The leisurely tempo employed made it possible for all of the exquisite detail lavished on each the four movements to be clearly defined and of enchanting effectiveness in an interpretation equally remarkable for its richness of exotic coloring, tonal glamour and sensuousness, and evocation of highly contrasted moods. The leader spent no end of loving care on every page of the masterpiece and his men responded with a zeal that made for the utmost perfection of performance on the part of all concerned.

Mr. Schuman's new symphony, his fifth, was written for the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and was first presented by the same forces in Boston last November. It comprises three movements, the first, "Molto agitato ed energico," being followed by a Larghissimo and a final Presto. The opening division is robust and austere. The second, chiefly for muted strings, proved rather vague and wandering in its melodic outline, with a strange climax for the upper strings and some interesting coloring in its closing harmonies. The last division made a less positively defined impression than the rest, and in parts reminded one of Tchaikovsky's procedure in certain of his scherzos in its treatment of piggiate. All of this music was masterly in its treatment of dissonant counterpoint, logical and in each of its movements well unified in style. But in general it was dry and not particularly communicative.

3-12-44 P. B.

Koussevitzky Conducts Concert in Carnegie Hall

The Boston Symphony Orchestra played its fifth matinee concert of the season yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. The program consisted of the Haydn Symphony in G Major, (No. 88), Debussy's three symphonic sketches, known as "La Mer," and the Brahms First Symphony in C Minor. 4-2-44

The juxtaposition of the modest Haydn Symphony to the luxurious display of French impressionism made an amusing contrast of two ways in which the symphonic ensemble can be impressive in sound. The Debussy work remains a fine period piece, albeit perhaps somewhat arbitrarily named. The performance was scintillating and vibrant, stressing the rich variety of contrasting timbres. Particu-

larly the last movement, with its snatches of Wagnerian harmony and its Franckian theme, brought to mind Cocteau's remark of two decades ago in which he alluded to the similarity between Wagner's fog and Debussy's mist. It is difficult not to feel that the work's true raison d'être is the (for its time) novel orchestration, yet even though now hundreds of people can and do score in the same fashion, especially in commercial music, there still is a vast difference between the original, and its subsequent emulators, from Ravel to Morton Gould. 7-1-44

Dr. Koussevitzky extracted much charm from the Haydn piece, with special emphasis on phrasing and rhythm in the minuet. The Brahms First was constructed in full view of the spectator, with all its formal dignity and harmonic directness, the opening and closing movements receiving treatment which gave the music the highest eloquence. In general the string section seemed just the least bit under the weather, compared to the superb sounds it usually makes. P. B.

[From Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.]

CONCERT TRIBUTE TO RACHMANINOFF

Dr. Koussevitzky Marks First Anniversary of Composer's Death With 2d Symphony

By OLIN DOWNES

The program given by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall, almost exactly on the anniversary of Rachmaninoff's death last March 28, and coincidentally with the establishment of

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the memorial society which bears his name, began with that lamented composer's Second Symphony and continued with the "Death and Transfiguration" of Richard Strauss. The sequence needed no underscoring save the intensities and eloquence of the music. At the end came a fillip of sheer and irresistible entertainment—the far-famed Boston Symphony performance of the excerpts from Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe."

Yet each of the items on this program, aside from special and poignant associations, would have been engrossing. Witness the strength and vitality of Rachmaninoff's eloquent and unrevolutionary symphony; a work which keeps its position in the repertory not by the novelty of its terms but solely because of the feeling and invention, emotion and Slavic color and splendid structure of the music. It has a quality of organic development which sustains the interest of the listener throughout its considerable length. Interest never flags for an instant. Nothing is without the logic of beauty. And, despite the classic form, the symphony is a highly personal document. 4-1-44

Nor is "To a Young Girl" and "Verklärung" a novelty. Liszt and Wagner are its forbears, yet here again is a composer with an intense conviction in what he has to say, and a certain faculty for blazing portraiture. Theatrical this may sound in certain pages, but so is Verdi's "Requiem," played here at a recent concert performance, theatrical. Last night's tone poem is the characteristic speech of the young Strauss who once shook the world with the unheard-of intensities of his art. The somber opening; the depiction of a lifetime as the field of battle that it is, and the long triumphant ascent to the final rainbow chord of transfiguration are pages that still grip and take us far from the pettiness of the "vie quotidienne."

An evening of masterful interpretation of a program which may have been a horrible slump into the

sound, safe and sane, but which did not seem to hang heavy upon Dr. Koussevitzky's conscience, or that of his players, or the audience! And the Boston Symphony's evocation of Ravel's glowing, scintillant music is so remarkable for its tonal glory, precision and "panache" that it almost surpasses the music itself in its values—almost becomes, in and of itself, a work of art. No audience listens to it without cheering, as did last night's audience.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ENDS SEASON HERE

Koussevitzky Leads Group in
Haydn, Debussy and Brahms
Works at Final Concert

By NOEL STRAUS

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, gave the final concert of its New York season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. For the event the conductor had chosen three sharply contrasted masterpieces by Haydn, Debussy and Brahms, each of which gloried in a superlative reading.

The program opened with the Haydn symphony in G major (B. and H. No. 88) from the second Paris set. With the slow introduction to the initial allegro of this work, it at once became obvious that Dr. Koussevitzky and his men were definitely in the vein for an afternoon of great music-making.

The precision and bite of the fortissimo chords for full orches-

tra, the importance given the rests between them, the impressiveness of the softly answering strings were factors that lent unusual effectiveness to the preludial measures. All that followed was as successful in maintaining the classic character of the symphony, while at the same time investing its four movements with intense vitality and full-blooded tone. The noble song of the Largo soared forth in soulful, rich sonorities, but never overstepped the bounds of its essential simplicity, while the finale was given with a rhythmic charm and infectuousness that made it exceptionally ingratiating.

Dr. Koussevitzky's magnificent account of Debussy's "La Mer" was again worthy of all of the encomiums that have been expended on his presentations of the impressionistic creation in the past. From its mysterious opening bars to the scintillant peroration of the last of its three movements it was a revelation in play of prismatic color, dynamic gradations of the most subtle type, and positive projection of all of the varied moods of the sea from playful abandon to stormy tumultuousness.

The First symphony of Brahms, which closed the concert, received an interpretation as extraordinary for grandeur of conception as for tonal splendor. It was all on a heroic scale, throbbing with inner life and marvelously communicative throughout. The andante with its fascinating combination of warmth and tenderness; the third movement, taken at the rapid pace favored by conductors at present, yet filled with all the grace that commonly escapes at this tempo, and the finale, which was beyond praise in its eloquence and tonal splendor, were so many concomitants of a magisterial and unforgettable performance, that roused the large audience to a fervent demonstration at the close.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Monday Evening, October 25, at 8:15

Tuesday Afternoon, October 26, at 3

First Concerts of this Series

Programme

BRAHMSSymphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

GRIEGConcerto for Pianoforte in A minor, Op. 16

GRIEGSuite No. 1 from the Incidental Music to Ibsen's "Peer Gynt"

SOLOIST

ANIA DORFMANN

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ANIA DORFMANN

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.
Monday Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the first in the supplementary series of concerts in Symphony Hall last night. Ania Dorfman, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68
Concerto in A minor for Piano and orchestra, Op. 16; Suite No. 1 from "Peer Gynt" Grieg

Of all the piano concertos in the repertoire, Grieg's A minor concerto remains one of the best. There's nothing big or profound or even important about it; it's just attractive and very personal music, and, well (but not too frequently) done, it can hardly fail to please any but the most recondite tastes.

Regretably enough, it wasn't too well done last night, as the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky began its supplementary series of concerts in Symphony Hall. Miss Dorfman's performance of the piano part was competent enough, possibly, but the conception was a little too soft, a little to melting, and it emphasized the weaker aspects of the composition. Dr. Koussevitzky did what he could to infuse the work with some of its inherent sweep and vigor, and occasionally succeeded, but generally, the performance was uninspired, and not quite sufficient enough tribute to the memory of the composer, the 100th anniversary of whose birth the performance celebrated.

With the first "Peer Gynt" Suite, which brought the program to a close, Grieg was vindicated. The chances are the delightful set of pieces has never been more delightfully played, and it seemed to me as if I'd never really heard "Anitra's Dance" before. The first half of the program was given over to Brahms' C minor Symphony, a composition with which Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra always works a miracle of sonority and impact. There was a capacity—and a very enthusiastic—audience on hand. The concert will be repeated today at 3 o'clock.

**Centenary
Is Observed
By Symphony**

Women were for a time considerably pushed aside as pianists, the public being captivated by men who outspeeded them; but with the wearing off of interest in the velocity school they are coming back. An artist to take up for the feminine side of the question and restore the lost balance is Ania Dorfmann, who appeared with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, at Symphony Hall last night, taking part as soloist in the Grieg Concerto. It must have been a pleasure, too, for the Monday subscribers at the opening concert of their monthly series to hear something else than a swift and thunderous performance of a work which is essentially meditative in mood and light and fragile in construction.

Miss Dorfmann brought perfect preparation for her task, both knowing her part as executant and able to control matters more or less as interpreter. She exhibited that none too common knack of a soloist to take up a melody at the precise point where the orchestra leaves it and to pass it back without break or pause when done with it. She showed the further ability to blend the tone of the piano with that of whatever wind or string instrument happened for the moment to be particularly accompanying her.

Both in style of playing, then, and in management of herself in the ensemble, she excelled. The

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

With the first pair of concerts of the "shorter series" upon us, the Boston Symphony season is really in full stride. **10-26-43**

In these concerts (last evening, and this afternoon at 3 at Symphony Hall) Serge Koussevitzky belatedly observes the 100th anniversary of the birth of Edvard Grieg with the performance of the First Suite from his incidental music to "Peer Gynt" and the Piano Concerto in which Ania Dorfmann is soloist. The program begins with the First Symphony of Brahms.

In public acceptance, Grieg's music has traversed the whole range from the widest popularity in his lifetime to the point in recent times when it has been customary to sniff at him as lesser talent. Ordinarily we hear only a few of the songs, some of the sections of the "Peer Gynt" Suite and the Piano Concerto, his largest instrumental work. But it is not fair to sniff at a man who by choice confined his efforts mainly to the smaller forms, and who had Grieg's rare gift of melody.

The Concerto, for instance, fairly bursts with wrothy tunes. And Miss Dorfmann gave them warm attention. She approached the Concerto in a frame of mind which brought out the best of its lyric romanticism. She earned the hearty applause bestowed upon her at the end of the first movement. Albeit, she has a tendency to allow phrase endings to trail off, and there were moments when some passage work was not clearly wrought. The adagio she played beautifully, while in the final movement Miss Dorfmann maintained the several themes in sensitive balance.

One is tempted to think of the "Peer Gynt" Suite as obvious and second rate music. But Mr. Koussevitzky gave it substance and life. —J. W. R.

platform was hers. Good sound and tasteful phrasing marked every moment of her being there. She is one of those artists who beguile the eye as well as the ear. The tone seems a part of her action. The effect of a note continues with the lift of her hand from the keys.

The occasion gave recognition to Grieg in the centenary way, which could hardly be a big way, because what survives of Grieg in the orchestral repertory is rather small in amount. But let it be remarked that the "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1, which Dr. Koussevitzky and his men gave their attention to next after the concerto took on a performance of such exquisiteness as is possible only when everything is precisely right—conductor, instrumentalists, and listeners. Rarely do orchestra and audience find themselves in such unity as here they did in the playing of the second movement of the suite; nor was the case very different in the third.

The Monday series, in brief, opened auspiciously. Are they concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra outside the regular scheme, or are they really Koussevitzky concerts, given under the auspices of the institution? At any rate there is a separate quality about them. The Brahms Symphony No. 1 which stood at the head of last evening's program was treated with a freedom and an informality, or an untraditionality, if the word does not offend, that might not quite answer on a Friday afternoon or a Saturday evening. There was a subordinating of the first three movements and an exalting of the fourth that hearers might take a notion to describe as especially Koussevitzkian.

W. P. T.

Monday Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the second in the supplementary series of concerts in Symphony Hall last night. The program was as follows: *11-30-43 Herald*

Brahms Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80
Beethoven Symphony No. 2, Op. 36
Schönberg Verklärte Nacht
Gershwin, "Porgy and Bess," Symphonic Picture by Robert Russell Bennett

It is almost impossible to believe that Schönberg's "Verklärte Nacht" once evoked gasps of horror from the musical public. To a modern audience its lush sentimentality and romanticism are cloying more than anything else. Last night under Richard Burgin's capable direction, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a moving and sympathetic interpretation of this early work by a composer who later devoted himself to experiments in atonality.

The program opened with a rousing performance of Brahms' lively Academic Festival Overture, which was followed by an excellent rendition of Beethoven's ever lovely Second Symphony. The program ended with a not too happy performance of Robert Russell Bennett's not too happy arrangement of Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess" music.

D.W.S.

Schönberg's 'Verklärte Nacht' Revived Under Richard Burgin

One of the most original examples of the art of tone in the twentieth century, Arnold Schönberg's "Verklärte Nacht" String Sextet, op. 4, was revived at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, in Symphony Hall last night in arrangement for a full complement of strings. The music has lately been revised by the composer and it stands newly printed in string orchestra form.

The situation is indeed an interesting one—a study dating from more than 40 years ago still actively in process of taking shape. Few masterpieces have a history of the sort. Most of them are completed in the first place and no more done about them. *11-30-43*

Proof of the originality of "Verklärte Nacht" is that hardly another exploit in string orchestra writing has come out in its day that does not bear strong resemblance to it, either in general style and effect or in technical method. Listeners in the beginning found it strange, though it is designed on conservative enough lines. It belongs to the composer's earliest period, before his explorations into realms of extreme dissonance began. Nevertheless there were people who up to not so long ago found the work both strange and amusing.

What Schönberg particularly

fixed and made the rule here is that the primary mood of anything written for a considerable assemblage of strings must be sentimental. No escape; that is how the violin, from the little instrument at the top of the harmony to the big one at the bottom, is made. Heap the sonorities high, you must load on the romance all the more. There can be, and in truth there must be, contrasts; and yet the quieter and the gentler type of emotion has to prevail, else expression and means of expression do not fit together. *monit*

Mr. Schönberg once remarked in speaking about his "Verklärte Nacht" that he preferred a cool interpretation to fervid one. But a very restrained conductor would be wanted for following his wishes. Such a one would hardly be Mr. Burgin, who led the Boston Symphony men through the measures of the work last evening. Himself a violinist, Mr. Burgin knows the voice of the violin and the accents in which it wants to speak.

"Verklärte Nacht" could be no light exercise for listeners who had already taken care of the Brahms Academic Festival Overture, op. 80, and the Beethoven Symphony No. 2 in D major, op. 36. It needed something brisk and tuneful for change, and it had the required thing in the Bennett Symphonic Picture on Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess"; American airs, Down South school, the best invented since those of Dvořák's "New World" Symphony.

W. P. T.

MONDAY SYMPHONY

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Entering upon his second week as guest-conductor of the Symphony Orchestra, Vladimir Golschmann presented last evening a programme that was partly reminiscent, partly anticipatory, and that contained one number, Paul Creston's *Pastorale* and *Tarantella*, that is to be confined to this particular pair of concerts. By way of repetition came the conductor's exhilarating version of Beethoven's "*Eroica*" and the Satie-Debussy "*Gymnopédies*," distinctive, though tiresomely tenuous, but beautifully set forth.

As foretaste of the week-end concerts, Mr. Golschmann revived Tchaikovsky's fantasia after Dante, "*Francesca da Rimini*." Its specious excitements and pleasant middle section made their accustomed appeal last evening. Nevertheless the work has faded sadly. The music of the lovers lacks true sensuous quality, and the rest has as little to do with the torrid blasts of hell as the circus storm in Rossini's "*William Tell*" overture, which it occasionally suggests, has to do with the Alpine reality. 1-25-44 P.M.

Mr. Creston's name appeared last night for the first time on a Boston Symphony programme. His piece is not particularly up to date, something which many people would not hold against it. The *Pastorale* recalls the French impressionists, the *Tarantella* is reasonably exciting, yet hardly vertiginous, it doesn't really succeed in getting its feet off the ground. There are incidental suggestions of "*Zarathustra*" and "*The Sorcerer's Apprentice*." The programme will be repeated this afternoon.

Monday Symphony

The fourth concert of its subsidiary series was given last night in Symphony Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Vladimir Golschmann as guest conductor. The program was as follows: Beethoven, Symphony No. 3 in E flat major; Creston, *Pastorale* and *Tarantella* (First performance in Boston); Satie, *Gymnopédies* (Two "Gymnopédies" (Orchestrated by Debussy)).

Tchaikovsky, "*Francesca da Rimini*," Orchestral Fantasia.

Paul Creston's "*Pastorale* and *Tarantella*" received its first Boston hearing at last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Vladimir Golschmann—and we must confess that the orchestra shone more than the music. The *Pastorale* is pleasantly lyrical in a not too original manner, being more than a little reminiscent of Delius. The *Tarantella* is lively and rhythmic, as a tarantella should be, working up to a nice noisy climax. Its noise, however, is based on a succession of dynamics that are never quite resolved. 1-25-44 M.M.

Mr. Golschmann heightened the excellent impression he made at his initial appearance on Friday. He repeated his beautiful reading of Beethoven's third symphony, emphasizing the lyric qualities rather than the heroic. Also repeated were the two unusual "*Gymnopédies*" of Erik Satie.

The program closed with a rousing performance of Tchaikovsky's lushly romantic "*Francesca da Rimini*" overture. Here Mr. Golschmann proved that he is quite as much at home with the Romantics as he is with the Classicists. The necessary fervor is there without any overdose of rubato, as is so often the case when conductors encounter Tchaikovsky.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Paul Creston, American composer who is a musical director of the Blue Network, made his first appearance on the program of the Boston Symphony at the concerts of Monday evening and yesterday afternoon. Vladimir Golschmann, continuing as guest conductor, offered Mr. Creston's "*Pastorale* and *Tarantella*," an agreeable if derivative work of not a little attractiveness.

Mr. Golschmann's program began with his restrained and considered reading of Beethoven's "*Eroica*" Symphony, and after the interval continued with Mr. Creston's pieces, two "*Gymnopédies*" of Satie, and Tchaikovsky's "*Francesca da Rimini*." 1-25-44 S.M.

The coloristic effects of Mr. Creston's "*Pastorale*" depend a good deal on chords of the ninth, consecutive inner fifths and other harmonic materials which are largely associated with the French school of impressionists. Though the "*Tarantella*" stems in part from Ravel, it is lithe music of considerable freshness. Its figurations are particularly interesting. In form, both pieces are eminently logical and concise in form, and hints of their ancestry in no way impair their pleasantness.

Mr. Golschmann did not force the rhythmic pulsations of the *Tarantella* into iron-bound patterns, but produced them with a resiliency that enhanced their regularity. On the other hand he conducted the two Satie pieces with that classic French style of rhythm based on phrase-to-phrase, rather than bar-to-bar rhythm. Thus he made the tenuous and slight piece come alive. Mr. Golschmann made the Tchaikovsky Fantasia alternately sensuous and bombastic, which is about all anyone can do for this faded music.—J. W. R.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The fifth program of the Boston Symphony's shorter series is a first class example of how standard symphonic works can be made readily acceptable for repeated hearings. The secret lies, in this case, in the refreshing process of Richard Burgin's intense and personal recreation of those works.

Mozart's "*Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*," for instance, was not the tired old piece, familiar through countless slipshod radio performances, but young and fresh and luminous music. The strings were a trifle shrill in the high sections of the Menuetto, but for the remainder of the work comported themselves with their customary brilliance. Mr. Burgin played it unhurriedly, yet it had sparkle and bounce.

Mr. Burgin marked Brahms' Third Symphony with imagination and expressiveness. Certain transitions—particularly from the first to second themes of the third, and again at the same point in the final movement—were not always cleanly brought about. But in the main it was a sound and sturdy reading.

With two Moussorgsky works—the Prelude to "*Khovanstchina*" and "*Pictures at an Exhibition*"—Mr. Burgin led the orchestra through its paces, splashing orchestral colors prodigally and fully indulging what must be a delightful sense of humor. The orchestra players must have had a field day with the latter work since it gives a solo to nearly every first desk. 1-29-44 S.M.

It is something of a tour de force to carry off familiar Mozart and Brahms with better than fair success. The audience gave Mr. Burgin a good solid round of applause for an evening of fine music. The program will be repeated today at 3.—J. W. R.

Burgin With Symphony

Four persons were required—composer, arranger, conductor and player—and the note was the kind that stays. Heard at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert in Symphony Hall last night, Richard Burgin directing, it came at a certain point in the performance of Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovanstchina"; or, according to one or another listener, perhaps at a number of points. A single note suffices, too, for the fixing of recollection. The rest may be just an agglomerate of melodies, harmonies, and sonorities not to be sorted out. **2-29-44**

Much can be remembered in music, truly enough, with slight help; and we may be sure that all four had us in mind—Moussorgsky when he composed, Rimsky-Korsakoff when he arranged and orchestrated, Mr. Burgin when he conducted, and the instrumentalist, whoever he may have been, when he gave the note its particular sound.

Does music that is written today very often provide that saving note? No matter; anyone in the audience of the fifth Monday subscription evening could have the pleasure of it, and without effort of appreciating something. Indeed, there was no missing it; and no doubt chiefly because Mr. Burgin found himself in his element presenting the Prelude, which is music of color.

He was not half the master of music of line, such as occupied the first part of his program, the "Kleine Nachtmusik" Serenade of Mozart, and the Symphony No. 3 of Brahms. Possibly he showed up as less remarkable in music of line because in his regular capacity of concertmaster his work is always linear. **monit**

He secures a welcome escape, we may presume, as conductor, manipulating the orchestral colors as they come to hand in masterpieces of composing and arranging of the Prelude type. That brings in, not to forget, the final program item, Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," as metamorphosed from piano pieces into orchestral studies by Ravel.

Some share of the explanation may lie in Mr. Burgin's conducting with open hands, no baton to be grasped. Always he is ready to bring right hand and left together in the smallest focus of motion, and equally ready to widen them out in full, broad sweep. The baton, let us say, for music of line, and the open hand for music of color.

Let us say so, naturally enough, with reservations; for with another conductor the whole notion might have to be reversed. At any rate, the going is easy for those who defend Mr. Burgin as interpreter of music of color, whatever his technique and his "school" may be. **W. P. T.**

Monday Symphony

The fifth concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's subsidiary season was given last night at Symphony Hall, with Richard Burgin conducting, and with the following program:

"Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade for String Orchestra.....Mozart
Symphony no. 3 in F major.....Brahms
Prelude to "Khovanstchina," Moussorgsky
"Pictures at an Exhibition," orchestrated by Maurice Ravel.....Moussorgsky

Last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Richard Burgin conducting, did not present anything new or startling, either in program or performance. Rather, it consisted of a group of old and familiar friends, played in more or less routine fashion. **2-29-44**

Mozart's delightful and ever young serenade had a tendency to drag, except in the Menuetto and Finale, where Mr. Burgin and the orchestra really got into the swing of things. The Brahms, on the other hand, was better performed in the earlier movements. There was considerable raggedness of attack in the Allegro finale, where the orchestra was not particularly responsive to the conductor's beat.

Following the intermission, Moussorgsky held the floor, first with the lyrically beautiful introduction to "Khovanstchina," and finally with Ravel's orchestration of "Pictures at an Exhibition." The latter group has been done by the orchestra so often that we expected a better performance than the one they presented. The playing was decidedly uneven, and Mr. Burgin's tempi were frequently unconventional, to say the least. In the "Great Gate at Kiev" he sacrificed melody for sheer noise, but the audience seemed to enjoy the crashing finish to the evening. **Herold D. W. S.**

MONDAY SYMPHONY

Familiar music made the programme of last evening's Symphony Concert, conducted by Richard Burgin. The major item, Brahms' Third Symphony, was heard not long ago at the longer series from Dr. Koussevitzky. It might be said that Mr. Burgin's interpretation laid more stress on the classical aspects of the music and less on its romantic side. In any event, the performance was a singularly satisfying one and greatly relished by the audience. **2-29-44**

No less successful was Mr. Burgin's treatment of the final item, Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," as orchestrated by Ravel. The final picture, "The Great Gate of Kiev," was properly resplendent. Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovantchina" made the rest of a thoroughly enjoyable concert, a repetition of which will be heard this afternoon.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

It is hard to realize that another musical season is drawing near its close. The Spring opera season is with us and there remain only three programs of the Boston Symphony's regular concerts before the Pops begin. The regrettable fact was really brought home last evening when Serge Koussevitzky conducted the sixth and last program of the orchestra's "shorter" series.

The audience helped to make the concert something of an occasion. As Mr. Koussevitzky walked slowly to his stand, a shower of applause fell, steadily increasing in volume and excitement. He smiled, bowed and took his place to lead the orchestra in a brilliant and rewarding concert.

Haydn's gentle little Symphony in G major, No. 88, which we hear about once every season, led off. It glittered and sparkled as though conductor and orchestra held it in a strong white light. Yet somehow it didn't sound like Haydn, for it was played with a shattering brilliance and elan. But Debussy's "La Mer" was another story, for it had an improvisatory, spontaneous quality as though the infinite humors of the sea were being expressed at the moment.

Thus the concert built steadily to the climax: Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony (in E minor), played as a memorial to the composer who died in California a year ago March 28. Its surging sound and grateful melodies are but outward evidence of its aesthetic sincerity, emotional depth and completeness. One thought that, though Stravinsky has been the modern spokesman for Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff certainly was the direct inheritor of his tradition. Mr. Koussevitzky gave it a fervent, believing performance, as large in scale as the Symphony itself.—J. W. R.

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

PENSION FUND
CONCERT

SUNDAY, APRIL 30, 1944
IN TWO PARTS BEGINNING AT 4:30 and 8:00

BACH'S
MASS IN B MINOR

with the assistance of the

HARVARD GLEE CLUB

and the

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

(G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, *Conductor*)

Soloists

ROSE DIRMAN, *Soprano*

HERTHA GLAZ, *Contralto*

WILLIAM HAIN, *Tenor*

ROBERT HALL COLLINS, *Bass*

Tickets: \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.80 (Tax included)

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Bach's B Minor Mass

By CYRUS DURGIN

The Mass in B minor by Johann Sebastian Bach was presented at Symphony Hall yesterday for the benefit of the pension fund of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Serge Koussevitzky conducted. The choruses were the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, prepared by G. Wallace Woodworth. The soloists were Rose Dirman, soprano; Hertha Glaz, contralto; William Hain, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass. E. Power Biggs was organist, and the harpsichord was played by Ralph Kirkpatrick.

Bach's Mass had last previously been heard here at the pension fund concert of 1940. Yesterday's performance followed the practical tradition of beginning at 4:30, with a break at 6:30, and resuming at 8.

This performance again brought to the fore what Bostonians well know but are apt to take for granted: that the city is fortunate in the long-standing and cordial relationship between Symphony Hall and Harvard. Such a great and difficult work can be so well given only by a great orchestra and conductor in collaboration with young choral singers prepared by such an expert as Mr. Woodworth.

5-1-44
And it was well sung. Whatever passing errors or uncertainties occurred in the choral work, the standard was very high. The voices sounded fresh and vigorous. There could have been more tenors and basses, but in volume these sections held their own most of the time. The Radcliffe girls produced a solid, homogeneous tone.

Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting of the Mass has deepened and mellowed over the years. It was highly emotional when the character of the

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music indicated, and he indulged his liking for very broad allargandos at the ends of sections. But his reading was also profound and in some respects austere.

Miss Dirman and Mr. Collins, of the soloists, showed the best style, the highest accuracy and sustained weight of tone. Miss Glaz' performance occasionally seemed insecure. The aria of the Agnus Dei, quite difficult in the matter of pitch—and perhaps the most expressive of all the arias in the Mass—Miss Glaz nevertheless carried through with sound competence. Mr. Hain also did well, but his tones ought to have been more robust, especially in the "Domine Deus" with the soprano.

By setting the tenor aria "Benedictus qui venit" before the choral "Osanna," Mr. Koussevitzky obtained more contrast, without harm to the fabric of the work, than exists in the original order in which the "Osanna" is followed by two solo arias.

The M minor Mass is one of the towering masterpieces in music. One may prefer Beethoven's Missa Solemnis as a more direct expression of faith, and one may feel that some of the counterpoint in Bach's Kyrie and Gloria becomes dry and academic. But the great moments of the B minor Mass, the opening of Kyrie and Gloria, the magnificent "Cum Sancto Spiritu," the Credo and Sanctus, are simply overwhelming.

B Minor Mass

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave Johan Sebastian Bach's B minor Mass yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. It was the 99th Pension Fund concert of the orchestra. Assisting were the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society (G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor); Rose Dirman, soprano; Hertha Glaz, contralto; William Hain, tenor; Robert Hall Collins, baritone; Richard Burgin, violin; Louis Speyer and Jean Devergie, oboe d'amore; Willem Valkenier, horn; Georges Luarent, flute; E. Power Biggs, organ; and Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord.

If there's any composition in the entire musical literature which requires all or nothing at all in the discussion of it then that composition is Bach's B minor Mass, given yesterday afternoon and evening at the 99th annual Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra. *5-1-44 Home*

You can discuss it if you have a bow room, its position in history as a gigantic conception of religious expression in music; you can discuss the strange anomaly of its being the ultimate expression of the Catholic liturgy although composed by a fiercely pious Protestant; you can talk about its odd structure as a random collection of graceful duets in the operatic vein, tremendous double choruses and coloratura arias with solo instrumental obbligato, none of them actually having close musical relationship one with another. Or you can mention the considerable difficulties involved in grasping or realizing its marvels in one hearing, not the least of which are its great length (even when divided) and its almost constant center of tonality.

To do all this, however, is to bore those who know all about it, and baffle those who do not. And so the chief point of interest in yes-

terday's performance was its performance. That, to put it mildly, was magnificent, and it was magnificent principally because of the chorus and the marvelous unanimity of its singing.

Each year it seems the combined choruses of Harvard and Radcliffe improve in these matters. There is no doubt that this season's has the edge on all but one or two of its recent predecessors, even to the tenors and basses, which is notable in these times. The attack was smart, the negotiation of the florid counterpoint excellent and the intonation faultless. Moreover, the choruses responded to the conductor's subtlest nuance to achieve additional tonal and dynamic coloring. They did a great job of singing, no doubt about it.

The soloists were very good, but seldom up to the quality of the general performance level. Only Robert Hall Collins and Hertha Glaz reached a sufficiently high dynamic level to be really well heard, but all of them, to their very considerable credit, sang with the utmost clarity, for there was never any fuzzy traversal of melodic line. Theirs was, actually, a very creditable accomplishment, but drawn to a small scale. The instrumental soloists were fine, and the whole was conducted with great intensity by Dr. Koussevitzky. The large audience was vastly impressed, and gave the entire ensemble the warmest sort of reception.

At the conclusion, Koussevitzky was given the greatest ovation of his career. During the applause a mysterious admirer appeared on the stage and presented Koussevitzky a wreath, but fled before his identity could be learned. G. Wallace Woodworth, who directed the Harvard choral groups, was presented a set of hurricane lamps by the members of the orchestra.

Symphony and College Singers Give Bach's Mass in B Minor

By L. A. Sloper

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting, presented Bach's Mass in B minor yesterday afternoon and evening in Symphony Hall for the benefit of its Pension Fund. The orchestra was assisted as usual by the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses, prepared by G. Wallace Woodworth.

The soloists were Rose Dirman, soprano, Hertha Glaz, contralto, William Hain, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass. Messrs. Burgin, Speyer, Devergie, Valkenier and Laurent played the instrumental solos. E. Power Biggs was at the organ and Ralph Kirkpatrick at the harpsichord.

This concert served also as an extra climactic event in the celebration of Dr. Koussevitzky's twentieth season in Boston. On Saturday night he had received an album containing the names of 1,200 admirers, with a gift of \$16,000 to the Koussevitzky Musical Foundation. He was also the recipient of a silver bowl from the members of the orchestra.

Last night he was accorded an ovation at the close of the Mass, and was presented with a large wreath. All these rites and gifts bore witness to the admiration and gratitude he has won for his two decades of able service to the community and to the cause of music in America.

The performance of the mighty B minor Mass constituted in a sense an epitome of our conductor's art. It was charged with the dramatic quality which marks his interpretations. The impact of the tremendous choruses was overwhelming. There were the characteristic sudden dynamic changes,

the typical lagging, approaching immobility, in the slow sections.

It is possible to prefer a more lyrical reading of this work, one which would convey its devotional message with more restraint and with more emphasis on the flowing line and less on the sharp angle. The "Et incarnatus" section of the Credo, for example, would profit by such treatment. And the final chorus, "Dona nobis pacem," could be made to express more of religious aspiration; for this chorus is a supplication, not a declamation, and was designed to be sung in a church, not in a theater.

There can be no doubt of the effectiveness of Dr. Koussevitzky's way with this score. It provoked a storm of applause and cheers. But was not this success achieved under a misconception of the essential nature of the music?

The chorus sang magnificently, with full, firm tone, pure intonation, good balance, and an enthusiasm that gave the conductor everything he asked.

The arias and duets were less even in quality, and in some of them the instrumental accompaniments were ragged. Miss Dirman, after some difficulty with pitch in the "Christe eleison," sang accurately thereafter. Miss Glaz, who has a voice of interesting color, also had trouble with her intonation. Both she and Mr. Hain also showed an odd tentativeness, seeming reluctant to make themselves heard. Mr. Collins had his voice under good control, and sang with forthrightness and musical expressiveness, although the part lay a little low for him. *5-1-44 Home*

BOSTON ORCHESTRA BRINGS 63d SEASON TO CLOSE HERE

TWENTIETH YEAR AS LEADER FOR DR. KOUSSEVITZKY

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

WITH the performance of Bach's B minor Mass this afternoon and evening, the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe assisting, the Boston Symphony Orchestra ends its 63d season and Dr. Serge Koussevitzky his 20th. In other words, the Russian conductor has been at his post for nearly a third of the orchestra's history. This has been the normal state of affairs in Chicago, which had had but two conductors for its orchestra up to the beginning of the present season, Theodore Thomas and the late Frederick Stock, but it is something new in Boston. Eight leaders preceded Dr. Koussevitzky and two of them, Gericke and Muck, had two terms.

Such complete identification of a great orchestra and a distinguished director can serve to heighten the prestige of both, and that is exactly what has happened in the present instance. The Boston Symphony was the foremost orchestra in this country long before Dr. Koussevitzky came to us, though it lost that position temporarily as a result of the first World war and the ill-advised strike, which, together, made it necessary for, first, Mr. Monteux and then Dr. Koussevitzky to build it up anew. The latter has done his part of the job with a thoroughness that even the warmest of his admirers would not have anticipated.

4-30-44 Pops
But there is another side to the question, namely, that with one conductor in charge over so long a period the repertory is bound to reflect a single outlook, the performances a single personality. The first difficulty was long resolved in Dr. Koussevitzky's case by the truly amazing range of his programmes. Of late years, however, he has viewed his responsibilities in a rather different light. Remaining faithful to his novelties, now largely American, he has come to rely more and more upon the most familiar classics for the rest. Aside from the semi-occasional revivals, we have experienced a freshening of the basic repertory largely through the efforts

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of the guest conductors—more power to them—and of Associate Conductor Richard Burgin. Occasionally, too, one of these visitors has given us a new and welcome angle on some standard work; for example, Vladimir Golschmann's "Eroica" last January and George Szell's version of the Schubert C major in the season before. Additional instance might easily be cited.

Programme-making is a complicated business, and the best laid plans may often go awry. Last fall Dr. Koussevitzky announced his intention of reviving Schubert's Sixth Symphony, Tchaikovsky's Third and Dvorak's Fourth and of introducing to us the Third of Rachmaninoff. If none of these was forthcoming we did get Schumann's Third and Mendelssohn's "Scotch," both of which had been absent for several years; along with Mahler's "Song of the Earth," the conducting of which unexpectedly fell to Mr. Burgin. Another needed revival, that of Bruckner's Eighth, was projected but fell through because of the drafting of a horn player. This mighty score demands eight, four of whom must play the "Bayreuth" tubas. We have not had a Bruckner symphony now in a shockingly long time.

NATIVE COMPOSERS' YEAR

This was truly the native composers' year. No less than eight new American symphonies were heard, if we may place Russian-born Nicolai Berezowsky's Fourth in this category, most of them for the first time anywhere. This particular work was conducted by its composer, as were Hanson's Fourth, Gardner Read's Second and Bernstein's First, titled "Jeremiah." A. Wallace Woodworth gave us the Second of Piston and Dr. Koussevitzky the Fifth of Schuman (for strings), the Sixth of Harris and Barber's Second. Those of Bernstein and Barber were far and away the best.

Superior to Mr. Piston's surprisingly conventional effort was his sterling Prelude and Allegro for organ and strings. Paul Creston, whose name like that of Leonard Bernstein, was new to the Symphony programmes, was represented by an innocuous "Pastorale and Tarantelle," which Mr. Golschmann conducted at a Monday-Tuesday pair, and the agreeably panoramic "Frontiers," which we owed to Andre Kostelanetz. Another and shorter "Western" was Lukas Foss' "The Prairie," and its young composer was also a newcomer. Of little moment were Barber's "Commando March" and Bennett's symphonic synthesis of "Porgy and Bess." Most of us like our "Porgy" straight. It is perhaps significant that the only American piece that was not a novelty was Copland's "El Salon Mexico," given a revealing performance by Mr. Bernstein, who is gifted both as conductor and composer.

NON-AMERICAN WORKS

Of the non-American new pieces the most imposing were Shostakovich's uneven Eighth Symphony, the most satisfying in their very different ways were Kabalevsky's brilliant Overture to his opera, "Colas Breugnot," disclosed to us by Mr. Kostelanetz, and Stravinsky's Ode in memory of Mme. Koussevitzky. In a concert of his own music Mr. Stravinsky brought us his not-too-convincing "Norwegian Moods" and his amusing "Circus Polka," soon to find its way to the Pops. His curious harmonization of "The Star-Spangled Banner" stirred up a typical teapot tempest.

Arthur Fiedler begins his 15th season as Pops conductor on Tuesday evening.

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'Koussevitzky Family' Party Honors Symphony Leader

A Boston club—"The Koussevitzky Family"—met last night for a supper party at the Ritz and toasted the man responsible for its existence and name, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, 70, conductor of the Boston Symphony.

Dr. Koussevitzky, who conducted the last concert in his 20th season in Boston Saturday night, gave the name to a small group of his intimate friends 10 years ago; and every year since, at the close of the season, those friends have given him a party.

Mrs. Graeme Haughton was hostess at the first party, and she was hostess again last night, to a small group of people whose names are synonymous with the support of fine music here.

Guests included Mrs. Edward Thayer and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dreyfus, all of whom have been hosts at the "Family" party in other years; Mr. and Mrs. Daniel de Menocal, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. N. Penrose Hallowell, Russell Codman, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Hepburn, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, and Olga Naumoff, niece and secretary of the great conductor.

Rumors persist that the triumphant close of the Symphony season last evening with the Pension Fund concert performance of Bach's B Minor Mass may mark the retirement of Dr. Koussevitzky, but "The Koussevitzky Family" made plans last night for next year's party just the same.

Symphony Orchestra Managers Hold Parley

The managers of 17 symphony orchestras of the United States and Canada ended their two-day conference in Boston yesterday. Their program included sessions at Hotel Statler and the Harvard Club, and a tea at the Women's City Club yesterday, where they were guests of George E. Judd, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and Mrs. Judd.

The trustees of the Boston Symphony entertained them at lunch at the Harvard Club. They also attended the Pops at Symphony Hall. This was the first such conference to be held in Boston. The visiting managers were:

C. C. Cappel, Baltimore; George A. Kuyper, Chicago; J. M. O'Kane, Cincinnati; Carl Vosburgh, Cleveland; Howard Harrington, Indianapolis; Mrs. Ruth O. Seufert, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Leland A. Irish, Los Angeles; Arthur J. Gaines, Minneapolis; Arthur Judson, New York City; Dean Richardson, Oklahoma City; Earl McDonald, Philadelphia; Edward Specter, Pittsburgh; A. M. See, Rochester, N. Y.; Howard Skinner, San Francisco; Walter Bruce Howe (vice president), Washington, D. C.; and J. W. Elton, Toronto, Can.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Announces Four Pairs of Concerts

TO BE PERFORMED BY THE PRINCIPALS AND OTHER PLAYERS OF THE ORCHESTRA

In New England Mutual Hall, Boston.

WITH FOUR PROGRAMMES, EACH TO BE PRESENTED

Sunday Evenings

AT 8:30 O'CLOCK

August 13, 20, 27

September 3, 1944

Monday Evenings

AT 8:30 O'CLOCK

August 14, 21, 28

September 4, 1944

Conductors

RICHARD BURGIN

BERNARD ZIGHERA

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH

THE plan for a summer series of concerts, so successfully instituted last year, will be continued this season. Conditions still make it possible for the Boston Symphony Orchestra to assemble its many virtuoso players for concerts in the various smaller combinations. The Orchestra will utilize all of its first desk players and draw upon the existing chamber groups and other players where needed. Subscription for each series will be \$5 (plus twenty per cent tax) for the four concerts.

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Solo Players

RICHARD BURGİN, *Violin*
 JULIUS THEODOROWICZ, *Violin*
 JEAN LEFRANC, *Viola*
 JEAN BEDETTI, *'Cello*
 GEORGES MOLEUX, *Double Bass*
 BERNARD ZIGHERA, *Harp*
 ROMAN SZULC, *Timpani*

FERNAND GILLET, *Oboe*
 LOUIS SPEYER, *English Horn*
 VIKTOR POLATSCHEK, *Clarinet*
 ROSARIO MAZZEO, *Bass Clarinet*
 RAYMOND ALLARD, *Bassoon*
 WILLEM VALKENIER, *French Horn*
 GEORGES MAGER, *Trumpet*

GEORGES LAURENT, *Flute*

Assisted by

MARY DAVENPORT, *Contralto* LUKAS FOSS, *Piano*

PUTNAM ALDRICH, SYLVIA MARLOWE, AND DANIEL R. PINKHAM, *Harpsichords*

BOSTON SOCIETY OF ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS WITH ALFRED ZIGHERA, *Viola da gamba*

BOSTON FLUTE PLAYERS CLUB, GEORGES LAURENT, *Musical Director*
 and other members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB AND RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY



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 Symphony Hall, Boston 15, Mass.

Please enter my order for.....season tickets at \$6 each (tax included), for the Boston Symphony Orchestra Chamber Concerts at the New England Mutual Hall, Boston.

☐ SUNDAY EVENINGS at 8:30 (August 13, 20, 27, September 3)

☐ MONDAY EVENINGS at 8:30 (August 14, 21, 28, September 4)

Amount enclosed: \$..... Name

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All seats are offered by subscription. Locations will be assigned in order of receipt of mail order. Enclose this order with check payable to BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, INC., and send to Boston Symphony Orchestra, Symphony Hall, Boston 15, Mass.
 Season tickets are now on sale at the Box Office, New England Mutual Hall, and at the Box Office, Symphony Hall.

I. Sunday Evening, August 13
 Monday Evening, August 14

BERNARD ZIGHERA, *Conducting*

Bach . . . BRANDENBURG CONCERTO No. 3, IN
 G MAJOR, for Three Violins, Three
 Violas, Three Violoncellos and Bass

Allegro moderato — (Adagio) — Allegro

Mozart . . . SERENADE IN C MINOR, for Two
 Oboes, Two Clarinets, Two Horns
 and Two Bassoons (K. 388)

I. Allegro	III. Menuetto in Canone
II. Andante	IV. Allegro

INTERMISSION

Mahler . . . "KINDERTOTENLIEDER," for Con-
 tralto and Orchestra
 (*After Friedrich Rückert*)

I. "Once more the sun would gild the morn"	III. Menuetto in Canone
II. "Ah, now I know why oft I caught you gazing"	IV. Allegro
III. "When thy mother dear—"	
IV. "I think oft, they've only gone abroad"	
V. "In such a tempest—"	

Soloist: MARY DAVENPORT

Martinů . . . TRE RICERCARI

I. Allegro poco	III. Allegro
II. Largo	

2. Sunday Evening, August 20
Monday Evening, August 21

G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, *Conducting*

Handel . . . SINFONIA AND CHORUSES FROM
"SOLOMON"

HARVARD GLEE CLUB and RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

Bach . . . CONCERTO IN C MAJOR, for Three
Harpsichords and Orchestra

I. Allegro ma non troppo III. Allegro
II. Adagio

Soloists: PUTNAM ALDRICH, SYLVIA MARLOWE,
DANIEL PINKHAM

INTERMISSION

Mozart . . . SYMPHONY IN B-FLAT, K. No. 319

I. Allegro assai III. Menuetto
II. Andante moderato IV. Finale: Allegro assai

Beethoven . . . TWO CONTRADANCES AND MINUET

3. Sunday Evening, August 27
Monday Evening, August 28

THE BOSTON SOCIETY OF ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS,
ALFRED ZIGHERA, *Director*

Paul Federovsky, *Descant Viol* Albert Bernard, *Treble Viol*
Alfred Zighera, *Viola da gamba* Gaston Dufresne, *Violone*
Putnam Aldrich, *Harpsichord*

Antonio Lotti (1667-1740) . . . SONATA
Largo — Allegro — Adagio — Vivace
Flute, Viola da gamba and Harpsichord

J. S. Bach (1685-1750) . . . SONATA
Viola da gamba and Harpsichord

Georg Philipp Telemann . . . SUITE IN C MAJOR
(1681-1767) Four Viols and Harpsichord

INTERMISSION

THE BOSTON FLUTE PLAYERS CLUB
GEORGES LAURENT, *Musical Director*

Weber . . . TRIO FOR FLUTE, VIOLONCELLO AND
PIANO, Op. 63

I. Allegro moderato III. Shepherd's Lament
II. Scherzo IV. Finale: Allegro

d'Indy . . . SUITE for Flute, Violin, Viola, Viol-
oncello and Harp

I. Entrée en sonate III. Sarabande
II. Air désuet IV. Farandole variée

4. Sunday Evening, September 3
Monday Evening, September 4

RICHARD BURGIN, *Conducting*

Purcell . . . SUITE FOR STRINGS (*Arranged by*
Dmitri Mitropoulos)

Hindemith . . . THEME WITH VARIATIONS, Ac-
cording to the Four Tempera-
ments, for Strings with Piano

Theme Solo Piano: LUKAS FOSS
Variation 1: Melancholic Variation 3: Phlegmatic
Variation 2: Sanguine Variation 4: Choleric
(First Performance)

INTERMISSION

Shostakovitch . . . TWO PRELUDES FOR STRING
ORCHESTRA, Op. 11

Tchaikovsky . . . SERENADE FOR STRINGS, Op. 48
I. Pezzo in forma di Sonatina III. Elegia
II. Valse IV. Finale (Tema Russo)

Symphony Series Opened

Mary Davenport Is Soloist, Bernard Zighera Conductor

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Mary Davenport, contralto, gave the opening event of the Chamber Music Concerts of the Boston Symphony its particular character at New England Mutual Hall last night, taking the vocal solo part in Mahler's songs that go under the title of "Kindertotenlieder."

Miss Davenport is one of those singers who know precisely what to do and how to manage, carrying a melody to accompaniment of a condensed orchestral group. There is something about this type of task that mere good tone and skillful execution cannot alone take care of. A highly sensitive musician and masterfully alert interpreter are demanded: somebody the artistic peers of the players, somebody who understands ensemble, and somebody who can dominate the situation without, at the same time, overtopping it. 8-14-44

Instrumentalists like the Boston Symphony front desk men, who compose the foundation membership of the summer chamber orchestra, seem to know where to go to find such a singer; and there always seems to be one available somewhere. Strange, too; because opportunity for practice and experience in the line is very small indeed. Perhaps tact for the special sort of performance is worked into by thought and imagination rather than by drill and instruction.

At any rate, Miss Davenport made a success of the five pieces comprised in her part of the program, her voice being at once excellent at speech (English text

used) and ideal for blending with the rich, varied, and beautiful tone coloring of Mahler's assemblage of strings, wood and brass.

Times come when Mahler captivates, and here was one of them. What a great advance the modern orchestral ensemble is over the old paired group of executants became evident when the "Kindertotenlieder" as a piece was considered in comparison with the Mozart Serenade in C minor for oboes, clarinets, horns and bassoons. That eighteenth-century bald mechanism is indeed happily outgrown.

Nevertheless, take these twentieth-century notions and inventions the least bit too far, and we get an exasperatingly complicated and distressingly ingenious construction like the three-movement work of Martinu, presented for the first time in Boston, carrying the title Tre Ricerche. The Italian form known as ricercare, if it is a form, implies something written with effort. It boldly makes pretense to technical profundity; and the composer in this case lives up to all expectations. The only difficulty is going to be to make a listener like the sound of it. But the modern man is allowed to be deep in his fancyings and be a harmonic and contrapuntal virtuoso if he thinks he must; that is no more than Bach, whose Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, with which the program began, is permitted.

Seems as though certain old chamber orchestra works could safely go uncondacted. A conductor, however, is the rule; an

for the first of the four concerts of the series, Bernard Zighera was the man.



Bernard Zighera

Who will conduct the first pair of concerts, Sunday and Monday evenings, in New England Mutual Hall, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Summer Series.



James Abresch

Mary Davenport

Soloist in Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder" at the first of the Boston Symphony's summer series of concerts.

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By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra last night presented the first in a series of chamber concerts by the principals and others of the orchestra in New England Mutual Hall under the direction of Bernard Zighera. The soloist was Mary Davenport, contralto, and assisting artists were Rita LaPlante and Leo Litwin. The program was as follows: Brandenburg Concerto No. 3, in G Major, for wind instruments (K. 388), by Bach; Serenade in C Minor, for wind instruments (K. 388), by Mozart; "Kindertotenlieder," for Contralto and Orchestra, by Mahler; Tre Ricercari, by Martinu.

As if it were not enough to have the opportunity to sit in the New England Mutual Hall's lovely ice box last night for a couple of hours, there was a choice group of Boston Symphony orchestra principals on hand to make some very pleasant music as the second series of its kind began, and so it would be ungrateful indeed to suggest the concert was anything but superb. And, as a matter of fact, taking things by and large, it more or less was.

The two complaints—to get them out of the way quickly—focus on the Mahler and the Martinu, the first because it wasn't too well communicated by the soloist, and the second because the piano tone seemed smothered, but whether this was because of the positions of the instruments or the acoustical value of the hall I don't know.

By their very nature, Mahler's heart rending songs of a loss of his children (and incidentally, the

poems were inspired by such a loss and set prophetically to music by Mahler who was shortly afterwards to experience a similar tragedy), must be projected with overwhelming emotion. Miss Davenport, although she sometimes achieved admirable vocal quality, failed to do this, and thus the intrinsic quality of the songs was never adequately set forth. The Martinu, as exciting a contrapuntal essay in the modern idiom as comes to mind, was very brightly done by the orchestra under Mr. Zighera's crisp, clear beat, but it didn't have the clarity of line it needed. *8-14-44*

This leaves the Brandenburg Concerto, which seems more marvelous with every hearing (and we hear it a good deal hereabouts), and the Mozart Serenade, which always has been incomparable. The orchestral force for the Brandenburg was pared down to the limit, thus making every instrumentalist a soloist, and, given their heads, they played it with enormous bite and gusto. The Mozart was exquisitely played by the first desk wind instrument players of the orchestra, moulded into virtually perfect balance by Mr. Zighera, whose conducting throughout was skillful and musical. The concert will be repeated tonight, and if it is very hot, don't miss it. As a matter of fact, don't miss it in any case.

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MUSIC

N. E. MUTUAL HALL

Symphony Chamber Concert

By CYRUS DURGIN

Another series of chamber concerts—or "seersucker symphonies"—began at New England Mutual Hall, last evening. The management of the Boston Symphony Orchestra inaugurated them a year ago, found the idea appealing to the public, and decided to repeat this Summer. Incidentally, the air-conditioned "coolth" of Mutual Hall was a perfect refuge from yesterday's heat.

The first program, which will be repeated at 8:30 tonight, is conducted by Bernard Zighera, the Boston Symphony's versatile first harp who conducts and plays the piano as easily as he does his major instrument. It begins with Bach's Third Brandenburg Concerto, which sounds much more spontaneous, and hence less mechanical, when played by 10 men rather than 60. Mr. Zighera follows the practice of Serge Koussevitzky by interpolating the Sinfonia from the Bach cantata, "Christ lag in Todesbanden," between the two fast movements of the Concerto.

Bach was followed by Mozart of

the bi-lingually titled "Nacht Musik" or Serenade for Wind Instruments (K. 388). It is a clever little score whose workaday ideas are turned into facets of jewelled brilliance by the beauties of the scoring, and was beautifully played.

I had expected to find Mahler's lovely song-cycle, "Kindertotenlieder," the high point of the evening, but the singing of contralto soloist Mary Davenport was highly inexpressive, apart from a superficial smoothness of phrasing and tone. Her enunciation was far from clear. Perhaps that was just as well, for judging by the occasional "thees" and "thous" and fancy phrases that could occasionally be heard, the English translation seemed to be dreadful "poetese." The performance left me completely unmoved. *8-14-44*

New to Boston were the Tre Ricercari by the contemporary Czech, Bohuslav Martinu. The slow movement is enchanting and the two fast ones are what the late W. J. Henderson would have called "pepper-and-vinegar-music." But they are skillfully wrought, and a touch of pepper and vinegar is always nice. The piano parts were played by Rita LaPlante and Leo Litwin. *CLM*



RICHARD BURGIN

Conducting the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.



© Bachrach

Georges Laurent 8-24-44 *Mont*

Director of the Boston Flute Players Club, which will take part in the third pair of concerts in the Boston Symphony Orchestra's summer series, in New England Mutual Hall, Aug. 27-28.

ABOUT MUSIC

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE 63rd season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, just concluded, was in one respect unique: Its regular activities, or some portion of them, fell in every month of the year. Last, latest, and also least of these, the chamber orchestra concerts by the "principals and others," the "seersucker symphonies," as an inspired commentator dubbed them at their inception on a hot Sunday in July, rounded out their second and possibly their final season last Monday evening. Called into being by the cessation of activities at Tanglewood, in the Berkshires, they were what Wall Street would call a war baby. Next year, for aught we know, the Berkshire Festival may be again in full force and along with it the symphony's summer school. A tentative re-beginning was made this season with Koussevitzky's four Mozart concerts in the small auditorium.

The abandonment of Sanders Theatre as the locale of the Sunday "seersucker" was both a loss and a gain. The Harvard auditorium was unbearably warm at most of these matinees but it offered two compensations: its cloistral atmosphere, so well suited to the performance of intimate music, and its extraordinarily sensitive acoustics. *9-10-44*

Certain works in these surroundings took on a quality and a flavor that made the hearing of them a choice and a memorable experience. Modern, air-conditioned New England Mutual, where both the Sunday (evening) and Monday evening concerts took place this summer, is an excellent hall for small affairs; that and nothing more. Anyway, it was cool. *Pas*

Of the four programmes, I was able to hear only the first and last. What promised to be the outstanding event of the former, the first performance under Boston Symphony auspices of Mahler's "Kindertoten-

lieder," resulted only in disappointment, because the singer, whose name in this particular connection is best forgotten, was not suited vocally or temperamentally to her particular task. There was, however, the stimulating experience of the concert's actual novelty, Martinu's Tre Ricercari for chamber orchestra and two pianos. The Czech composer, now courts euphony instead of acidity, without forsaking the already indispensable note of tartness, and some of his pleasing sonorities, as in his highly agreeable symphony of two seasons ago, have a very personal sound. The Ricercari were a feather in Bernard Zighera's cap, and Mahler's touching songs "on the death of children" should by rights have been another.

* * *
More important than Martinu's tiny triptych was the novelty of the last pair of concerts, conducted by Richard Burgin, Hindemith's Theme and Variations "According to the Four Temperaments," for strings with piano, in this case a first performance anywhere. The German modernist, who, for no sufficient reason, incurred the Nazis' displeasure, is now, and we hope for keeps, an important figure in American musical life (he heads the music department at Yale). He is also a composer to whom the present generation can point with pride and satisfaction. Complicated counterpoint wells from him as freely and copiously, almost, as it did from Bach himself. Sometimes, as with the elder master, there is more evidence of ingenuity than of inspiration. These musical essays in the "melancholic," "sanguine," "phlegmatic" and "choleric"—save for the rather indefinite first one—are ingenious and a good deal more besides. They have musical substance and wit, and they reveal a considerable knack for characterization.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Chamber Symphony

The Boston Symphony orchestra last night presented the second in a series of chamber concerts by principal and other players of the Boston Symphony orchestra in New England Mutual Hall under the direction of G. Wallace Woodworth. Assisting were the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society, and Sylvia Marlowe, Putnam Aldrich, and Daniel Pinkham, harpsichordists. The program was as follows:
Handel—Choruses and orchestral pieces from "Solomon"
Bach—Concerto in C major for three harpsichords and strings
Mozart—Symphony No. 33 in B flat (K.319)
Beethoven—Six Contradances and two Minuets

There can be no question that the New England Mutual Hall does things to a concert of music that must be taken into account in the discussion of that concert. It was so last night, and last week, and last season, whether the musicians numbered one or 100, and it is therefore regrettable to state that what the musicians and conductors (not to mention the composers) are putting into their music is not coming out in that hall. *8-21-44 Handel*

This is not to say it isn't any good at all to listen to, because it is. But there is always a feeling of straining to hear, or of foreshortening, or of limitation, or of minature quality or something, I do not know what, which gets between the listener and the music. It is like listening to a good recording except that you accept a recording for what it is, while here you feel you have to climb right up on the stage to get the full sonority or "liveness" of the music.

Well, however, last night's concert was delightful. The choruses incomparably comfortable melodic from "Solomon" are filled with that ease it is almost impossible to find so consistently outside of Handel, while the orchestral interludes are wonderfully fresh. And Mr. Woodworth, whose conducting is a joy to watch and listen to, saw to it we did not miss the subtlety of the final section.

As in listening to music in a modern idiom, you have to listen very closely to Bach, for the joy is in the contours of the several melodic lines rather than in the total effect. The triple clavier concerto, while its fast movements may have seemed to be all of a color to those whose ears are not attuned to the especial pleasures of the harpsichord, was in fact performed with as much expressive clarity as the hall would allow, and with fine technical skill on the part of Putnam Aldrich, Sylvia Marlowe and Daniel Pinkham, the guest artists.

The Mozart Symphony, rarely heard, was beautifully done and the Beethoven Contradances and Minuets were ripped off in smart style by the orchestra under Mr. Woodworth's driving, but light-handed beat. The concert will be repeated tonight, and if you think I am all wrong on the hall, I wish you'd let me know. It has me baffled.

Second Chamber Concert

G. Wallace Woodworth, genial Harvard conductor, was leader at the second program of the current series of chamber orchestra concerts being given Sunday afternoons and Monday evenings by the principals and others of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at New England Mutual Hall. Professor Woodworth's excellent work with his Harvard and Radcliffe forces give one a natural bias in his favor and therefore one is always inclined to look kindly on his efforts as orchestral leader even if this is not always an easy thing to do. But knowing the way of an orchestra with a guest leader, it is sometimes difficult to put the blame, if any be attached, exactly in the right quarter.

At any rate, last Monday's program was, in most aspects, singularly satisfying. The music itself contained some rare items excerpts from the oratorio "Solomon" by Handel, the Bach Concerto in C Major for Three Harpsichords and Orchestra,

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Symphony in B Flat, No. 33, by Two Minuets by Beethoven. Irving T. Fine and Ethel Barnard had trained the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society for the "Solomon"; the three harpsichordists were Putnam Aldrich, Sylvia Marlowe, and Daniel Pinkham.

A fine effect was produced by the five Handel excerpts. Mr. Woodworth deservedly congratulated his assistants when he responded to the audience's genuine enthusiasm. The Bach Concerto must have been of great interest to the many antiquarians present but this reviewer is of the opinion that harpsichord works sound much better on the piano, and if this be heresy, make the most of it. The Mozart Symphony, good routine music, and the Beethoven dances brought the conductor much applause.

Chamber Woodworth Conducts At Mutual Hall

By Winthrop P. Tryon

All practice work; and that is what makes a concert like the one given by the Chamber Orchestra of the Boston Symphony at New England Mutual Hall last night interesting. Handel was shown exercising himself in the oratorio form; Bach, in a pairing of the sonorities of the old clavier type of instrument with strings; Mozart, in the grand symphonic form; and Beethoven in short dance movements.

Then, the leading players of the big organization which Serge Koussevitzky directs in winter did a little something towards keeping

up their style in the off-period of summer; three harpsichord performers gave their hands a half hour's action; and an assemblage of men and women from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society carried on with their voices in an odd line of work. 8-21-44

Finally, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor of the two college groups, got in an evening's experience of an unusual kind with the baton.

Perhaps it was a practice occasion for the listeners, too; of whom the number was large and the enthusiasm marked. Only, it can hardly be repeated when summer has gone. The Chamber Orchestra ought in some way, perhaps, to be an all-the-year institution, but such a thing has yet to get talked about.

The only trouble with chamber orchestras is that music for them has to be more or less adapted and accommodated. The most particularly appropriate piece for the force of instrumentalists employed in this instance was probably the Mozart Symphony in B flat No. 33 (K-319). Necessarily anything choral out of the Handel repertory, like the excerpts from "Solomon," "Music spread," "Draw the tear," and "May no rash intruder," is arranged, we may presume, as far as orchestration affects the case. Certainly anything from Bach, like the Concerto in C major for three harpsichords and strings, is a matter of judgment in respect to balance of the keyboards and the "quartet."

Enough on this line of inquiry to remark that it might want as many as 30, rather than three, harpsichords to stand against the power of the 15 or so strings employed in the interpretation of the concerto. For although Putnam Aldrich, Sylvia Marlowe, and Daniel Pinkham at the tinkling mechanisms offered all they possessed, it did not go far in opposition with the violinists, who were inclined to give all they, on their

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side, had as well. Mr. Woodworth might have done a little restraining, but in chamber orchestra performance there must be discretion all down the line. The ensemble idea should be uppermost.

Particularly successful at this second Sunday of the series was the presentation of the eighteenth-century oratorio scenes, which look back on the English madrigal and forward to the romantic part song. Small pieces for choir accompanied by orchestral instruments, and everything on the top order of quality, are rare indeed to hear. Mr. Woodworth upheld his repute as a singing master, no doubting it, in the Handelian portion of his program.

N. E. MUTUAL HALL Symphony Chamber Concert By JOHN WILLIAM RILEY

Two of Boston's more esoteric chamber music organizations, the Flute Players Club and the Society of Ancient Instruments, played the third program of the Boston Symphony's chamber orchestra concerts in New England Mutual Hall last evening. 8-21-44 JWR

Certainly the greatest interest was aroused by Vincent d'Indy's Suite for flute, violin, viola, cello and harp. (Respectively, the players were Georges Laurent, Richard Burgin, Jean Lefranc, Jean Bedetti, and Bernard Zighera.) Despite d'Indy's adherence to the rigorous logic of his own cyclic forms, the work is fresh as mountain air. There is nothing stiff or formal about the work. Cast in four movements, the Suite is full of fine themes, some flashing, some poetic, and resplendent sonorities.

The d'Indy Suite seemed all the more refreshing since it followed Weber's exuberant but thin Trio for flute, cello and piano played by Messrs. Laurent, Bedetti and Leo Litwin. The trio has its pleasant moments, but a good deal of it is sheer musical rhetoric.

Early music by Bach, Telemann and Lotti, all from last Winter's programs of the Ancient Instrument Society, occupied the first part of the evening. Lotti's Sonata for flute, gamba and harpsichord, performed rather impersonally, would have benefited by a warmer attitude. And in Bach's Sonata for gamba and harpsichord, overly rigid tempi en chanced the dryness of the piece. But Telemann's Suite in C major, for four viols and harpsichord, had perfect ensemble and spirited performance. It is a debatable point whether the acoustics of the hall were responsible for occasional distortions of tone color.

The members of the Society of Ancient Instruments are Paul Fedorovsky, descant viol; Albert Bernard, treble viol; Alfred Zighera, viola da gamba; Gaston Dufresne, violone; Putnam Aldrich, harpsichord. Let's put in a vote for this group to record the early music they play, since their performances are often definitive.

Chamber Symphony

Ancient Instruments Society And Flute Players Take Part

The Boston Society of Ancient Instruments and the Boston Flute Players' Club divided between them last night (and will again tonight) the third program of the current chamber music series at New England Mutual Hall.

Both organizations—two of the most distinguished of those that have sprung up among members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra—have contributed valiantly to the enrichment of the city's musical life.

The former has brought viols and harpsichord to the pleasurable performance of much neglected early music, up the time of Bach; the latter, more eclectic, has discoursed chamber music in general, with a certain leaning towards French music and the participation of woodwind instruments—not excluding the flute.

For the Ancient Instruments' share in last night's proceedings, there were, first a sonata for flute, viola da gamba, and harpsichord (Messrs. Laurent, A. Zighera, Aldrich) by the eminent Venetian composer Antonio Lotti—music amiable, spirited, plaintive by turns, the work of a charming melodist best known as writer of vast quantities of vocal music, sacred and secular.

Next a sonata for viola da gamba and harpsichord by a younger contemporary named J. S. Bach—and a transition from the charming to the profound and timeless; slow movements of a grandeur that requires no rich orchestration, allegros full of rhythmic and melodic vitality.

In a suite for four viols and harpsichord (Messrs. Federovsky, Bernard, A. Zighera, Dufresne, Aldrich), George Philipp Telemann (1681-1767), who in his

more serious efforts seldom rose above the rank of scholarly hack, fortunately attempted nothing more than a succession of entertaining dance movements and succeeded with many a touch of pleasant humor.

Of the manner of performance it need only be said that its accomplished smoothness—in the modern rather than the ancient manner—though it might offend the musicological purist, had the great merit of eliminating the spurious patina of quaintness.

The Flute Players Club contributed to the program a lesser romantic—Weber—and a minor modern—Vincent d'Indy. As an operatic and orchestral composer Weber does not deserve the epithet "lesser." But his chamber music is another matter. Like most of his pianoforte music, it exhibits the most glaring faults of a prophetic Victorianism—the trivial display, the sentimentality, the posturing romanticism.

The performers in his trio for flute, cello, and piano (Messrs. Laurent, Bedetti, Litwin), having chosen this work, were undoubtedly right to play it, as they did, with the utmost devotion to the composer's misguided intentions.

In D'Indy's suite for flute, violin, viola, cello, and harp (Messrs. Laurent, Burgin, Lefranc, A. Zighera, B. Zighera), the composer of some almost first-rate orchestral works is little more than a weak derivative of César Franck overlaid with impressionism. That is not to say, however, that this music did not often flatter the ear pleasingly enough. Nor, certainly, that it was not favored with a far better performance than it deserved.

S. S.

Summer Symphony

The third concert in the summer series by the principals and other players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given last night at New England Mutual Hall. The participants in last night's concert were members of the Society of Ancient Instruments, headed by Alfred Zighera, and of the Boston Flute Players' Club, Georges Laurent directing. The program was as follows:

Sonata Antonio Lotti
Sonata J. S. Bach
Suite in C Major, Georg Philipp Telemann
Trio for Flute, Violoncello and Piano.
Op. 63 Weber
Suite for Flute, Violin, Viola, Violoncello
and Harp d'Indy

The concerts of both the Boston Flute Players Club and the Society of Ancient Instruments are noteworthy as much for what they play as for the way they play it. Anyone who is interested in music off the beaten path should run, not walk, to New England Mutual Hall this evening, where members of both these groups will repeat the delightful program presented there last night.

The Society of Ancient Instruments held sway for the first part of the evening, playing some of the 18th century music that has come to Boston to be associated with them. Perhaps most enchanting was the Lotti Sonata for flute, viola da gamba and harpsichord, which is exquisite in its serenity. Mr. Zighera was joined in this by Mr. Laurent and Putnam Aldrich, who also played with him in Bach's Sonata for viola da gamba and harpsichord. The other members of the group joined Mr. Zighera and Mr. Aldrich in Telemann's Suite for four viols and harpsichord. Their ensemble work has been noted many times before, so suffice it to say that they upheld their reputation superbly.

The selections chosen by the Flute Players Club for its portion of the program were less classical, although equally unusual. Mr. Laurent played Weber's Trio for flute, cello, and piano with Jean Bedetti and Leo Litwin. Although it was well played, the music itself is not an unadulterated delight, being in many places thin and obvious. Far more satisfactory was the Suite by Vincent d'Indy, in which the flute and cello were joined by violin, viola and harp, played by Richard Burgin, Jean Le Franc, and Bernard Zighera. The music has the

crispness and astringency of the modern idiom, which never lets you know just what is coming next. It sounds fiendishly difficult, and was played well-nigh perfectly.

The audience was not as large as it should have been, but perhaps tonight more people will take advantage of this rare musical treat.

D. W. S.

N. E. MUTUAL HALL Symphony Chamber Concert

By JOHN WILLIAM RILEY

Those unfortunates who stayed away from the Boston Symphony's chamber orchestra concert in New England Mutual Hall last evening have one more chance to hear the best of the four programs of this Summer series. This excellent program will be repeated tonight and, unless you don't care whether you miss the most exciting piece of new music of the season, you had better hie yourself over there before all the tickets are gone.

The inspiration for this enthusiasm is Paul Hindemith and his new Theme with Variations, According to the Four Temperaments, for Strings and Piano. A long title, to be sure, but one indicative both of Hindemith's Jovian humor and sprightly inventiveness. The expression of mood is music's most facile function and Mr. Hindemith has done mighty well by those melancholic, sanguine, phlegmatic and choleric.

This is spunky music with lots of get up and go. It has everything of musical interest you could ask for, including an intense artistic unity. Hindemith has stoutly marshaled all his technical resources and deployed them in free and brilliant style.

The work is alive with rhythmic drive and witty tunes, salted (but not soured) with Hindemith's personal brand of harmony and counterpoint. Richard Burgin conducted a string orchestra of 25 players with boundless wit and energy. He made the piece his own and then transmitted it with unmistakable ardor to his audience. Not a little of the total effect was due to the vigor and finesse with which Lukas Foss, the Boston Symphony's new staff pianist, essayed the piano's role.

By contrast Shostakovich's Two Preludes for String Orchestra (Op. 11) sounded sour indeed. The effect

on the ear was similar to that of witch hazel on the face after shaving; definitely sharp. But here again Mr. Burgin's performance meant everything. Further contrast was offered in Tchaikovsky's Serenade Op. 48, a sometimes lugubrious work that is not without its own sentimental charm. The evening began with Dmitri Mitropoulos' excellent arrangement for strings of the Suite from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas." It is richly rewarding music whose spirit Mr. Burgin very neatly captured.

Not all the works on this program are of equal merit. But each has its point of interest. That makes this the most satisfying of the Boston Symphony's four chamber orchestra concerts.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Chamber Concert

The principal and other players of the Boston Symphony orchestra gave the final program of their summer series in New England Mutual Hall last night, Richard Burgin conducting. The guest artist was Lukas Foss. The program: Aria and Finale from "Dido and Aeneas" Purcell (Transcription for string orchestra by Dmitri Mitropoulos) Prelude from Partita No. 3 (for violin unaccompanied) Bach Arranged for string orchestra by Pick-Mangiatelli Theme with Variations. According to the Four Temperaments, for Strings with Piano Hindemith Two Preludes for string orchestra, Op. 11 Shostakovich Serenade for Strings, Op. 48 Tchaikovsky

Taken from every viewpoint, last night's summer symphony (which, when repeated tonight brings the series to a close) was the most interesting of all four, and easily one of the notable musical events of the year. And the reason is this: Hindemith's Theme and Variations, which had its first performance anywhere at this concert, is more than likely to prove to be one of the lasting musical compositions of recent years.

Certainly the best and most distinguished thing he has done since "Mathis der Maler," the Variations reveal the composer at the very peak of his great creative powers. But more than that, they find him striking out in a new and bolder field, a field still closely allied to his basic feeling for neo-classical expression, but more expansive, possibly more romantic, and certainly more outspokenly attractive. Yet all the while he has retained, in the Variations, his great strength and individuality, and sense of humor.

Indeed, the variation with the piano and solo strings is the wittiest thing since the Scherzo of Shostakovich's Quintet and far more distinguished. While the composition is long, so intense is the composer's inspiration it really hasn't a bar to spare, as I think those who found it difficult will discover on a second or third hearing—and it's worth all of that! 9-4-44

It was played with great verve by the string band under Richard Burgin with Lukas Foss, at the piano, again proving himself one of the younger pianists to watch—as witness his extraordinary rhythmic feeling in the third variation. Leading up to the Hindemith (about which more later) was a glowing performance of the "When I Am Laid in Earth" aria from Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas" (with a ravishing performance by Jean Bedetti of the recitative) and a lively performance of the Prelude from Bach's 3d Partita for unaccompanied violin. The Shostakovich Preludes were as always bright and amusing tours de force, and the Tchaikovsky Serenade, strongly and wholesomely conceived by Richard Burgin, whose conducting throughout was athletic but very musical, proved exceptionally good to hear after its many years in the files, at least so far as Boston is concerned.

r, 'Chamber Music

New Work by Hindemith Heard At Concluding Summer Pair

A string orchestra of Boston Symphony members conducted by Richard Burgin was in charge of the fourth and last of the current pairs of B. S. O. chamber concerts which took place at New England Mutual Hall on Sunday evening and was repeated last night.

The program was memorable for the first performance of an important new work by Paul Hindemith—his "Theme with Variations according to the Four Temperaments," for strings with piano. The performance was excellent—full of conviction and precision; and Lukas Foss, the Boston Symphony Orchestra's new staff pianist, played the prominent pianoforte part with notable facility, intelligence, and spirit. 9-5-44

Hindemith has always been most satisfactory in his works for concerted instruments or for the pianoforte. The indeterminate tonality of his melodies, their often elusive shape, and their chromatically drooping implied harmonies become intolerably indecisive when to this complex is added, as in his series of sonatas for various instruments, the fluctuating intonation of solo string or even wind instruments. They need the bracing firmness of the pianoforte's mechanically inflexible tuning or the necessary precision of a well-disciplined orchestral group.

Moreover, a harmonic scheme which obstinately discards all the iridescence of romantic harmony, and even the bright, clean colors of the classic, leaving only the

blacks and whites and intermediate grays of etching and lithography, requires, if monotony is to be avoided, a great variety of texture; and this the chamber orchestra and the pianoforte, severally or in co-operation, yield amply under so skilled a hand as Hindemith's.

The present work has in generous measure this textural variety, used with boldness and an economy that never blurs the line, that leaves the strands clearly separated and defined and never too numerous to be clearly perceived, that uses bunched and crowded dissonances occasionally as sonorous devices, but prefers in general clean and gleaming lines and well-separated planes.

The nobly shaped theme is subjected to a large number of ingenious variations grouped broadly into four main divisions, labeled Melancholic, Sanguine, Phlegmatic, Choleric, each having three or four unlabeled subdivisions apparently intended to exhibit contrasting facets of the "temperament" in question.

Most listeners seemed to feel that the music fitted its labels; more important, the titles were convenient nuclei around which might crystallize one's enjoyment of the music's boundless vitality, its rhythmic buoyancy, its variety of mood and of sheer sound, its powerful structure. The audience's enthusiasm seemed a response to the qualities of music and performance equally.

For the rest, the program contained some early Shostakovich

—two trickily scored preludes for string orchestra showing an immense but largely derivative talent and extremely uncertain taste; Tchaikovsky's pleasant Serenade for Strings, Op. 48; a Mitropoulos arrangement for strings of some of Purcell's magnificent music to "Dido and Aeneas," including—to the discomfort of those (not so few) who know the vocal original—the superbly tragic air, "When I am laid in Earth," and its recitative, both interminably dragged out and sentimentally mannered in performance; and, most incomprehensibly, an "arrangement" by Pick-Mangiagalli of the well-known Praeludium from Bach's third unaccompanied violin partita, with counterpoints added as a kindness to Bach. S. S.

Two Tips to His Baton



G. Wallace Woodworth (Notman—Cambr)

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Two Tips to His Baton



G. Wallace Woodworth (Notman—Cambri





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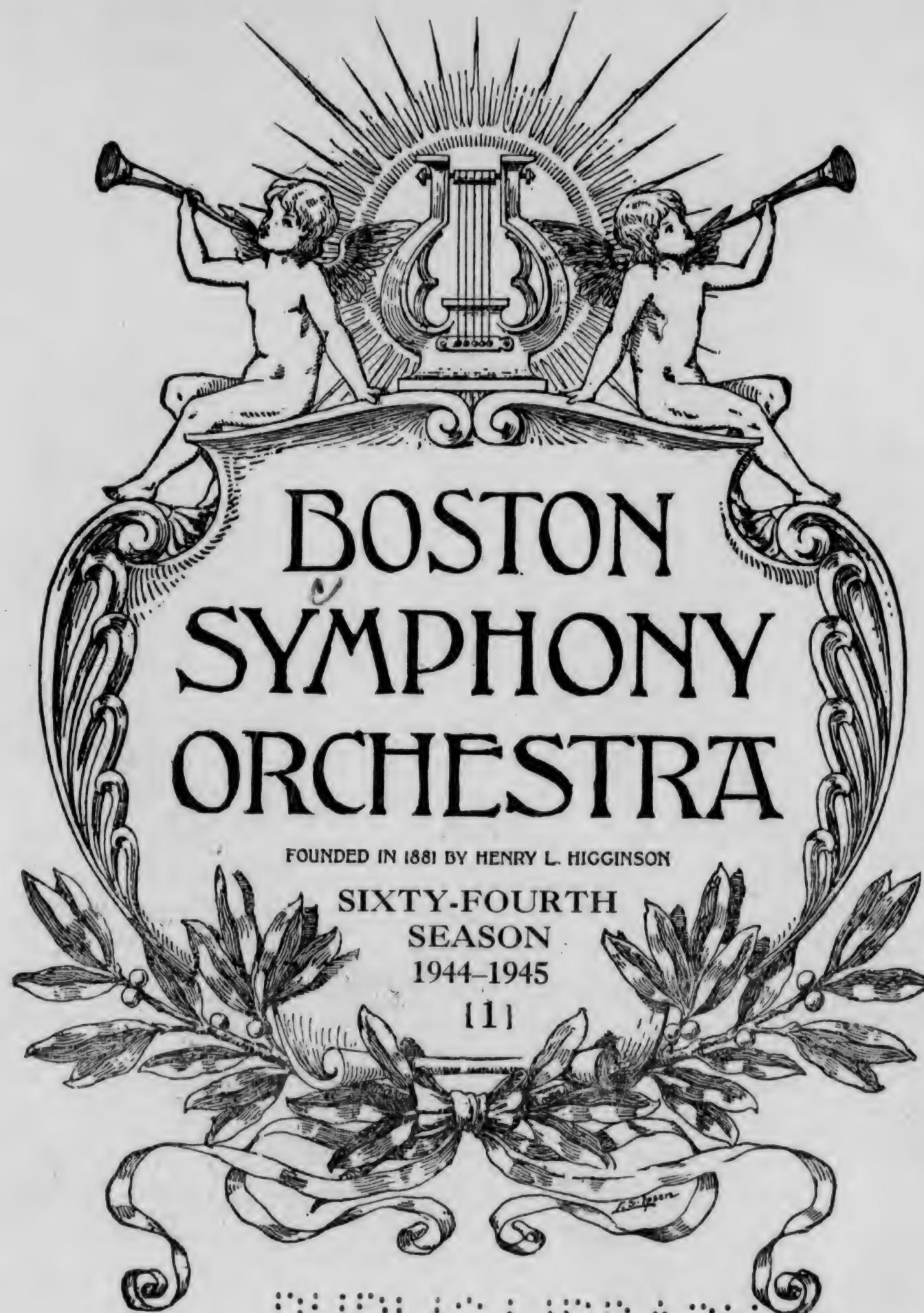
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SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON, 1944-1945

CONCERT BULLETIN OF THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

with historical and descriptive notes by

JOHN N. BURK

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SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

24 *Friday Afternoon Concerts*

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SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON ★ 1944-1945

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

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October 22, December 24, January 28, March 4, April 1,
and April 22

6 MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS (at 8:15) in SYMPHONY HALL

November 6, November 27, January 22, February 26,
March 26, April 16

6 WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS (at 8:00) in SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE

October 11, November 1, December 20, January 24,
February 21 and March 28

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Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, caught in a remarkable rehearsal study by Richard Tucker. The 64th season—Dr. Koussevitzky's 21st—begins on Friday in Symphony Hall.

Symphony No. 64 9-17-44 Nadel

Come war or politics, the Boston Symphony Orchestra keeps on playing. Announcement of plans for the 64th season, with presentations of new music starting Oct. 6, reveals one of the reasons for the astounding career of this superb company. Growing old, it yet has remained young and alert to modern times. Tied irrevocably to the classics, it still finds place for the new composers, thereby increasing its mighty influence upon the music world.

Now we see the names of David Diamond, Morton Gould and William Schuman among others in the coming repertoire. These comparative newcomers represent a rising generation that has been given impetus in its artistic development by the Symphony's schools at Tanglewood in the Berkshires. Above all living features of the new program looms that giant of music, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who has molded so painstakingly and so beautifully Boston's greatest single contribution to the artistic life of New England.

New Works on Symphony List

New music, including works to have their first performance, were announced today by Serge Koussevitzky for the coming season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which is to open on Oct. 6 in Symphony Hall. 9-17-

The following are to have their first performances: Bela Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra, David Diamond's Second Symphony, Boris Koutzen's Overture "From the American Folklore," Arthur Lourie's Suite "The Feast During the Plague," a new set of Orchestral Variations by Arnold Schoenberg, and the Third Symphony by Bohuslav Martinu.

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Among the works listed to be played in the early part of the season are the following: Beethoven's Third and Seventh Symphonies and the "Egmont" Overture, Mozart's "Little" G minor Symphony, Divertimento for Horns and Strings, and Concerto for Two Pianos, Paganini's Violin Concerto in D major (with Zino Francescatti), Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, Tchaikovsky's Serenade for Strings, Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" Symphony, Bloch's Viola Concerto (with William Primrose), Brahms' Second Symphony and First Piano Concerto (with Jesus Maria Sanroma),

ford, Washington, New London, Newark, Worcester, Northampton, Philadelphia and Springfield. A western trip early in December will include concerts in Cleveland, Akron, Toledo, Chicago (two), Milwaukee, and Ann Arbor.

Fiedler to Be Among Guest Conductors

Arthur Fiedler is announced for the first time as a guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the new season which begins on Oct. 6. Other guest conductors are Georg Szell, Leonard Bernstein, and Dmitri Mitropoulos. Richard Burgin will appear as associate conductor. 9-8-44

Soloists listed are Robert Casadesus, Zino Francescatti, Jascha Heifetz, Witold Malcuzyński, Gregor Piatigorsky, William Primrose, Ruth Posselt, Jesús Maria Sanroma, and Pierre Luboshutz, and Genia Nemenoff.

Dr. Koussevitzky will return to Boston at the end of this month to assemble the orchestra for rehearsal. New music of importance to be introduced in the course of the season will be announced shortly, together with music of the standard repertory.

The Boston concerts will include the usual series on 24 Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings. There will be six concerts on Sunday afternoons, beginning Oct. 22, six on Monday evenings beginning Nov. 6, and six in Sanders Theater, Cambridge, on Wednesday evenings beginning Oct. 11.

The orchestra will make five visits to Greater New York, five to Providence, and will give two concerts in New Haven and single concerts in New Brunswick, Hart-

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

First Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 6, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 7, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 55

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

The performance is dedicated to the heroes of the United Nations

INTERMISSION

SCHUMAN.....Prayer in Time of War
(First performance in Boston)

RAVEL....."Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet, Orchestral Excerpts
(Second Suite)

Lever du jour — Pantomime — Danse générale

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Lever du jour — Pantomime — Danse générale

Now Comes the First Concert

WE ARRIVE EARLY at the first concert of the season. We make our way to the familiar seats in a glow of anticipation and thankfulness; for it is good to be back. It means more than ever, this year, to have the autumn bring with it the renewal of those old delights, the excitement of those new discoveries, that make up a season of music.

We smile at the doorman and at the ticket-taker, grateful to them just for being there, for being the same. How precisely pressed their uniforms are tonight, how spontaneous their greetings! We take our programs (they have the well-remembered smell of new paper and ink) and at last we are sitting in the great tiered semi-circle, facing the stage. There, below us, are the chairs ranged in their orderly pattern, the bright harps waiting, the musicians coming in a few at a time.

10-2-44 *monit*
And now our neighbors are arriving. These are moments of delicious suspense. Is the girl directly in front of us the one who sat there last year? We are mystified for a moment by a new coiffure; but, when we hear her low, special laugh, we know she is the same one. And the lady with the hats—she of the towering turbans, the broad brims, the feathers outrageously soaring between us and the string section—what will she have devised for us this season? Someone usually had to ask her to remove her hat; it would be nice this year if she'd do it of her own accord. At length she arrives, wearing a handsome velour bonnet with a large pompom perched upon it. She sits down, whereupon there is an instant and total eclipse of the violas and half the violins. Ridiculously, we give a small, happy sigh. We feel at home; everything is just as it has always been. True, the high-school boys who sit behind us are growing up, but that was to be expected. They still argue about football and chemistry before the music

starts, even though their voices are pitched lower and they are wearing coats and trousers that match.

All around us there are greetings and reunions, mostly among friends who have never troubled to find out each other's names. It is a large auditorium, and beyond its doors there is a great city. Tomorrow there will be grave, impressive comment upon this occasion in the press. The sonorous names of composers and musicians, the fame of items on the program, the phrases of musical scholarship, will combine to make it all seem magnificent, awesome, perhaps a bit austere. But, in some curious way, this great lighted auditorium becomes, at a time like this, an intimate and homely place. From where we sit, we can barely distinguish the features of the musicians; and yet, when they play, they seem close to us and we are all inside a circle of sound; long words and fame and the like do not really matter. Only the music can do that.

The music! The concertmaster has entered and there is the mingled dissonance and harmony of the tuning-up. We open our programs and then we hear a familiar voice. "Oh, that thing! Why do they insist—and Shostakovitch! Really!" We smile comfortably. It is a concert neighbor who can be counted on to sputter softly at intervals through any music composed later than 1900. We know just what to expect. But then, one of the young people behind us is equally sure to whisper: "Shostakovitch! Oh, boy!" Yes, it is good to be back.

The seats are almost all filled now, and suddenly it is quieter. How does the audience know, an instant before, the exact moment of the conductor's entrance? Somehow, it always does. As he walks out on the stage, there is friendly applause; not the insistent loud acclaim we will later give to him as a

musician, but a companionable greeting to him as a man. Applause, too, for the moment that has arrived. We are all here; he can begin.

We are on our feet, singing. The words of the national anthem come easily to our lips, for we sing it often in these days. Our eyes go over the big auditorium slowly and affectionately, marking the faded elegance of the decorations, the light catching on the cymbals, the proud way the kettle-drummer accents the music, the bright sure strokes of the violin bows, and all the people, singing.

We need not pretend, after all, that there are no changes. Of course, there are some. Our favorite young oboist has been replaced by an older man. Uniforms of service men and women are spots of navy and khaki all through the audience, even more of them than last year. There used to be a young couple at our left who never missed a concert; tonight she is here alone, wearing a service pin and unusually alert. We like to think she is noticing everything to put into a letter when she gets home. Yes, there are changes. But, as we reach for that highest note in "The Star-Spangled Banner," we are heartened, nonetheless. Because the main thing has not changed. The concert is still here, all around us. Our world is fixed safely in space.

ANITA LAURIE CUSHING

The Boston Symphony Orchestra. Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the first program of the 64th season in Symphony Hall, as follows:
Symphony No. 3 in E flat, Op. 55
("Eroica") Beethoven
Prayer in Time of War Schuman
Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe" Ravel

Practically nothing happened yesterday at the first concert of the 64th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra except music. There was no opening observance, no speech, no special marking of anything; even the conversation in the corridors at the interval was so sober as the fashions (although I may have missed something in that department). In short, as a news event, the first concert of the season was distinctly a cold roast Bos-

ton affair. But that, I think, was all right with everyone: the music was beyond belief. 10-7-44

There was, at that, an item of considerable interest but it could not have been noticed from the audience. And that was that Dr. Koussevitzky, to begin his 21st year with us, arose from a sick bed and conducted the difficult and strenuous concert with as miserable a cold as any man ever had to contend with...and Dr. Koussevitzky is, after all, a man of 70. He shouldn't have taken the risk, that we all know, but it is not to be denied that his presence yesterday, as it always does, galvanized the orchestra into producing such music as could not be believed if not heard. *Heard*

The Beethoven, for example. We have all heard it a thousand times, but I wonder if it ever found realization quite so astonishingly as it did yesterday. It was evident from the outset the conductor had an end in view; not the prim intention of recreating a formal, strictly classical pattern with its blacks and whites and textbook severity. His end was purely emotional and the effect he sought to convey was carefully (but not too carefully) prepared through the conception of arcs and phrases of the melodies, and the building, step by step, of the musical climaxes. The result was a magnificent chiaroscuro of light and shade without violence. It may be possible to say this is not the way everybody does Beethoven, but the point is, Koussevitzky is not everybody, for his overwhelming emotional qualities make him what he is. And I, for one, would not challenge his judgment in matters like these.

In the Ravel, possibly yes. I think there is no question but what he whips it up a little more than is artistically sound considering the special qualities of the score. But again there is no denying the extraordinary effect he achieves with this work which is now much more of his own than Ravel's. It

may be said, however, that barring the intense pressure of the climaxes (the final one would certainly have unhorsed Sir Gawaine himself), no one quite animates the traceries of the figurations as he does—and certainly no body of musicians is capable of realizing his wishes as is this orchestra.

William Schuman's "Prayer in Time of War" seemed to me a fine and interesting piece. Its harmonies are especially rich, sombre and expressive, its atmosphere is tense and high-strung, and cites melodic conception often noble and moving. Its form is less impressive; the alternating moments of quiet starkness followed by massive fortés employing the fullest power of the brasses, somewhat diminishes the total effect, or, rather, brings up the thought that Mr. Schuman might have planned these things a little too deliberately. Nonetheless its power is not to be denied, and it is well worth the hearing. The composer, by the way, was on hand to receive a modest reception.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

The 64th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. Serge Koussevitzky, entering his 21st year as conductor, once again was accorded that especial mixture of respect and affection extended only to him among musicians in this town, when he first appeared on the stage. Both orchestra and audience rose in greeting and so remained until the cordial applause gave way to "The Star Spangled Banner."

The whole program could be taken as a deeply sincere exhibition of feeling toward the cause of the United Nations. Only the opening number, Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony was explicitly so honored by dedication of its performance to "... the heroes of the United Nations." But William Schuman's "Prayer in Time of War" and the Second Suite from Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," the work of an American and a Frenchman, may surely be construed to have had a share in the dedicatory feeling.

It may as well be said, in the sure conviction of truth: there is no other conductor who can play "Daphnis and Chloe" so well as Serge Koussevitzky. And there is no other

orchestra which can play this resplendent and evocative score with such gorgeous tone and uncanny precision. Mr. Koussevitzky has done it many times before and will again. Yet never does he make Ravel's ballet music less than a tapestry of magnificent colors and delineative brilliance.

The Boston Symphony never played more richly or expressively than during yesterday's marvelous recreation of one of the most imaginative and scintillating scores in all music. It was a long crescendo through "Daybreak" and "Pantomime" to the orgiastic energies of the "Danse Generale."

Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the "Eroica" possessed a masterful sweep entirely in keeping with his dedication. You could find some technical loose ends usually absent from Boston Symphony performances, but they were nothing in view of the cumulative power of the whole. Long ago it was accurately said that Mr. Koussevitzky is moved and inspired by special circumstances. Again it was evident that Beethoven's glorious work and the circumstances of this performance fired him to extraordinary achievement. This was beyond doubt an heroic performance.

"Prayer in Time of War" was a "first time in Boston." The title suggests deep sincerity and purpose. But what connection exists between music and purpose must remain for future hearings to uncover. On first acquaintance Mr. Schuman's contrast of slow and fast sections, with solos over pedal points, seems contrived rather than spontaneous, studied rather than felt with unmistakable poignancy. Mr. Schuman writes better for orchestra than he used to do; this work shows greater ease, freedom and variety. The idiom is dissonant but logical. Yet it did not move me at all.

Let it be emphasized, however, that this is merely a first impression. No work of art can be completely discerned without considerable familiarity. The composer bowed from the stage.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Opens Sixty-Fourth Season

By L. A. Sloper

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its sixty-fourth season on the afternoon of Oct. 6 in Symphony Hall, with Dr. Serge Koussevitzky beginning his twenty-first year as conductor, and with a personnel unchanged in any essential particular. 10-7-44

The inaugural concert was as auspicious as you would expect under such favorable circumstances. Warmly greeted by a standing house, Dr. Koussevitzky was vigorous and alert. The orchestra was, as ever, responsive to his direction. The magnificent tone, the technical precision, the superb plasticity all were in evidence.

The program opened with the "Eroica" Symphony, the performance of which was dedicated "to the heroes of the United Nations." The other items on the list were William Schuman's "Prayer in Time of War," played for the first time in Boston, and Ravel's Second Suite from "Daphnis et Chloe."

The performance of the symphony was marked by the usual orchestral virtuosity and by the characteristic eloquence of the conductor's familiar interpretation. The emphasis was on lyricism, and on an emotionalism of Slavic intensity; and the dramatic content of the score was heavily underlined.

Dr. Koussevitzky always stresses this dramatic element; in fact, he adds something to it by means of his sudden changes of tempo and dynamics. Oddly enough, this quality of suddenness extends also to his crescendos, which climb on steps instead of on a ramp—oddly, because they would be even more effective if they mounted steadily and evenly.

Mr. Schuman's "Prayer in Time of War," originally entitled "Prayer—1943," held the interest that always attaches to the work of this accomplished musician. The "Prayer" begins with an arresting device that was used at greater length in his Second Symphony: a single sustained note over which unrelated chords wander. In this case the pedal note is in the violas, and the distant pianissimo chords are contributed by the horns. The device is effective in establishing an other-worldly atmosphere, and this atmosphere is sustained for some time by means of melodies in

various choirs and by an imaginative orchestration which adds to the impression of devotional sincerity. *imit*

So far, the work lives up to the composer's declaration that "the title is merely some indication of the kind of feeling that went into the composition." But the remainder of the work does not seem to support his contention that the score "is not program music in the usual sense of that overworked term."

For he goes on to a series of episodes which bear little apparent relation to what has gone before, or to one another. If these episodes are not programmatic, I do not know what they are. They sound at times rather like clashes of arms, at other moments they suggest perhaps the suffering and aspiration of the people; but otherwise, so far as I could discover, they do not make much sense as a musical structure. The piece has, however, the virtue of providing some exquisite solo passages for the virtuoso of the first desks.

The composer was present to acknowledge the cordial applause of the audience.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's recipe for an opening or a closing concert is familiar music in glamorous performance. The accent, in other words, is largely on the occasion itself. *Post 10/7/44*

Yesterday, beginning his own 21st season and the Boston Symphony's 69th, he offered a well-loved classic, Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, and an especially favored modern piece, the Second Suite from Ravel's ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe."

Between them came a local novelty, William Schuman's "Prayer in Time of War," played with the composer in attendance and to an appreciative audience.

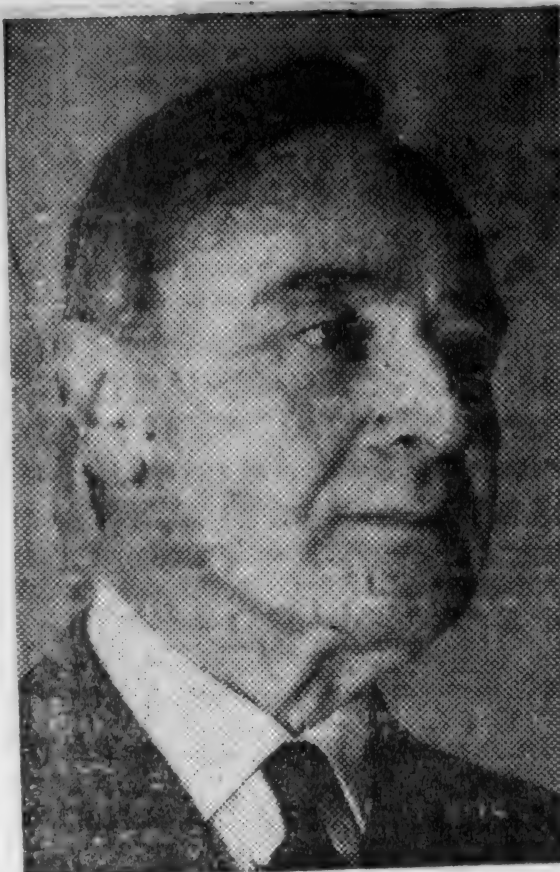
The "Eroica" had been heard at Symphony Hall no later than last January. The pretext for so speedy a repetition was that Dr. Koussevitzky elected to dedicate the performance "to the heroes of the United Nations." This and Mr. Schuman's piece gave the programme a timely appropriateness.

The performances of the Beethoven and the Ravel were as familiar as the music itself. You may not agree with everything the conductor does to Beethoven's masterpiece, though much of his reading is undeniably effective, but you must admit that in the "Daphnis" music conductor and orchestra are in a class by themselves. Even Ravel acknowledged that.

Mr. Schuman's "Prayer" begins with long-sustained, dissonant chords that seemed to be thought of more in terms of sound than of harmonic logic. Somewhat later, and somewhat surprisingly, considering the steely Mr. Schuman's general bent, there are moments of poignant beauty. After a most unprayerful section, probably necessary for musical contrast, that reminds you of Roy Harris on the rampage, the opening mood returns. The audience's warm response to music and composer has been noted.

Speaking of the audience, it filled the hall and was consistently enthusiastic. The orchestra is the same unapproachable body, but in the matter of dimensions it is feeling the effects of the war. Once it boasted 108 men, now there are 101, the chief sufferer being the

French horn section. Unless extra brass can be brought in from the outside, we may have to forego certain Teutonic pieces. And after all, would that not be poetic justice?



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

MUSIC NEWS: CHECK-UP

SHOWS FAVORITES

Survey of Programmes of 19 Orchestras

Reveals Some Interesting Facts

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

TO THIS desk has lately come a questionnaire sent out by an advertising agency in the interests of the radio sponsor of one of our leading orchestras. One gets the impression that the sponsor, rather than the conductor, or the audience in the hall, is to have the determining voice in the matter of programmes. Such a state of affairs would bode ill for the future, and if it threatens to become an actuality, it will be dealt with in this column. Just now it is not the point at issue.

This point is raised by question 3, which reads as follows: "Do you think listeners prefer more classical music or strictly modern music?" Well, in the first place, the answer to that one depends on the intended inclusiveness of the term "classical." If it is to embrace not only Bach and Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner but also Tchaikovsky, Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakov, Strauss and Sibelius, the "strictly moderns" are out of luck. Anyway, it is not a matter of conjecture since the statisticians are always with us.

For example, in the July issue of Musical America, there is an article by Robert Sabin in which the 1943-44 programmes of 19 leading symphony orchestras are surveyed and tabulated. As Mr. Sabin acknowledges, programmes vary somewhat from season to season and they are chosen not by audiences but by the conductors. The latter are, however, "ex-

tremely responsive to public trends" and it is quite obvious that in the main audiences get about what they want. It might be argued, indeed, that outside their contemporary novelties for which they are seldom thanked at the moment, our conductors make it their business to give their respective publics what they think they want, and for that reason the standard repertory, instead of being broadened as well it might be, is actually subjected to a shrinking process. *8-20-44. Pno-*
Three Most Popular

Getting back to Mr. Sabin's survey, we find that the three most popular composers during the past season were Beethoven, Brahms and Tchaikovsky, with Mozart, Wagner and Bach close behind them. Incidentally, you would never guess the Wagner part of it here in Boston. Dr. Koussevitzky has become increasingly wary of Wagner's music—in which he does not particularly excel—and not a note of it was heard at Symphony Hall in the course of the regular season.

The only living composer in the top 10, which, also, included Debussy and Ravel, was Richard Strauss, with 63 performances. Stravinsky trailed with 40. After him came Shostakovich and Rachmaninoff, with 35 each, while Sibelius' score was only 34, a little more than half that of Strauss. After Prokofieff, with 31 performances to his credit, there is a drop to Falla with 18, followed by Hindemith and Milhaud with 16 apiece.

Since this list excludes the Americans, it should immediately be added

that the latter scored as follows: Gershwin 32, Copland 24, Gould 17, Barber 15, Creston 12, Harris 8, Bernstein (the "Jeremiah" Symphony) 7, Hanson, McDonald and Schuman 6.

The intrinsic dullness of a row of statistics is offset by the interesting conclusions so often to be drawn from them. Of particular interest in the above tabulation is the fact that the "strictly modern" Shostakovitch nosed in ahead of the well-established Sibelius and that Roy Harris, proclaimed by so many as our outstanding native composer, had six of his fellows leading him. For comparative purposes it may be mentioned that Beethoven's score was 187, Brahms' 149 and Tchaikovsky's 131. No, it doesn't look as though the moderns were exactly preferred.

Mr. Sabin notes the general slighting of Delius and the complete absence of any symphony by Bruckner (preferred to Brahms in his native Austria), though Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony performed the great Te Deum. The latest bulletin of the Bruckner Society, just received, reports a "requested" performance of the Bruckner Fourth by the Houston (Texas) Symphony, not one of the orchestras on Mr. Sabin's list. In little Holland, another Bruckner-conscious country, there were 110 Bruckner performances between the years 1934 and 1939, an average of 22 a year.

Novelties for Symphony

George E. Judd, manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, entertaining representatives of the press at luncheon at the Harvard Club the other day, added a detail or two in the way of announcement of arrangements for the coming season. Works to have their first performance at the regular subscription concerts are the following: 9-15-44

Concerto for orchestra, by Béla Bartók; Second Symphony, by

David Diamond; Overture, "From the American Folklore," by Boris Koutzen; Suite, "The Feast During the Plague," by Arthur Loulié; Orchestral Variations, by Arnold Schönberg, and Third Symphony, by Bohuslav Martinů. *monit*

Coming in for first-time Boston Symphony presentation are "Prayer in Time of War," by William Schuman; Spirituals for string choir and orchestra, by Morton Gould, and Concerto for two pianos, by Martinů.

Mr. Judd mentioned a change in touring arrangements which sets the New York concerts of the orchestra in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evenings instead of on Thursdays as hitherto. The Saturday night programs over the radio, duration of an hour, continue. The Youth Concerts, six in number, will be given as usual in Symphony Hall under the direction of Wheeler Beckett. For another touring matter, the orchestra is dated to give a program at West Point for the Military Academy community on the afternoon of Nov. 19.

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, is finishing up his vacation in the Berkshires. He returns to Boston in time to rehearse his players for the opening concert of 1944-45, which is billed for Friday afternoon, Oct. 6, the particular piece

for the occasion being Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, the performance dedicated "To the Heroes of the United Nations."

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON . . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 13, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 14, at 8:30 o'clock

FOOTE.....Suite in E major, *Op. 63*, for String Orchestra

- I. Prelude
- II. Pizzicato and Adagietto
- III. Fugue

DIAMOND.....Symphony No. 2

- I. Adagio funebre
 - II. Allegro vivo
 - III. Andante espressivo, quasi adagio
 - IV. Allegro vigoroso
- (First performance)

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKYSymphony No. 5 in E minor, *Op. 64*

- I. Andante: Allegro con anima
- II. Andante cantabile, con alcuna licenza
- III. Valse: Allegro moderato
- IV. Finale: Andante maestoso; Allegro vivace

BALDWIN PIANO

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the second concert of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was as follows: Suite for Strings, Op. 63, Arthur Foote; Symphony No. 2, David Diamond; Symphony No. 5 in E minor, Op. 64, Tchaikovsky.

The first important musical premiere of the season occupied the lion's share of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's attention yesterday afternoon in David Diamond's Second Symphony, and, all things considered, it well deserved the attention it got. (The Foote Suite for String orchestra, not heard here since 1936, and the Tchaikovsky Fifth, which has hardly missed a year since 1906, were by no means slighted, you understand; it's just that the Diamond work was the novelty to set people a-gaping.)

Mr. Diamond's Symphony, it seems to me, is an interesting composition rather than a really good one; a work of promise rather than of fulfillment. The symphony is either in full and tumultuous cry or it is progressing solemnly, and there is little contrast between the two slow movements and the two fast ones. Each, indeed, seems like a revised version of the other—and in many ways they are, as the musical material derives largely from that contained in the first movement.

Moreover, as a composition for orchestra the scoring often seems rough, thick and awkward. It seldom, in the fast and loud sections, seems comfortable, and you get the impression from time to time that the composer has discovered that a modern orchestra can just do any old thing nowadays, and that it would be sport to put one through its paces. Thus the most complicated entrances and figures and rhythms are introduced—and often they seem contrived out of pure deviltry rather than out of an impulse or compulsion to say anything.

All these things aside, however, when the symphony does leap into the clear, it reveals truly fine aspects, and it does supply some beautiful melodic passages. I refer especially to the opening bars of the first movement (the whole movement is outstanding, in fact); to the

fine canon for woodwind quintet in the slow movement and to the following section given to the strings. Then there are some very effective touches throughout, as for instance the final chord of the scherzo, and the final bars of the last movement (not to mention the jaunty theme of the finale itself). In short, there are many fine things about Mr. Diamond's music, but it is not the sort of music which can be accepted wholeheartedly despite its excellent qualities.

In contrast to the Diamond Symphony, Arthur Foote's Suite sounded like something from a past incredibly far away. It is lovely, sentimental music, and it contains what has been aptly called the finest fugue ever written in America. Regrettably enough, it brings Tchaikovsky constantly to mind, but there are worse fates than that, come to think of it.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Though his recent cold is said to be persisting, Serge Koussevitzky conducted the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday, topping off the afternoon with a whooping performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony that brought down the house. The program began with Arthur Foote's E major Suite for strings, and included the first performance of the Second Symphony by David Diamond.

Going on the theory that we should hear all contemporary music deemed by a great conductor worthy to be played, we may thank Mr. Koussevitzky for setting before us the aggressive if dull work of Mr. Diamond. This composer has been little heard in Boston, though he has been acclaimed in New York and elsewhere.

The virtues of his Second Symphony are competent orchestration and a sense of motion. One of its drawbacks is an excessively dissonant idiom derived from Shostakovich and from Roy Harris of that composer's Third Symphony. Mr. Diamond also writes too long, witness the initially engaging adagio funebre which would be better if halved. In this movement there is

more than once the suspicion of a tune.

Mr. Diamond makes his brass shriek and snort in the bouncy scherzo and has woven a contrapuntal fabric for his rapid finale. As more than one listener maintained, the third movement might be eliminated altogether: it is slow and thereby challenges the interest of the adagio, and says little. The composer was present and bowed from the stage.

It is always pleasant to hear Mr. Foote's gracious if old-fashioned and skillfully wrought if unoriginal Suite. Here you have first-rate string writing. Yesterday there was further enjoyment in the amazingly rich and powerful sonorities that Mr. Koussevitzky drew from the Boston Symphony strings.

Tchaikovsky's E minor Symphony replaced the originally planned revival of that stodgy bore, Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony," which was all to the good. Mr. Koussevitzky's personal, hyperemotional and sometimes orgiastic way with Tchaikovsky is familiar—and effective. Yesterday he gave us, in addition, one of the clearest performances of the work I have ever heard, wherein the "inner voices" were emphasized just enough.

Diamond's Symphony At First Hearing

By L. A. Sloper

David Diamond's Symphony No. 2 had its first performance yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, under the baton of Dr. Koussevitzky. It was the central item of the second program of the Boston Symphony season. The concert began with Arthur Foote's Suite in E major for string orchestra. The other number listed was Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony.

Mr. Diamond is a newcomer to these concerts, although at the age of 29 he can point to a considerable output of symphonic and

chamber music, much of which has been performed. Like his contemporaries, he is as careful to disclaim any programmatic intention as the modern novelist is to insist that all his characters are purely imaginary and have been created without thought of any actual persons.

Usually it is difficult to credit these assertions by composers or authors, because the content of their works so often seems to deny them. In the case of this symphony, however, it is easy to believe Mr. Diamond, because he seems to be expressing emotion through a well-developed technique, rather than employing technique to tell a story or paint a picture.

The structure of his Second Symphony is unusual in that his first movement is marked Adagio funebre. But as he points out in the program notes, it "may be considered as a sonata-allegro movement in slow tempo." Thus, apparently, he is not transposing the order of the parts of his symphony merely for novel effect, but has adopted the slower pace in his first movement because he feels it more expressive of his mood.

His Scherzo comes second, and is followed by an Andante espressivo, quasi adagio. The Finale is a lively Rondo.

What makes the scheme remarkable is that Mr. Diamond has deliberately chosen to write two long slow movements into a symphony, at a period when most modern composers are unable or unwilling to write even one; presumably they are either incapable of feeling, or ashamed to display it.

Mr. Diamond is free of such inhibition. Having looked at a wartime world, he says frankly, "This is how I feel about it." His emotion has every evidence of being deep and sincere, and certainly he has the means of conveying it.

His themes are not sentimental, but they lend themselves to a development whose richness is most expressive.

The Scherzo and the Finale are less distinctive, perhaps because the composer, finding it difficult to be gay in these times, leans more heavily on his technical learning. Nevertheless, he leaves an impression of freedom and spontaneity within the framework that has often been filled by similar matter in the past.

The symphony had a moderate success, and the composer bowed twice from the platform.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

It is with a touch of local pride that the opinion is here set down that the choicest experience of yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert was the re-hearing after eight years of Arthur Foote's E major Suite for string orchestra.

The middle movement, composed as an afterthought, seems a bit self-conscious, with its sharply contrasted sections for plucked strings and bowed strings muted, but the first and third movements are as fresh as when they were set on paper 37 years ago. Since Foote was content to write just music rather than follow some current fashion, this work does not date; it has a timeless quality. *Post-10/14/44*

So much is said about the present-day school of American composers that we might easily be led into forgetting the worth of their predecessors. This Suite of Foote's is the only American classic to which Dr. Koussevitzky is still faithful. However, if he neglects the old, he is assiduous with the new. This second pair of concerts brings the first performance of the Second Symphony of David Diamond, who with it makes his bow to Symphony Hall, in both a literal and a figurative sense. Although not strikingly original in matter or manner, this Symphony on the whole is decidedly agreeable. You are reminded of Shostakovich, not only by certain idiosyncrasies of melody and orchestration, but by the fact that the work begins with a slow movement. That in itself is all right, yet it does make the third movement somewhat superfluous, as far as the total effect is concerned. Moreover, the finale, marked with certain exuberant Americanisms, is over-long for what it contains.

Dr. Koussevitzky had planned for this week a revival of the "Reformation" Symphony of Mendelssohn. Probably because he had been indisposed and shrank from the extra burden, he substituted for it the fifth of Tchaikovsky, heard here less than a year ago.

THERE is plenty going on at the Symphony concerts this week. Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo-pianists, will make their first local appearance with the orchestra, offering Mozart's Concerto in E-flat and a new Concerto by Bonuslav Martinu. Of more moment, however, is the marking of the 70th birthday of Arnold Schoenberg, which befell on Sept. 13, by the world premiere of his Theme and Variations for orchestra, Opus 43 B.

You would get a very imperfect idea of Schoenberg's importance by scanning the programmes of the Boston Symphony. To be sure, his orchestral works are not particularly numerous. Most of his more significant writing has been for smaller groups, but we have by no means kept up with his orchestral output, such as it is. In 1914 Dr. Muck set musical Boston by the ears with the first "modernist" music it had heard, Schoenberg's Five Pieces for Orchestra. They were never repeated. One of them, "The Changing Chord," seemed even then to be possessed of a certain strange beauty. The others, some felt, were mercifully brief. Muck confided to me years later that he had failed to make head or tail of the music and that five minutes after the performance he couldn't have written a measure of it from memory.

In '21 and '22 Monteux played for us the early and very different string sextet, "Verklaerte Nacht" (in its arrangement for string orchestra) and Mr. Burgin repeated it last season, after having given it most successfully at a pair of the summer chamber orchestra concerts in Cambridge and Boston. The latest performance here, and not a very good one, took place during the Ballet Theatre's recent visit to the Opera House ("Pillar of Fire.")

And to get back to Schoenberg and the B.S.O., in January, 1934, the composer himself conducted "Verklaerte Nacht" and the tone poem, "Pelleas and Melisande" at a Cambridge concert and two months later repeated the tone poem in Symphony Hall. Composed shortly after the turn of the century, "Pelleas and Melisande" proved to be a tiresome, inflated example of post-Romanticism, largely derivative in character. Wagner, Mahler, Brahms, and to some extent Strauss, were Schoenberg's early models. There were no regrets in some quarters, anyway,

when Dr. Koussevitzky failed to bring to pass a projected revival of the music two or three years ago.

Lawrence Gilman's analysis of Schoenberg's development was something like this: Possessed of a remarkable musical facility and great powers of assimilation, he produced the "Gurre-Lieder", a stupendous score that Boston never heard, and other works in this same post-Romantic idiom. Save for a lack of true originality, they are persuasive enough, but to their self-critical creator they plainly revealed that he was saying nothing that was really new. He therefore decided that original he would be, at whatever cost, and as a purely, or at least largely, intellectual effort, evolved his atonal style and later his 12-tone system, enthusiastically adopted by such of his pupils and disciples as Alban Berg and Ernst Krenek. Oposed to this is the following statement, taken from Abraham Veinus' "The Concerto": "Despite the coolness and precision with which the intricacies move on paper, Schoenberg's music is an extreme form of romantic hysteria. Schoenberg himself discounts the so-called mathematics of his music and insists upon a credo which is singularly conventional and romantic. 'If a composer,' he declares, 'does not write from the heart, he simply cannot produce good music. I have never had a theory in my life . . . I write what I feel in my heart — and what finally comes on paper is what first coursed through every fiber of my body.'" *10-15-44*

The public has accepted Stravinsky. Schoenberg, in his more characteristic voice, remains almost icily remote from the common musical understanding. And if the 12-tone system, with its thematic basis of a dozen different notes, to be inverted, reverted (or both together) and transformed in every conceivable way, is not a "theory", then what in music is? Anyway, for the encouragement of those who will hear the new Variations in the hall, or over the air, the piece is as good as tonal. It bears the key-signature of G minor and it begins with a common chord. Too bad Muck didn't live to see that one. *Post*

Dr. Koussevitzky to Give Work Its First Performance

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Down what line does a piece of music like David Diamond's Symphony No. 2, being produced in town this week, descend? Safe to say, the Russian. Trace the Russian back, we arrive in Germany; and trace the German back, we wind up in Italy. Journey's end for those who look up the orchestra's genealogy is ever the land of the violin. The course may retrace through France, or even through England, but in any case it stops with Lombardy and the fiddle. 10-12-44 *mm*

Nor on the side of time is that a very remote provenance—little better than a couple of hundred years. All this disturbance of the ear and this upset of the emotions which we call an orchestral concert got started only in the eighteenth century. There existed certain sorts of sodalities and ensembles earlier—harmonies of wind instruments, for example, which became absorbed into the orchestra when the hour struck.

In any event, the violin made the difference; and the violin tops and dominates the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, which is bringing out the Diamond work at its concerts of tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, as it does every orchestra. Consequently if the new piece carries a reminder or two of Tchaikovsky or of some other composer of the Russian school, it will in essence be a realization of something imagined before ever any symphonist began writing; of something foreseen, indeed, when, back along, an instrument maker in Cremona, or nearabouts, began sharpening his chisels.

The paramount question, then, about the Symphony No. 2 is how the melodies for the violin, or,

more broadly, for the whole choir and assemblage of strings, run. In regard to that, the manuscript score of the composition shows them moving full stream, now rushing, tumbling, now in deep, quiet flow, and at last the cataract and whirlpool way.

Indeed, it is beyond explanation what 50 fiddlesticks, as controlled by the symbols on Mr. Diamond's pages, can do. With their action, too, they convey mood. The symphony goes in four movements their Italian designations being Adagio funebre, Allegro vivo, Andante espressivo, and Allegro vigoroso. Here are arrayed the classic set of four states of feeling, but that the first of them affects the elegiac in place of the assertive. The second remains pretty true to the scherzo inheritance, the third holds a little of the historic quality of the romantic, and the fourth acknowledges that the best thing a long piece can do in concluding is to be jubilant and swift.

For further remark on the strings, the composer shows himself in his score quite a master of their four-voiced capacities. First violins, seconds, violas, cellos, and basses seem admirably individualized. The characters on the paper are distributed in such wise that the thing written will, when sounded, be heard. A low crotchet, safe to affirm, for the first violins is not lost to hearing. It distinctly speaks.

Strings, however, while perhaps the main story, are by no means the whole of it. Wind instruments have their role; and let us own up that few American composers have displayed much knack in handling them but to produce startling and noisy effects. The languor of the flute, the melan-

choly of the French horn, the sadness of the English horn, the pride of the trumpet, and the exaltation of the trombone are rather clean out of the ken, no denying, of a fair majority.

Just the same, American composers can subdue the wind choirs to certain purposes of their own. They understand how to make the wood and the brass champion minority causes; how, again, to protest against ideas originating in the string community, or how with great sonority, to echo them. As for Mr. Diamond's Symphony No. 2, completed, by memorandum at the end of the manuscript, on Feb. 10, 1943, in New York City, no Boston Symphony man will have a holiday on the dates of presentation. The score has the extreme modern size of page. A staff with notes stands there for practically every one of Dr. Koussevitzky's players, save the organist.

Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 20, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 21, at 8:30 o'clock

CORELLI.....Sarabande, Gigue and Badinerie
(Arranged for String Orchestra by Ettore Pinelli)

SCHÖNBERG.....Theme and Variations for Orchestra, *Op. 43B*

Theme — Poco Allegro

- I. A tempo
- II. Allegro molto
- III. Poco adagio
- IV. Tempo di valse

V. Molto moderato

VI. Allegro

VII. Moderato

Finale — Moderato

(First Performance)

MOZART.....Concerto in E-flat major for Two Pianos
and Orchestra (K. 365)

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Rondo: Allegro

INTERMISSION

MARTINU.....Concerto for Two Pianos

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro

(First performance in Boston)

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV.....Suite from the Opera, "The Fairy Tale
of Tsar Saltan" (After Pushkin)

- I. Allegretto alla marcia
- II. Introduction to Act II
- III. The Flight of the Bumble-Bee
- IV. The Three Wonders (Introduction to last scene)

SOLOISTS:

PIERRE LUBOSHUTZ, GENIA NEMENOFF

Schönberg Variations Heard for First Time

By L. A. Sloper

The performance, for the first time anywhere, of Arnold Schönberg's Theme and Variations for Orchestra, *Op. 43B*, was the feature of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's third Friday concert of the season, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Koussevitzky scheduled the work in honor of the composer's seventieth anniversary.

Another novelty was Martinu's Concerto for Two Pianos, heard for the first time in Boston. Otherwise the program read: Sarabande, Gigue and Badinerie, Corelli-Pinelli; Mozart, Concerto for Two Pianos and Orchestra (K-365); Rimsky-Korsakov, Suite from the Opera, "Tsar Saltan." The pianists were Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff.

Schönberg, one of the most controversial figures in music, is not in the least formidable in this latest work. Can this be because it was first written for a band? Whatever the reason, it is closer in spirit to the early "Verklärte Nacht" or "Pelleas and Melisande" than to the "Pierrot Lunaire" or "Die Glückliche Hand."

Here we have a clearly stated theme, seven variations and a conclusion, in classical form, and in an idiom no more forbidding than those of Wagner, Mahler or Strauss. It is scholarly, of course, but readily understandable and not too dissonant, I should think, for anybody's enjoyment.

But it would be unwise to conclude that Schönberg is seizing his seventieth anniversary as occasion for turning back to romanticism, or anything of that sort. He is no Stravinsky, and he has kept a pretty straight course. If his music has been for the eye rather than the ear, that may be the fault of contemporary ears.

"I have never had a theory in my life," writes Schönberg in a "statement" quoted in the program notes from a book edited by Merle Armitage. "I write what I feel in my heart—and what finally comes on paper is what first coursed through every fiber of my body." So the man has been a romantic all the time? Perhaps, but a very intellectual one.

Martinu's new work is a concerto in the older sense, a composition designed to display the virtuosity of the soloists, with the orchestra providing an accompaniment. A showpiece it is, too, with a glittering surface and nothing much in the way of musical content underneath. Has the composer been spending too much time in the night clubs? For this concerto certainly smells of the

hot spots. It is the sort of thing Liszt might have written if he had been born 80 years later, and in the United States.

Of course Mr. Luboshutz and Mme. Nemenoff were equal to all the demands the composer could make on them, and so was the orchestra—though it is possible that this kind of music would get a better performance from a dance orchestra, which would better understand its Weltanschauung.

But the soloists; and the orchestra too, made a far more important contribution to culture with their interpretation of the Mozart concerto. This was the same composition we heard from the same forces at Tanglewood last summer, but this time it was without the additional accompaniment of a thunderstorm. Again the performance was the high point of the particular concert, a pure musical delight.

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Yesterday's concert, if you ask me, was a perfect symphony concert. It was virtually flawless as a performance, so far as that goes, but it was an extraordinary bit of programming, and it is hard to see how anyone could have come away disappointed. *Herald, 10/21/44*

There was, first of all, Pinelli's graceful arrangement for string orchestra of three pieces from Corelli. It is music of the utmost grace and repose, and it is incomparable, both as a display piece for the string section of the orchestra and as an entr'act to a concert of more substantial music.

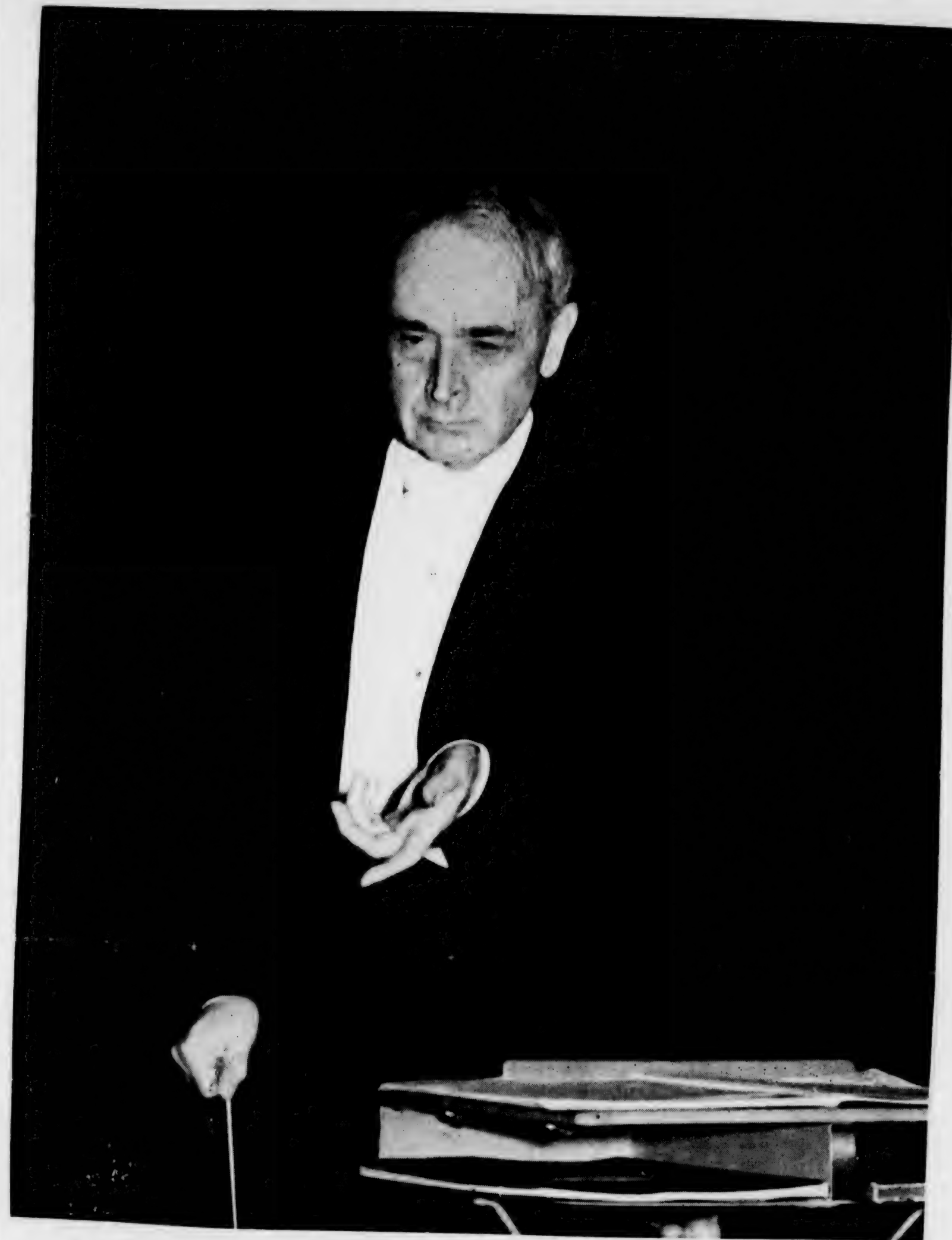
Schoenberg's Theme and Variations, here having its first performance, is a curious and baffling work. Not that it is particularly difficult listening even the first time around. On the contrary, such thematic and harmonic candor, coming from Schoenberg, is like being handed a bon bon from a chap you've many times caught trying to poison your tea: you are sure there must be arsenic in it somewhere.

Taking it at its face value, however, it cannot be considered important music coming from so gigantic a musical figure as Schoenberg. Were it the music of a newcomer it would be important as a promise of things to come, but it is, actually, a singular retrogression to a point near where Schoenberg left off decades ago after

"Verklaerte Nacht." Thus the implication—and it is as devastating as it is faulty—is that the years devoted to the 12-tone system were fruitless. But of this more later on; the immediate point is that the new piece is good to hear, but that is sounds like something Gershwin might have written if he had studied with Richard Strauss, and later with Schoenberg.

Luboschutz and Nemenoff, who did the Mozart Concerto with Dr. Koussevitzky this summer at Tanglewood, repeated their fine success with the work yesterday. They play it with great refinement and delicacy and nuance, and it sounds wonderful. I felt the first movement needed more blood and thunder and more zip, so to speak, but the slow movement and the rondo were exquisitely conceived. But it was in the Martinu Two Piano Concerto the pianists really came into their own. In the first place, the Concerto is truly marvelous. It is almost incandescent in its forward motion or, if you prefer, in its inspiration. There is never a sense of Let's See, What Shall I Do Now? about it as there is in so much contemporary music. It begins and it goes on, and that going on is completely inevitable, completely right. I know of no recent slow movement which is so irresistible, and no recent composition which achieves such expressive, yet unforced, sonorities throughout. In the second place, it was performed with the most sympathetic insight as well as technical skill by the pianists (for whom it was written) and orchestra.

And to conclude, there was the Suite of Pieces from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan." As this contains "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," as well as some sparkling fairy-tale music, it brought the concert to an end with plenty of dash.



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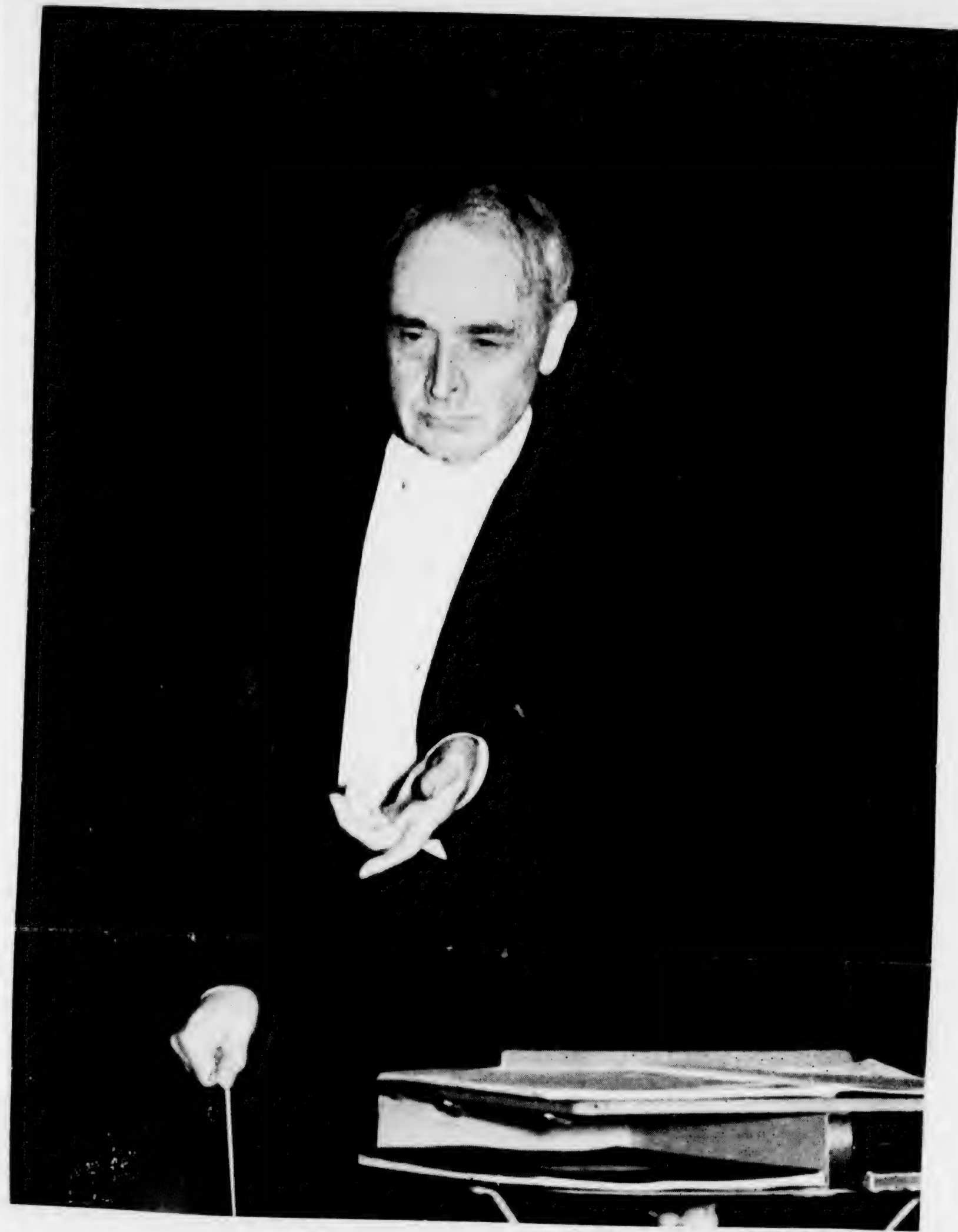
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Taking it at its face value, however, it cannot be considered important music coming from so gigantic a musical figure as Schoenberg. Were it the music of a newcomer it would be important as a promise of things to come, but it is, actually, a singular retrogression to a point near where Schoenberg left off decades ago after

"Verklaerte Nacht." Thus the implication—and it is as devastating as it is faulty—is that the years devoted to the 12-tone system were fruitless. But of this more later on; the immediate point is that the new piece is good to hear, but that is sounds like something Gershwin might have written if he had studied with Richard Strauss, and later with Schoenberg.

Luboschutz and Nemenoff, who did the Mozart Concerto with Dr. Koussevitzky this summer at Tanglewood, repeated their fine success with the work yesterday. They play it with great refinement and delicacy and nuance, and it sounds wonderful. I felt the first movement needed more blood and thunder and more zip, so to speak, but the slow movement and the rondo were exquisitely conceived. But it was in the Martinu Two Piano Concerto the pianists really came into their own. In the first place, the Concerto is truly marvelous. It is almost incandescent in its forward motion or, if you prefer, in its inspiration. There is never a sense of Let's See, What Shall I Do Now? about it as there is in so much contemporary music. It begins and it goes on, and that going on is completely inevitable, completely right. I know of no recent slow movement which is so irresistible, and no recent composition which achieves such expressive, yet unforced, sonorities throughout. In the second place, it was performed with the most sympathetic insight as well as technical skill by the pianists (for whom it was written) and orchestra.

And to conclude, there was the Suite of Pieces from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan." As this contains "The Flight of the Bumble Bee," as well as some sparkling fairy-tale music, it brought the concert to an end with plenty of dash.



Novelties

From Schönberg and Martinů

By Winthrop P. Tryon

For a rare event, a work of Arnold Schönberg, lately composed and never yet performed, comes to public attention at this week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor.

What the explorations and discoveries of Dr. Koussevitzky as musical director, and of his advisers, if he has any, will amount to this season, nobody knows; and only a bold and reckless prognosticator may be supposed to guess, since time, or in another view, audiences, must determine such matters. But as the affair stands, here is the highly renowned and diligently ignored Schönberg challenging the public with a piece which he denominates Theme and Variations for Orchestra, op. 43B.

If Bostonians prove no more susceptible to this latest Schönberg beguilement than they have to certain previous ones, so much the worse, perhaps, for the modern cause; or possibly so much the worse for an obdurate ear. The trouble may prove to be in such an event that Symphony subscribers determinedly listened for one thing, while the composer unpromisingly submitted to them quite another.

Mr. Schönberg has been charged with this and that artistic delinquency and with this, that, and the other artistic perversity; but they come down to just two main points which apply to every composer who ever set a note to paper. First, he has been a great borrower; and second, he has been a persistent disregarder of the rules and conventions of his craft. At times he is tolerable, because he leans on Wagner; again, he is intolerable,

because he scouts all formalities associated with key.

That roughly outlines the case to date. But here we have a new study in tone, a score in which a melody of straightforward outline is stated and in which it is put through a series of seven handlings and conversions along the usual lines of a suite or a symphony—now an assertive movement, now a meditative one, now a gay and somewhat rollicking one, and at last a triumphant one. Represented on the long page of the book is a staff for about everything in an instrumental organization like the Boston Symphony except keyboards and bells.

Now ever so little inspection of the Theme and Variations manuscript makes evident that it is not one of those familiar orchestral recipes thrown together by some brilliant and energetic aspirant who has been away on a fellowship studying in a French laboratory of instrumentation, and who is proving how well trained he is in his trade. Evidently, instead of that, it is a piece of music; and not merely because it runs in the regular groove of Allegro, Adagio, Tempo di Valse, or however the different sections may be designated, but because it is something to be purposefully played and seriously listened to.

Such a work may be looked upon as composed for the leading orchestras of the day, whatever they may be and wherever found. That will answer, too, for its outside aspects. For it had better not, sure enough, be picked up and worried by an ensemble of second capacity. In fine, it is a piece of expression from the hand of Schönberg; and we may doubt whether Schönberg thinks too much about orchestras when he puts himself on record in sharps and flats. No, indeed; he

composes for the modern audience, or perchance for the audience that is half a generation or so beyond the modern.

What, then, will a modern audience expect? Rich tone color? Here is small chance for gratification of that hope. Inner action? Here, no mistake, we have just what is wanted. Sound for the sound's sake, we may safely say, does not interest Schönberg. We do not ask regarding his music, What do I hear? We ask rather, What is moving? What is going on? The theme is just a guiding idea, Virgil regulating the steps of Dante—a connection between the known and the to-be-known and to-be-found-out.

We like Schönberg, if we do like him, because his music, in its activity and its conflicts, makes us acknowledge those preconceptions and predilections which agitate us as people living in the modern world. There may be tragedy in him, and comedy; though of a kind quite off the fairy-tale track.

On the program of the concerts, along with the Theme and Variations, is named a two-piano work in three movements—Allegro, Adagio, and Allegro, by Bohuslav Martinů, brought out in Philadelphia last year, though new to Boston. The composer in a note prepared for John Burk's Boston Symphony Program Book says that he uses the pair of keyboards in a purely solo manner, the orchestral part being treated as accompaniment.

Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Due-pianists Pierre Luboshutz and his wife, Genia Nemenoff, are the first soloists of the season with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They played yesterday afternoon—and will again tonight—two remarkable scores, the E-flat Concerto (K. 365) by Mozart, and the Concerto for Two Pianos by Bohuslav Martinů. The

latter is new to Boston.

The remainder of the program consists of Ettore Pinelli's familiar string arrangement of the Sarabande, Gigue and Badinerie by Corelli; Arnold Schoenberg's Theme and Variations for Orchestra, Op. 43b (first performances), and the Suite of four orchestral excerpts from the opera "The Fairy Tale of Tsar Saltan" by Rimsky-Korsakoff. Serge Koussevitzky conducts.

It was high time that Luboshutz and Nomenoff appeared at a pair of Symphony concerts in the "regular" series, for they are brilliant virtuosi and distinguished musicians. The extreme precision and smoothness of their ensemble, together with their exact sense of style, were superb in Mozart's graceful, effervescent work. And their playing underscored the inherent brilliance of Martinů's effective and very lively score.

The Martinů Concerto involves the two pianos almost as orchestral instruments, yet most of the way the keyboard parts stand out in the colorful, closely-knit tonal fabric. Martinů's idiom is modern, crisp and expressive and not too dissonant. The composer knows exactly where he is going and there is no uncertainty of direction except where the orchestra gets to ruminating a bit in the slow movement. This Concerto almost surely is a landmark in the history of composition for paired pianos. The audience received soloists and music ecstatically.

The Schoenberg work, first conceived for band, contains the theme, seven variations and a finale, all short. While there is considerable dissonance and much harmonic straying out-of-key, the score does have the key signature of G minor, unusual for Schoenberg. There are some engaging sounds and color, but I found the work elephantine and not very interesting.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the strings again accomplished prodigies of nuance and silken tone with the lovely little movements of Corelli. It was good to hear again the depictive and orientally colored music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, which can be listened to for the sheer luxurious pleasure of rich sounds, and without any of the intellectual wondering-what-the-devil-this-is-all-about required by Schoenberg and certain other abstract composers. The orchestra played magnificently.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Would that more Symphony Concerts were as entertaining as that of yesterday afternoon. There was plenty of variety, nothing was stale, and two pieces were new, Schoenberg's Theme and Variations for Orchestra and Martinu's Concerto for two Pianos. In its own way each piece contributed its full quota of listening pleasure. The other numbers on this week's exemplary list are the Corelli-Pinelli Suite for strings; Mozart's E-flat major Concerto for two pianos, played, like the Martinu, by Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemenoff; and the colorful Suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan," which contains the popular "Flight of the Bumble-Bee" and much else besides.

Arnold Schoenberg, who reached his 70th birthday in his California home last month, has recanted by word and deed. Yesterday's Variations, performed for the first time anywhere, are not of the Schoenberg that few have understood and still fewer have really enjoyed. Here is relatively old-fashioned music, in a definite key and full of familiar sound-patterns, given fresh currency by the skill with which they are used. In the matter of style the listener is chiefly reminded of the later Strauss, after he had passed his period of storm and stress. There are faint suggestions of Mahler. This is new Schoenberg but it is the sort of thing he wrote at the beginning of his career, before he tried to revolutionize music with the 12-tone technique which he now appears to have forsaken.

Even Martinu has turned his face toward the past to the extent of suggesting Debussy, chiefly in the middle movement and in some degree in the finale, of his exceedingly well-wrought and altogether grateful Concerto, especially composed for the pair which yesterday brought it to such delightful performance, with the substantial help of Dr. Koussevitzky and an orchestra that was on its best behavior throughout the afternoon. Seldom, in recent years, has a new piece made so striking and satisfying a first impression.

Schoenberg's Variations: Fish, Fowl, or Good Red Herring?

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

In reconsidering Schoenberg's Theme and Variations of recent first-performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, I thought at first of going at it pretty earnestly, snapping here and there at its heels, worrying its deep-lying implications if any, and coming around at the end to the opinion that it was a pity Mr. Schoenberg should, at this late date, abandon his guns. Having mellowed considerably over the week-end, however, I have come to believe the only proper thing to do is to accept it at its face value (which is to say accept it as a most attractive piece) and consider it a welcome phenomenon.

The only trouble with it that I can see is that Arnold Schoenberg wrote it. True, this is a little silly as an observation, but it is the nub of the matter, really. It is as if James Joyce, having finished "Ulysses," tossed off a western story for a pulp magazine, or as if Einstein, having brought forth his theory of relativity, published a theory for pressing breeches: all perfectly proper for relaxation, of course, but a little disconcerting if offered with a straight face.

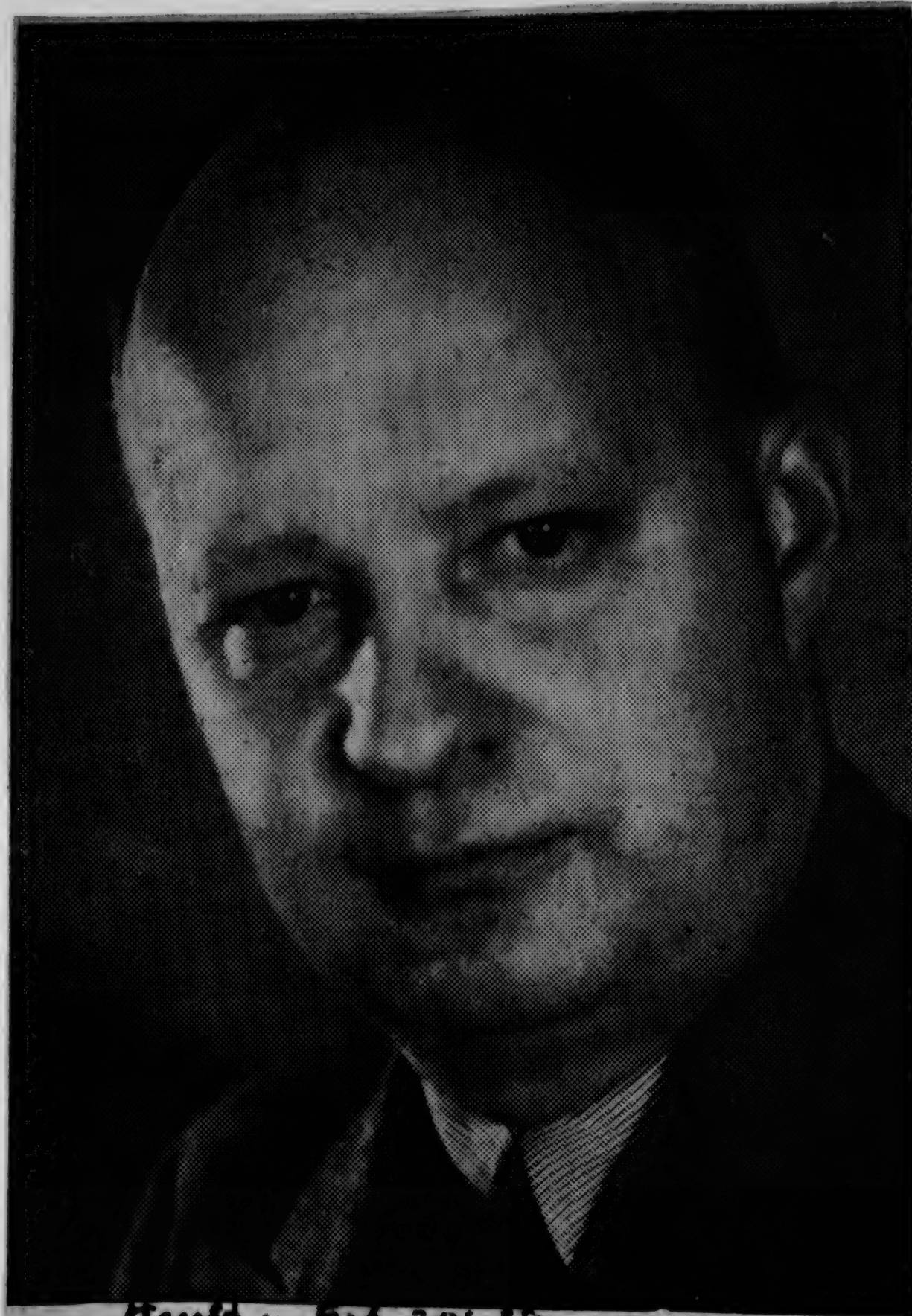
Yet Schoenberg, in his long and brilliant and important career, has never offered anything without a straight face. He has been one of the most serious, even formidable composers who ever lived. He has fought every step of the way in a fierce struggle with himself (and certainly with the public) to seek an individual musical expression. And today, at 70, he has certainly won the enviable position of being one of the most influential creative musicians who ever lived. It is hardly stretching matters to say that 20th century music would have taken an entirely different course without him.

Never a prolific composer (his detractors have always said he has composed barely enough to sustain the title), his 20 or so compositions are puny compared to the countless number of works composed by Mo-

zart in half as many years. Yet all but a handful of the very earliest of Schoenberg's compositions have been done in the twelve-tone system, an arbitrary method in which the twelve tones appear as a melodic sequence only once, with all sorts of inversions of this basic "row" (as it is called) to which other "rows" are added as needed. That this system can achieve incredible limits of expression, as in the famous "Pierrot Lunaire" and in the violin concerto of Schoenberg's follower Alban Berg, goes without saying. Yet it is far from accepted, even today, and Schoenberg remains the least performed of any living composer. Lesser men have stolen as much of his thunder as they needed and have gone on, while he has remained steadfast and uncompromising, the complete "atonalist."

In view of this, to have him come suddenly forth with a piece which not only has a key signature (G minor, from which he never strays very far) but has a George Gershwin tune and a Richard Strauss scoring, is, to say the least, something of a shock to the musical world. Shall we pounce upon him and say that he has let fall the oars? Shall we read into it a confession of failure, an admission he has been wrong all these years? Shall we say that at 70 he has had to begin anew to live with himself? Shall we say, in effect, "I told you so?" Or shall we merely consider it a sort of whim, a musical idea that popped into his head and seemed good, and was done?

I think the Theme and Variations were, in effect, a recreation, a divertimento, a sudden impulse (although by no means a frivolous one), and to seek implications is both unnecessary and tiresome. It is inconceivable, at any rate, that Schoenberg issued this work as a repudiation of his life's labors or that it means a complete about-face in his artistic credo. We shall doubtless never know his basic impulse for doing the Variations any more than we shall know why deMorgan, at 60, began to write novels.



Hind. Feb 20 '38
 Paul Hindemith, German composer and viola player, who will be guest soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts this week, assisting in the playing of several of his own compositions.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 27, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 28, at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN, *Conducting*

MOZART.....Overture to "Der Schauspieldirektor"
(First performance at these concerts)

BACH.....Organ Toccata in C major (Orchestrated by Leo Weiner)

PAGANINI.....Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in
 I. Allegro maestoso D major, No. 1, Op. 6
 II. Adagio
 III. Rondo: Allegro spiritoso

INTERMISSION

HINDEMITH.....Theme and Variations according to the Four
 Temperaments, for Strings with Piano

Theme
 Variation I: Melancholic
 Variation II: Sanguine
 Variation III: Phlegmatic
 Variation IV: Choleric

Piano: LUKAS FOSS
(First performance at these concerts)

RAVEL.....Alborada del Gracioso

SOLOIST
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Richard Burgin Conducts Fourth Symphony Concert

By L. A. Sloper

Richard Burgin has put together a program of considerable variety for the fourth pair of Boston Symphony concerts, yesterday and tonight. Opening with Mozart's Overture to "The Impresario," it continues with the Weiner orchestration of Bach's Organ Toccata in C major, Paganini's Violin Concerto in D major, Hindemith's Theme and Variations according to the Four Temperaments, for strings and piano, and Ravel's "Alborada del Gracioso."

If the artistic pattern of this arrangement is not apparent, the list has at all events some elements of novelty. The Hindemith, introduced by Mr. Burgin at one of the summer series of concerts last September, had yesterday its first hearing in Symphony Hall. Zino Francescatti, the soloist, appeared for the first time with the Boston orchestra, and the concerto he chose had gone so long unheard here that it was virtually new to the town. Mozart's Overture was performed for the first time at these concerts.

The high point musically was unquestionably Hindemith's Variations, which probably will rank with his best works, such as "Mathis der Maler" and "Nobilissima Visione." The score reveals not only scholarship but imagination and emotion, and even humor, as witness the final section of the movement representing the Phlegmatic Temperament. Without humor this movement could hardly have been written, since to express the phlegmatic temperament in sound must be something like writing music suggesting silence.

The other moods are more easily called up: the Melancholic, the Sanguine, and especially the Choleric. Remember Leo Ornstein's little piano pieces? Not that we should think of comparing Ornstein to Hindemith. Ornstein declared himself "not concerned with form." And Hindemith's Variations are not to be judged by their success in evoking temperaments. Their interest lies rather in their musical content and their design. Their instrumental sonorities and their dark coloring constitute a lagnappe.

Mr. Burgin secured a brilliant performance, notable for its precision, clarity, and balance. Lukas Foss distinguished himself by his playing of the piano part; and since this was his introduction to the Symphony audience as a member of the orchestra, the conductor brought him forward to take a bow.

Mr. Francescatti's success yesterday reached the proportions of an ovation. He earned the tribute by displaying his mastery of all the tricks of the violinist's trade. His tone is sweet, though not broad, his intonation sure, and his rhythmic feeling vital. Whether his musicianship ranks with his virtuosity can hardly be decided until he is heard in a more musically interesting composition. Paganini was a rather absurd figure in a rather absurd era, and his music is for violinists.

Mozart's Overture is characteristic. He is one of the very few composers who seem never to have written anything dull.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the fourth program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Zino Francescatti, violinist, was soloist, and Lukas Foss, pianist, was assisting artist. The program:

Overture to "The Impresario"....Mozart
Toccata in C major (orch. Weiner)....Bach
Concerto in D, Op. 6.....Paganini
Theme and Variations According to the Four Temperaments.....Hindemith
Alborada del Gracioso.....Ravel

It was manifestly Zino Francescatti's day at the Symphony yesterday. He made his first appearance with the orchestra playing a piece that hasn't been played at these concerts in 50 years or more, and while he proved beyond doubt it shouldn't be played again for at least another 50 years, he gave at the same time one of the most remarkable demonstrations of violin mastery to come this way in seasons. Moreover, he made something out of the musical whatnot he played, and for a time there he had us all convinced he was performing one of the transcendent masterpieces of music.

In a way, at that, he was. There are violin concertos which are harder than this one, but there is certainly none which looks or sounds harder. And as most of the fun in works like this comes from watching the virtuoso at work, due credit must be given Paganini on the strength of that feat, never mind the quality of his musical inspiration as such. Mr. Francescatti, using the Hart collection Stradivarius of 1727, played it for all it was worth, achieving an extraordinarily warm, golden tone, and negotiating its fabulous intricacies effortlessly.

It is hard to isolate the most remarkable moments of his playing; the passages in thirds, the chromatic scales in sixths and tenths, or

the harmonics in double stops. They were all hair-raising, while his spiccato bowing in the rondo was particularly delightful. Yet shining through the fireworks at all times was the violinist's fine musical sensitivity, and now that he has staggered us with his virtuosity, let us hope he returns soon again in a worthier composition.

Not far behind him in interest—and way ahead as pure music—was the Hindemith Theme and Variations. They were done at the final concert of the summer series of the orchestra in September, and at that time it seemed to me they were the most agreeable things Hindemith has done in years. I still think they are, and I would rank them very high on the list of this year's music. The music retains the great strength, the uncompromising astuteness of the earlier Hindemith, yet it is more expansive and grateful and, at times, even humorous. It is difficult if not impossible to retain the three themes during the subsequent variations even on a second or third hearing, but I can't see that it matters very much. Again Lukas Foss proved his exceptional pianistic accomplishments, while the string orchestra under Mr. Burgin sounded fine.

The unfamiliar Mozart Overture was so brief as to be over before you really got settled down; the Weiner transcription of the towering C major Toccata of Bach proved acceptable (although it is fortunate I think that this orchestra hasn't got the habit of doing Bach transcriptions very often), and Ravel's Alborada del Gracioso brought the concert to a pleasant conclusion. Mr. Burgin conducted very capably throughout, and the orchestra played as it always plays, which is to say superbly.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday's Symphony Concert was both a string-player's holiday and an organist's horror. Not that this fourth programme, conducted by Richard Burgin, contained any organ music, as such, only Bach's great Toccata in C major, as orchestrated by Leo Weiner. In the case of these organ transcriptions, other listeners can respond to the majesty and power, the beauty of the music, enjoying the while the effectiveness of the orchestral presentation, that is, if it does not carry irreverence too far. Organists hear them all in a cold sweat; the music sounds wrong, and the whole procedure smacks of sacrilege.

As for the string-players, it was their special privilege to revel in the tone of the solo violinist, Zino Francescatti, making his first appearance in Symphony Hall, and to gaze at his astounding technique, without being distressed over the slimy character of his vehicle, Paganini's D major Concerto. Heard often enough with piano accompaniment, this Concerto had been played piecemeal at the Symphony concerts, but this was the only occasion on which all the movements had been heard together. In their quasi-operatic fashion the tunes are pleasant enough and if the structure of the work is shaky, its contents thin, it is still a show-piece among the show-pieces. Mr. Francescatti, whose father and teacher was a pupil of Paganini's pupil, Siorvi, rose sensationally to the Concerto's every opportunity. In the matter of applause, the orchestra vied with the audience. 10-28-44

Mr. Burgin can generally be depended upon for an interesting programme, and this was no exception. It began with the Boston Symphony's first performance of Mozart's engaging little Overture to "The Impresario," it contained the first Symphony Hall performance of Hindemith's Theme and Variations according to the Four Temperaments, for strings with piano (the pianist was Lucas Foss, as in the case of the piece's premiere at Mutual Hall last summer) and concluded with Ravel's brilliant if rather hollow "Alborado del Gracioso." There is much that is pleasing and genuinely satisfying in Hindemith's music. It is not without characterizing power and even a sense of humor. But Hindemith's dissonant counterpoint comes too easily to him and his piece, superbly played by the Symphony strings and Mr. Foss, could stand a bit of cutting.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Richard Burgin, the gifted concertmaster and associate conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is at the helm of the concerts in Symphony Hall this week. His program is highly diversified and of exceptional interest since it contains only music that is unhackneyed.

As conductor Mr. Burgin has become extraordinarily able. His readings now possess an assurance and personal flavor which once were lacking. As the Boston Symphony musicians responded sensitively to his bidding, Mozart's "The Impresario" Overture emerged sparkling and delicate, and Ravel's Alborada del Gracioso, though its performance might not be compared with that of the super-Ravellian, Mr. Koussevitzky, was colorful and flowing and rhythmically intoxicating.

Leo Weiner's powerful, brilliant orchestration of the Bach Organ Toccata in C major had not turned up on a Symphony list since Mr. Burgin introduced it in 1936. How good it was to hear again the unusual combination of pure though massive scoring and the synthetic tints when the winds imitate the organ! The continuity of a forceful performance unfortunately was broken at the cadence between introduction and adagio when the audience, ignoring Mr. Burgin's raised hands, broke in with applause, and the doors were opened to admit latecomers. 10-28-44

For some inexplicable reason Zino Francescatti had not been soloist with the Boston Symphony until yesterday, when he gave the first performance of the whole of Paganini's D major Violin Concerto, No. 1, Op. 6, in the orchestra's history. He ought to have appeared long since, because he is a violinist of clean technic, a suave tone and Latin grace. In its original instrumental accompaniment (for which Mr. Burgin reduced the orchestra) the Concerto is a tinkly affair, brimming with melodies that suggest minor Italian opera. But when it is so well played, its melodies so beautifully phrased, the score is quite persuasive. Mr. Francescatti

received one of the warmest receptions I can remember at a Friday concert.

Hindemith's Theme and Variations according to the Four Temperaments (Melancholic, Sanguine, Phlegmatic and Choleric) had first been conducted here by Mr. Burgin at one of the chamber concerts last Summer. While far, far too long, this is really excellent music, highly skilled in the restless motion and controlled dissonance of its counterpoint. The colors Hindemith can get from a piano (ably played by Lukas Foss) and strings are astonishing, and the sharp differentiation between the four moods is also quite remarkable.



Zino Francescatti

Who will play the Paganini Concerto in D major at the Boston Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday.

ABOUT MUSIC

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE music of old J. S. Bach presents us with a singular paradox. It is more alive than much that was written yesterday, or is being turned out today, yet in large measure its vitality exists chiefly on paper. In other words, its value is intrinsic and often has little to do with the particular medium for which it was composed. That does not hold true, in anything like the same degree, with Beethoven, with Mozart or even with Handel. In many cases it does not hold true with Bach, himself, but they are not the cases with which this article is concerned.

Only the purist maintains that the preludes and fugues comprising the famous "Forty-eight" sound better on a clavichord or harpsichord than they do on a modern grand. The old instruments make the old music seem pleasantly quaint, in some instances they are its ideal voice, but quaintness was not what the composer had in mind. He wasn't depending in advance upon what is called the pathos of distance. Also there are those unregenerate souls who feel that a lot of Bach's organ music is just as effective, or more effective, when performed by an orchestra, or even a band. When we read that Bach was the most frequently played composer in New York's Goldman Band concerts last summer, we might well conclude that the much-maligned transcriber does the composer more service than the aforementioned purist. The organ is a noble instrument, especially suited to the surroundings in which it is generally encountered. It has never gained much favor as an instrument for concert purposes. But are we therefore to exclude Bach's organ music, much of it among the greatest ever written, from our concert life? Some would; more would not. And so to the formers' great distress, the transcribing goes on apace. *11-5-44 P.S.*

To be sure, there is the point at which everyone, or almost anyone, will stick. Some of the Bach or-

chestral arrangements are so gaudy, so replete with the tonal flesh pots that a disturbing incongruity between matter and medium immediately results. You might say that congruity is the touchstone, though in the case of these organ transcriptions, the extreme purist recognizes it at the very outset, and there is no chance for further argument.

As for transcribing in general, always a useful and honorable procedure, with an impressive history, it can be over-done, like any good thing, and of late it has been, particularly in the orchestral sphere. Nearly always an overlooked original work for piano, violin or orchestra would make at once a more suitable and a more valuable addition to the repertory. We have reason to be thankful that our orchestra, conservative even where Bach transcriptions are concerned, has relatively little truck with the arrangers. The real misfits are of the rarest possible occurrence. It so happened, however, that the programme of week-before-last contained both Leo Weiner's sonorous version of Bach's organ Toccata in C major and Ravel's of his own piano piece, "Alborado del Gracioso." The inevitable dispute over the propriety of the former made transcription once more a local issue.

When we come to view the situation as a whole, there are certain facts that it is salutary to bear in mind. Bach himself was an indefatigable transcriber, both of other people's compositions and his own. Beethoven orchestrated the Funeral March from his piano sonata, Opus 26 for his incidental music to the play, "Leonore Prohaska." And as for this business of congruity, what are you going to do about Grieg's fine string suite, "From Holberg's Time," first written for piano; Brahms' orchestral "Haydn" Variations, composed for two pianos; or Mendelssohn's Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," seemingly a model of orchestral thinking, originally set down as a piano duet? As fortunately for the critics as for the politicians, few issues are clear-cut.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 3, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 4, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN Overture to Goethe's "Egmont", *Op. 84*

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 7 in A major, *Op. 92*

I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace

II. Allegretto

III. Presto; Assai meno presto; Tempo primo

IV. Allegro con brio

INTERMISSION

SHOSTAKOVITCH Symphony No. 6

I. Largo

II. Allegro

III. Presto

ABOUT MUSIC

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE music of old J. S. Bach presents us with a singular paradox. It is more alive than much that was written yesterday, or is being turned out today, yet in large measure its vitality exists chiefly on paper. In other words, its value is intrinsic and often has little to do with the particular medium for which it was composed. That does not hold true, in anything like the same degree, with Beethoven, with Mozart or even with Handel. In many cases it does not hold true with Bach, himself, but they are not the cases with which this article is concerned.

Only the purist maintains that the preludes and fugues comprising the famous "Forty-eight" sound better on a clavichord or harpsichord than they do on a modern grand. The old instruments make the old music seem pleasantly quaint, in some instances they are its ideal voice, but quaintness was not what the composer had in mind. He wasn't depending in advance upon what is called the pathos of distance. Also there are those unregenerate souls who feel that a lot of Bach's organ music is just as effective, or more effective, when performed by an orchestra, or even a band. When we read that Bach was the most frequently played composer in New York's Goldman Band concerts last summer, we might well conclude that the much-maligned transcriber does the composer more service than the aforementioned purist. The organ is a noble instrument, especially suited to the surroundings in which it is generally encountered. It has never gained much favor as an instrument for concert purposes. But are we therefore to exclude Bach's organ music, much of it among the greatest ever written, from our concert life? Some would; more would not. And so to the formers' great distress, the transcribing goes on apace. 11-5-44 PMS

To be sure, there is the point at which everyone, or almost anyone, will stick. Some of the Bach or-

chestral arrangements are so gaudy, so replete with the tonal flesh pots that a disturbing incongruity between matter and medium immediately results. You might say that congruity is the touchstone, though in the case of these organ transcriptions, the extreme purist recognizes it at the very outset, and there is no chance for further argument.

As for transcribing in general, always a useful and honorable procedure, with an impressive history, it can be over-done, like any good thing, and of late it has been, particularly in the orchestral sphere. Nearly always an overlooked original work for piano, violin or orchestra would make at once a more suitable and a more valuable addition to the repertory. We have reason to be thankful that our orchestra, conservative even where Bach transcriptions are concerned, has relatively little truck with the arrangers. The real misfits are of the rarest possible occurrence. It so happened, however, that the programme of week-before-last contained both Leo Weiner's sonorous version of Bach's organ Toccata in C major and Ravel's of his own piano piece, "Alborado del Gracioso." The inevitable dispute over the propriety of the former made transcription once more a local issue.

When we come to view the situation as a whole, there are certain facts that it is salutary to bear in mind. Bach himself was an indefatigable transcriber, both of other people's compositions and his own. Beethoven orchestrated the Funeral March from his piano sonata, Opus 26 for his incidental music to the play, "Leonore Prohaska." And as for this business of congruity, what are you going to do about Grieg's fine string suite, "From Holberg's Time," first written for piano; Brahms' orchestral "Haydn" Variations, composed for two pianos; or Mendelssohn's Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," seemingly a model of orchestral thinking, originally set down as a piano duet? As fortunately for the critics as for the politicians, few issues are clear-cut.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 3, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 4, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN Overture to Goethe's "Egmont", Op. 84

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92

- I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace
- II. Allegretto
- III. Presto; Assai meno presto; Tempo primo
- IV. Allegro con brio

INTERMISSION

SHOSTAKOVITCH Symphony No. 6

- I. Largo
- II. Allegro
- III. Presto

Beethoven to Shostakovitch, Richard Burgin Conducting

By L. A. Sloper

In the absence of Dr. Koussevitzky because of indisposition, Mr. Burgin is conducting this week's Boston Symphony concerts, the fifth pair of the season. The program, as performed yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, consists of the "Egmont" Overture and the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, and the Shostakovitch Sixth Symphony.

Probably not one in a hundred of the audience, listening with eyes closed yesterday, would have known that Dr. Koussevitzky was not on the stand during the performance of the overture, so closely did Mr. Burgin approximate the familiar reading of the director. 11-4-44

Our hypothetical listener might have noticed no difference in the first movement of the Seventh Symphony either, but he probably would have opened his eyes before the Allegretto was over, for there was a slight falling off in the fervor of the song; and in the Finale more of clarity than usual was lost in maintaining the speeded-up Koussevitzky tempo.

And certainly everyone who heard "The Star-Spangled Banner," even from the corridors, would have known that another hand was at the helm. Mr. Burgin always adopts a more American pace in the anthem than Dr. Koussevitzky does.

In general, the associate conductor secured excellent performances throughout the afternoon, and he clearly had the loyal cooperation of the orchestra.

The Shostakovitch Sixth sounded no better yesterday than at its previous hearings, and I do not think that this was Mr. Burgin's fault. It is an ungainly work, with uninteresting material and tautological writing. The long opening slow movement is as tedious as ever, the attempted vivacity of the other two heavy-handed. Shostakovitch has a facile hand and he has learned well the lessons taught by Berlioz, Wagner, and even Verdi, but he seems seldom to have much to say, and certainly his communication in this symphony does not justify its composition.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the fifth program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program follows:
Beethoven—Overture to "Egmont," Op. 84; Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92
Shostakovitch—Symphony No. 6

Very little to get excited about yesterday at the symphony concert that I could see. The Beethoven was good and the Shostakovitch was less good while the performance of both under Mr. Burgin (Dr. Koussevitzky being ill but not, fortunately, seriously), was neat, precise and orderly.

Nothing ever really took fire so to speak, but the communication between orchestra and audience was assured in the Beethoven, of course, because it was Beethoven and because anybody who doesn't like Beethoven is sure there must be something wrong with him anyway, and in the Shostakovitch because everyone was curious to hear what there was about it that caused the powers that be to single it out from the dozens of other new works which have had performances here in recent seasons. 11-4-44

Frankly, I couldn't see that there was much of anything about it which should give it rehearing precedence over, say, Martinu's First Symphony. However, it is certainly the most distinguished of Shostakovitch's symphonies. Its first movement, the first two-thirds of it at any rate, stands as serious music

of the highest order. The theme of the largo itself is distinguished, even elevated in tone, but it comes to a complete stop over protracted trilled pedal points which continue so long that by the re-entrance of the principal theme you have all but lost patience. You feel, quite properly, that the composer could have had his say in a little less time.

The scherzo which follows is bright, amusing and really very satisfactory, but the finale comes perilously near to cheapness. The composer is right in contrasting his serious, even oppressive, first movement with two short and entertaining movements, but the finale is a little too tasteless to accept, and it brings down the general level of the work.

The first movement was exceptionally well played by the orchestra under Mr. Burgin; the other two wanted in the brilliance and verve necessary to overcome, by sheer force, the commonness of the inspiration. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony was especially well and clearly done, however. Mr. Burgin's conception was straightforward, notable for its honesty and its sincerity. There were no emotional distortions or interpretative excesses, but on the other hand there was no tension or glamor, so to speak. You could take it or you could leave it alone, depending upon your mood. And it must be said the audience yesterday was in the mood to take it.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Richard Burgin is conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts at Symphony Hall again this week, due to the continued indisposition of Serge Koussevitzky. The program consists of the "Egmont" Overture and Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, and the Sixth Symphony by Dimitri Shostakovich.

The great Overture of Beethoven, last heard in the Friday-Saturday series in 1935, was disappointingly performed. Indeed, most of the afternoon the orchestra's playing was far short for the polish, tonal richness and overall precision usual at the Symphony concerts. In the "Egmont" the strings were thin and a little coarse; Mr. Burgin's pace was stodgy and he permitted numerous details vital to the general dramatic effect to be lost in the shuffle.

On the whole, the major Symphony went much better, although the finale was taken so fast—as indeed it is by all conductors—that the rushing figures for strings were anything but clean-cut. Mr. Burgin began the famous allegretto, whose correct tempo is one of the most delicate matters in symphonic literature, a bit on the rapid side, but slowed down within eight measures. I liked his way with the scherzo, which rippled along clearly and lightly, and whose trio was neither too slow nor too fast.

The Sixth Symphony of Shostakovich is certainly one of his best and I suspect it will last longer than either of its gargantuan successors, the Seventh and the Eighth. No one need take the Sixth very seriously, however, for it is not profound. But it is well scored and the buoyant allegro and caricature march have a lot of wit.

That melancholy phrase heard so often during the long and slow first movement in the form of solos over organ-point bass, is probably labored a little too much. But the music is full of color and warmth and it "sounds" all the way. That the Symphony is not profound is no barrier to its enjoyment for its positive merits of rhythm, orchestration, tunes and Slavic flavor. There is room in music for both entertainment and the deeper emotions.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Last week's Symphony Concerts were Richard Burgin's from the start. Dr. Koussevitzky had planned to conduct the current pair, but he cannot seem to shake the cold which has beset him since the first of the season and yesterday afternoon a slip in the programme book announced that Mr. Burgin would take over.

The associate conductor would hardly have elected to play Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, done here less than a year ago. Nevertheless, a new approach made the speedy repetition a little less obvious. Conducting with both earnestness and enthusiasm, Mr. Burgin still managed to present the music more objectively than does Mr. Koussevitzky, though he falls into the latter's error of playing the finale so fast that many passages cannot be clearly articulated.

We have waited much longer to hear Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont," nine years, in fact, almost to a day. Dr. Koussevitzky has developed a prejudice against overtures in general, and many masterpieces in this form have fallen into undeserved neglect hereabouts.

With the Netherlands once more under the heel of an oppressor, this torial glorification of the Dutch patriot who gave his life for his country is particularly appropriate at this time, and no doubt Dr. Koussevitzky had that in mind when he placed it at the head of this week's list. As with the Symphony, Mr. Burgin's approach was sound and musicianly, but there might have been a shade more of dramatic fire.

That curious work, Shostakovich's Sixth Symphony, fills the period after intermission. Consistency is the least of Shostakovich's concerns. He does not hesitate to begin with a long and brooding slow movement and end in musical comedy vein with a no doubt unconscious appropriation of the March from Herbert's "Mlle. Modiste." Both this finale and the scherzo-like middle movement are popular in character. The opening Largo has both depth and beauty, though it does not escape the vague and relatively empty stretches that are to be found in the corresponding sections of both the preceding and the subsequent symphonies. Taken by and large, however, the Sixth is a work of much appeal and yesterday it was finely set forth.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Sixth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 10, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 11, at 8:30 o'clock

TOCH....."Pinocchio, a Merry Overture"

BERLIOZ....."Harold in Italy": Symphony in Four Movements, with Viola Solo, Op. 16

- I. Harold in the Mountains, Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness and Joy (Adagio; Allegro)
- II. March of Pilgrims Singing Their Evening Hymn (Allegretto)
- III. Serenade of a Mountaineer of the Abruzzi to his Mistress (Allegro assai; Allegretto)
- IV. Orgy of Brigands; Recollections of the Preceding Scenes (Allegro frenetico)

INTERMISSION

BLOCH.....Suite for Viola and Orchestra

Lento; Allegro
Lento
Molto vivo

STRAUSS....."Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner in Rondo Form," Op. 28

SOLOIST

WILLIAM PRIMROSE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

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SOLOIST

WILLIAM PRIMROSE

A Glance at the History Of Bloch's Suite for Viola

By Winthrop P. Tryon *Boston Monitor*

On the subject of instrumental scores, or "partitions," as they are sometimes called, we have a couple of interesting ones in Ernest Bloch's Suite for Viola and Orchestra, which is revived at the Boston Symphony Concerts this week, with William Primrose as soloist, and Arnold Schönberg's Theme and Variations, which Serge Koussevitzky and his men lately produced. We need only to place the tall folio of the Bloch Suite on the table beside the Schönberg Variations to appreciate sharp differences. The Bloch score strikes the eye instantly as a study in decoration, while the Schönberg score takes immediate shape as a symphonic construction.

Not but that the Suite is built to a plan of themes and movements in the regular way, and not but that it stands up architecturally. That goes, indeed, without denial; for the piece would hardly have survived for 25 years and retained the regard of conductors unless it were logically designed and masterfully composed. To consider the score itself, however, and to contemplate the notes on the long pages as they turn over, question arises whether the Suite is made from inside the orchestra, or whether it is conceived abstractly, associating itself with orchestra for mere sound's sake.

Detailed perusal answers what first look asks: and surely enough, the orchestral elements of the Suite seem to serve primarily as appliqué, overlay, and ornament; while those of the Variations seem to belong to the very musical fabric.

The adornment and embellishment view of the Suite would hold, too, no matter what the history of its making, whether it was

struck out in the first place as a work for viola with orchestra or as one for viola with piano. The garnishing effect would inhere just the same. Record shows that the Suite first came out as a viola and piano sonata at the South Mountain Chamber Music Festival, Pittsfield, Mass., in September, 1919, Louis Bailly being the viola player and Harold Bauer the pianist. Soon thereafter it got performed in New York with orchestra, and later in Boston.

Mr. Bloch's career as composer may be said, in the American aspect of it, to have got one of its first big lifts in Boston on Jan. 8, 1917, when the Flonzaley Quartet at a special concert in Jordan Hall played his Quartet in B major from manuscript. Record in this case has it that the Bloch harmonies were rough, while the Bloch melodies were smooth, indicating a trend that for those days would be modernistic. In fact Mr. Bloch explained in interview at the time that he was rather forsaking key, but observed that when he abandoned unity of key he had to find another kind of unity. "Freedom," he said, "is nothing but improvisation, without ideas."

Now whether a couple of years later Mr. Bloch saw a chance to win a chamber music contest by reducing his viola suite from a symphonic poem to a sonata matters not. At any rate he snatched the South Mountain prize, and from that event proceeded an acclaim that continues to echo. Take all his composing together, there are those who place his music that expresses Hebrew meditation and aspiration at the top, particularly his "Solomon" Rhapsody for Violoncello and Orchestra. The Viola Suite appears to have been schemed out originally as a sort of travelogue, depicting scenes somewhere in the tropics. That might account for the picturesque quality of the orchestration.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky was back in all the fire and magnificence of his usual form at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. All outward signs of the illness that had plagued him for weeks was gone, and he whipped the orchestra into a white heat of virtuosity. The program was one to scintillate all the more for such treatment, and it brought Ernst Toch's "Pinocchio, a Merry Overture," the "Harold in Italy" Symphony of Berlioz, the Suite for Viola and Orchestra by Ernest Bloch, and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."

William Primrose, the distinguished soloist in both Berlioz and Bloch, made his first appearance with the orchestra. His playing, brilliant from a technical view and utterly marvelous from that of emotion and expression, won him a reception from the Friday audience that was notably cordial. From the instrument of love, as certain poets have called the viola, Mr. Primrose draws a tone pure and round, one that glows in the low register and glints up high. His technic involves that muscular coordination of accuracy, precision and speed which bespeaks a great master.

The appeal of Berlioz' music is completely sensuous. Berlioz must be played with absolute conviction and drastic force because his music is all passion, color and youthful ardor. When recreated thus it can enthrall you in a way of which no other music is capable save that of the two Richards—Wagner and Strauss, and the two Impressionists—Debussy and Ravel. Yesterday's "Harold in Italy" was supremely captivating, representing orchestral and solo virtuosity and unflawed rapport between them both.

The Suite by Bloch, heard here but once before, in 1925, is another matter. Though an agreeable, modern and colorful score, it is long and diffuse, and its idiom all too often betrays heavy indebtedness to the style of Debussy. Much of the interest lies in the orchestra, but of

course the solo part affords brilliant display for the violist. Unless I had read Mr. Bloch's avowal of the background of the Suite, I would never think of the East Indies and their shrouded mystery as having been his inspiration. The second movement, incidentally, was omitted.

Toch's fanciful Overture is altogether charming. It is also highly condensed and to the point. The composer, who was present and bowed, must have enjoyed Mr. Koussevitzky's excellent reading. "Till Eulenspiegel" always fires the conductor to play it with the utmost wit and intensity. Yesterday's "Till" was quintessential Strauss and Koussevitzky.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conducting, gave the sixth program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. William Primrose, violist, was the soloist. The program:

Toch....."Pinocchio, a Merry Overture"
Berlioz....."Harold in Italy," Op. 16
Bloch.....Suite for Viola and Orchestra
Strauss....."Till Eulenspiegel," Op. 28

Yesterday's concert may be added to the really notable concerts of the season. It would have been if only for the appearance as soloist of William Primrose, but it was equally so for its program, which contrasted Toch's delightful "Pinocchio" with Strauss's enormously clever "Till Eulenspiegel," and Berlioz's mauve "Harold in Italy" with Bloch's exotic Suite for Viola. And all this was superbly set forth by Dr. Koussevitzky at the top of his form and by the orchestra in the top of its. In short, the concert was as full of interest as an egg's full of meat.

For all its pleasures of sentiment, lyricism and sheer sound and fury, Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" was forced into the background by Bloch's atmospheric Suite for Viola, and by Mr. Primrose's traversal of it. In the Berlioz (which is sentimental enough, Lord love it), the soloist had a tendency to lean on lushness a little too much for propriety, but his approach to the Bloch was admirable, while his

technical accomplishments on the instrument were quite beyond belief in both the Berlioz and the Bloch compositions. *11-11-44*

As in all of Bloch's music, there is a singularly mystical, personal quality about the Suite for Viola (one movement of which was omitted yesterday). There is a rapture of ecstasy which is hardly to be resisted, and here, set against the composer's own vision of the Far East, it is even more magical, more exotic, more hypnotic. Yet it never descends to sensation, always retaining a becoming reserve, and leaving something to the creative imagination of its audience. "Harold in Italy," on the other hand, is all feelings run in soft luxurious flow, as Cardinal Newman put it. Yet it doesn't by any means faint at every woe; on the contrary, when Berlioz switches off his sentiment he unleashes some rattling good bombast, and it is all wonderfully entertaining. *Herald*

Like "Harold in Italy," "Till" is one of Dr. Koussevitzky's miracles. You get the impression there is a world of wisdom and tolerance in his conception of the character. There is nothing vicious or cruel or capricious in his reading of the score; Till is comedy, yes, but he is also tragedy, and the grim part of it is the tragedy is as much our own as "Till's," for Till was a rogue all right, but he died fighting (in his own way) against oppression.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

There was just one thing the matter with yesterday's altogether remarkable Symphony Concert: there was a bit too much of it, and the superfluous number, the last, was our old and very familiar friend, Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel." All of that tone poem wasn't played as well as some of it, either. Far better would it have been, in this reviewer's opinion, to perform the omitted second number of Bloch's entrancing Suite for viola and orchestra, heard here just once before, in 1925.

For this Suite, one of the finest things Bloch has done, comparable indeed to his "Schelomo," we are indebted this week to William Primrose, by almost universal consent, the greatest living violinist. Not before had the Scotch-born virtuoso appeared in Symphony Hall, though we heard him at a Statler Musicale last season. The impression he made yesterday was overwhelming, both in the Bloch Suite and in Berlioz' "Harold in Italy," which was played for his benefit. Mr. Primrose's instrument, the "Macdonald" Stradivarius, must receive some of the credit. Between them the great artist and the matchless maker

of stringed instruments were able to prove that neither a violin nor a cello can emit more ravishing sounds than the instrument whose place in the musical scheme of things is decidedly a subordinate one, however indispensable it may be to both the orchestra and the string quartet.

Anyway you look at it, Mr. Primrose is an artist of towering stature, and his participation in the performance made Berlioz' Symphony seem a greater work than ever before. After long neglect Dr. Koussevitzky has now played it three seasons in succession. We can hear it still more and we could hear more Berlioz in general than we do. With every passing year the French composer throws a longer shadow. To emphasize Mr. Primrose should not be to minimize the part played in yesterday's unforgettable concert by Dr. Koussevitzky and an inspired orchestra. The programme began, by the way, with Ernst Toch's "Pinocchio," well subtitled "A Merry Overture." The composer, who has come here from California to give a series of lectures at Harvard, was in the audience and was warmly applauded. *11-11-44 Post*

By Winthrop P. Tryon

To goad the subscribers of the regular concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, to greater efforts of listening and appreciation, along comes a Sunday matinee public taking delight in the stock numbers of the repertory and doing things after the manner of the Fridays and Saturdays of only a few seasons ago. The main-season veterans have got to set themselves high tasks in hearing and evaluating new music and perchance in reviewing neglected old music, in order to keep out of the way of the oncoming recruits. Yesterday afternoon the new Sunday series of six opened most auspiciously with a houseful of zealots for the orchestral cause and with the complete Boston Symphony personnel on the platform keen to do its best.

Koussevitzky Returns to Post; William Primrose for Soloist

11-11-44 Herald By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky returned to the podium at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, after a brief absence. At the top of his form, he secured a brilliant performance of an exacting program.

William Primrose, distinguished British viola player, appeared for the first time with the Boston orchestra, playing the solo parts of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" Symphony and Bloch's Suite for Viola and Orchestra. He had been heard here in chamber concerts, and, unless memory is playing tricks, in a recital with Fritz Kreisler at the Boston Opera House.

The concert opened with Ernst Toch's "Pinocchio, a Merry Overture," and closed with Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel." This was an excellent example of program making. Everything on the list is program music. The end pieces are lively and amusing, the central ones romantic and nostalgic. Pretty close to an ideal program.

"Harold in Italy" is getting to be an annual event. Yet before 1942 the work had not been heard here since 1919. The reason for this neglect is hard to guess, for the symphony should certainly be congenial to the conductor, and surely there is no lack of fine violists in the orchestra itself, as Mr. Lefranc reminded us last year in this very work.

The performance yesterday was especially sympathetic. Mr. Prim-

rose played with a broad, vibrant tone, and he and the conductor and the orchestra appeared to be at one throughout. The viola (even the Macdonald Strad) is not the most grateful of instruments for solo work, but the construction of this symphony and the interpretation it received in this instance gave the soloist full partnership in the performance. He proved his musicianship, and received an ovation.

Bloch's Suite in its orchestral dress had been heard here only once before, 19 years ago. It too had a most persuasive publication, but whereas Berlioz's symphony still possesses far more than a historical interest, this suite has already begun to date. Written with imagination and feeling, it nevertheless suffers from its imitative idiom; this nostalgic business has been overdone, and Bloch is more individual in his frankly Jewish music.

Toch's Overture is indeed merry. The program notes describe Pinocchio as "a sort of brother-in-mischief to Till Eulenspiegel." This is so, although I seem to recall that the Italian is a little less violent in his mischief making. Toch's score is a lot of fun, and Dr. Koussevitzky captured the spirit of it handily.

He also obtained his usual virtuosic performance of "Till," although he still tends to emphasize the drama at the expense of the humor in the work.

Boston Symphony Audience To Hear Noted Viola Player

By Zilpha Gilstrap

Staff Writer of The Christian Science Monitor

Tucking a viola valued at \$70,000 under his chin, a blond young musician will demonstrate to a Boston Symphony audience tonight the artistry and technical skill with which he has helped to restore this almost neglected member of the musical family to popular favor as a solo instrument.

He is George Primrose, a Scotsman who is probably the best known viola player in the world. The Lord Macdonald viola on which he will play is one of the 12 violas known to have been made by Stradivarius, famed violin-maker of the early 18th century. It has been loaned to Mr. Primrose by the Julius Warburg family of New York.

The mellow tones of the viola have been overshadowed by the brilliance of the violin for several hundred years, Mr. Primrose said yesterday in an interview. It is only within the past 40 years that it has regained its rightful place as a solo instrument, and ceased to be solely a supporting instrument in symphony orchestras or one of several voices in chamber music, he pointed out. In earlier days before the violin was fully developed, violas of various types were the favorite instruments of musicians, while violins were mainly played by itinerant entertainers.

Before he appears on the Symphony Hall stage tonight as solo-

ist, Mr. Primrose will have set down on paper every note and rest of the pieces he will play, as a sure test of his memory.

"I do this continually throughout my tour," he said, as he swift-

ly wrote his solo part in a book of music manuscript. "If I can write all of the notes I play in the 40 minutes of Berlioz's 'Harold in Italy Symphony,' and the 20 minutes for Ernest Bloch's 'Suite for Viola and Orchestra,' I figure I can remember my part with ease."

"Keen" Before Concerts

He admits to feeling "keen" before his concerts and believes he plays better whenever he does feel some tension about appearing before an audience. The habit of closing his eyes in concentration during his performance, a habit shared by many other artists, moved two young listeners to comment which he recalls with a chuckle.

A little girl who came backstage to see him after a performance in Los Angeles asked "Does viola playing make you sleepy?" and she was answered quickly and derisively by the boy who accompanied her, "Don't be so dumb—he doesn't want to see the audience."

His favorite pastime on tour, playing chess, requires similar concentration. At present he is carrying on a game by correspondence with Francescatti, the violinist.



Abresch

William Primrose

Who will play Ernest Bloch's Suite for Viola at the Boston Symphony concerts of Nov. 10-11.

Symphony Bond-Rally Concert Expected to Raise \$4,000,000

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give their services in a special bond rally concert to be staged in Boston Garden on Dec. 14 under the sponsorship of the Boston Retail Trade Board, at which it is expected that \$4,000,000 will be raised for the Sixth War Loan in E. F. and G Bonds. *11-22-44 music*

Special arrangements are being made for the concert so as to make the musicians both visible and equally audible to listeners in all parts of the Garden. A circular platform will be built right in the middle of the Garden, 50 feet in diameter, under plans drawn up by Mr. Koussevitzky himself. He will lead the orchestra from the center of the circle, with the musicians arranged so that there will be equal unity of violins, violas, and other instruments on opposite sides of the conductor, and so that the remainder of the orchestra will be equally good in all parts of the Garden.

Announcement of the concert was made this noon by Edward L. Hubbard, Chairman of the Retail Trade Board's Bond Drive Committee.

The circular arrangement of the

orchestra will make it possible for a single microphone to pick up the music and obtain proper balance, enabling those in more distant seats to hear perfectly. It has been calculated that two thirds of the large capacity of the Garden will be as close to the orchestra as the average listener in Symphony Hall.

Seats will be given to Bond purchasers through the member outlets and stores of the Retail Trade Board, ranging in price from \$25 to \$1,000 each, with some of the boxes going at the higher figures. This is to be a popular Bond sale, and seats to large corporate buyers of Bonds will be strictly limited to four seats to each purchaser.

First reports from Boston headquarters of the Sixth War Loan drive disclosed today that the Bay State has collected 3.03 per cent of its quota, or \$21,400,000 as it enters the third day of its month-long campaign to raise \$706,000,000. Fifteen million six hundred thousand dollars of this was in bonds purchased by individuals. The goal for individual purchases is \$13,000,000, so that today's total represents 9.02 per cent achieved.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Seventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 24, 1944 at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 25, 1944 at 8:30 o'clock

LEONARD BERNSTEIN, *Conducting*

BRAHMS.....Concerto for Pianoforte
No. 1 in D minor, *Op. 15*

- I. Maestoso
- II. Adagio
- III. Rondo: Allegro non troppo

INTERMISSION

SHOSTAKOVITCH.....Symphony No. 5, *Op. 47*

- I. Moderato
- II. Allegretto
- III. Largo
- IV. Allegro non troppo

SOLOIST

JESÚS MARÍA SANROMA

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SOLOIST

JESÚS MARÍA SANROMA

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.
Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, gave the seventh program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist, was the soloist in the following program: Brahms—Concerto No. 1 in D minor, Op. 15. Shostakovich—Symphony No. 5, Op. 47.

We are accustomed—in Symphony Hall of a Friday afternoon or a Saturday evening as the case may be—to having our scalps lifted a few notches once or twice a semester by a shockingly mettlesome performance of something or other. Indeed, given a program designed for such purposes (and more and more of them are), Dr. Koussevitzky seldom fails. But yesterday it was Leonard Bernstein who achieved the goal; two of them in fact. 11-25-44 11:25

It is pretty generally accepted that Mr. Bernstein is an extraordinary fellow who, if he keeps going as he is now, will probably achieve the distinction of being the first American born and American-trained conductor to whom the word "great" may be applied. For while it would be pompous to say he doesn't do this right or that right now but that he will when he is older, it would be foolhardy to say he hasn't got the stuff of great musical stature.

He is, in the first place, a very sound musician; that must be taken for granted. But he has a number of extra-musical qualities which contribute vastly to his audience success. The chief of these is vividness; the motions he makes in the air seem to look as the music sounds. Next is an air of complete authority; there is nothing tentative about him in anything he does. Then he has great vigor, and this is always fascinating to watch

whether in a boxer, a race horse or a conductor; yet it is a physical force modified by balance, rhythm and poise, and a force capable of being forceful even in repose. Finally, Mr. Bernstein has showmanship; a good deal of it, and when he turns to the violas and passionately exhorts them to lay on (they are already laying on, mind you), you are not in the least disturbed because you are aware it was his personality which by its presence got them to lay on in the first place. And so all these things contribute to the impression that Mr. Bernstein is not merely superintending; he is playing everything all at once, and it is this remarkable faculty he—and I think he alone—shares with Dr. Koussevitzky.

It may be said that it was all this combined with the similar X factors abundantly possessed by Jesus Maria Sanroma which made the Brahms D minor Concerto so effective. It was not a good performance, technically speaking, for Mr. Sanroma has often appeared to more striking advantage, but he and the orchestra under Mr. Bernstein did play it like men. The first movement had a driving, relentless quality set off in its lyrical moments by a tenderness which was always masculine. The slow movement also had sinew behind its sentiment, and the rondo was wiry, athletic, good-humored. True, the whole was sometimes rough and out of control, yet we must remember this Concerto can languish more than most and prove debilitating in the extreme. It didn't yesterday, and for that, a few violations of the conventional conception—or even a few technical errors—are small matters indeed. Seeing an advertisement protruding from below, I can only add the performance by orchestra and conductor of the Shostakovich Fifth was hair-raising.

Bernstein and Sanroma Symphony Concert Guests

By L. A. Sloper

Two distinguished guests are greeted by the Symphony Orchestra this week: Leonard Bernstein, the oncoming young composer and conductor, to direct the program; Jesus Maria Sanroma, our admired fellow townsman and one-time pianist of the orchestra, to play the solo part of the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 1. The only other item of the program is Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony.

Mr. Bernstein confirmed the impression he made when he conducted his "Jeremiah" Symphony here—that he is a brilliant performer with a thorough musical equipment and a formidable baton technique. Clearly a disciple of Koussevitzky, he displays many of the master's mannerisms both in his physical activity on the stand, and in his interpretations.

Naturally, being a young and vigorous prosecutor of his art, Mr. Bernstein even exaggerates the Koussevitzkian characteristics. We may have to revise the old adage about the maestro to read, "When slow movements are played slower, Bernstein will play them." And we might adapt the dictum also to fast movements; to sudden changes of tempo; to leaps from moonlit reverie, to deafening clamor. 11-25-44 11:25

All these tendencies served the conductor well yesterday in the Shostakovich. This is the symphony that Dr. Koussevitzky a few years ago insisted upon repeating until he had beaten the audience into submission. He was operating on the assumption that this work was too difficult for us. He was mistaken; it was too simple to hold our interest.

In the Fifth Symphony Shostakovich has used all the devices of his predecessors for gaining effects. The only thing he has borrowed from his contemporaries is the employment of dissonance, and that no longer shocks anybody, or covers up a lack of musical re-

source. His musical ideas are uninteresting and his treatment of them is naïve. The second and fourth movements might do very well for the Pops. All four are reminiscent of better stuff. Surely there has seldom been so much musical fuss to so little purpose.

Brahms is a different matter. Here, there are the fundamentals of melody, rhythm, and form. Especially form. The interpretation of such a work requires not only technical mastery, emotional response, facility of execution; it needs a profound architectural sense.

This, I regret to say, was wanting in yesterday's performance. Whether chief responsibility for the lack lay with conductor or soloist is difficult to say. In theory, the soloist fixes the reading of a concerto. In actuality, who knows, in any individual case? But I suspect that in this instance Mr. Bernstein was the dominating factor.

Mr. Sanroma's tone was not notable for its singing quality, nor was his phrasing very lyrical. But the shortcomings of the orchestral portion were even more conspicuous. The tone was without its customary mellowness, the balance of choirs was not maintained, clarity was missing; in fact, I have not heard such muddy playing from the Boston orchestra in years.

Worst of all was the failure to convey the structure of the score. We had the walls, the apse, the nave, the rose windows, the steeples, but no cathedral.

The difficulty probably is that the conductor and possibly the soloist are not en rapport with the music of Brahms. Brahms was a romantic; he was not a sentimentalist, as he was made to sound yesterday. Is it not strange that it should be left to modernists to soften the Brahms outline, to weaken his flying buttresses, to dim his grandeur?

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Leonard Bernstein is guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts this week. His program consists of two long and exacting works, the D minor Piano Concerto of Brahms, with Jesus Maria Sanroma as soloist, and the Fifth Symphony by Dimitri Shostakovich.

Beyond all doubt, young Mr. Bernstein has made great progress as conductor since he last appeared here, in February. Then he was heard in his own "Jeremiah" Symphony and Copland's "El Salon Mexico." This time, with an entire program as his responsibility, he shows increased technical maturity and freedom of expression. Symphony Hall reverberated yesterday afternoon with the handclapping of a notably enthusiastic reception. One deeply interested listener in the first balcony, who himself applauded cordially, was the orchestra's own conductor, Serge Koussevitzky.

Mr. Bernstein's exceptional talents now have a sharper focus and deeper concentration. The more extravagant of his gestures are gone. He no longer seems to conduct with an emotional fury that threatens to burn itself out. His work has taken on perception and refinement at no cost of essential passion. His ear for tonal balance and subtle colors must be keener.

From the start Mr. Bernstein showed a grasp of organic musical structure, which is the ability to recreate a piece of music with the main emphasis upon motion and the main architectural lines, but in which there is a fine adjustment of details to the work as a whole. That ability counted heavily in the D minor Piano Concerto, a solid but spreading and chunkily scored work of Brahms' youth and inexperience. A conductor must gage a reading of this Concerto most carefully, otherwise it divides into fragmentary episodes.

Between them, Mr. Sanroma and Mr. Bernstein gave a highly competent and often exciting performance. Mr. Sanroma's technique met Brahms' difficulties triumphantly, and though he did not cut loose, expressively, in the flying-hair rhapsodies of the "Romantic" tradition, he played with weight and feeling and comprehension of the Brahms style.

Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony had an electrical effect, as when the fur of a cat is rubbed the wrong way. The colors were vivid, the rhythms exact and lively, and the climaxes mounted into a frenzy of emotion and orchestral big sounds. That's just the way the clever Symphony, which carries an illusion of being profound, ought to be played. The orchestra cooperated magnificently during the afternoon.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Making his first appearance as guest-conductor, in the fullest acceptance of the term, Leonard Bernstein prepared for the current Symphony Concerts a programme that seemed fraught with certain perils. Paired on this list are a piano concerto, the First of Brahms, and a symphony, the Fifth of Shostakovich, both in the somber key of D minor and consuming between them close on two hours. Moreover, those of yesterday afternoon and this evening are the seventh of the latter piece at Symphony Hall in a little under six years. Now Shostakovich is both the most important and the most popular composer of symphonies to emerge since Sibelius called it quits, but the Finn's symphonies were run into the ground, and if the proponents of the Soviet composer don't watch out they'll place him in the same predicament.

All fears, however, were set at rest. The intermission cancelled the monotony of key and the Shostakovich Symphony received a performance comparable in intensity, excitement and tonal richness to Dr. Koussevitzky's own and no doubt served to win some new converts.

Shostakovich completed his Fifth Symphony when he had just turned 30; Brahms was in his 26th year, practically the age that Mr. Bernstein is now, when he finished the Concerto that remains the most un-get-atable though by no means the least rewarding of his larger works. The pianist yesterday, to mention belatedly a significant achievement, was Jesus Maria Sanroma. Chiefly famed for his brilliant handling of modern music, Mr. Sanroma has not before tackled publicly anything so serious and profound. He has matured enormously, else he could not have brought to pass so penetrating a performance. If he and Mr. Bernstein between them did not reveal everything that was in the score, they came close enough to it to make their joint effort a minor, if not a major triumph. Boston can point to both of them with pride, and yesterday's audience seemed sensible of the fact.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, and William Primrose soloist, presented the following program at Symphony Hall last evening:
"Roman Carnival" Overture.....Berlioz
Suite from "Tsar Saltan".....Rimsky-Korsakoff
"Harold in Italy".....Berlioz

A program of music by two of the greatest orchestral geniuses of all time is exciting enough merely to contemplate; when this program becomes a reality here in Symphony Hall, the effect is little short of intoxicating.

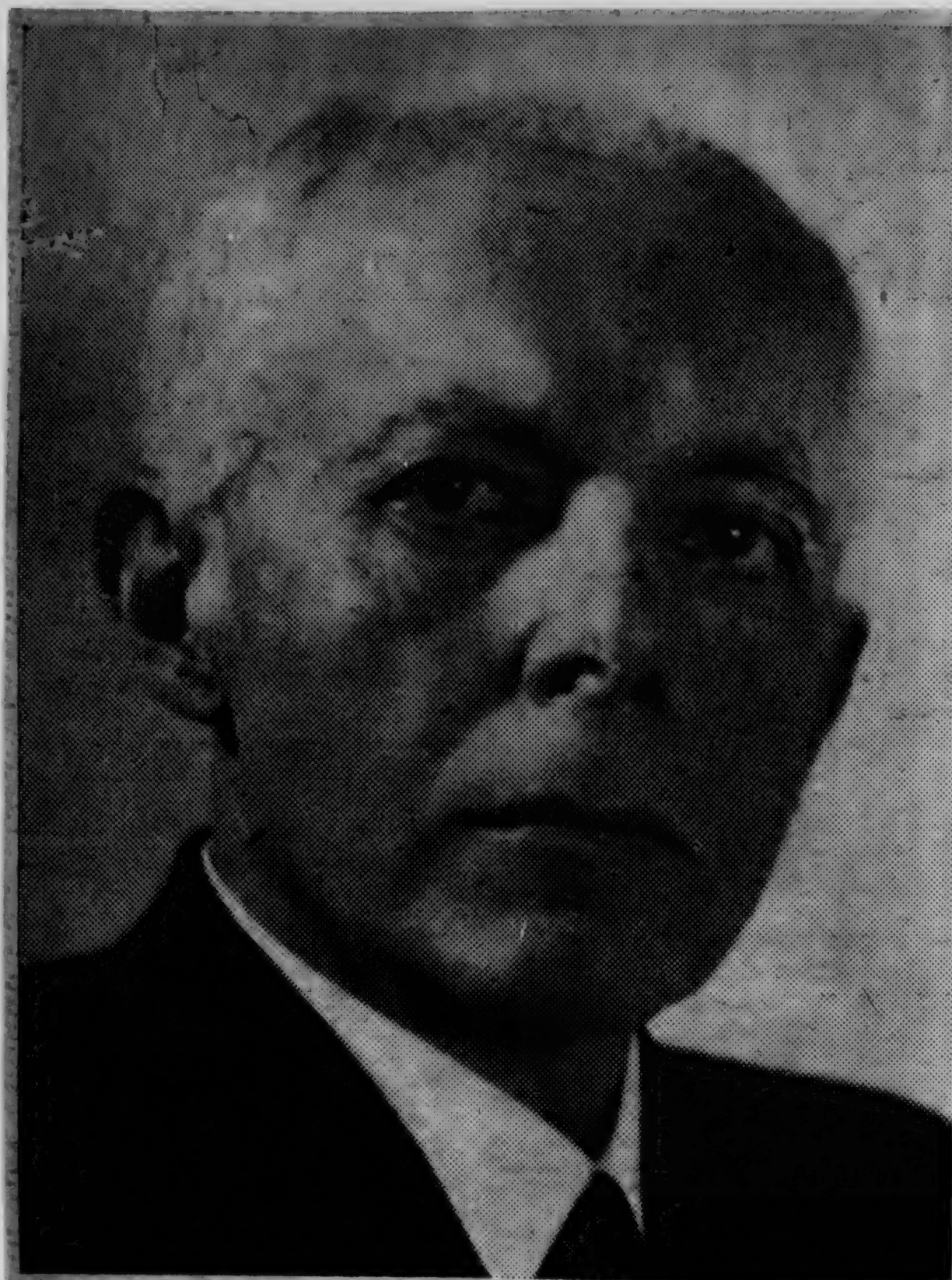
However, thrilling as all this is, the lack of balance on such a program is all too apparent. A certain amount of froth is all very well, but last night it was all froth. Beethoven's Seventh, for instance, which was originally scheduled, would have added a great deal of substance to a list which displayed a bad lack of it.

For pure gorgeous sonority there are few pieces around that can approach the Rimsky-Korsakoff "Tsar Saltan" Suite. His emphasis is on exotic tints; he loves to exploit odd percussion effects and impossible acrobatics for the brass. Musically, the suite is definitely a lightweight, but such effects as the familiar "Flight of the Bumblebee," and the trumpet fanfares at the end are unforgettable. Needless to say, the performance was magnificent.

The Berlioz overture is, of course, a staple item, but seldom does it receive the majestic sweep that Dr. Koussevitzky brought to bear. And as for "Harold in Italy," fast becoming a warhorse with the orchestra, here we have the same unfathomable mixture of great music and pure bombast that has brought disrepute to most of Berlioz' other large works. There are many pages of real beauty, notably the Pilgrims' March and most of the Mountaineer's Serenade, but there are also too many pages of mere thrashing around for comfort.

The traversal of this score by Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Primrose was tonally and architecturally overwhelming. There will undoubtedly be greater music heard in Symphony Hall this season, but as pure sound last night's concert ranks among the best.

A. R.



Bela Bartok, Hungarian composer and pianist,

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 1, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 2, at 8:30 o'clock

MOZART.....Overture to "Idomeneo, Rè di Creta," K. 366

FRANCK.....Symphony in D minor

- I. Lento; allegro non troppo
- II. Allegretto
- III. Allegro non troppo

INTERMISSION

BARTÓK.....Concerto for Orchestra

- I. Andante non troppo; allegro vivace
- II. Allegro scherzando
- III. Elegy: Andante non troppo
- IV. } Intermezzo interrotto: Allegretto
- V. } Finale: Presto

(First Performance)



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- V. } Finale: Presto

(First Performance)

Bartók Concerto

Béla Bartók, the composer, witnessed the production of his Concerto for Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon; and "witness" is the right word, inasmuch as the hearing of his music could mean, to him, only a by-product. He has heard it all he needed in the course of writing it. What he wanted was the spectacle of performance—the players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and their conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, in action on the platform, and the Friday matinee subscribers out there filling the listening quarters of the auditorium.

What he must have hoped to hear, however, was the applause of the house when the presentation concluded; and hear it he did, and appeared out-stage with Dr. Koussevitzky to acknowledge the same. 12-2-44 *omit*

The new piece was framed in the printed program by Mozart's Overture to "Idomeneo," and Franck's Symphony in D minor. Located in the middle position, then, it is due for radio realization on Saturday night; and should anyone ask what especially to wait for, let mention be made of the brief fourth movement, designated Intermezzo. Here, indeed, enters a charming study in orchestral song—something in the very Bartók vein. Possibly this episode was what turned the composer from any idea he may have originally entertained of calling his work a symphony. Somebody might say that symphonies are not fashioned with an intermezzo, though in point of fact they sometimes are. At any rate, he chose the title, Concerto, which still gives ground for demur, because nobody can

precisely define that form. The word is a classic inheritance of a number of meanings, according to period.

There can hardly arise complaint, though, that we have in the Concerto another of those awful modern annoyances to the ear. The sonorities, far from being compounded in the interest of tumult, clamor, and dissonance, are moderate in force and restrained in assertiveness. No laboriously built-up climaxes and no bombastic codas exist in the five divisions. Each one of them is explicit and straightforward in statement and anything but diffuse in development. When the crisis for a close arrives, it is no crisis at all. The music just ceases, usually on a delicate note, and once on a bewitching spiral of light tone from the piccolo.

The third, slow, movement, designated Elegy, possesses the poignancy of melody to be expected of its type, and a certain quality besides that is of the man himself. Bartók in any of his more meditative tunes comes out in a character all his own, as does Sibelius in his. Catching the strain, we are likely to think of folksong; but it is folksong originating, and in the making, rather than remembered or copied.

The second movement, Allegro Scherzando, seems to represent the composer going after honors in the high tradition. It will take more than one audience to determine his success there, and more than one conductor and one orchestra.

W. P. T.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the eighth program in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, performing the following program:

Overture to "Idomeneo" (K 366) Mozart
Concerto for Orchestra..... Bartók
Symphony in D minor..... Franck

It is hardly necessary at this point to remark on the strength of the musical personality disclosed by Bartók's music. His Orchestral Concerto, given yesterday for the first time, is a work which must rank as the composer's masterpiece, which is to say it must also rank among the musical masterpieces of recent years.

Despite its basic simplicity, it is a composition of great contemporary complexity and, for the most part, of typical Bartókian austerity and severity, and it was not (barring the graceful, exquisite intermezzo) taken readily to heart by yesterday's audience. This should not dismay Bartók, whose music has withheld its innermost secrets from the general public for years. And it is by no means clear, even today, that his day is coming, but I would hazard a guess that if this extraordinary composition were to be heard as often as Shostakovich's antiquated sensations, it would speak powerfully to the musical public.

The concerto is the product of a gloomy period in the composer's life. Bartók has not been well in recent months; nor has he been especially successful (if repeated performances are what make success). And when Dr. Koussevitzky through his music foundation approached him to commission this work, Bartók is said to have felt himself incapable of going through with the project. It may be reading things into the work which are not there, but the feeling of increasing optimism, of increasing strength and vigor is strongly conveyed in this work, and I have more than a suspicion that it is highly personal, even autobiographical music. 12-2-44 *omit*

It begins with a phrase of gentle, luminous beauty which is soon carried away in a turbulent stream of conflicting rhythms and har-

monies representing, perhaps, the composer's search for an idiom, his struggles to find, in clashing contemporary schools, his voice. There follow, in succeeding movements, reminiscences of other schools, fragments of other styles (the fourth movement might have been by Smetana), and finally, as if in triumphant assertion that he had been on the right track all along, he brings his Concerto to an end in his own individual idiom. All this, you understand, is pure speculative twaddle. It is simply what it might be and what it was to me.

From a more musical approach, however, there is no denying the splendors of its harmonic network or the expressiveness of its melodic sensibilities. There is a nobility and a purity to the music—all the more apparent in contrast to the Franck orgy which followed—which is akin esthetically to Bach—and which speaks most clearly to those with their deepest musical roots in that prodigious fountain. The Concerto, by the way, is fearfully difficult, and every man in the orchestra, not to mention Dr. Koussevitzky, must be congratulated for their technical feat in the mere negotiation of the work, while conductor and orchestra cannot be praised enough for endowing it with such great musical feeling. The composer came to the stage to acknowledge the applause, of which there was a heartening volume. Yes, if a composition of transcendent musical art may be defined as one which, in its own way, is a summation of all that has gone before, then the Orchestral Concerto is a work of art... and a great one.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Overtures are not often found on Serge Koussevitzky's Boston Symphony programs. The regular concerts this week at Symphony Hall are an exception, for they begin with a Mozart Overture that is both lesser and lesser-known: that of "Idomeneo, King of Crete." The other numbers are Bela Bartók's "Concerto for Orchestra, given first

Portraits

performances, and the Cesar Franck Symphony in D minor.

Possessing neither the sparkle of the "Figaro" Overture nor the drama of that to "Don Giovanni," the "Idomeneo" represents the practical or virtue-by-necessity rather than the inspired side of Mozart. Yet it has its interests and is good to hear.

The conventional view of the music of Bela Bartok probably can be expressed thus: "It's awfully modern, don't you think? Full of dissonances and crazy rhythms and—well, you know—awfully modern. I may not know music, but I know what I—well, it's awfully modern."

Bearing this in mind, it must have been a pleasant surprise to many of the Friday subscribers to find that his Concerto for Orchestra is easy to take. The style is fairly light, the dissonance is expressive rather than idiomatic, and the five movements are, on the whole, engagingly emotional. And more than a few places seem to be in a joking mood.

The composer prefers to call his work a Concerto rather than a Symphony because he has treated some of the instruments in a "virtuoso" or "concerted" style. The point is not to be labored except by pedants. Call it a different sort of symphony and you arrive near enough to the truth. The main point is that you find practically nothing of the harmonic sourness or the rigorously intellectual patterns of a prominent modernist whose previous music has earned him, among some people, the scorn of such words as arid and eccentric.

Portraits by five Boston artists will be on display in the First Balcony Gallery at Symphony Hall during concert time this week.

The paintings are so true-to-life that they make a very sociable assemblage. All the pictures were executed by portraitists trained to make an authentic likeness. There is no great margin of deviation, no distortion or attenuations. Subtlety and orderliness, balance and accuracy are the rule.

H. Bingham Ballou's contributions show a well-disciplined hand and a diligent manipulation of detail. His self-portrait gives more consideration to the quality of temperament, to inner character, no small aspect of the art of portraiture. Harold Brett's portraits bear a slight impress of fancifulness. Bernard Burroughs' portraits are executed with a decorative pattern. The pastels of Mary Ludlum Davis provide a softer and gentler note.

The sculptures by Beatrice Paipert make the most commanding display of all. Where has this gifted modeler hidden her works these many years? Even a seasoned gallery-trotter feels keen surprise in discovering how positive and venturesome and craftsman-like is her work.

Miss Paipert cultivates none of the clichés adopted by so many of our younger sculptors eager to join the ranks of modernism. She does not carve, but works in the fictile medium, clay. Probably most of her portraits are meant to

Dr. Koussevitzky to Present Work at Symphony Concerts

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Regarding the score of Béla Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra, which Serge Koussevitzky produces at the Boston Symphony Concerts tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, a point or two may safely enough be made in advance, particularly as to structure and style. Though hearing in silence, like seeing in the dark, gives but an imperfect realization of the object under consideration, there results, nevertheless, an impression that may prepare for what comes when the dawn breaks and when the music begins to sound. A manuscript from the writing desk of a composer certainly tells something, even if regarded as no more than a study in penmanship. 11-30-44 *Wm*

The photostat folio of the new work possesses character, then, as a holograph and as a document, whatever else. For reasons hardly more than academic, Mr. Bartok calls this latest contribution of his to the Boston Symphony repertory a Concerto. According to any reasonable rules of musical definition, however, it comes down to the same thing as a symphony. Five movements in the room of the regular four, it runs along under the designations of Andante-Allegro, Scherzando, Elegy, Intermezzo, and Finale. The fifth wheel to the coach is perhaps the Intermezzo; but not to inquire too particularly into that, let us see how the score taken as a whole and in a hasty turning over of the tall pages looks.

Obviously, Mr. Bartok avails

himself of the full platform of players that he has at his disposal. Though only a fraction of it starts off in the prelude Andante, more becomes active with the shift of the tempo to Allegro; and just about every last tone mechanism in the outfit finds its voice when the second movement starts up. Here, too, we have something unusual happening, even in a scherzo, the form in which every conceivable device of wit and humor is supposed to have been exhausted long ago. But no; the instrumental pairs, the first and seconds of the woodwinds, go through some figures

quite out of the ordinary line. Is there a joke about it? Well, supposedly, since the episode is nominated for the comedy role.

In contrast succeeds the slow movement, the Elegy; and for a diversion that gets out of routine classic symphony form, the Intermezzo. As concluding movement we have 600 measures and a few swings of the baton more, somewhat in the vein, by appearances, of the second movement; vast, indeed, but fast, too, and wanting a conductor of quick eye.

The score has all the traits of something written by a master musician. Nothing seems in the least uncertain or guessed at. The great query remains, is it an original piece of music to want to make itself heard once and again, and still again, or is it just one more brilliantly contrived example of orchestral craftsmanship? We shall hear.

The Public vs. Bartok: Is There Really a Case?

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

If anyone were to ask the average informed musical person whose music he could get along most successfully without, he would be more than likely to reply "Bartok's" without a moment's hesitation. Even the most advanced musical person to whom Krenek or Schoenberg or Villa-Lobos holds no terrors would—and usually does—hedge on the matter of Bela-Bartok after making the customary observation that some things of his are fascinating. 12-3-44

This is not wholly because Bartok is one of the least-performed contemporary composers. A few of his works are done occasionally, at least once anyway. In the past five years in Boston, about four have been performed; six if you include Menuhin's performance of the Rumanian Dances on Wednesday, and the Boston Symphony orchestra's performance of the Orchestral Concerto on Friday and Saturday. Several of his larger works of which there aren't too many, by the way, have been heard on the radio in recent years, and some have been recorded, notably "Contrasts," two of the String Quartets, the First Rhapsody and various pieces from "Mikrokosmos." So at least there have been opportunities to hear Bartok's music, if not as many of them as his most ardent admirers would like.

Nor is the lack of enthusiasm for Bartok's music to be explained by its inordinate difficulty, and almost all of it is very difficult. Nor can it be explained by the uncompromising bitterness of the idiom, which is—except in the smaller folk dances and songs—completely dissonant. Dissonance today, certainly, offers no stumbling block to the present generation for the simple reason that it has become consonance to a degree that no one would have believed possible three decades ago.

There are two reasons, it seems to me, for the unpopularity of Bela Bartok's music. The first is because all the larger works convey the impression unmistakably that they are without the milk of human kindness. They are, most people think, arid, formidable, harsh, gloomy, uncompromising, intellectual in the iciest sense, and just plain tedious. There is, everyone will admit, the most vivid rhymical vitality (as witness the extraordinary Dance Suite), but is plain to be seen that

it is not Bartok's primary purpose to entertain, divert or even move his audiences. He might as well, so far as most of us listeners are concerned, hang a large placard behind the musicians which reads "If You Don't Like This Music You Can Go Home."

The second reason is that it is impossible to accept comfortably the melodic materials of Bartok's music without having known them from childhood. It is easy enough to recognize them, which is to say

Bartok's music is abundantly melodic, but it is not so easy with the Italian bel canto heritage which is ours to accept them as "true" melodies. They spring more from the East than from the West, and are filled with (as Hugo Leichtentritt has so admirably put it) "fantastic and exuberant turns, strange arabesques, rapid runs, ecstatic trills, dynamic contrasts, sudden changes of time, pathetic accents and emotional outbursts."

Thus the combination of a dissonant idiom, an unfamiliar (if often piquant) melody; a savage, primitive and irregular rhythm, and the composer's own austerity and severity in presenting these materials, results in the almost universal coolness with which Mr. Bartok's music is accepted in this country.

Well, now, the question is, has he any future as a composer whose music will appear on distant symphonic programs? His influence, of course, is and will remain great, and his smaller folk dances will indubitably appear on recital programs for years to come, but up until the performance of his Orchestral Concerto I shouldn't have thought any of his larger works would be revived. But this really marvelous composition has at last brought his previous works into focus so far as the average musical person is concerned by tempering the semi-eastern melodic conception which is his birthright with the western conception which is our own, and projecting both over an orchestral fabric which is warm and rich and gorgeously detailed. Beginning, now, with the Orchestral Concerto and coming under its spell (as it surely must), the public may well seek Bartok out and find, for the first time, the great musical riches that lie concealed behind the austere facade. They are there.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Of new compositions, particularly large scale orchestral works, it may be said that if they possess real value one hearing of them is not enough, and that if they are of little or no account, and that applies to not a few of them, one hearing may be too much. In the first, not the second class, falls Bela Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra, which is receiving its first performances anywhere at the Symphony concerts this week. It was, in fact, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation in memory of Natalie Koussevitzky, so the premiere would, as a matter of course, belong to the Boston Orchestra.

The name of Bartok was once associated with all that was glum and gloomy, dour, dissonant and (to some) disagreeable. Of late years, however, his music has been much more likeable and the new Concerto is a piece that should win many friends. The beginning of the first movement and the Elegy are in more serious vein, the second movement and the fourth, entitled an Intermezzo Interrotto (interrupted Intermezzo), are frankly light and might almost find their way into the Pops. The Finale is exciting and in its headlong rush reminds you of certain things in Smetana's "The Bartered Bride." The distinguished Hungarian composer is now living in this country and his last previous appearance in this city was when he gave a concert of his own works in Jordan Hall, assisted by his wife, Joseph Szigeti and Benny Goodman. Yesterday he was most cordially received when Dr. Koussevitzky escorted him to the platform. 12-2-44 PMS

Hitherto unaccountably overlooked at Symphony Hall, Mozart's fine Overture to "Idomeneo" began the concert and the popular Symphony of Franck ended it. It was an afternoon of brilliant playing, particularly in the case of the Bartok piece, much of which is of virtuosic character and full of highly individual orchestral effects.

The Friday audience seemed to like the Concerto and it applauded the short, white-haired composer when he appeared on the stage and bowed with grave shyness. So much new music is heard once or twice and then forgotten that I hope Mr. Bartok's Concerto will be a fortunate exception to the rule. Let's hear it again this season.

Yesterday's concert ended with a Koussevitzkyan reading of Franck's ubiquitous Symphony. This means that every drop of melodic juice and every ounce of passion was squeezed from the notes in a performance that made you sit bolt upright no matter how many times you have heard the Symphony in the concert hall or over the air. Yet there could have been more transparency in the rich orchestral sounds, which got a bit thick at times. Some of those "inner voices" could have been brought to the fore without harm to the main lines of tune or rhythm. 12-2-44

ON MR. MITROPOULOS

His Present Visit as Guest Conductor of the Symphony Orchestra Is a Pleasant One

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

WHEN Dimitri Mitropoulos first came to Boston as guest-conductor of the Symphony in the season of 1936-37 few people in this city, or indeed in this country, has heard of him. When he returned a year later he was at least known in Boston and Minneapolis, where he took over the post that he now holds, and in the meantime he has become nationally famous through his conducting of the New York Philharmonic and other orchestras, which means a large radio audience, and through the excellent recordings he has made with his own band. Those who picked him for a winner at the outset can harbor a certain feeling of satisfaction.

The brilliant Greek maestro came back to us last week, and in just one respect there was slight disappointment. Both of the symphonies which made up the greater part of his programme, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" and Rachmaninoff's Second, had been heard here fairly recently, though they are far from being everyday occurrences. We had looked to Mr. Mitropoulos to broaden our experience, and he will come nearer doing that this week. Mozart's "Magic Flute" Overture, the first item on his list, is standard stuff, of course. Ernst Krenek's Variations on the South Carolina folk song, "I Wonder as I Wander," is a new piece, Schubert's Second Symphony has hitherto escaped performance by our orchestra, though the now-defunct Peoples' Symphony played it, and Vaughan-Williams' "London" Symphony had not been heard at Symphony Hall since 1933 when Dr. Koussevitzky revived it four years ago under the prompting of the initial German blitz on the British capital.

Both the Williams Symphony, which, to point a moral, may be called a major work of a minor composer, and the little Symphony in B-flat, which Schubert wrote early in his 19th year and is, unarguably, a minor work of a major composer, are typical of the sort of freshening that all our programmes, orchestral and otherwise, badly need. To claim that once-important music may not in time become valueless is no less foolish than to assume that only those things which are currently played and sung are worth the doing. The core of the difficulty seems to be that those who determine upon our musical fare are inclined to concentrate on two

classes of compositions; unique masterpieces and contemporary novelties. This leaves out an enormous amount of music which may be heard, both to pleasure and to profit.

Once in a while somebody does something about it, of course, but unfortunately, such adventurousness is generally in direct proportion to the obscurity of the adventurer. In other words, the big shots, whether conductors, singers or virtuosi, are inclined to play safe.

From Vladimir Dukelsky (alias Vernon Duke), composer-pianist, and Rose Dirman, soprano, New York has lately heard two programmes of overlooked songs, and regarding them Mr. Dukelsky-Duke, as quoted in the New York Times, had these wise words to say: "I have long been considering a society for producing fine music that was always neglected or that has been forgotten. We hear too much talk in America about 'master' things—'master music,' 'master classics,' 'master' this and that. Much fine music has thus been lost to the public because artists won't perform it, saying that it does not suit their voice, their style, or the taste of their public. It is such music that I want to produce—and to have published. These concerts, which will, if possible, be an annual feature and will be given in other cities also, will be a step in righting this bad situation and will serve to sound out the public's reaction to the idea. I, myself, am a composer, and I don't like the idea of my music being forgotten a few years after I am gone."

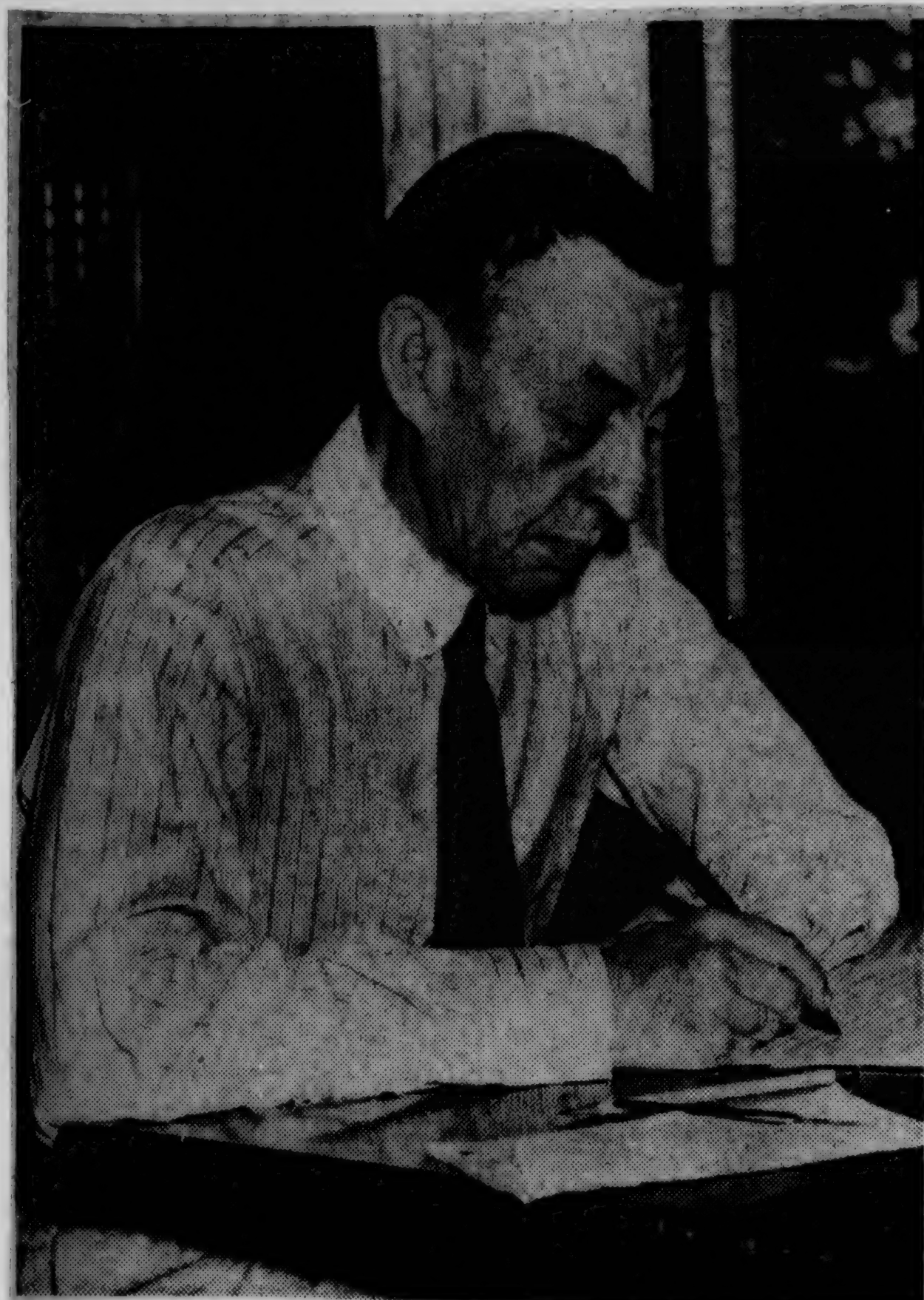
Mr. Mitropoulos also conducts the Symphony concert of next Sunday afternoon, repeating the "London" Symphony and adding to it a Chopin-Levitzy Suite and Falla's ballet suite, "The Three-Cornered Hat." On Wednesday afternoon Wheeler Beckett and his 70 Symphony men will play at the third Youth Concert a programme of music appropriate to the season, including the Prelude to "Hansel and Gretel," and Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" suite.

At Jordan Hall this afternoon Jan Smeterlin, pianist, will play music by Schumann, Brahms and his specialty, Chopin. On Wednesday evening the Boston chapter of France Forever will present Emile Baume, pianist; Lucas Foss, composer-pianist, and a group of Symphony musicians in a programme that follows the lines recommended above, and contains, among other things, little-known works by Mozart and Gounod.



By a Staff Photographer

Dr. Dimitri Mitropoulos
Leader of Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.



NBC

Sergei Rachmaninoff

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 15, 1944 at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 16, 1944 at 8:30 o'clock

DR. DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, *Conducting*

MENDELSSOHN. Symphony No. 3 in A minor, "Scottish," *Op. 56*

- I. Andante con moto; Allegro un poco agitato
- II. Vivace non troppo
- III. Adagio
- IV. Allegro vivacissimo; Allegro maestoso assai
(Played without pause)

GOULD. "Spirituals" for String Choir and Orchestra

- Proclamation
- Sermon
- A Little Bit of Sin
- Protest
- Jubilee

(First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

RACHMANINOFF. Symphony in E minor

- I. Largo; Allegro moderato
- II. Allegro molto
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Dimitri Mitropoulos, or, A Mighty Man Is He

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Dimitri Mitropoulos comes to his rehearsals of the Boston Symphony orchestra in old gray flannel trousers, a shirt open at the neck and an old blue sweater. He weaves his way to the conductor's stand in his strange, bouncing gait, jumps up on the stand and waves for attention. A profound silence descends over the orchestra as he does so. "Gentlemen," he says, "we will begin at M."

Everybody turns to "M" but Mr. Mitropoulos, who has no score before him. A good many conductors these days do not use scores during a concert, but so prodigious is Mr. Mitropoulos' memory he doesn't even use one at rehearsals, even to settle a disputed point of notation in a musician's part. He discovered in several trivial errors, they say, in the parts used by the Boston Symphony in Mendelssohn's "Scottish" Symphony. He commits the scores he is to perform so completely to memory it is as if he could see, in his mind's eye, the entire score in its most intricate details and, what is even more remarkable, he can recall any section of it in an instant by passing his hand over his eyes.

Giving the musicians a couple of seconds to find their places, Mr. Mitropoulos gathers himself together like a cougar stalking a deer, and, passionately humming the measure of music leading up to point "M," he unleashes the most amazing physical force ever contained (it would seem) in the body of a human being. From then until he stops the orchestra, which may be after ten bars or may be at the movement's end, he is the personification of music itself.

"Watch me," he says to the musicians, "I will give you everything." What this means is that he will not beat time with his right hand while moulding phrases decorously with his left. It means he will live every part, personally direct the entrance of every voice, shape and focus every phrase, build up every climax, underscore every rhythm and blend all elements of music together in unanimity and concord—not with his hands or with his arms, but with himself. In short, it means he will spontaneously choreograph the music on the four square feet which is the conductor's stand, using every part of his body from his shockingly bald head to his feet, and every-

body who sees him knows precisely what he means.

He certainly holds the standing high jump among conductors. I swear I saw him spring four feet straight up into the air without bending his knees first and he is certainly the only man on earth who can give you the impression he has spun completely around without moving his feet. The movement of his shoulders and his arms is incomparably expressive, while his crouch prior to driving home a climax is not less than hair raising. Watching Mr. Mitropoulos conduct is, in fine, one of the most astonishing demonstrations of physical vigor, endurance and ingenuity it is possible to imagine.

Having established in his first reading the general strategy of his performance, he goes over it in detail. "At A," he will say, "the violins will remember it is diminuendo. B, good; C, okay; D—oh, at D please, I must have more balance, more clarity. Let's do it, gentlemen, from six bars before D." And he picks it up as though the entire passage were scored out for him on a blackboard. All the while he talks and sings and stamps on the stand and claps his hands and exhorts ever greater brilliance from his musicians. It is a feat of memory and musicianship which all but staggers the veteran musicians before him, and he is held in awe by every one of them. Indeed, so warm and infectious is his personality, so genuine his friendliness and so sympathetic and unassuming his attitude that he is universally loved by the musicians who work under him. Yet his authority is complete and his rehearsals efficient and businesslike. There is no musical problem he does not master; he knows precisely what he wants and he knows how to get what he wants.

And so, while you can disagree with him profoundly from the viewpoint of esthetic or artistic approach (it is possible to build quite a case against his Blitzkrieg and Quivering Ganglion school of conducting) you cannot, to watch and hear him conduct a rehearsal, come away without the realization that here is one of the most honest, most overpowering and most sensational men of music of this or any generation. He is about as irresistible as Vesuvius' lava and, so to speak, just as hot.

Dimitri Mitropoulos, or, A Mighty Man Is He (2)

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Talking with Dimitri Mitropoulos recognize the fact that conversation is both a necessity and a grace, is about as exhilarating experience as watching him rehearse with the orchestra. He can't keep his hands still; you get the impression he is conducting the conversation, and even though he is being badgered with all the routine questions reporters have to ask him (such as "how do you like Boston?" to which he replies "it's wonderfull"), that he is as absorbed in it—and you—as he would be in conducting a Mahler symphony. This is the best way in the world to make friends and influence people, and the result is that everybody is Mr. Mitropoulos' friend and nobody can withstand his influence.

At a distance his prominently aquiline nose, his severe jaw and his bald head framed monk-like by a narrow fringe of graying hair, give him the austere appearance of the image of an Egyptian king. But these forbidding qualities are an illusion, for at close range his features soften and you are disarmed by the blueness of his eyes and the warmth and geniality of his expression. Seeing him walk along the street bundled up in his huge black overcoat with his old black hat, crammed over his eyes you might mistake him for a dubious character from an Eric Ambler thriller, but the minute he takes them off and looks at you his personality begins to radiate like an electric sunbowl, and you suddenly realize how it feels to be putty.

He will talk about anything you choose and prove, within seven seconds, that he knows more about the subject of your choice than you do. Of course, if you want to talk about the graphic arts, of Greece, or music, it is much the best thing to get him started and let him do the talking. You couldn't call his accent Greek; it simply seems European and there are overtones of French, German, Russian and English in it. His voice is soft and pleasant, and he modulates it very expressively in the fashion of those who know what they're talking about, like to hear themselves talk.

He loves to tell stories and he tells them charmingly, characterizing every episode and all the dialogue while adding frank and witty asides. He finds the greatest delight in the witticisms, the gayeties and the frivolities of music, yet his approach to serious music is sober, even humble. This quality of humility, indeed, pervades his character in every way, and he talks to waiters with the same warmth, the same friendliness and the same interest that he talks to university presidents. (I can't think of any more of a tribute to a man, either, than that he is beloved by waiters).

There is no point that I can see in setting forth a resume of what he did say. You couldn't do it justice outside a large brochure. But he did make one point which revealed one of the foundations of his musical stature. A conductor, he said (and I'll not try to reproduce his words), is a universal catalytic agency in music. He may have his personal tastes in music, obviously, and he may have his personal convictions and preferences. But he must bear his responsibility as the interpreter of all music, and he must range the widest possible extent of the repertoire to give all worthy music its chance and all composers their hour no matter how much he may dislike the music himself. And in giving this music, he must approach every composition for what it is, not what he would like it to be, in the fullest realization of its historical, its artistic, its esthetic position in time and space.

"To say that so and so does Mozart well but Schoenberg badly, or to say that so and so does Beethoven but fails with Wagner is—or at least in the ideal sense should be—impossible. It is perhaps too much to ask that one man integrate all the artistic forces of centuries of music and bring them

forth in a perfect reading. But it is not too much to expect a conductor to study and work and study some more to find the secret to the music he is playing. Nor is it too much to ask him to present that music with the utmost love and devotion and conviction while he is on the conductor's stand.

"He is being paid in money and recognition for his work and he must give full value; he cannot conduct with reservations, for while he may be aware what he is doing is not good music and that others may realize this too, he must remember that if there are those in the audience who do like it, they must have it precisely as the composer intended them to have it. The conductor, thus, is servant, not master, and can be worthy only in direct ratio to his willingness to serve his master, which is music itself."

Orchestra Leader Hopes for Political Change in Greece

"The moment has come for Greece to try a different kind of social and political system," Dr. Dimitri Mitropoulos, Greek conductor, declared today in an interview at his suite in the Hotel Hemenway in Boston.

Now conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Mitropoulos is to direct the regular concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the next two weeks. He is back in Boston for the first time in seven years to conduct the organization from which he emerged on the American musical scene eight years ago.

A Poor Nation

"Greece has seen political systems of all shades—kingdoms, democracies, and dictatorships," Dr. Mitropoulos explained earnestly, disclosing the deep feelings which he, and undoubtedly many Greeks long absent from their homeland, have about the current situation. "Those governments didn't see a good day," he added. "I hope to see a political and social change." Asked as to what he thought Greek political leanings are now, Dr. Mitropoulos said "far to the left."

"What is good for England may not be good for Greece," he continued. "Greece cannot afford a kingdom or a democracy, Greece is a poor nation. I think it is a pity we do not let them make their own choice."

The discussion of politics, quite naturally, brought up the question of its use in art, and here Dr. Mitropoulos had as definite opinions.

"I don't think politics should interfere with art," Dr. Mitropoulos declared, "but I do think that the artist should never forget that he has to extend a hand to the people. I mean by that the artist should try to lead the people to him, educate them, but not play down to them. The artist has a duty to art—he should never forget that his art should not stay in an ivory tower."

American Composer

"Art, furthermore, should not betray itself, by the artist making it more acceptable," Dr. Mitropoulos also explained. "It may eventually spoil the artist. I think there is a high morale in art that must be considered."

He disclosed that he is to present an American composer in his first program next Friday—Morton Gould's "Spirituals," a suite of white and Negro music, he described it. Another work to be programmed is American-European Ernst Krenek's "I Wonder As I Wander," done in the United States by the Viennese composer of "Jonny Spielt Auf," the "sensational" of the twenties. The Boston performance of the work will be the third one, the premiere having been given in Minneapolis and the second performance in New York.

"American composers have come very high," he said. "Nowadays it is definitely a question of selection of American works, instead of looking around to find one," he added. He named Walter Piston, Roy Harris, William Schuman, Aaron Copland, Roger Sessions, and David Diamond as his leading choices of contemporary composers.

"The approbation of the American public is necessary, of course," he said, "to encourage us to con-

duct more American music and to improve the mind of the American composer."

"Dr. Koussevitzky has done a tremendous job in this respect—playing the utmost amount of American music," he continued.

"I think Dr. Koussevitzky's contribution to the world and to America has been his constant presentation of contemporary composers."

Works Selected

Among other contemporary and standard works selected by Dr. Mitropoulos for his Boston concerts are Rachmaninov's Second Symphony, in E minor, Vaughan Williams' "London" Symphony, Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony No. 3, in A minor, and Schubert's Symphony No. 2, in B flat.

Dr. Mitropoulos (who is "Dr" by virtue of an honorary degree awarded him in 1942 by the University of Minnesota) said that he has done a great deal of listening to popular music in the course of his musical travels which have taken him from Winnipeg to New Orleans with his own orchestra and from coast to coast in guest engagements. He has, in fact, just come from conducting a series of concerts with the Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra which he stated was a "fine orchestra." Jazz, he thinks, has become more ugly. "It has cheapened, vulgarized itself, and is itself playing down to the public."

He expressed the hope that middle western orchestras would achieve the distribution by radio and records, with the accompanying public notice, as is available to major eastern orchestras. "We don't have the privilege of being on the air now, but we're just as good. I suppose now that the Petrillo ban on recording is off much time will be devoted to major orchestras. They may get around to us later."

Women Musicians

Turning to a discussion on women in major symphony orchestras, Dr. Mitropoulos said that in the Minneapolis Orchestra where there was long a "no-women" tradition, there are now four women players, a harpist, cellist, violinist, and flutist. He added that the women players are wives of orchestra men which simplifies the traveling problem.

After his regular season with Minneapolis, Dr. Mitropoulos disclosed, he is to conduct the seven-week season at Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia in the summer. He has been appointed permanent conductor of the Dell concerts.

Despite all this appearance of success, Mr. Mitropoulos is philosophic about it all. "I meet people, useful people, wonderful people, absolutely happy without knowing Bach or Beethoven. We shouldn't inflict music on anyone who doesn't want it and I don't dislike such people. Art is addressed to those who want it—we shouldn't force it on anyone."



MOZART

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Tenth Programme

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SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 23, at 8:30 o'clock

DR. DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, *Conducting*

MOZART.....Overture to "The Magic Flute"

KRENEK.....Variations on a North Carolina Folk Song,
"I Wonder as I Wander," *Op. 94*
(First performance at these concerts)

SCHUBERT.....Symphony No. 2, in B-flat major

- I. Largo: Allegro vivace
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto; Allegro vivace
- IV. Presto vivace

(First performances at these concerts)

INTERMISSION

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.....A London Symphony

- I. Lento; Allegro risoluto
- II. Lento
- III. Scherzo (Nocturne): Allegro vivace
- IV. Andante con moto; Maestoso alla marcia
Allegro; Maestoso alla marcia
Epilogue: Andante sostenuto



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London Music Conducted By Mitropoulos

Of greater consequence than a couple of items introduced into the repertory of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon under the guest conductorship of Dimitri Mitropoulos, was the four-movement study by Vaughan Williams bearing title of A London Symphony. Written back in a time when the awakening of cities from sleep, advancing into the business of the day and at length quieting down again, had a peculiar appeal to the imagination of the musical public, the work was taken in the 20's as something on the tone-poem order, and something representative of painting in sound.

A pictorial notion of the sort may be as valid at present as formerly with many listeners, and no harm if that is so. But just the same, this effort of a British composer who goes, like César Franck, by his whole name, stands a symphony of completely classic outline; and under the leading of such a zealous interpreter as Dr. Mitropoulos it proves its right to a place among masterworks. Attention-holding from first note to last because of its logical construction, and agreeable to listen to because of its skillfully manipulated and varied sonorities, it seems landed in the orchestral library to stay. 12-23-44

Somehow the great sweeping passages in any symphony are taken for granted. They belong there, so why stop to think about

them? Contrarily, details carry the quality of originality and give an instrumental cycle its stamp. Take the solo for the alto voice of the viola in the slow movement of A London Symphony. True enough, it is a strain of but a phrase or two—"plangent," "nostalgic," any of the good old adjectives answer for description—the little air is softly announced and a couple of times quietly repeated. Not much, but enough; and it is what we leave the hall with. 12-23-44

The Symphony closed the day and was a program by itself. Earlier proceedings brought to notice a brilliant exercise of conducting and playing in the Overture to "The Magic Flute," by Mozart. Exciting pauses in the brief episode for brasses half way through; the count of beats electrically precise. Then, a novelty for the Symphony Concerts, Variations on a North Carolina Folk Song, "I Wonder as I Wander," op. 94, by Ernst Krenek (composer in attendance and appearing on the platform to bow to applause). The man who can write such a beautiful and appropriate solo passage for trumpet as Mr. Krenek provides in one of the Variations deserves admission to the big company without election. Composers rarely do what he achieves here, though no telling how much he was assisted by the Boston Symphony's first trumpet. The effect was something to call the composition back for another turn some day.

A second novelty was a resuscitation—Schubert's Symphony No. 2 in B flat major. The house had causes to thank Dr. Mitropoulos for rehearsing the piece for Bostonians. Plenty of Schubertian charm about it; a string of song pearls; the composer of the Symphony in C and the "Unfinished" Symphony making up his mind about something. W. P. T.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, gave the 10th program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The following program was given:
Overture to "The Magic Flute" . . . Mozart
Variations on "I Wonder as I Wander," Op. 94 . . . Krenek
Symphony No. 2 in B flat Major . . . Schubert
A London Symphony . . . Vaughan Williams

In his variations on the American folksong "I Wonder as I Wander," Ernst Krenek has composed a remarkable piece of music. It—and Schubert's Second Symphony (in, of all things, its first performance in Boston)—were the especial delights of Mr. Mitropoulos' second tour of duty with the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday, while he himself remained perhaps the biggest news of all.

Mr. Krenek couldn't have come across a more uniquely American melody than the one he chose, nor could he have found one which more evocatively captures the naive poignancy of the lyrics themselves. It came from John Jacob Niles' collection of "Songs of the Hill-Folk," and in setting it in variation form in his own special idiom, which in this case is a development of but a departure from the 12-tone technique with which he has long been associated, Mr. Krenek has created a musical abstractions that seems to set every facet and mood of the melody and its lyrics in high relief.

Technically, as esthetically, it is an intellectual accomplishment of the first order. Mr. Krenek has all but liberated each voice of the orchestra of its dependence on the other voices (much as Bartok has in his Orchestral Concerto), and the result is an almost astral transparency of texture. There are moments of fine harmonic tension as

the voices come into grating conflict with one another; there are moments of warm lyric emphasis and there are always exhilarating technical surprises. But most of all, it seems to convey the precise feeling of the song itself. It is, in short, a gem; a small one, but one nonetheless, and it won for its composer a most cordial reception on the stage.

The Schubert Symphony offered an amazing contrast in orchestral texture. After the Krenek its first movement seemed actually turgid, even awkward, but in it, as in all four of its movements, there shone through the incomparable lyric grace and the spontaneity which is Schubert. It is indeed a youthful work, but as Mr. Burk points out in his particularly interesting notes on the work in the program, by no means the work of a novice. Mr. Mitropoulos' touch here, as in everything else, was magical, and the performance of the andante must remain a monument to his flair for catching the inner spirit of the music he essays until he returns to us again. 12-23-44

The last time the Vaughan Williams Symphony was done here, London was taking it good and hard, and the music took on an emotional significance it doesn't prove to have when the feeling is one of nostalgia rather than sympathy or compassion. It is good, yes, but it is sometimes tiresome. Yet the slow movement is really beautiful and there are passages of great eloquence throughout. So on the whole it must be said to have proved well worth the rehearsing animated, as it was, by the conductor's ardor, and accomplished, as it was, by the orchestra's great virtuosity.

By CYRUS DURGIN

The second Friday appearance of Dr. Dimitri Mitropoulos, during his present visit as guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was just as remarkable as his first. The concert at Symphony Hall yesterday was another marvel of eloquent interpretation and glorious tone. Everything was precise and eloquent, dominated by the emotional nature of the Greek artist, and brought into being by a command of music and of orchestra which is true genius. 12-23-44 SCL

As before, Dr. Mitropoulos conducted without a stick in his hand or a printed score before him. His memory is phenomenal; all is exact and planned, nothing left to a general knowledge of a score or dependent upon inspiration of the moment.

Four pieces made the program: the Overture to Mozart's "The Magic Flute"; Ernst Krenek's Variations on a North Carolina Folksong, "I wonder as I Wander" (first time in Boston); the Second Symphony of Schubert, and the "London" Symphony by Vaughan Williams.

Dr. Mitropoulos did not reduce the number of strings for either Mozart or Schubert, yet his keen ear kept strings and woodwinds balanced, and not one detail was exaggerated. In "The Magic Flute" Overture fortes were real "Mozart fortes," and other dynamic shades were scaled accordingly.

There is no proof that the Schubert Second Symphony had ever been played in Boston before; certainly it was new to these concerts. The work is thoroughly charming and lyrical, beginning as pure Haydn and, as if to show the emergence of Schubert's own voice, becoming characteristically Schubertian as it progresses.

One would prefer to write of Mr. Krenek's Variations after not one but several hearings. Cast partly under the intellectual rigors of the 12-tone system, this is infinitely detailed music that cannot fully be absorbed at once. The dissonance is not fierce; nor is the idiom forbidding, however.

One's first (and perhaps unreliable) impression is of labored counterpoint that smothers melody, of a style that wanders far from the simplicity of the touching Carolina hymn tune, and of occasional touches of instrumental fantasy. Alban Berg managed to write expressively under the 12-tone system but, unless I am mistaken, the system generally has the effect of cramping imagination. There was cordial applause as Mr. Krenek appeared on the stage.

The pictorial qualities of the "London" Symphony were unmistakable in the superlative performance of Dr. Mitropoulos, who used the composer's last revision of the score, wherein the second half of the Westminster Chimes are heard from the harp at the end. Here, as in all that went before, the orchestra sounded rich and healthy.

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The only familiar item in this week's pair of Symphony Concerts, again conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, is Mozart's Overture to "The Magic Flute," which yesterday received a most admirably proportioned performance. The next two numbers, one of them new, the other old, are being heard here for the first time. They are Ernst Krenek's Variations on the North Carolina Folk Song, "I Wonder as I Wander" and the Second Symphony of Schubert. The final piece, a semi-occasional visitor to Symphony Hall, is Vaughan Williams' "A London Symphony."

"I have attempted," explains Mr. Krenek in the programme notes, "to unfold the feelings of tragic loneliness and passionate devotion by which the solitary wanderer 'under the sky' is animated." Sometimes this mood is tellingly expressed in the music. Elsewhere Mr. Krenek, by precept and practice an atonalist in the manner of Schoenberg, seems more concerned with the infinitely ingenious manipulations of his time. You can find the work fascinating, and, coming upon it unprepared you might find it perplexing. Yesterday's audience received it politely and the composer cordially, when the conductor escorted him to the platform. 12-23-44 PCL

The B-flat Major Symphony, so belatedly brought to our attention, is a youthful creation, genuinely Schubertian only in the gay finale and, to a less degree, in the Minuet. The first two movements variously suggest Mozart and Haydn. But as a whole it is charming and it was no less delightfully performed. To Dr. Mitropoulos our thanks and gratitude.

A true cosmopolitan, the Greek conductor revealed the very soul of the "London" Symphony, itself an almost unbelievable felicitous picture of the great city. From the misty opening to the magical close, this is the music of London and of nowhere else. Perhaps if some helpful commentator had not called our attention to Bloomsbury, to the Strand of a Saturday night, and to other local and picturesque details, we would not hear all of these things in the music. Yet despite the composer's disinclination to avow a programme, they are both by intention and in fact. From a tonal standpoint the performance was often of great beauty, and at the end no one wished to be the first to break the spell.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Eleventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 29, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 30, at 8:30 o'clock

MOUSSORGSKY....."Une Nuit sur le Mont Chauve" ("A Night on Bald Mountain"), Orchestral Fantasy

BARTÓK.....Concerto for Orchestra

- I. Andante non troppo; allegro vivace
- II. Allegro scherzando
- III. Elegy: Andante non troppo
- IV. Intermezzo interrrotto: Allegretto
- V. Finale: Presto

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

- I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro
- II. Andante sostenuto
- III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
- IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

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- IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

Koussevitzky With Bartók And Brahms

"Symphony," as a technical term, wants wider definition than it has hitherto carried, to judge by two titles named on the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert yesterday afternoon, one dating well back in the nineteenth century and the other of the present year. Brahms and Bartók are the composers concerned, the first being represented by his Symphony No. 1 in C minor, op. 68, and the other by a work that does not catalogue as a symphony but nevertheless is one—Concerto for Orchestra.

It is the determination of Serge Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony conductor, returning this week after a fortnight out, that the town shall be kept up with the times orchestrally; and if composers' methods take on a change, he will keep his audiences informed about it. He brought the Bartók Concerto to its first hearing in Symphony Hall only four weeks ago; but that was scarcely more than a trial and a dress rehearsal of the piece. He had his players yesterday somewhere near in proper acquaintance with the music for a performance. Again, he had his listeners familiar enough with Bartók's procedures for a fair and considered judgment.

Now it can hardly be disputed that the Bartók Concerto (presented, along with Moussorgsky's "Bald Mountain," early in the afternoon) and the Brahms Symphony (presented late) belong to the same category of artistic crea-

tions. They are both orchestral cycles in four-movement form. The Concerto, true enough, runs on a five-movement design, but the third movement and the fourth, designated Elegy and Intermezzo, are practically one, on the so-called "slow" order. These external differences are of no consequence whatever. What makes the Concerto a novelty in form and structure is the handling of the melodies and the distribution of the moods. As for a Bartók melody, it is by no means the same thing as a Brahms theme, which is subjected to elaborate and patterned development. Nor is it allowed to dominate the situation longer than enough to convey a certain feeling, perhaps joyous, perhaps sad, or perhaps ruminative.

All sorts of moods are expressed, indeed, though never in a measured and blocked-off order. We do not settle down now for a period of sentiment and now for one of fun. Matters run lightly and gaily and without notice turn to melancholy and meditation; but more important than that, the whole work is an air and a refrain, stanzas and a burden, a succession of musical verse. Somewhat the same idea is carried out in the symphonic poem of Liszt and Strauss. But that always has a descriptive, narrative, or pictorial basis. The sound paints or portrays something. With Bartók, the sound simply maintains rhythm and metrical progress, all idea of specific word or illustration being left out.

The achievement of Dr. Koussevitzky in the interpretation of the Concerto was that he found, at this second showing, its unity and its over-all song. Some overtone, or whatever it be, holds through the music, binding all the notes together from first to last. He, as his task as conductor called him to do, found it and made it heard.

W. P. T.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 11th program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, performing the following program:

"A Night on Bald Mountain" Moussorgsky
Concerto for Orchestra... Bartók
Symphony No. 1 in C minor (Op. 68) Brahms

It is good to have Dr. Koussevitzky back, there's no denying it. There is a quality, a distinction, a lofty-minded propriety about his conducting which must be considered—as indeed it is—one of the most notable things in orchestral conducting today. **12-30-44**

Yesterday all these qualities in addition to his fabled orchestral technic and the warm, rich texture of sound that only he seems quite able to command, were much in evidence throughout the program. The program itself, however, was notable chiefly for the second performance within the month of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra.

A combination of great simplicity and extreme contemporary complexity, the Concerto deserved if anything ever did the repeat performance. It is impossible to absorb so difficult a work at one hearing; even two hardly suffice to gauge the caliber of this exceptional composition. And if I am not gravely mistaken, even two hearings were not enough to convince yesterday's audience that Bartók has the slightest interest in diverting or reaching it through sensuous sounds and long-flowing melodies.

As a matter of fact, Bartók has no intention to create music of

diversion or sensation. His Concerto is more popular, perhaps, than most of his music, but it is nonetheless at the very forefront of musical art; few if any of us are in a position to assay its emotional significance although its intellectual foundation may be perceived. One thing at least is clear; it is highly personal music of a most poetical nature, and its austere beauties are not displayed on its sleeve. So no one should be discouraged if he finds it hard going; Bartók is hard going, but those who are willing to stay with him find he speaks with singular effect.

The performance of the work yesterday was not short of miraculous. Last time its inordinate difficulties for the orchestra were evident and this created a certain tension or excitement in the performance that was not there yesterday when all the rough edges had been polished and all the technical difficulties mastered. This may have diminished to some extent the feeling of brilliance in the performance, but it liberated the music itself and revealed it to be even more intimate than it seemed first time around. No doubt about it, it is a masterwork, and certainly Bartók's masterpiece.

Brahms' First Symphony is a yearly event—and a sure-fire one at that—but Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain" hadn't been done here since 1938, and it sounded fine in Dr. Koussevitzky's striking conception of it. The conductor was given a warm welcome on his return, and the orchestra, on its mettle, played splendidly all the way through.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky is back at the helm of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, following his two weeks' respite during which Dimitri Mitropoulos was guest conductor. As always, he was most cordially received yesterday when he first walked upon the stage, and the Friday audience applauded him heartily after each number of the afternoon.

The program brought for early repetition the Concerto for Orchestra by Bela Bartok, which had been given first performances this month. Moussorgsky's "A Night on Bald Mountain" stood as opening-piece and as finale came the splendors and grandeur of Brahms' First Symphony.

Mr. Koussevitzky was well advised to let us hear Mr. Bartok's amiable music again so soon, before the effects of its first impressions had become lost. Yesterday, as before, one was struck by the prevailingly light mood of the Concerto, its fastidious workmanship which results in a clear texture of sound, and by its lively rhythms, some of which have a folk-song character.

To be sure, the five movements make a longish composition, but that is no deterrent to whole-hearted enjoyment of matter and style. In the orchestration you can find some

derivations from Ravel and others, perhaps even a touch or two from Puccini in certain woodwind figures. Yesterday's performance was admirably taut and precise and the uncanny speed just before the end was such as only a virtuoso orchestra can achieve.

"A Night on Bald Mountain," not often has been heard here in the last few years. Generally Moussorgsky's macabre depiction is hair-raising, but yesterday for some unaccountable reason it seemed a little tame. Was music or performance or—more likely—this listener at fault. At any rate, Mr. Koussevitzky read the Slavic music with Slavic devotion to its intensities. But perhaps his performance has cooled a little, too.

No season would be complete without a performance of Brahms' C minor Symphony, no matter how many times everyone has heard it. The tunes may no longer have their first appeal, and the cumulative grandeur of Brahms' conception as a whole may no longer retain its initial majesty. It is a sad fact of this world that increasing acquaintance with great works of art has just this effect.

Nevertheless it is the listener who changes, not the music. And in the future, when the first process of assimilation is complete, and the secondary one, in which you note hitherto unobserved details, has begun, the work will regain its freshness and impact. The C minor Symphony has long been a favorite with Mr. Koussevitzky. His ardor in performing it has not decreased.

NOTES OR NO NOTES

In Music, It Seems to Make Some Difference, Mr. Smith Points Out

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

A WHILE ago Dame Myra Hess, who might be called the Clara Schumann of our day, occasioned considerable comment by using her notes in a performance of Beethoven's Fifth or "Emperor" Piano Concerto that took place in London's Albert Hall. Some 112 years earlier the original Clara, then Clara Wieck and a highly gifted miss just entering upon her teens, disturbed the good people of her native Leipzig by playing without her notes, a "foreign" custom that she had picked up during her recent sojourn in Paris.

It was not until fairly late in the 19th century that this playing "by heart," that we now take quite for granted, became universal with pianists, whether in solo performance or when appearing with orchestra. Accompanists and performers in chamber music still use their notes, though departures from this custom are increasingly met with, particularly in song recitals. The advantages in playing from memory are obvious; you have only to watch the keyboard, you don't have to bother with turning pages or, as is more usual, enlisting the services of a page-turner, to the eye a distracting non-participant in the musical performance. The disadvantages are the initial burden of memorizing, more of a chore for some than for others, and the ever-present possibility that your memory will play you false.

Certain pianists, like the late Rafael Joseffy, are always afflicted with memory stage fright. That was the excuse offered when Ethel Leginska failed to materialize at a recital in New York's Carnegie Hall and made newspaper headlines all over the country. She made the headlines another time by reproving the hackers and snufflers. It was in Jordan Hall in January, 1925, and the victims of Boston's unsalubrious winter weather goaded her to the following outburst: "If you knew how difficult it is to memorize. A pianist is a human being, not a machine. We have no souffleur to help us if anything goes wrong. I must ask, I must insist, that these tactics stop immediately."

Today eyes still pop when a conductor gets along without a score, although Toscanini has never used one, even in the opera house. The custom was apparently started by Hans von Bülow, who is often quoted as saying that there were

two kinds of conductors, those who had their heads in the score and those who had the score in their heads. Hans Richter also conducted from memory occasionally and so did Arthur Nikisch, who thereby stirred up adverse comment in his first season with the Boston Symphony, that of 1889-90. None of his successors have followed his example and the first guest to do so was Sir Thomas Beecham, at a pair of concerts in 1928. His example was followed eight and again nine years later by Dimitri Mitropoulos, whose remarkable memory has lately been the talk of the town. Those who attended rehearsals were even more impressed, since Dr. Mitropoulos knows every note, every expression mark and every rehearsal number or letter, as the case may be, and stops and starts the orchestra at will.

Toscanini's memory is of the photographic variety, and it is said that he has only to read a score over a few times to make it completely his own. Dr. Mitropoulos disclaims any such facility. He remarked the other day that what he has accomplished in this respect is the result of hard work alone and if he deserves credit for anything it is for his perseverance. The standard repertory he has already learned, and a half hour's study, will bring any item in it back to mind, so only the new pieces require extended study. Krenek's complicated variations on the North Carolina folk song, "I Wonder as I Wander," occupied him for a month, but now he has that piece down pat, as was amply proven week before last. There are those who claim that such effort in the case of new and possibly ephemeral music is just a waste of time. The Greek conductor feels differently. You may call it quixotism but you can hardly withhold your admiration for such an expenditure of time and energy in the pursuit of an ideal.

Dr. Mitropoulos, to get back to him, looks upon his composing chiefly as a sort of valuable preparation for the career he finally adopted. "The world did not need my music," he says, "and besides, my head is so full of the music of others I doubt if there would be room in it for my own."

And since he commits to memory every score that he conducts, whether he likes it or not, as he was at pains to point out, the force of the above remark becomes all the more apparent. By a curious coincidence Katina Paxinou, starring in "Sophie" at the Plymouth Theatre, and Dr. Mitropoulos found themselves in Boston at the same time. Not only have they been life-long friends, but Mme. Paxinou took part in the one and only production of Dr. Mitropoulos' opera based on Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice." The composer was then 20, and though the performances took place in Athens, the work was sung in French, the language of the original drama.

12.24.44 PM
In his three visits to Boston the Greek conductor has won not only the Symphony public but also the Symphony musicians. And for our orchestra he entertains a particular regard. He admires its dignity, its artistic integrity. He feels that the men take pride in their work and that the audience takes a very special pride in them. Nor has he discovered in the public of the Symphony Concerts any evidence of the traditional Boston coldness.

* * *

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 5, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6, at 8:30 o'clock

MOZART.....Divertimento in B-flat major, for Strings and Two Horns (Koechel No. 287)

Allegro
Theme with Variations; Andante grazioso
Adagio
Minuet
Andante; Allegro molto

LOURIÉ....."The Feast During the Plague," Symphonic Suite (after Pushkin)

- I. Tempo di marcia
- II. Dialogue of the Two Fortunes (Petrarch)
- III. Mary's Song
- IV. Song of Death
- V. The Little Concert
- VI. Sinfonia Finale

Chorus from the HARVARD GLEE CLUB and RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor
Soprano Solo: VALENTINA VISHNEVSKA
(First performance)

INTERMISSION

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 43

- I. Allegretto
- II. Tempo andante, ma rubato
- III. } Vivacissimo; Lento e suave
- IV. } Finale: Allegro moderato

Dr. Mitropoulos, to get back to him, looks upon his composing chiefly as a sort of valuable preparation for the career he finally adopted. "The world did not need my music," he says, "and besides, my head is so full of the music of others I doubt if there would be room in it for my own." And since he commits to memory every score that he conducts, whether he likes it or not, as he was at pains to point out, the force of the above remark becomes all the more apparent. By a curious coincidence Katina Paxinou, starring in "Sophie" at the Plymouth Theatre, and Dr. Mitropoulos found themselves in Boston at the same time. Not only have they been life-long friends, but Mme. Paxinou took part in the one and only production of Dr. Mitropoulos' opera based on Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice." The composer was then 20, and though the performances took place in Athens, the work was sung in French, the language of the original drama.

12.24.44 P.M.
In his three visits to Boston the Greek conductor has won not only the Symphony public but also the Symphony musicians. And for our orchestra he entertains a particular regard. He admires its dignity, its artistic integrity. He feels that the men take pride in their work and that the audience takes a very special pride in them. Nor has he discovered in the public of the Symphony Concerts any evidence of the traditional Boston coldness.

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SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 5, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6, at 8:30 o'clock

MOZART.....Divertimento in B-flat major, for Strings and Two Horns (Koechel No. 287)

Allegro
Theme with Variations; Andante grazioso
Adagio
Minuet
Andante; Allegro molto

LOURIÉ....."The Feast During the Plague," Symphonic Suite (after Pushkin)

- I. Tempo di marcia
- II. Dialogue of the Two Fortunes (Petrarch)
- III. Mary's Song
- IV. Song of Death
- V. The Little Concert
- VI. Sinfonia Finale

Chorus from the HARVARD GLEE CLUB and RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

Soprano Solo: VALENTINA VISHNEVSKA
(First performance)

INTERMISSION

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 43

- I. Allegretto
- II. Tempo andante, ma rubato
- III. } Vivacissimo; Lento e suave
- IV. } Finale: Allegro moderato

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.
Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 12th program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The soloist was Valentina Vishnevskaya, soprano, and members of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society (G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor) assisted in the Lourie composition. The program follows:
 Divertimento in B flat major (K-287) Mozart
 Symphonic Suite "The Feast During the Plague" Lourie
 Symphony No. 2 in D major Sibelius

Having reached the half-way mark of its 64th season with a full head of steam, the Boston Symphony orchestra yesterday observed the occasion with one of the finest performances its audiences have had the privilege to hear, ever. Of course in parts of the Lourie you couldn't tell whether it was well played or not, but all things considered, the orchestra's technical facility and tonal felicity was never so overwhelmingly demonstrated as it was yesterday. 1-6-43 Herald

The Mozart Divertimento, for example. Here is a composition of an unbelievably luminous and romantic quality; there isn't a second's hesitancy in the flow of its invention. It moves as inevitably forward as a mountain stream, now dashing icily over rocks and now eddying quietly in dark but never dank pools. You can't conceive how anything could be so clear, so crystalline, so animated and yet so relaxed all at the same time, but there it is. And that's the way it was conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky and performed by the string orchestra yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Lourie's "The Feast During the Plague" is one of the more curious products of the season, if not the decade. I think, as a matter of fact, it is a much better composition than it seems to be, and that justice cannot be done the composer on the basis of this suite from a larger and obviously (from these few excerpts), remarkable work. What we heard was a

series of fragments; of brief, elusive but often exceedingly beautiful melodies, of subtle harmonies and of audacious sonorities and orchestral tensions. Here they reminded you of this, and here of that, true enough; but frequently they reminded you of nothing whatever on this earth.

I got the impression indeed, throughout the six episodes, that what the composer had in his head and what he managed to communicate to us were two entirely different things, and I don't think his intentions were perfectly realized despite the really magnificent efforts of the conductor, the orchestra and the chorus. It is not any too clear then that his intentions could be realized by anyone, either. The music did not give, as it were, and proved halting, tentative, even frustrating.

Yet I would not hesitate to say, on the hearing of this piece, that a fully mounted performance of "The Feast During the Plague" with mise-en-scene in a theater might prove to be one of the most remarkable experiences an informed musical audience could have—if it may be presumed that in performance the full swing of the emotional sensibilities of the literary musico-dramatic concept could be realized. The Suite fails to do this, and remains merely an interesting curiosity.

As I say, I think it was well performed. The orchestra was certainly good, and especial credit must be given the entire brass section and to Mr. Szulc, whose work at the timpani was extraordinary (as indeed it always is). The chorus—and no chorus ever faced a sterner task—labored heroically and about as successfully as any chorus could under the circumstances, while Valentina Vishnevskaya, singing the solo soprano role, did as well as anyone could with so difficult a tessitura and with such little support in pitch as the orchestra provides for her solo.

**New Work by Arthur Lourie
 Presented by Koussevitzky**

By L. A. Sloper

Yesterday's Symphony concert, the twelfth Friday reunion of the season, opened with a delightful performance of Mozart's Divertimento in B flat, for strings and two horns. The orchestra was at the peak of its form, and Dr. Koussevitzky was in a classical mood. The delicacy, variety and charm of the score were realized with amazing dexterity and admirable taste. Only in the ritard at the end of the Adagio was there evident the tendency to interpretive exaggeration which marred the performance of this work at Tanglewood last summer. The audience responded with exceptional warmth to this notable musical revelation. 1-6-43

Dr. Koussevitzky continued the program with a first performance of Arthur Lourie's Symphonic Suite, "The Feast During the Plague," in which the orchestra was assisted by Valentina Vishnevskaya, soprano, and a small chorus of Mr. Woodworth's singers from Harvard and Radcliffe.

This Suite has had an interesting history. Inspired by a "Dramatic Scene" of Pushkin, it was first composed as an opera whose scheduled production at the Paris Opéra was cancelled by the German invasion. Mr. Lourie has now revised it as a symphonic work with soloist and chorus.

The history of Pushkin's "Dramatic Scene" is even more remarkable. His work is based on a single episode from a play called "The City of the Plague," by John Wilson, a Scottish professor of moral philosophy in the early nineteenth century. The Pushkin text has been reinforced by Mr. Lourie with lines from Petrarch. The theme is revelry in the midst of catastrophe.

Coming after the Mozart, this

contemporary composition sounded old-fashioned. Possibly it would be more impressive in its original design for the lyric theater. In its present form it is repetitious and monotonous, lacking in invention, variety, and rhythmic life. There is too much use of march time, and the devices employed for dramatic effect are over-familiar. The "Little Concert" movement is trivial.

Miss Vishnevskaya, a newcomer, is the possessor of a typically Russian soprano voice, which she submitted with good will and with creditable effect to the exacting demands of the composer. The chorus strove valiantly with Mr. Lourie's setting of the Latin verses, but they seemed to be a little insecure. There was cordial applause for all concerned.

The final item on the program was the Sibelius Second Symphony.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

What is likely to be the most variously appraised novelty of the current Symphony season, Arthur Lourie's "The Feast During the Plague" Symphonic Suite (after Pushkin), had its world premiere at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. As an opera ballet, based on the Dramatic Scene which the Russian poet derived from John Wilson's "The City of the Plague," Lourie's work was to have been produced at the Paris Opera and was being rehearsed when the war forced that theatre to close. From this music Mr. Lourie has made a Suite of six movements, one of them choral and one a soprano solo. A small chorus drawn from the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society wrestled with almost insuperable difficulties in the former, and a singer new in Boston, Valentina Vishnevskaya, helped to make the latter the most striking feature of the whole.

Some listeners professed to be greatly pleased with Mr. Lourie's music. Some found it an example of monumental incompetence. Boston has now heard four works by this Russian, who is also the author of "Serge Koussevitzky and His Epoch": a "Sonate Liturgique," a "Sinfonia Dialectica," the Symphony, "Kormtchala" and the present piece. A suspicion of dilettantism informs them all. Mr. Lourie appears to theorize first and compose afterwards. He also reminds you a little of Boito: a literary man determined to be a composer, and despite a powerful imagination, considerable inventiveness and a certain degree of craftsmanship, not quite getting the hang of it. 1-6-45

Aside from its highly sophisticated instrumental dress, much of the Suite is disarmingly simple and direct, and it might easily register in the opera house. The dissonant chorus, a setting of Petrarch's "Dialogue of the Two Fortunes," that sounds like Stravinsky's "Symphony of Psalms" gone wrong, is wholly different from the rest. The soprano solo, "Mary's Song," suggests early Italian opera in the odd treatment of the "huge guitar" accompaniment formula. The final section, an eerie sort of march, had a familiar ring, but you could not put your finger on the resemblance. Mr. Lourie was brought to the stage, and together with Miss Vishnevskaya and Dr. Koussevitzky, was warmly applauded. Mozart's delightful Divertimento in B-flat for strings and two horns (K. 287) began the concert and Sibelius' familiar Second Symphony brought it to a resounding close. B out

Valentina Vishnevskaya, soprano, engaged by Serge Koussevitzky to sing an aria from Arthur Lourie's unproduced opera, "The Feast During Plague," with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Jan. 5 and 6, will appear again with the orchestra on Feb. 16 in New York and on Feb. 17 in Brooklyn. 1-6-45

Mme. Vishnevskaya studied in Germany and made her debut at Monte Carlo as Mimi in "Boheme." She sang with the Berlin State Opera for three years, appeared with Chaliapin in "The Barber of Seville" in Paris in 1934, and was later at the Brussels Royal Opera.

As with inventors, so with composers, there seem to exist two kinds; and question arises regarding Arthur Vincent Lourie, represented on the Boston Symphony Orchestra's program of tomorrow and next day, which kind he is. The one kind proceeds according to theory, while the other just tries things till he finds what he wants. The one has thought his lines out, and he relies upon them; the other never feels certain until he has put matters to the test of his ear. Beethoven seems to have been of the second sort at the beginning of his career. More likely he was of the first toward the close. Rimsky-Korsakov, fair to assume, was of the second, and so have been his successors, Stravinsky and other Russian pictorialists, among whom Lourie may doubtless be classed.

"Here you have a succession of sonorities," observed Mr. Lourie, striking notes once on a time on the piano; "and whatever the reason may be, they don't take proper direction, though I mean them to. They don't come out, they don't end, right. Now here is another series"—again making the keyboard speak—"and they go somewhere. They conclude logically, though I cannot tell you by what rule." 1-6-45

Mr. Lourie, long time resident in Paris, rereading his Poems of Pushkin along in the '30's found there a text, as so many Russian composers before him have, for an opera. It was one of those dramatic scenes or episodes of which Pushkin left a number, based on borrowed material—play, biographical narrative, legend, or anything. "Feast at Time of Plague" is the author's title. The text is brief, like that, also by Pushkin, which Rachmaninov avails himself of for his stage piece, "Miser Knight."

To say that Mr. Lourie prepared his work for production in Paris at the time in question, amounts to saying that he did not get it performed. The score, after lying

at one side for a half-dozen years and more, has lately been opened up and experimented with a little. Mr. Lourie's way, it is submitted to fresh test. It is converted into an orchestral Suite, certain voice parts being carried along, and it finds a place in this week's arrangements of Serge Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony conductor.

The score of the Suite carries, like so many of the novelties that Dr. Koussevitzky brings out, a staff for about every instrument the orchestra commands. A good variety of sound, then, may be expected to be heard when the music comes to realization. Especially interesting in the tone scheme is a role for the oboe d'amore, taking a noticeable part in the accompaniment of a soprano solo, designated Mary's Song, and forming the third movement (Allegro con brio). Other instruments going along with the and a piano. A passage for full orchestra interrupts, and the voice resumes in a slow, elegiac ending.

The Song ought to be one of the more ingratiating episodes of the Suite, the more so because of the unusualness of a movement of that type in a concert piece drawn from an opera. To look through the pages from the beginning, we start off with a March—something odd about it, rhythms now in twos, now in threes, now in two-plus-threes, and now in four-plus-threes. It may be the rumbling of wheels rather than the tread of feet.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

In a literal sense the Boston Symphony concerts this week begin with Mozart's B-flat Divertimento (K. 287) and end on the rousing plagal cadence of the Second Symphony of Sibelius. In a figurative sense that may also be true, although there is an intervening score, the Symphonic Suite drawn by Arthur Lourie from his unproduced opera, "The Feast During Plague."

This work of Mr. Lourie pre-

sents no formidable difficulties of intellectuality or of idiom, but it does pose the question of what the opera would be like in the theatre. The Suite is decidedly unoperatic, it is amazingly eclectic, and the best that may be said is that it offers piquant, if unrelated, and pleasant, if undramatic, orchestral effects throughout the half-dozen movements. But of continuity, originality or cohesive style there is practically none.

The opera has a mixed ancestry, coming from an early 19th century verse play about the London plague of the 1600s by the Scottish John Wilson, by way of Pushkin's Russian translation. In the suite are two marches, a chorus for mixed voices, a soprano solo, "The Little Concert" (?) and a symphonic finale.

The chorus, on a Latin text of Petrarch, is a dismal dialogue to trumpet and trombone accompaniment, strongly reminiscent of Stravinsky but sour and needlessly difficult for the singers. The soprano solo, "Mary Gray's Song" about the horrid silence of a plague-decimated village, is a wandering affair that sounds a lot like Mahler.

The choristers from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth, and soprano Valentina Vishnevskaya, must be given high credit for their devoted and valiant efforts. Miss Vishnevskaya has a slender, clear and agreeable voice.

Serge Koussevitzky conducted the first performance of the Suite with his customary devotion, ardor and imaginative intensity.

Though the high strings went a hair off the pitch in some of the Mozart, the Divertimento for a brace of horns and strings was again a thoroughly delightful interlude. The adagio is no less than supernal.

More than two years had passed since Mr. Koussevitzky had offered us that Sibelian masterpiece and Koussevitzkyan battle steed, the D major Symphony. Once again the Boston Symphony went to town with it, revealing all of its lyrical melodic flow, its rugged grandeurs, its myriad colors and its up-surgings drama. Those who have heard the Koussevitzky reading of this Symphony have something to tell their grandchildren.



George Szell
Who will conduct the week-
end Symphony concerts.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 19, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 20, at 8:30 o'clock

GEORGE SZELL *Conducting*

STILL....."In Memoriam: The Colored Soldiers Who
Died For Democracy"
(First performance in Boston)

SMETANA....."From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests,"
Symphonic Poem

LALO.....Spanish Symphony for Violin and Orchestra, *Op. 21*
Allegro non troppo
Scherzando: Allegro molto
Andante
Finale: Allegro

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 4 in E minor, *Op. 98*
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Andante moderato
III. Allegro giocoso
IV. Allegro energico e passionato

SOLOIST
RUTH POSSELT



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III. Allegro giocoso

IV. Allegro energico e passionato

SOLOIST

RUTH POSSELT

Miss Posselt for Soloist, Mr. Szell as Guest Leader

By L. A. Sloper

Returning for a second visit as guest conductor, George Szell presented yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, as the thirteenth program of the Boston Symphony season, these works: Still—"In Memoriam: The Colored Soldiers Who Died for Democracy"; Smetana—"From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests"; Lalo—Spanish Symphony (Ruth Posselt, soloist); Brahms—Fourth Symphony.

William Grant Still's work was heard for the first time in Boston, and indeed this was the first time he had been represented at these concerts, although his compositions have been played by other orchestras. "In Memoriam" is one of a number of short works, written by invitation of the League of Composers, and commemorative of the present war. 1-20-45

Mr. Still, who is known as an accomplished composer, has here written with obvious sincerity and feeling a tribute to those members of his race who have fallen in action. He has avoided anything that might draw attention to himself by its striking originality, and has relied rather on characteristic racial melody treated simply but with appropriate solemnity. mm

The *Symphonie Espagnole* had not been heard at these concerts since 1924, according to the program notes. Of course, it has been played repeatedly at recitals, but it was hard to realize that it had been so long absent from the Symphony programs. Miss Posselt, who

is an artist well liked by the musical public, gave a performance marked by her familiar technical proficiency, lyrical feeling and rhythmic suppleness. Her tone was sweet though not broad and her intonation secure, but she had some difficulty in keeping up her end in the matter of volume. Miss Posselt and her collaborators received an ovation.

Mr. Szell, besides doing well by Mr. Still and Lalo, gave the music of his fellow countryman, Smetana, a sympathetic reading, playing its simple peasant melodies without attempting to embellish them or their orchestral dress in performance.

His way with Brahms recalled his approach to Schubert when he directed the C major Symphony here two years ago. He again made it evident that he knows precisely what he wants from the orchestra and has the technique and the authority to realize his own ideas of interpretation. And again those ideas involved individual treatment which was not always a kindness to the composer. Slow passages were dragged, dynamic contrasts were sudden and violent, attacks were not always clean, balance of choirs was sometimes sacrificed, and the orchestral design was often obscured. In view of these things, the symphony was, of course, not soundly built architecturally, and its melos was largely lost. Nevertheless, the performance was not without effectiveness and it was well received.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony orchestra, George Szell conducting, gave the 13th concert of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Ruth Posselt, violinist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

"In Memoriam: The Colored Soldiers Who Died for Democracy" Still
"From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests" Smetana
Spanish Symphony, Op. 21 Lalo
Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98 Brahms

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

The return to Boston of George Szell serves to prove anew that he must be reckoned with as a formidable man of music. He is, in fact, one of the most reassuring "new" conductors in contemporary music for he represents a school, now near extinct, of the great Germanic tradition in orchestral technique: a tradition in which dignity and austerity are combined with—as St. Thomas Aquinas put it—wholeness, symmetry and radiance. Yet the austerity is not that

of a Nikisch; there is in Mr. Szell's style just enough of the current trend to sensation, to virtuosity, even to showmanship, to suit the times. The point is, he never cheapens either his music or himself to achieve a striking but frequently meretricious effect. He is sound. 1-20-45

Proof of his distinguished approach to music may be observed in his use of the stick or baton. He has understood its reason-for-being and perceived its function, and he has given that instrument its true meaning and stature again. It is true that delicate effects may be achieved without the baton, but the melodic arcs and stresses, the tempi, the dynamics and all the modifications of these things cannot, I am convinced, be obtained by the greatest of conductors from

musicians who cannot see—without conscious effort—where the beat lies. Mr. Szell uses the baton as a means of liberating the musicians from technical preoccupation, which means that he wants nothing between him and them which could possibly distort or diminish the musical values as he conceives them. In any case, no guest conductor achieves such perfection of attack and release as Mr. Szell does and few indeed achieve such real distinction of phrase.

Having sat so long with this point I'm afraid I can't do the other notable aspects of the concert full justice. William Grant Still's tribute to the Negro soldiers who have given their lives for democracy is a beautiful and touching composition, one of utmost sincerity and certainly well worth the hearing, while Smetana's seldom-played "From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests" is time well spent. But it was Ruth Posselt's really delightful performance of Lalo's Spanish Symphony, and the traversal of Brahms' Fourth Symphony by conductor and orchestra that lifted the concert into the one-of-the-best-possible class.

For her part, Miss Posselt never achieved such grace of line and such clarity and poise of tone as she did in the second and third movements of the Lalo. Indeed, she made what is fundamentally fairly trivial musical diversion a joy to listen to, while the orchestral accompaniment matched her own spirit.

George Szell Discourses On Technique of the Baton

By Winthrop P. Tryon

George Szell, in reply to a query about the Boston Symphony Orchestra, pointed up in the air. Obvious meaning, unuttered:

"The orchestra represents the..."

But he was assured that the purpose of the question was something else than to elicit praise for the town's pet musical establishment.

Mr. Szell was in the conductor's room at Symphony Hall, pulling himself together after a morning's rehearsal; for he is serving a brief term for Serge Koussevitzky, in the role of "guest" conductor. He offers at this week's concerts a piece new to Boston—Still's "In Memoriam: The Colored Soldiers Who Died for Democracy," also Lalo's violin concerto known as the Spanish Symphony, with Ruth Posselt as soloist; and besides these, a small work by Smetana and the Brahms Fourth Symphony in E minor. Really, a program in the regular routine, and one by no means designed to give the visitor the aspect of an exhibitionist.

A man of the sort needs no glamour bestowed on him; nor does he, in turn, need to hand compliments to the community that is his host. The finger in air made an eloquent reply to what was asked of him, except that, for the moment, he misconstrued the question. This, accordingly, was somewhat expanded and put a second time:

"Where did you find yourself when you took your place before the players of the Boston Symphony, to direct them? Where, speaking of artistic tradition and the train of musical history, did you feel that you stood?"

The answer was immediate: "In Vienna."

Mr. Szell went on to tell of European orchestras with which he has had experience as conductor. He talked them all over, noting the particular social conditions of the locality where each one performs, remarking upon their various standards and their methods, and discussing the character and disposition of one city and another. He declared, in the end, that the handed-down orchestral style of Vienna was the most refined, consistent, and influential of any.

"The first time I heard the Boston Symphony," he explained, "I was impressed with its Viennese traits, especially in the strings. I could observe other characteristics, too—French and Russian, for example; but fundamentally I recognized a quality that seemed something of long standing, something persisting through whatever changes of policy and membership may have occurred. Was not the orchestra, a few years after first being set up, rehabilitated by a prevailing personnel from Vienna? Well, what was introduced then has continued. Such a force can last, and it can remain recognizable through every shift of time."

The question, itself in the conventional line of interview, got a free and an enthusiastic response; and the meeting had closed there, but that it was later, when the conductor had made ready for leaving the hall, renewed. This time, interrogation took a somewhat off-the-track slant, though reply came in by no means off-the-record terms. Now Mr. Szell, as a conductor on the roster of the Metropolitan Opera Association in New York, might be supposed sensitive to depreciative remark about his organization, as implied in such a query as the following:

"Mr. Szell, why does the Metropolitan Opera Company endure such a poor orchestra as it does?"

It has been well enough known that the opera orchestra for a long period was on the border line of second class, critical silence on the subject notwithstanding. Even the most renowned conductors could seldom secure results that listeners should in reason expect. Very well, too, perhaps, while the Metropolitan wore the shape of a private social institution. But it has now become more like a national concern. Prompt and fiery reply from Mr. Szell:

"That has been stopped," he said. "You will find it true no more."

Thereupon he pointed out that the orchestra for many years was an inside clique, its members taken from such talent as was available on Broadway; a circle of friends interested in the matter as a job.

"It has been broken up," averred Mr. Szell. "The players are now first-class musicians, and there has been a thorough reform. You may not observe a great difference right away; but improvement will come, and the Metropolitan's orchestra will stand with the best of them."

Further, by way of technical questioning and answering:

"You use a stick?"

"Yes, yes."

"What about your left hand?"

"Shading, phrasing, keeping the different components together; never using it for beating time."

"Do you conduct from book or from memory?"

"By the time I have mastered a score, the book becomes of more bother than use. However, I keep it by me, and I never force myself to memorize music."

"How long do you want to study a new score before trying it in rehearsal?"

"I got up a recent work of Hindemith in four or five days."

"How did you prepare it?"

"At the piano—for I am a pianist—and reading it over like any book."

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday's Symphony Concert, conducted by the Metropolitan's George Szell, had two things to recommend it: a most agreeable program and the Czech maestro's masterly, musicianly, discerning and sympathetic direction. The combination sent you away with the feeling of an afternoon most pleasantly and profitably spent.

To the above delights there should be added one more, the highly accomplished and exceedingly persuasive violin playing of Boston's Ruth Posselt, who appeared as soloist in the "Spanish Symphony" of Lalo, a work played to death by recitalists but unheard at the Symphony Concerts since 1924. The orchestra, as we were reminded yesterday, is a big help. With its assistance the Symphony is still fresh and vital.

For the first time in Boston Mr. Szell presented William Grant Still's "In Memoriam: The Colored Soldiers Who Died for Democracy." We had already made the acquaintance of Mr. Still at the Pops, through portions of his "Afro-American" Symphony. The present piece is sincere, straightforward and affecting music, skillfully made. It has a certain kinship with the spirituals but there are no disturbing quotations.

Between Still and Lalo came a welcome revival, after 30 years, of Smetana's "From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests," one of the six symphonic poems composing the cycle, "My Country." The musical idiom is direct and folksy. There is the inevitable polka and the brilliant orchestration. A work, this, that came from the heart of the composer and warms that of the listener. Such should not be allowed to gather dust on the library shelf.

By way of conclusion, Mr. Szell offered Brahms' Fourth Symphony, played here no longer ago than last April, yet nevertheless a new and stimulating experience. Mr. Szell's tempi seemed infallibly right, every structural detail was properly in place, and some that are occasionally overlooked were brought to light. There were no false heroics, no inappropriate emotionalism, yet the performance was anything but inexpressive. Here and elsewhere Mr. Szell used no score, though he does not disdain the baton, which he handles with consummate skill. A conductor accustomed to command, he works his will with a gratifying absence of fuss and feathers.

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
 By CYRUS DURGIN

The gifted and dynamic George Szell has returned to Boston to be guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the two weeks of Serge Koussevitzky's mid-season vacation. At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Szell renewed the highly favorable impression he had made upon his first appearances two years ago, both as technician and interpreter.

The interesting program covered all three of those desirable points in program-making: something new—William Grant Still's "In Memoriam: the Colored Soldiers Who Died for Democracy;" something old but rarely heard: Smetana's "From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests" and the Spanish Symphony by Lalo; a standard classic—Brahms' Fourth Symphony.

Mr. Still's elegiac and ably-written music was new to Boston. This was also the first time the composer had been represented on a Boston Symphony program. "In Memoriam" is hardly remarkable for invention or originality, but the composer's intention is plain and his sincerity evident. "In Memoriam" is melodic and the harmonies are lush. Mr. Still's grasp of instrumentation is more than competent.

Two years ago Mr. Szell gave us the second symphonic poem, "The Moldau," from the cycle of six musical vistas that Smetana called "My Country." "From Bohemia's Mead-

ows and Forests," which is No. 4, has been more neglected even than "The Moldau," the last Boston performance having been in 1915. Why? This is gloriously descriptive and ingratiating, full of warmth and sun and peasant dances, abounding in tunes and irresistible rhythms. The performance was brilliant.

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Mr. Szell is an exacting but not a showy conductor who spares neither himself nor his orchestra. He insists upon impeccable attacks and a bright, clear and balanced tone. His own ear is very keen and in consequence you hear all of the musical texture. An inner voice may be no more than a wisp, but it is there and you hear it.

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SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 26, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 27, at 8:30 o'clock

GEORGE SZELL *Conducting*

HAYDN.....Symphony in C major, No. 97

- I. Adagio; Vivace
- II. Adagio ma non troppo
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto
- IV. Finale: Presto assai

HINDEMITH.....Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by
 Carl Maria von Weber

- I. Allegro
- II. "Turandot": Scherzo
- III. Andantino
- IV. March

(First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

SCHUMANN.....Symphony No. 2 in C major, Op. 61

- I. Sostenuto assai; allegro ma non troppo
- II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio (I); Trio (II)
- III. Adagio espressivo
- IV. Allegro molto vivace

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
 By CYRUS DURGIN

The gifted and dynamic George Szell has returned to Boston to be guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the two weeks of Serge Koussevitzky's mid-season vacation. At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon Mr. Szell renewed the highly favorable impression he had made upon his first appearances two years ago, both as technician and interpreter.

The interesting program covered all three of those desirable points in program-making: something new—William Grant Still's "In Memoriam: the Colored Soldiers Who Died for Democracy;" something old but rarely heard: Smetana's "From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests" and the Spanish Symphony by Lalo; a standard classic—Brahms' Fourth Symphony. *1-20-45 gln*

Mr. Still's elegant and ably-written music was new to Boston. This was also the first time the composer had been represented on a Boston Symphony program. "In Memoriam" is hardly remarkable for invention or originality, but the composer's intention is plain and his sincerity evident. "In Memoriam" is melodic and the harmonies are lush. Mr. Still's grasp of instrumentation is more than competent.

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Szell Offers Novelty By Hindemith

Paul Hindemith, a composer whom World War II has thrown into the American lap, brightened up matters at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon, by the contribution of his Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Carl Maria von Weber. Then, for a figure whose presence in the United States may perhaps be explained even more aptly by the times in Europe, George Szell, continued for a second week acting as conductor for Serge Koussevitzky. In former days, it would have been a soloist to give acclaim to a Friday matinee in Symphony Hall, but concert-playing violinists and pianists and aria-singing sopranos do not picture so conspicuously nowadays.

Through all change, however, of global affairs, and through all shifts of fashion in entertainment, some things remain; among them being enthusiasm for the great orchestral classics, of which the Schumann Symphony No. 2 in C major, op. 61, closing the performance on this occasion, is an example. In an early period of the Boston Symphony, before Debussy, Stravinsky, and Hindemith, a piece at that time comparatively novel was played at a concert; and the program showed the Schumann Symphony in C major next in place. "Now," someone remarked, "we shall hear some music."

It was just the same yesterday. After the Symphonic Metamor-

phosis, we heard some "music." Yet to say that, is by no means to disparage the Hindemith study; for it may itself, as decades flow, become "music." As thrown on the orchestral screen at this time, it displayed about every resource the Boston Symphony possesses; and of its four episodes, the second, Scherzo, "Turandot," came through in great fascination; and the fourth, March, with much excitement. **1-27-45**

The opening Allegro had the effect less of a curious and beguiling set of variations than of a bewildering train of lucubrations and intellectualities. The third movement, Andantino, proved passionless and unemotional, as though the composer were trying to de-romanticize Weber.

As for Mr. Szell, his visit will surely be remembered agreeably. In his brief stay he succeeded in recalling the five divisions of the string choir of the Boston Symphony to awareness of its own individuality. In his fortnight of exercise with them he re-taught them their several places in the "quartet." Then the players, on their side, responded capitally to his ideas of detailed phrasing, and to his desire also for contrast of upper voices with lower and for emphasis, here and there, on an alto or a tenor melody. His extraordinary handling of the wind instruments may be referred, possibly, to his zeal for rhythm. It is easy for everybody to breathe to the action of his baton.

Two ways to see a cathedral—outside view and interior inspection. Mr. Szell guides us within the walls, about the aisles and under the light of the windows. Supposing the comparison to pass, the Haydn Symphony in C. No. 97, starting off Friday's proceedings, was precisely right for his sort of intimate consideration, a very Chartres for its inner glow and color. **W. P. T.**

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

The Boston Symphony has been especially fortunate in its guest conductors this season. The latest, and current of these, George Szell, began yesterday afternoon the second half of his engagement. He has brought not only the vitality and distinction of his conducting, but some of the season's most interesting programs as well.

This week he is offering Haydn's C Major Symphony, No. 97, unheard at these concerts since the time of Pierre Monteux more than 20 years ago; Hindemith's piquant and utterly delightful Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Weber, new to Boston, and C major Symphony of Schumann, last done here by Dimitri Mitropoulos in 1937.

Between conductor, orchestra and program the concerts this week come as near to perfection and enjoyment as you are likely to find in this world.

Take the Haydn, for example, one of the lesser-known symphonies written for Salomon's concerts in London. The work has such inventive power, such capricious charm, such an enchanting slow movement and minuet as to place it among the composer's greatest masterpieces. Exaggerations are not wisely made in print, but I do not think it is exaggeration to say that Mr. Szell's performance yesterday was the finest Haydn I have ever heard. **1-27-45 Sdk**

The texture was clear as spring water; you heard every phrase. At the same time, within the limits of Haydesque style, every measure glowed with vitality and every bit of melody was truly "sung."

Taking thematic material from less familiar works by Carl Maria von Weber, Hindemith created out

of them a little four-movement symphony in his own ruggedly individualistic manner. The scoring is full of color and keeps most of the orchestra working practically all the time. The "Chinese" scherzo, built on pentatonic scale tunes from Weber's music to the play "Turandot" by Schiller, is a tour de force of orchestral cleverness, complete with bells and other items of an enlarged percussion section.

How serious was Hindemith in his Metamorphosis? He has not given us a clew to his purpose, but it is possible to find the score a joke upon certain composers of the past and present. Are Mahler and Bruckner, perhaps Stravinsky and others, given a brilliant and amiable kidding? Certainly the march finale suggests the Mahler touch with marches, of which he was very fond. At any rate, the symphonic metamorphosis is a minor masterpiece and deserves a niche in the permanent repertory.

Perhaps the most important aspect of Mr. Szell as interpreter is that of simplicity, and yet it is likely to be overlooked because his readings are technically and tonally so brilliant. He plays the Schumann Symphony with just the right emotional simplicity, particularly that supernal adagio. When the performance is finished you have the feeling that all in the music has been revealed.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday's Symphony Concert, conducted by George Szell, might itself be described as a gigantic symphony in C major, the key of Haydn's No. 97, with which it began, and of Schumann's Second, with which it came to a glorious close. In between came a most engaging novelty, Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Weber. The strength and sanity, the warmth and fervor and the extraordinary musicianship of Mr. Szell's conducting illuminated everything and the concert was in rare degree inspiring and inspiring. **1-27-45 Sdk**

Hindemith's 'Metamorphosis' For First Performance Here

By Winthrop P. Tryon

On the program, which George Szell, taking the place for the time being of Serge Koussevitzky as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is preparing for the concerts of tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening in Symphony Hall appears the title—Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Carl Maria von Weber, the composer being Paul Hindemith. Mr. Szell has brought the work with him as a novelty for the town, and as a means, very likely, of showing what he can do in the way of interpreting something of the present. The piece in the manuscript score bears date of 1943. It stands in four movements—Allegro, Scherzo, Andantino, and March. Requiring a little over a quarter of an hour for performance, it may pass as a kind of short symphony, though it is too heavily instrumentated to be described by any such diminutive as symphonietta. 1-26-43

Big music, then, in small amount; but the question comes on the name for it—Metamorphosis. The word has been in literary currency ever since Latin times as the name of a type of mythological narrative in verse. It has enjoyed modern revival as a program-book term, especially in reference to the tone poems of Liszt.

Now Liszt brought in what was fancied to be a new idea in composition. He took a theme and submitted it to numerous reshaping and modifications that merely extended Beethoven's methods of development. He thus gave the world what came to be regarded as a new type of melody and since his time melody has been taking on fresh definition with every advancing period. No doubt about that; and little help for it, either. For of fundamental tune, as expressed by a quarter dozen, a half dozen, a dozen, or a couple of dozen notes in a given key, there cannot be invented endless examples, no matter how mathematicians may theoretically figure it out; for a large proportion of the possibilities do not, when actually tried, prove interesting. In brief, only a certain few of them can be accepted as musical.

Composers, therefore, held down to a 12-note scale and to an inside sum of elemental strains, have been forced to resort to the variation. Since the coming in of modern music with Bach, all composition in large form has been built on the variation idea.

But no variation is of any value unless it possesses the quality of melodiousness. That is to say, it must sing. Well, the ratio of variations that have singing value to those that do not may be, let us say, as 1 to 10. In that case, a composer for every phrase he writes has to reject 9 possibilities to get one that he can admit.

That, however, is only an incidental problem, which probably exists in all arts and techniques whatsoever. The composer, finishing with it and handing over the result of his choices to the listener, waits to see if he has convinced anyone besides himself of the vocal charm of his variations; or in other words, of the good taste, and imaginativeness of his line of metamorphosis.

To pick up the manuscript folio which represents Hindemith's conclusions, to open out his score and glance through the pages, is to catch sight, here and there, of a compact succession of notes, not of familiar Weber pattern, succeeded by long, sometimes extremely florid, passages of transformation. If with the Roman poet, Ovid, metamorphosis means changing his heroine into a tree, with Hindemith it means converting the palpable outline of a tune into something like a maze of shrubbery.

Not that Hindemith's writing here is remarkable for complexity. Indeed, it rather represents a return to regular qualities and combinations of sound. Perhaps that seemed appropriate to the composer when building on a Weberian groundwork. There can be seen, however, individual touches of orchestration, especially in the early measures of the Scherzo. A humor, too, shines through which seems a decided metamorphosis in point of time—

something romantic Weber could hardly have thought up, and something quite twentieth century.

The work right through appears to have a system of larger rhythm all its own. In place of the freakish and haphazard hops from rhythm of threes to rhythm of twos and back again which characterize so much recent composing, we have a rational, almost arithmetical, plan, which contributes to the general feeling of conservatism and moderation. *mm*

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Greek Leader Mitropoulos and Czech Maestro George Szell Have Contributed Much in Appearances With Hub Orchestra

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

OVER a considerable period of years the most stimulating guest conductors at the Symphony Concerts have been Dimitri Mitropoulos and George Szell. (The latter winds up his present visit this afternoon, presenting Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Weber and the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, each of them carried over from one or another of his previous programs. 1-28-43 Pmb)

Both the Greek leader and the Czech added lustre to the seasons in which they appeared, and this year we have had them both for a fortnight apiece. It so happens that when they first came to us, Dr. Mitropoulos in the season of 1936-37 and Mr. Szell two years ago, their American reputations were either wholly or largely unmade. Mr. Szell, with whom this article is chiefly concerned has since become one of the leading conductors of the Metropolitan Opera Co., under whose auspices he will return to us in April.

Suggests Dr. Muck

Born in Hungary and trained in Germany, before he established himself in the land of his forebears, Mr. Szell represents a musical tradition with which we have become unfamiliar in these later years. Those whose memories extend that far back may find themselves faintly reminded of Dr. Muck, who concealed a volcanic musical temperament under a stern almost military exterior. Even before he turns to the orchestra Mr. Szell reveals his authority, and once he confronts the players, with a baton and generally without a score, his command is absolute, though by present day standards he is as a rule markedly undemonstrative. With the

Svengali type of conductor he has little in common. He suggests neither the mesmerist nor the conjuror, yet the results he gets gratify alike the ear, the heart and the mind.

As too many cooks may spoil a broth so may too many conductors upset an orchestra's equilibrium. But particularly in a city where one man has been long in charge, the guest conductor serves many purposes. If he presents the familiar classics, and both Dr. Mitropoulos and Mr. Szell have done that this season, he brings to bear upon them a fresh point of view. In the matter of novelties he may tap sources with which we are little acquainted. From the Greek leader we have heard Morton Gould, from his Czech colleague, William Grant Still, both composers for the first time at these concerts. And what is just as important, these visitors are almost certain to recall to us music of the past that has been undeservedly neglected.

"Keep in Touch"

In conversation the other day Mr. Szell stressed the necessity of keeping in touch with what is valuable in the older repertory. As we know, a lot of good music gets lost in the shuffle. Speaking of the Schumann Second Symphony, which he conducted at the concerts of Friday afternoon and last evening, Mr. Szell said that he had been wanting to do the work for some time but he had deliberately waited until he could do it with the Boston Symphony. There are many who esteem the Second above the other three, but it has failed to maintain its one-time popularity, despite its brilliant Scherzo and its exceedingly beautiful Adagio. Not only Schumann's best, Mr. Szell observed, but one of the finest among all slow movements. The recent record at Symphony Hall is this: Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the Symphony in 1929, Dr. Mitropoulos in 1937.

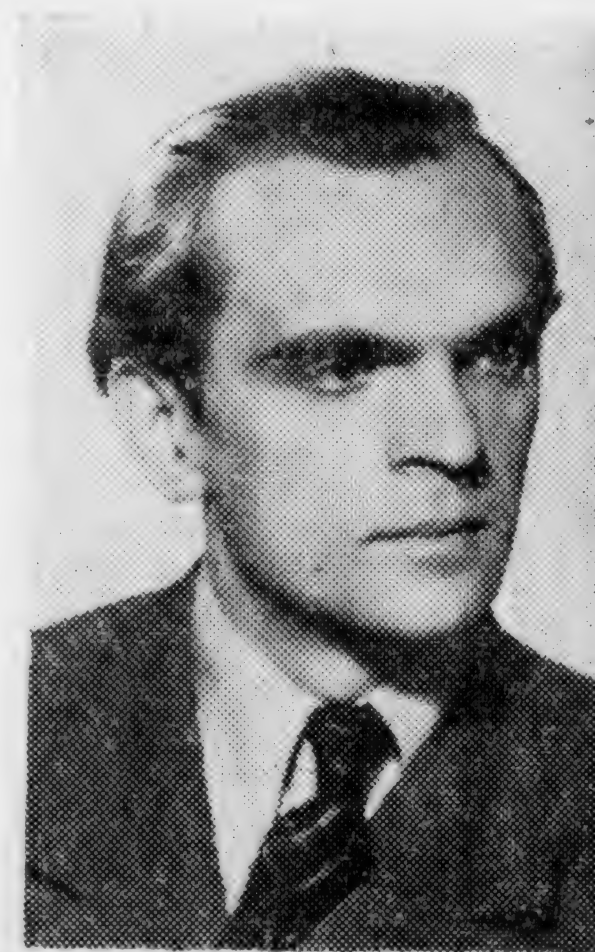
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Many were deeply grateful to Mr. Szell for reviving Smetana's "From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests," last heard in 1915. Haydn's fine

Symphony in C major, No. 97, which he gave us last week had not been done here since 1924. And Dr. Mitropoulos, to get back to him, actually introduced to us the delightful Second Symphony of Schubert. No matter who the man is, he won't show you the whole picture. He will have prejudices and possessions, racial and personal, that get in the way.

* * *

Chopin gets his long deferred innings at this week's concerts when Richard Burgin offers his Second Concerto with Witold Malcuzyński as the pianist. Brahms' Haydn Variations and Strauss' "Don Quixote" with Jean Bedetti and Jean LeFranc, respectively, as solo 'cellist and violist, complete the program.



WITOLD MALCUZYŃSKI, Polish pianist, who gives a recital in Symphony Hall on Wednesday evening.

Lukas Foss of the B. S. O.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

If anyone ever looked, talked and acted less like a composer is supposed to look, talk and act, it is certainly Lukas Foss, now—through the grace of God and Serge Koussevitzky—the official pianist of the Boston Symphony orchestra. He says he doesn't think he feels much like a composer is supposed to feel, either. "I just sit down and write music," he says.

He has been sitting down and writing music since he was seven years old; it seemed to be the most natural thing to do. And at 22, with his Critics Circle Prize cantata "The Prairie," his Pulitzer Scholarship Suite to "The Tempest," his first piano concerto and his first Symphony behind him, he stands on the brink of a career in music that may see him eventually considered one of the authentic American musical geniuses.

There is nothing especially remarkable about the fact that he

is only 22. In music the age of 22 is comparatively ancient. We have only the accomplishments of Mozart of Mendelssohn or Chopin, Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, Schubert or Schumann, all of whom had established their genius before 20 to realize this. The remarkable thing is that Mr. Foss' talents have been recognized so early by those in a position to let him cultivate his talents without the day-to-day necessity of scrounging for his living. (It is perfect nonsense to maintain the romantic notion that composers should be starved to get the best results from them; a composer composes whether he is sleek and well-fed like Rossini or hungry and tormented like Mozart). And the recognition in Mr. Foss' case, as in so many others came from Serge Koussevitzky, who offered him the semi-sinecure job of official pianist with the orchestra—a job which requires all of his pianistic technique but no too much of his time—with the deliberate aim of freeing him from the necessity to compose commercial music or arrange or teach or do any of the odd jobs a composer must do in order to live.

Although born in Germany and reared as a youngster in Paris, Lukas Foss is enthusiastically American. As a matter of fact, he remembers France very little and Germany not at all. "It's where you're brought up that counts," he says, "and I was brought up in New York." His first teacher—and still his close confidant and mentor—was Julius Goldstein, but, like Leonard Bernstein, who is his close friend, he is a graduate of the Curtis Institute, where he studied with Fritz Reiner and later with Paul Hindemith and Serge Koussevitzky.

Like Leonard Bernstein, Lukas Foss is also a formidable pianist and conductor. But composition is definitely his metier, and it is in composition he seeks both to express himself and to establish his career. And to judge by a few informal conversations with him, he is perhaps one of the most solidly grounded young composers in the

land from an intellectual point of view. That is to say, he reflects in his conversation a background of intellectually both as to the esthetic values of art and music and as to the ideological concepts of the 20th century. He realizes, for instance, that the composer of 1945 has the accumulated technique of seven centuries of uninterrupted musical production (uninterrupted in the sense that not hitherto has there occurred a social upheaval which has so individually affected every person in the civilized world as the present war).

Granting the composer of 1945 the necessary technique to do his work, what is he to do? How can any mind today encompass the complexities of life, or society, or even the incredibly diverse forces which are a part of his own city today? Yet a transcendent masterpiece of music, such as Beethoven's Eroica, has been defined as a composition which has so perfectly integrated a total image of the composer's world that future generations will recognize it as the epitome of that day and date. As a matter of fact, the Eroica is a perfect expression not only of Beethoven's own time but of the deeper longings and aspirations of occidental humanity itself. Where does the composer of 1945 stand who would presume to do this in a day when the world horizon has become so vast and the world problem so complicated?

Mr. Foss does not presume to give us the answer to this question, and even if he did, it would be in music, not in words. But he does presume to think about it and talk about it, which is more than can be said for most of us. In the meantime, since he doesn't have to do it to live, he steers clear of the enervating radio-movie-theater commercialistic music (although, come to think of it, he is now composing a ballet-drama for the Theater Guild on Franz Kafka's "The Trial") and lives the normal life of any 22-year-old American. The only difference is, he has the ability to put down on paper the music he hears in his head. And it may well be he has a head which sees and hears a good deal more than the rest of us. The important thing at the moment is that Dr. Koussevitzky has given him—and us—the opportunity to find out

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, at 8:30 o'clock

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BRAHMS.....Variations on a Theme by Joseph Haydn, *Op. 56a*

CHOPIN.....Concerto No. 2 in F minor, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, *Op. 21*

- I. Maestoso
- II. Larghetto
- III. Allegro vivace

INTERMISSION

STRAUSS....."Don Quixote," Fantastic Variations on a Theme of Knightly Character, *Op. 35*

Introduction, Theme with Variations, and Finale

Violoncello solo: JEAN BEDETTI

Viola solo: JEAN LEFRANC

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Boston Symphony Orchestra
By CYRUS DURGIN

The novelties and glitter of guest conductors are temporarily past at the Boston Symphony concerts, although Serge Koussevitzky has not yet returned to bring matters entirely back to the comfortable routine of familiarity.

This week the concerts are ably conducted by Richard Burgin, and at them Witold Malcuzyński, the Polish pianist, makes his first appearances as soloist with this orchestra, in the F minor Concerto of Chopin. The rest of the program is devoted to variations, those of Brahms on the "St. Antoni" chorale by Haydn, and those which make the spreading tapestry of Strauss' "Don Quixote."

Mr. Malcuzyński's performance of the Chopin Concerto was truly superb as technic, poetry and recreative imagination. The style was broad yet precise, the articulation clear, and piano and orchestral part were as nicely adjusted as they could be. Those in yesterday's audience will not forget the dynamic effect of the fast movements or the mounting and enveloping reverie of the larghetto.

This was all quite different from the heavy pedaling and the old-fashioned pounding delivered by

Mr. Malcuzyński at his Boston debut recital last March. Then he seemed mostly technic and little of a poet. Now his technic is at the service of his musicianship and that brings a far different result.

Soloist, conductor and orchestra all received due recognition in the notably cordial applause—with some stamping—that followed the Concerto. It was evident that the Friday subscribers had found a new personality whose tall, well-tailored elegance and shiny dark hair certainly did not detract from their enjoyment of the music. Mr. Burgin accompanied Mr. Malcuzyński extremely well.

Jean Bedetti took the cello voice of Don Quixote and Jean Lafranc the viola garrulities of Sancho Panza in Richard Strauss' condensation of what happens in "Don Quixote." As they have shown before, both musicians have a virtuoso mastery of their parts and once again they unfolded them eloquently and with rich tone.

"Don Quixote" is for conductors a virtuoso piece, and it requires the utmost polish of detail, interpretive planning and a sense of story-telling in music. Mr. Burgin's reading came off very well, though it did lack that ultimate glow, intensity and general showmanship of the Koussevitzky interpretation. As for Brahms' Variations, they, as usual, were as relaxing as pipe and slippers—but not so stimulating as a cocktail—after a hard day at the office.

Witold Malcuzyński Soloist
In Chopin F Minor Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

Witold Malcuzyński is soloist in Chopin's Piano Concerto in F minor at this week's pair of Boston Symphony concerts, the first of which took place in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program opened with Brahms's Variations on a Theme by Haydn and closed with Richard Strauss's "Don Quixote." Richard Burgin conducted.

Mr. Malcuzyński's performance was exceptionally fine. He expressed both the fire and the poetry of Chopin. He has a tone of liquid beauty, his phrasing is sensitive, his legato smooth, his shading delicate. His technique is adequate, and he has power enough for the bravura passages; all that was lacking for a superb performance yesterday was the ultimate clarity in those passages. Mr. Burgin contributed a discreet accompaniment which provided a background without interfering. Mr. Malcuzyński received an ovation.

The Brahms Variations were done in a rather routine manner, but the Strauss was played with expressiveness and without exaggeration. Strauss certainly requires no exaggerated interpretation. He has supplied all the drama and comedy needed. To some of us he seems to have supplied too much, especially of the Teutonic brand of humor.

"Don Quixote" is one of the most characteristic of Strauss's

works, in that it contains so much glorious instrumental tone side by side with so much musical clowning. To realize how slight is the musical content of this piece it is necessary only to dismiss from the mind all thought of the program when hearing it. Aside from the tiresomeness of its onomatopoeic vulgarities, it is not interesting to listen to. What saves it is the sheer beauty of sound and an occasional lyric charm, which is always threatening to become saccharine. Of the hero, so far as Strauss's account of him is concerned, it may be said that nothing in his life became him so much as the manner of his taking leave of it.

Yet "Don Quixote" does have another advantage for subscribers to the concerts of the Boston orchestra: it brings to notice again, in Mr. Bedetti and Mr. Lafranc, two soloists of exceptional quality as executants and as musicians. You can hardly expect to hear the closing measures of the cello part played more beautifully than they were yesterday. The audience showed its appreciation of the soloists and of Mr. Burgin and the orchestra.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the 15th program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The soloists were Witold Malcuzyński, pianist; Jean Bedetti, cellist and Jean Lefranc, violist. The program:

Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Brahms
Op. 56A, 2 in F minor, Op. 21, Chopin
Concerto No. 2, Op. 35, Strauss

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

About once a year a new pianist appears with the orchestra who reveals such indisputable stature as a musician and an artist it is a pleasure to toss as many hats into the air as come to hand. Last year it was William Kapell; this year—and, I rather suspect, for some years to come—it is Witold Malcuzyński.

Actually, Mr. Malcuzyński made his debut in Boston last March in a solo Jordan Hall recital which ranked, to my way of looking at it, as one of the more notable piano recitals of the year. At that time

he disclosed a very powerful but most poetical and sensitive approach to the pianoforte (I even seem to have thrown all caution to the birds and said that his virtuosity was "little short of stupefying"). Yesterday, however, these first impressions were more than corroborated. He is, there can be little doubt, a distinguished musical personality as well, for he realized Chopin's F minor Concerto as it seldom is realized, and this despite a very unsatisfactory accompaniment by the orchestra.

The trouble was that nobody seemed to be very much interested in playing the tiresome orchestral part. It was obviously a chore, and the result was a lack-luster, even a routine and sometimes faulty performance. True, there's nothing in it to keep 110 superb musicians alert; it is orchestral child's play. Yet it is by no means as bad as

many "experts" make it out to be, and certainly not as pallid as it sounded yesterday. In view of this Mr. Malcuzyński's great poise, his utter clarity of line, his poetical yet virile phrasing and his ability to let us hear every note without a single pedal smudge, must be considered a very real personal triumph. 2-3-45 N

Brahms' Variations on a Theme by Haydn went well, the woodwind textures being especially attractively set forth, but here too there was little real vitality in the orchestral conception of the work.

Strauss' "Don Quixote," its solo cello and viola roles again admirably set forth by Jean Bedetti and Jean Lefranc, proved effective as always. Mr. Bedetti, who characterizes the good Don with sufficient conviction to persuade the audience that he is indeed the personification of his voice, has seldom been in better form or achieved a more beautiful tone quality on his instrument. I don't think anybody can do what he does—for pure sentiment of phrase—with the "Vision of Dulcinea" variation or with the closing pages when the Don, before he expires, has his moment of peaceful sanity.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Credit Richard Burgin both as program-maker and conductor with giving us yesterday one of the most agreeable Symphony concerts of the present season. Credit also his colleagues John Bedetti and Jean Lefranc for their splendid contribution as solo 'cello and solo viola in the final number, Strauss' "Don Quixote." And don't forget Witold Malcuzyński, who made his first appearance in Symphony Hall as pianist in the Second Concerto of Chopin. To quote one veteran observer, Mr. Malcuzyński's playing combined the delicacy of de Pachmann with the poetry of Paderewski. There could hardly be higher praise, and it was fully deserved. When Mr. Malcuzyński made his Bos-

ton debut at Jordan Hall last season he displayed these same qualities but he also was guilty of a frenzied and ferocious pounding that very nearly set his good deeds at naught. There is no pretext for pounding in this Concerto, though a pianist might still exhibit dynamic intemperance. Mr. Malcuzyński didn't even do that. Once in evidence all the time, the two Chopin Concertos have almost dropped from the repertory. To be sure, they are not of the mature, the greater Chopin, but their lyric charm and grace, their elegance and euphony, their flattering employment of the piano and rather agreeably discreet orchestration give them a unique flavor. As yesterday's performance proved, they can add mightily to the pleasure of a symphony concert.

Two years ago Messrs. Burgin, Bedetti, Lefranc and the orchestra gave us the admirable version of "Don Quixote" that we heard again yesterday. To adopt a visual image, we have seen this extraordinary score painted in brighter colors, but the drawing in this performance is true, and with a work in which the graphic element is so important, that is what counts most. And to invoke yet another art, we heard once more a moving drama in tone.

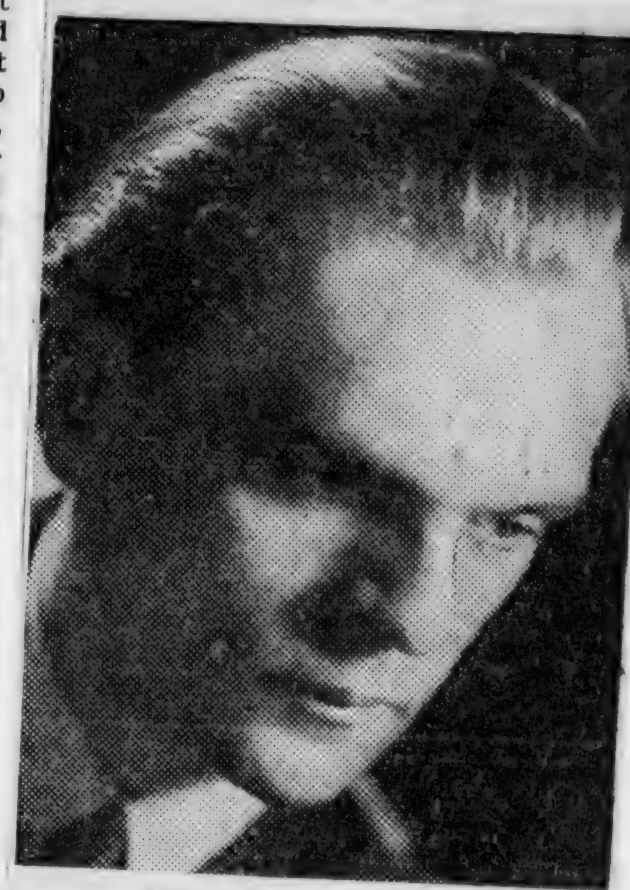
The first number, and in retrospect the least rewarding was Brahms' familiar Variations on a Theme by Haydn. For some reason, to this listener anyway, the work sounded unusually smug, stuffy and academic. It could even be argued that the Variations are more effective in their two-piano form, in which we lately heard them from Luboshutz and Nemenoff: their rather drab orchestra dress merely weighs them down. 2-3-45 P

STATE SYMPHONIES URGED

Koussevitzky Proposes Huge Post-War Music Program

BOSTON, Feb. 7 (U.P.)—Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, today proposed a post-war program in which each of the 48 States would sponsor a symphony orchestra as "spiritual food for its residents."

The conductor, who is now in his twenty-first season of conducting the Boston orchestra, said in an interview that a great future was opening for American orchestral musicians. 2-8-45 T



Witold Malcuzyński

Soloist in the Chopin Piano Concerto in F minor at the Boston Symphony concerts today and Saturday.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

An orchestra, like a restaurant, may have its specialty of the house: not "touredoes Rossini" or "eggs Meyerbeer" (just to make it musical) but this or the other symphony. Such a "specialite de maison" at Symphony Hall is Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique," at least since Dr. Koussevitzky came to give us his inimitable version of it. It didn't seem that long, but we hadn't heard it in a little over three years when it turned up yesterday afternoon. To revert to the gastronomic metaphor, Beethoven's Violin Concerto, the other number, with Jascha Heifetz as soloist, was, after this highly spiced dish, a bit akin to plain boiled beef. Dr. Koussevitzky generally builds his programs more cleverly.

As for the "Pathétique" itself, lucky is he who, having once thrilled to this morbid, melodramatic, mortuary music, can continue to do so year after year, even when it is played by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. Yet if the shivers and the gooseflesh fail to arrive you may still admire the masterly construction of the first movement, with the dramatic return of the chief theme coming as a sort of climax to the development and the extraordinary heightening of the effect of the recapitulated second subject by that ascending pizzicato in the basses. And the finale is not easily resisted. Here is the ultimate expression in music of the dread of death and dissolution. And with what bitter irony does the briefly consoling second theme become in the end the very voice of despair! Some will have it that applause is not in place here, yet you could hardly argue that tribute, as justly deserved as it was yesterday, should be withheld.

It is not only that Beethoven's orchestral palette is so pale beside that of the melancholy, hysterical Russian. His Violin Concerto is, in itself, a tedious, repetitious work, the over-all monotony of which is but little alleviated by the tender, music Larghetto. Mr. Heifetz brought his portion to coolly perfect performance, save for an unexpected shrillness and edge in certain upper tones, combined with just a suspicion of false intonation. And from Heifetz, of all people!

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 9, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 10, at 8:30 o'clock

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathétique," *Op. 74*

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro con grazia
- III. Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN Concerto for Violin in D, *Op. 61*

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo
- II. Larghetto
- III. Rondo

SOLOIST

JASCHA HEIFETZ

BALDWIN PIANO

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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- I. Allegro, ma non troppo
- II. Larghetto
- III. Rondo

SOLOIST

JASCHA HEIFETZ

BALDWIN PIANO

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 16th program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Jascha Heifetz, violinist, was the soloist. The program: Symphony No. 6 in B minor, Op. 74 (Pathétique), Tchaikovsky; Concerto for Violin in D major, Op. 61, Beethoven.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

It is to be doubted if any concert of the Boston Symphony orchestra this season so far gave so many people so much pleasure as yesterday's. Everybody loved every minute of it; everybody, that is, but those who made the music and those who had to write about it. Indeed, from the professional music critic's point of view, yesterday's concert was just the worst that could ever come along: what in heaven's name can anyone say about such a combination of musical superlatives as Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony orchestra with Jascha Heifetz performing a program consisting of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony and Beethoven's Violin Concerto?

It is ridiculous, of course, to assume that the last word on any one of these subjects has been uttered. You could develop the theme that Dr. Koussevitzky, when he reads Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, is the Sixth Symphony. In it, as in nothing else, he reveals himself. His personality, his innermost being, even his life story, you might say, is contained in his realization of this one work. In it, too, he displays every single aspect of his orchestral art, an art which encompasses everything from the utmost severity of classical feeling to a supercharged emotionality that carries everything before it. A sensitive biographer could, I think, conceive an amazingly accurate portrait of Serge Koussevitzky the man and the artist from his per-

formance of Tchaikovsky's Pathétique Symphony. 2-10-45

As for the symphony itself, you could develop the theme that it is 1. a colossal masterpiece of music; 2. a positive musical menace, or 3. any one or all of a thousand gradations of quality in between. The same could be said of Beethoven's D major Violin Concerto, but in a more careful way, for here you would be up against the Beethoven cult which would cut you to excelsior if you dared breathe the thought that the master might have omitted a few dozen of those D major chords to advantage.

You could easily devote several columns to the orchestra, touching on its extreme range of tone color, its staggering flexibility and its marvelous expressiveness, as well as its surprising occasional technical errors. And with Jascha Heifetz, you could fill almost as much space merely describing the subtlety of his bowing, or of the proportion, the musicality, the distinction and the persuasion of his phrasing. You might well prove, in fact, that Mr. Heifetz' violin playing is a perfect musical act merely on the evidence he supplied in his conception of the slow movement of the concerto.

But to do any of these things would be to slight the others, and in such a concert as that given yesterday, the existence of the whole could not be established without the sum of its parts. So it must suffice, I think, to repeat that yesterday's concert was all things to all people; the perfect concert. And as final, crushing evidence to the fact, you merely have to add that Symphony Hall was absolutely sold out even though many in the audience must have feared—with blizzard transportation what it is—that they might have to stay there all night.

Koussevitzky And Heifetz At Symphony

By L. A. Sloper

A program for conservatives is being submitted this week by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in its sixteenth pair of Friday and Saturday concerts, with Dr. Koussevitzky back at his post. Jascha Heifetz is soloist in the Beethoven Violin Concerto, and the only other number (coming before the intermission) is the "Pathétique" Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

Dr. Koussevitzky was warmly welcomed by yesterday afternoon's audience, and of course he won an ovation with his vivid and fervid rendition of the symphony. No other conductor and no other orchestra can play the "Pathétique" as this ensemble plays it under Koussevitzky's baton. Indeed you may be sure that if you have not heard the work under Koussevitzky you have not heard it. It is so precisely suited to his temperament that it might have been written for him; and it is sad to reflect that its composer certainly never heard such a performance of it. 2-10-45

Here all Dr. Koussevitzky's extravagances are quite in place; you can hardly exaggerate the emotional content of the Sixth. But let not the young intellectuals look down their noses at it for that

reason; if they do they will give themselves away. The emotional content alone would not have kept this symphony alive so long. It is also a masterwork of symphonic composition, and so considered, it is most pleasant to hear.

The Beethoven Concerto has been played here three times before by Mr. Heifetz, and there are some modern concertos which we have not heard or have heard only once. It would have been really more interesting to hear Mr. Heifetz in one of them. Yet in a sense the same argument applies to the Heifetz performance of this concerto that applies to the Koussevitzky interpretation of the "Pathétique" Symphony. No one questions Heifetz's technical mastery (though his intonation was doubtful more than once yesterday) nor his musicianship; surely we should be glad to hear him play anything at any time. We are, we are. But we should still prefer to hear him play something else.

For the association of Heifetz with the Beethoven Concerto is by no means so inevitable as the association of Koussevitzky with the "Pathétique." In spite of his tone and his virtuosity and his feeling for design, it cannot be said that Heifetz plays this score as no one else can play it. Nor can it be said that this is the greatest composition that bears the name of Beethoven. In fact, the shortcomings of the work are less noticeable in some other hands.

Nevertheless, the performance was eloquent, and the soloist received the ovation his name and fame deserve.

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
By CYRUS DURGIN

Apart from its purely musical aspects, the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon was one of the most enthusiastic this season. Serge Koussevitzky, returning after a month's absence was welcomed home with that especial cordiality which seems to be reserved for him by the musical public. And Jascha Heifetz, returning as soloist after five years, likewise received a noisy testimonial of how well he stands in these parts.

There were only two pieces on the program: Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony and the Violin Concerto of Beethoven. As it happened, the final symphonic essay of the gifted and physical tortured Russian had not been heard at this series in more than three years. Following that length of time, the work was bound to have regained some of its freshness. And so it had.

For many years the "Pathetic" has been a Koussevitzky specialty, a sort of emotional warehouse upon which he always rides to spectacular success. He interprets it with an irresistible blend of racial flavor and personal intensity, insisting upon the hottest and most colorful tone the orchestra can muster. Since the music is extremely personal, a de-

tailed outpouring of woes and fears, this is precisely the way to do it.

As time goes on, the last movement becomes for this listener the finest. Somehow it seems to have less of that neurotic—even psychotic—nature which, seen beneath the surface of the first and third movements, is unpleasant and unhealthy. Yesterday's performance was incandescent but not the best, technically. Mr. Koussevitzky has given us. He forced the tone of the strings, the woodwinds now and again were out of tune, and fast episodes became a gallop and a gabble. Yet withal, this was a highly impressive "Pathetic".

In many respects, Mr. Heifetz is my favorite soloist for the Beethoven Concerto. Others make it more austere, more Teutonic, others manage to intellectualize it. But for sheer beauty of tone, a tone that is bright as sunlight and just as warming; for absolute technical accuracy and a general spirit of lyrical joy, Mr. Heifetz is unique.

Everything seemed to go perfectly. The soloist was at his best and from first measure to final chord all was beautifully articulated and proportioned. The orchestra played better than it had in the Tchaikovsky, and between soloist and ensemble there was complete cooperation. Mr. Koussevitzky also was in his best vein for Beethoven, and the sum total was a reading of unflawed satisfaction. The audience seemed to think so, too, for they cut loose with a real demonstration.

Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 23, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 24, at 8:30 o'clock

HEITOR VILLA-LOBOS *Conducting*

VILLA-LOBOS....Two Movements from "Bachianas Brasileiras" No. 7
Toccata ("Desafio" — "Challenge")
Fugue ("Conversa" — "Conversation")
(First performance in Boston)

VILLA-LOBOS.....Chôros No. 12
(First performances)

INTERMISSION

VILLA-LOBOS Rudepoema
(First performance in Boston)

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(First performance in Boston)

Villa-Lobos Guest Conductor Of Boston Symphony Orchestra

By L. A. Sloper

Heitor Villa-Lobos of Brazil is paying us a neighborly visit this week as guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Yesterday, at the seventeenth Friday concert of the season, he conducted three of his works, all of which were heard for the first time in Boston. He was received with marked cordiality and was accorded an ovation at the intermission and at the close of the program. He shared the applause generously with the orchestra, and finally passed it along to Dr. Koussevitzky in the balcony. *2-24-43*

This of course was not the first time the music of Mr. Villa-Lobos had resounded in Symphony Hall. Dr. Koussevitzky introduced his Chôros No. 10 in 1941 and repeated it in 1942. That work by the evidence of yesterday's program, was characteristic. *more*

The composer opened with the Toccata and Fugue from his "Bachianas Brasileiras No. 7," went on to the Chôros No. 12, written, "in admiration" of Dr. Koussevitzky, and closed with the "Rudepoema," dedicated to Artur Rubinstein.

The Bachian piece, which we might call "Bach in Brazilian," was the most interesting item of the program to me, because it was clear in form and logical in development. It shows the classical side of the composer, who here has clothed Bach's frame in the garb of Brazil, and very successfully too, giving the master a handsome South American vesture which does not compromise his dignity.

will hold our attention longer with his classical adventures.

As conductor Mr. Villa-Lobos was able to secure with no fuss an excellent performance of these very difficult scores.

Mr. Villa-Lobos has written many of those works which he calls Chôros, and a great deal has been written about them. The composer has said that the word "serenade" gives the closest impression of the significance of the Chôros, which is a loose form employing freely Brazilian folk songs and folk dance-tunes. To me the term "rhapsody" is closer, for the freedom is extreme, and rhapsodic in character, shifting from sentimental song to lively dance to overwhelming outbursts of sound.

Most of the time the full orchestra, with such additional instruments as saxophones, rattles, notched sticks and scrapers, and vibraphone, is hard at work. The rhythms are complex in the Stravinskian manner, and the climaxes are Prokofieffian. The trouble is that for the listener, if not for the composer, the rhapsodic mood is hard to maintain for so long a time as this work continues, especially when there is no visible structural quality to hold the interest.

The "Rudepoema" is also formless and rhapsodic. It seems, like the Chôros, to echo the sounds and paint the colors of the Brazilian jungle, but there are too, I think, some imported fauna and flora, and certainly there are measures that recall strongly a famous moment in "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk." The "Savage Poem" is sufficiently savage, but this sort of thing has been done before, and better, and Mr. Villa-Lobos

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Heitor Villa-Lobos conducting, gave the 17th program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, performing the following works of the composer-conductor: Toccata and Fugue from "Bachianas Brasileiras" No. 7; Chôros No. 12; Rudepoema.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Of the more than 1400 musical compositions Heitor Villa-Lobos has written during his long and distinguished career as the most eminent South American composer, it is clear that he has written better music than he chose to represent himself with as he made his first appearance as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra at the regular concert series.

Most of us didn't like his music very much yesterday, I fear, not because we didn't get it or because we are insensitive to such highly charged music or because the Brazilian folk element is too strong for us or even because we were not in the mood. On the contrary, most of us agree that Senhor Villa-Lobos is one of the first composers of this era, that his music is not difficult in the sense that Bartok's is, that we like vivid and colorful music as much as anybody, that we recognize the wonders of the Brazilian folk spirit (consider our enthusiasm for the tenth Chôros), and that we were good neighbors long before that policy was enunciated. The plain facts of the case are that barring the Toccata and the Fugue of the seventh "Bachianas Brasileiras" the music just wasn't skillfully enough wrought to keep us interested for so long. And by "our" I mean practically everyone at the concert, not myself and three or four intimates. *2-24-43*

Speaking for myself, however, the twelfth Chôros seemed badly organized, undisciplined, redundant and altogether too long. It has moments of fine and striking effect, even moments of genuine excite-

ment. But for the most part it goes along as I imagine the Amazon, now slithering under exquisite orchids, eddying into exotic jungle glades, sliding past a village while a bad movie was being screened, and dashing over rocks on which alligators are sunning themselves, but always burdened down with the mass of earthy silt it carries. It is, in short, too thickly scored and some of the material isn't worth scoring at all. It is, moreover, too amorphous in structure, consisting of countless fast-loud sections contrasted with soft-slow ones, and all of them sounding more or less alike and conveying a little sense of destination. *Heard*

The "Rudepoema" is a more literate work than the Chôros, but even here the effect is diminished by its length and its fiendish technical difficulties. Its main interest for me was as spectacle; I was fascinated by the dexterity and awed by the endurance of the musicians surmounting its problems—which they did with a good deal more success than could be imagined. The hero of the day, in short, was the Boston Symphony orchestra. It was game, and never has it worked harder, than it did yesterday to realize the music as its composer intended it to be realized.

In fact, Senhor Villa-Lobos proved himself a conductor of very considerable attainment, setting forth the intricate, bar-to-bar tempo changes in every variation of meter with an expert beat and with impressive authority. The only trouble was he didn't bring his best music with him. Had he done so, he would have achieved a very real ovation and one more in line with his eminent position in the musical world. Even as it was, however, he was given a gratifying reception by the audience which recognized, of a certainty, the moments of inspiration in the music.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

As these lines are read, musical Boston must be acutely conscious of the orchestral side of Heitor Villa-Lobos. The foremost musician of Brazil, on his first visit to Boston, is guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week in a program of his own music. By tonight this program will have been heard once in Cambridge and twice at Symphony Hall.

The three pieces are the Toccata ("Challenge") and Fugue ("Conversation") from the "Bachianas Brasileiras" No. 7; the Choros No. 12, and "Rudepoema" or "Savage Poem." The first and third are new here; the Choros receives first performance anywhere.

It is hard to describe the art of Villa-Lobos without using a lot of words. It is vast, driving and full of all sorts of influences. In the Toccata and Fugue, with their admiring nod at the great Johann Sebastian, are logic and clarity, Bachian figuration and contrapuntal textures, the whole shot through with exotic Brazilian touches of color and rhythm. They sound both antique and modern, just as orchestrated Bach sounds old and new, because the method of composition is antique and the instrumentation contemporary.

The Choros and "Savage Poem" are altogether different, and while they seem alternately rough, wild, tender, calm and exotic, they are full of passion and "juice." To the full symphonic orchestra Mr. Villa-Lobos adds saxophone and percussion, including Brazilian instruments: the choccalhos (rattle) and reco-reco (notched stick and scraper)

for his Choros, and the matraca (ratchet) and reco-reco for "Savage Poem." Their effect is neither clear nor vivid, however, for they are mixed in with decidedly thick sonorities. The meters change frequently and often are irregular, including one of seven beats.

Were the Choros half as long it would be twice better. It is not a matter of ordered repetition according to precise structure, but a tissue of episodes, all strung together, wherein are popular melodies, dance rhythms, suggestions of Indians and the jungle, and Mr. Villa-Lobos' own manner of expressing himself. Important also—and in contradiction to the composer's renunciation of Europe—are definite touches of Debussy ("La Mer"), Ravel ("Daphnis and Chloe") and Stravinsky ("Petrouchka" and "The Rite of Spring").

"Savage Poem," dedicated to Arthur Rubinstein as a piano piece in 1926, and orchestrated in 1932, is shorter than the Choros and more wildly rhapsodic. Yet here, too, the form is amorphous.

A whole afternoon of Villa-Lobos is unquestionably too much of a muchness, but it is also quite exciting. The Friday audience seemed divided; the Brazilian was cordially applauded, yet there were some who left Symphony Hall at intermission, and others departed periodically during the "Savage Poem," although the Boston Symphony in certain other modern music has given out more decibels and fiercer dissonance. I would like to hear the "Savage Poem" conducted by someone else. It is possible that Mr. Villa-Lobos, like many another composer, is not the best conductor of his own music. Even so, he seemed to receive full cooperation from the orchestra.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Flanked by the flags of the United States and Brazil, Heitor Villa-Lobos, leading composer of the latter country (or at least the best exploited), conducted the Boston Symphony yesterday afternoon in a program of his own music. Perhaps music isn't just the word for the tonal farrago and mish-mash entitled Choros No. 12, but it is applicable to the Toccata and Fugue from "Bachianas Brasileiras," No. 7, which began this most extraordinary of Symphony Concerts and even to the "Rudepoema" (Savage Poem), that brought it to a merciful conclusion.

Villa-Lobos is one of the most remarkable figures in contemporary music. Though some of the items apparently exist only in his mind, the list of his works is still very long. He writes melodies by placing New York's skyline or a Brazilian mountain range on the staff and outlining them with notes. His music is a mixture of the sophisticated and the naive; the beautiful and the ugly, the original and the borrowed, the indigenous and the cosmopolitan. This applies to his output as a whole and to the dreadful Choros No. 12 as a unit, if anything so sprawling and inchoate can be called a unit. This ridiculously over-laden score plays for more than half an hour and might have gone on indefinitely, since it is one of those pieces in which the composer constantly stops what he is doing and begins afresh with something new. There are sentimental and also lively passages along the way which suggest that Mr. V.-L. might do something with a musical comedy. Written in 1929, it was inspired by the composer's visits to the "Concerts Koussevitzky" in Paris. These are the first performances.

The "Bachianas Brasileiras" would combine the "universality of Bach" with the native Brazilian idiom. However, the Toccata sounds more like Ravel in one of his Oriental moods. The fugue after a quiet, genuinely Bach-like beginning, ends up by suggesting a tasteless transcription of one of that master's organ works. The Rudepoema, a transcribed piano piece, is a study in the barbarously exotic. Besides being for the most part over-orchestrated and replete with all kinds of percussion instruments, this music is difficult, at times almost impossible to play. The orchestra, reinforced for the occasion, struggled with it heroically.

Villa-Lobos to Introduce Work Honoring Koussevitzky

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Bringer of a new musical term into the English vocabulary, Heitor Villa-Lobos, Brazilian composer, appears at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week as conductor. He comes to give the first presentation anywhere of a work entitled *Chôros No. 12*; and there, whatever it may mean, is the unaccustomed designation. What equivalent for it may be found in the dictionaries would be hard to say. It is not the same thing as symphony, or tone poem, though it bears resemblances to both. In any case, singing is not a necessary part of it. *Chôros No. 12* is a piece for orchestra; or, to be historically precise, a piece for an orchestra directed by Serge Koussevitzky. 2.29.45

At the moment, that amounts to defining it as a piece for the Boston Symphony; although when Mr. Villa-Lobos composed the *Chôros* in question 16 years ago, he had never heard Dr. Koussevitzky's Boston players but only those of his temporary assembling for concerts in Europe. In fine, this job was laid out for the Boston conductor to do, and the composer after all this time is invited to come to Boston and do it on his own account. 2.29.45

Now it happens that a record stands of Mr. Villa-Lobos in *The Christian Science Monitor* for Aug. 3, 1929, written at about the time he was shaping up his *Chôros No. 12* in Paris; and he is there quoted as saying:

"I am not what goes under the description of 'modern'; but I am, I believe, liberated, and I have become, I hope, the man I know as myself."

The remark will no doubt hold as true as if he had made it only yesterday; at any rate it seems, as far as can be judged by very brief study, to be verified by the score of the hitherto unperformed work, which the composer brings with him in his portfolio for use at the week's rehearsals and concerts. The most casual consideration of the manuscript furnishes evidence why Dr. Koussevitzky has hesitated to produce it in regular course. We may grant that the music belongs to some category other than "modern"; for that, after all, would only mean

that it is the sort of music which composers all around us have been persuading conductors of orchestras to bring out ever since World War I, or some time back there.

This, as the folio dresses itself before the view, represents novelty quite off the French impressionistic track or the Russian realistic, either. Nor does it go in for dissonantal vagaries or neo-classical exactitudes. It is simply stuff put together in a big plan of instrumental sound and in a large array of melody. It is music of rhetoric and magniloquence, without rationalizing of any sort. Everything is on the outpour, no confining or channeling anywhere.

Here the composer Villa-Lobos appears plainly to be what in the between-war days he professed; he is veritably himself. Does that mean, though, that he must be reckoned and esteemed original? Granted that his effects are strange, they are at the same time the sort that cause no disturbance in the neighborhood. People have been known to walk out on Stravinsky. It has not so been recorded of Villa-Lobos.

In the matter of rhythmic complications, Villa-Lobos outdoes them all. Players like those of the Boston Symphony do not care what algebra is set before them. They will keep their place in the measure, no matter what the count and no matter how haphazard the shifts. But the conductor may be expected to demur at so many logarithmic situations as a Villa-Lobos score, like that of *Chôros No. 12*, offers. It is no steady one-two-three for this episode and unvarying one-two-three-four for that. The conductor's eye and hand or memory and hand have to be incredibly alert.

The concerts of Friday afternoon and Saturday evening are wholly under the baton of Mr. Villa-Lobos. The program, too, stands entirely in his name. Two other pieces besides the novelty are *Toccata and Fugue*, from "*Bachianas Brasileiras*," a concession to classicism, perhaps; and *Rudepoema*, a piano study transmuted into a portrait for orchestra, the subject being the pianist, Artur Rubinstein.

New Work by Villa-Lobos To Have Its Premiere Here

The first performance anywhere of Heitor Villa-Lobos's *Chôros No. 12* will be a feature of the program to be conducted by the composer as guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concerts of Feb. 21 in Sanders Theater, Cambridge, and Feb. 23-24 in Symphony Hall, Boston. This score, the composer has said, was written in 1929 "in admiration for Serge Koussevitzky." 2.15.45

The *Chôros* is a free form derived from popular sources, making use, the composer explains, of "the different modalities of Brazilian, Indian and popular music, having for principal elements rhythm and any typical melody of popular character." *Chôros No. 12* is written for full orchestra, including various Brazilian instruments of percussion. 2.15.45

The program will open with two movements from the "*Bachianas Brasileiras*" No. 7, a *Toccata* ("*Desafio*" — "*Challenge*") and *Fugue* ("*Conversa*" — "*Conversation*"). The "*Bachianas Brasileiras*" have plentiful Brazilian characterizations, while acknowledging the basic influence of the rhythmic and contrapuntal style of Bach.

The concluding music of this program will be "*Rudepoema*." "*Rudepoema*" is a coined word which might be translated as "*Savage poem*." Villa-Lobos originally wrote it for piano, dedicating the piece to Artur Rubinstein. Later he set it for full orchestra.



Heitor Villa-Lobos

Guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Sander Theater, Cambridge, tomorrow night, and at Symphony Hall Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 2, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 3, at 8:30 o'clock

LOPATNIKOFF.....Concertino for Orchestra, *Op. 30*

Toccata — Elegietta — Finale
(First performance)

HILL.....Music for English Horn and Orchestra, *Op. 50*

Soloist: LOUIS SPEYER
(First performance)

MOZART.....Piano Concerto in D major ("Coronation"),
K. No. 537

- I. Allegro
- II. Larghetto
- III. Allegretto

INTERMISSION

SCHUMANN.....Symphony No. 1 in B-flat, *Op. 38*

- I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace
- II. Larghetto
- III. Scherzo: Molto vivace. Trio: Molto più vivace. Trio II
- IV. Allegro animato e grazioso

SOLOIST

ROBERT CASADESUS

(Mr. CASADESUS uses the Steinway Piano)



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Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 18th program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The soloists were Robert Casadesus, pianist, and Louis Speyer, English horn. The program: Concertino for Orchestra, Op. 30, Lopatnikoff; Music for English Horn and Orchestra, Op. 50, Hill; Concerto in D major (K. 537), "Coronation," Mozart; Symphony No. 1 in B flat, Op. 38, Schumann.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Robert Casadesus, whose concerto playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra is always one of the really distinguished events of the season, returned yesterday afternoon to play Mozart for us, and I swear it was the most exquisite performance of a Mozart Concerto I have ever heard, not only by a pianist but by an accompanying orchestra. It was one of those magic occasions when all the variables of concert performance stabilized for a brief moment into perfection. 3-3-45 Herald

The whole first half of the concert, in fact, was of superior value through the first performance of two works of rather more than ordinary interest. This is not to say either the Lopatnikoff or the Hill pieces were shockingly good or anything like that. But they were modest, unpretentious, unaffected, content to be themselves. They were obviously written because their composers got the ideas and liked them and because they hoped other people would like them, too. In neither case was there a sense of effort or strain or pomposity. They were both pieces to be enjoyed by everybody today, not for somebody perhaps tomorrow.

True, the Lopatnikoff piece looked a little ahead, the Hill piece a little back. The Concertino, which for quick (but not neces-

sarily correct) cataloguing may be termed slightly Prokofieff in flavor, had interesting rhythmic effects, drily witty solo passages, and adroit strettos or concentrations. A less gifted man might have inflated the material of the charming Elegietta, for example, into a lachrymose largo, but Mr. Lopatnikoff knew when to stop.

Mr. Hill's Music for English Horn is just that and no more. He wanted to let us hear how really beautiful and evocative the tone color of this instrument is, especially in the hands of so gifted a performer as Louis Speyer. And this quiet, nostalgic and cultivated music was eminently proper to the occasion, and it was wonderfully played by the soloist. Both composers were in the audience, and both were very warmly received.

It remained for the Mozart and for Casadesus and Koussevitzky to combine for the afternoon's coup de maitre, however. It was for the performance of this superb composition that Mozart received "a very handsome snuffbox" from the Elector of Saxony (it gets its "Coronation" title from the fact he played it again at the elevation of Leopold II the following year), and while it may well be the piano part Mozart played at that time was richer and more detailed than the one which has survived on score, it is not likely that Mozart himself could have imagined so graceful, so finely wrought a performance as that given yesterday. The opening orchestral tutti was a marvel of balance and poise, and with the entrance of the piano the music took off for a flight of fancy rather beyond description, and all this despite the fact that the orchestra and the piano were just a fraction of a notch out of tune. The work is to be repeated on Sunday afternoon and of Dr. Casadesus' piano playing, more then. Schumann's Spring Symphony, which for some reason or other keeps reminding me of the fellow who looked like an unmade bed, brought the concert to an end.

Lopatnikoff Concertino, Hill Eclogue on Program

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Shifting from the big bow-wow style to something gentler, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, just done with Brazilian Heitor Villa-Lobos and his tumultuous Choros No. 12, is taking up this week with American Edward Burlingame Hill and an eclogue in which the English horn chants a sweet complaint. It means only a change of manuscripts for the Symphony players; for they seem to care not what is set before them to perform. It means to the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening subscribers something else—for one thing a return to Serge Koussevitzky as conductor and a few minutes of subdued sound in Symphony Hall. 3-1-45

To prejudge Mr. Hill's music on such small evidence as can be gleaned before the day of production is to risk being unfair; but it is nothing but what we all do when we learn of a composer of known trends and predilections coming out with a new work.

Mr. Hill—no disparagement to say so—is a good deal on the impressionist side. He walks in the Debussyste procession. When he is announced on a Symphony playbill with Music for English Horn and Orchestra, op. 50, we hasten to guess that another "Afternoon of a Faun" is about to be realized. Debussy's daydreamer, hitherto a flutist, has learned to play upon an instrument of a new sort. Really, too, that is how matters should have been ordered in the first place, and Mr. Hill is correcting a mistake when he calls for an alto range and a double-reed quality of sound for the business. For they go more appropriately with the idea of a pastorello. They, more like, hint at the oat straw and the tune of classic idyl.

Other pipes, however, have a place in Mr. Hill's score; nor is and performance always reveals fancy, humor, contentment, and poise.

the flute altogether secondary. The clarinet and indeed all the wood division of the orchestra show up in conversation with the protagonist. The strings—of course they have plenty to say; and when not speaking outright, they are present with whispers and murmurs. Nor is the scene too walled-in and garden-like. An open landscape and distances environ the song. Plucking of the strings gives an illusion of free space.

Mr. Hill is no mere copyist of a French style, either. His orchestral writing has traits of its own.

Set off against him on the program is Nicolai Lopatnikoff, with Concertino for Orchestra, op. 30. Here we get into a disturbance of later date than the impressionistic—the neo-classic. The piece consists of three short studies contrived for contrast and unity, designated Toccata, Elegietta, and Finale. The name, Concertino, indicates something not too vast in architecture; but just the same a pretty large part of the orchestral personnel is wanted for the presentation. Considerable stress is put on percussion, and in this department a piano has place. Happily the noisier brasses, so persistent and assertive in most modern composing, are left out. Mr. Lopatnikoff's music seems to run all the more smoothly for their absence. Possibly the omission—trombones and tuba—helps account for the use of a diminutive musical term as title.

Doubtless plenty of sonority, however, remains; and in the first movement particularly it seems to come and go with a good deal of suddenness. Mr. Lopatnikoff's manner of expressing himself here looks somewhat laconic, too. He stops when he has said enough, a little curtly, perhaps. The Toccata, true to the word, goes by touch, as if the orchestra were a great keyed instrument. The bounding-bow effect with violins, the incisive entering of celli and doublebasses, and the staccato of bassoons heighten this impression.

Casadesus and Speyer Soloists With Symphony

By L. A. Sloper

Spring was in the air yesterday in Symphony Hall as well as outdoors. Not only was the Schumann "Spring" Symphony down on the program, but there was a vernal lilt to much of the other music listed. This included Nicolai Lopatnikoff's Concertino for Orchestra and Edward Burlingame Hill's Music for English Horn and Orchestra (both first performances) and Mozart's "Coronation" Piano Concerto in D major (K. 537), which, strangely enough, had not been heard before at the Friday and Saturday subscription series. Louis Speyer was soloist in Mr. Hill's new work, which was dedicated to him, and Robert Casadesus played the solo part in the Mozart.

Mr. Lopatnikoff's Concertino was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation and is dedicated to the memory of Mme. Koussevitzky. Only the middle movement, however, has an elegiac character. The opening Toccata and the Finale partake more of the rhythmic vivacity which seems to sit most becomingly on this composer, as evidenced by his Second Symphony, his Scherzo for Orchestra and his Sonata for Violin, Pianoforte and Military Drum. Nevertheless he has evoked, in the slow movement of this Concertino, a mood of solemnity and serenity.

It is natural that Mr. Hill, an apostle of the French style in musical art, should be attracted, as he told the editor of the program notes he had always been, by the woodwind instruments, which lend themselves so well to that manner. His "Music for English Horn" is an exquisite expression of the Gallic spirit, delicate, charming, restrained. It was played by Mr. Speyer with his usual extraordinary beauty of tone and purity of phrasing. His colleagues of the

woodwind division co-operated eloquently with him, and Dr. Koussevitzky, directing a reduced orchestra, secured an accompaniment of notable sensitiveness. The writing for the strings, and especially for the violas and cellos, provides an evanescent background that was fastidiously realized yesterday.

Both composers were present and both were cordially applauded, with perhaps a little special warmth for Mr. Hill and for Mr. Speyer.

Although the circumstance is odd, it is not difficult to understand why the "Coronation" Concerto had not been heard before "at these concerts." It is not at all a showpiece, and though it is popular, not all pianists can afford to risk playing it. Frances Nash undertook it at a Monday concert in 1941, and Mr. Casadesus played it last summer at Tanglewood. I did not hear either of those performances, but it was evident yesterday that Mr. Casadesus in any event is the man for the job.

The work is simple in structure, but that fact should not tempt immature pianists to play it in public, for it is full of delicious melodic phrases and rhythmic inventions which could be expressed only by an artist of first rank. The slow movement in particular is apparently almost childish in its simplicity, yet in Mr. Casadesus' hands yesterday it possessed an ineffable beauty, a beauty which I am sure could be completely discerned by few players. But there could be no doubt of the authoritativeness of Mr. Casadesus' revelation of it. Dr. Koussevitzky's accompaniment, with a small orchestra, for the most part accorded with the pianist's conception, but in the fortes the conductor applied too heavy a touch. There was of course an ovation at the end.

Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

With two new pieces and a brace of soloists, there is variety in abundance at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts this week. The new pieces, both receiving first performances, are the Concertino for Orchestra, Op. 30, by Nikolai Lopatnikoff, and Edward Burlingame Hill's Music for English Horn and Orchestra, Op. 50. Of the two soloists, Robert Casadesus is heard in the "Coronation" Piano Concerto (K. 537) by Mozart, and the orchestra's distinguished virtuoso of the English horn, Louis Speyer, appears in Mr. Hill's work. The final number of Serge Koussevitzky's program is the "Spring" Symphony of Schumann.

Mr. Lopatnikoff's Concertino is another of the works commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and is dedicated to the memory of Mme. Koussevitzky. Set in three movements, Toccata, "Little Elegy" and Final, the music is modern and mainly abstract, astringently contrapuntal and of what might be called a bristling texture. Toccata and Finale bustle along cheerfully without seeming to make any conspicuous point, and the slow movement is meditation without sentiment. There are strong influences of three other Russians: Prokofieff, Stravinsky and Shostakovich. Call the work a high-flavored aperitif and you have characterized it sufficiently.

Although the solo melodies of the English horn wind their graceful phrases rather aimlessly, Mr. Hill's

modest, three-part composition is a tissue of delightful sound. The style derives from late Impressionism; the orchestration is very delicate and prismatically colored, always allowing the foreground to the solo instrument. As in all Mr. Hill's work, his technical craftsmanship is a model of clarity and polish. Mr. Speyer contributed a magnificent performance. So did Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, in music where virtuosity is everything.

Mozart's "Coronation" Concerto has been conspicuous by its absence from Boston Symphony programs, although Mr. Casadesus played it at the little Mozart Festival in the Berkshires last August. It is music of notable reticence and extremely fine grain, even for Mozart. Perhaps that is the reason for its neglect. It is also superbly wrought, rich in invention, and demands for correct performance a soloist and orchestra sympathetic to Mozart and completely understanding of his style.

Yesterday's performance was more than good; it was just about perfect, having that proverbial running smoothness of "oil and water." Mr. Casadesus' part was evenly articulated, gracefully phrased, subtly rhythmed. The same may be said of the orchestra, which had been reduced in numbers, with five double-basses as foundation. Mr. Casadesus was most enthusiastically received.

The irresistible surge of the "Spring" Symphony made its heart-warming effect, as it always does. Yet for Mr. Koussevitzky this was less than a first-rank performance because it was mannered and not infrequently coarse in accents and the balance of instruments. Nevertheless, Schumann's work is a masterpiece, and it was decidedly nice to hear again.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The brightest spot in yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert was the performance of Mozart's D Major ("Coronation") Concerto with Robert Casadesus as the pianist. Incidentally, this was the first performance of the work at the regular concerts of our orchestra. Back in 1941 it was given at the Monday-Tuesday series with Frances Nash as the soloist. We could correctly infer that this is not one of the most popular of Mozart's piano concertos. And since it is possible to have gradations even among masterpieces, it is perhaps accurate to say that it is not one of the greatest. But it contains much that may be described as heavenly and, to continue the celestial figure, Mr. Casadesus and the orchestra, led by Dr. Koussevitzky, played it divinely.

The balance of this week's program contains two first performances, and had the conductor stuck to his original intention of playing Dvorak's Second Symphony, it would have had a revival as well. Possibly that would have been too much unfamiliar music for the audience to take, and by that token it was the course of wisdom to substitute the First Symphony of Schumann. This "Spring" Symphony, which Dr. Koussevitzky has a fondness for playing this time of year, is by no means as fine a work as the generally neglected Second, recalled to us by Mr. Szell earlier in the season. There is too much sing-song, too many sequences. The First has long been one of Dr. Koussevitzky's happiest ventures and it is not a pleasure to report that here and there yesterday's performance was mannered, coarse and almost slovenly. Obviously, too much rehearsal time had gone into the preparation of the new music.

This last was not of great import. One piece was a Concertino for Orchestra by Nikolai Lopatnikoff, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation. It may be set down as diluted Prokofieff, Stravinsky and Shostakovich, though technically it is a workman-like job. The composer was present, as was our fellow-townsmen, Edward Burlingame Hill, who heard the premier of his "Music for English Horn and Orchestra" and a beautiful rendition of the solo part by Louis Speyer. This is agreeable music in the French idiom that has attracted Mr. Hill so much.



Robert Casadésus

Who will play Mozart's "Coronation" Piano Concerto at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts Friday and Saturday.

Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9, 1945 at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 10, 1945 at 8:30 o'clock

COPLAND..... "Quiet City," for Trumpet, English Horn and Strings

Trumpet: GEORGES MAGER
English Horn: LOUIS SPEYER

HANSON..... Symphony No. 3

- I. Andante lamentando
- II. Andante tranquillo
- III. Tempo scherzando
- IV. Largamente e pesante

INTERMISSION

WAGNER..... "A Siegfried Idyl"

RAVEL..... "La Valse," Choreographic Poem

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The brightest spot in yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert was the performance of Mozart's D Major ("Coronation") Concerto with Robert Casadesus as the pianist. Incidentally, this was the first performance of the work at the regular concerts of our orchestra. Back in 1941 it was given at the Monday-Tuesday series with Frances Nash as the soloist. We could correctly infer that this is not one of the most popular of Mozart's piano concertos. And since it is possible to have gradations even among masterpieces, it is perhaps accurate to say that it is not one of the greatest. But it contains much that may be described as heavenly and, to continue the celestial figure, Mr. Casadesus and the orchestra, led by Dr. Koussevitsky, played it divinely.

2-3-45 Pms
The balance of this week's program contains two first performances, and had the conductor stuck to his original intention of playing Dvorak's Second Symphony, it would have had a revival as well. Possibly that would have been too much unfamiliar music for the audience to take, and by that token it was the course of wisdom to substitute the First Symphony of Schumann. This "Spring" Symphony, which Dr. Koussevitsky has a fondness for playing this time of year, is by no means as fine a work as the generally neglected Second, recalled to us by Mr. Szell earlier in the season. There is too much sing-song, too many sequences. The First has long been one of Dr. Koussevitsky's happiest ventures and it is not a pleasure to report that here and there yesterday's performance was mannered, coarse and almost slovenly. Obviously, too much rehearsal time had gone into the preparation of the new music.

This last was not of great import. One piece was a Concertino for Orchestra by Nikolai Lopatnikoff, commissioned by the Koussevitsky Music Foundation. It may be set down as diluted Prokofieff, Stravinsky and Shostakovich, though technically it is a workman-like job. The composer was present, as was our fellow-townsmen, Edward Burlingame Hill, who heard the premier of his "Music for English Horn and Orchestra" and a beautiful rendition of the solo part by Louis Speyer. This is agreeable music in the French idiom that has attracted Mr. Hill so much.



Robert Casadésus

Who will play Mozart's "Coronation" Piano Concerto at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts Friday and Saturday.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9, 1945 at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 10, 1945 at 8:30 o'clock

COPLAND. "Quiet City," for Trumpet, English Horn and Strings

Trumpet: GEORGES MAGER
English Horn: LOUIS SPEYER

HANSON. Symphony No. 3

- I. Andante lamentando
- II. Andante tranquillo
- III. Tempo scherzando
- IV. Largamente e pesante

INTERMISSION

WAGNER. "A Siegfried Idyl"

RAVEL. "La Valse," Choreographic Poem

Two Recent American Works Revived by Dr. Koussevitzky

By L. A. Sloper

Complaint is often heard that the American composer doesn't get a fair deal from the conductors; not because they don't play his works, but because they play them once and then forget them. It is true that a new work needs to be heard more than once, if the public is expected to return a just verdict on it. Dr. Koussevitzky, however, is not placed upon the defensive by these complaints. He not only submits many new works, American and foreign, but he sometimes repeats them quite promptly, if he thinks the audience has not appreciated them properly at a first hearing.

Whether for this reason or for another, he did so in the season of 1939-40 with Howard Hanson's Third Symphony, and in the calendar year of 1941 with Aaron Copland's "Quiet City." Dr. Hanson had directed the first performance of his symphony, and had left the impression that here was perhaps his most important contribution to symphonic literature. Dr. Koussevitzky is playing both works again at this week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

It cannot be said that the repetitions yesterday afternoon made either composition seem more sig-

nificant than it had appeared on its earlier hearings. As for the Copland, it was again evident that the music needed the play for which it was written; the fact that Mr. Mager had trouble with the very difficult and very important solo trumpet part may have made the need seem greater.

Dr. Hanson's Third Symphony, surprisingly enough, had sounded better under the composer's baton than under that of our regular conductor. That's something that doesn't often happen. Yesterday the reason became clear: Dr. Koussevitzky was over-interpreting the work.

The piece itself is a belated echo of the romantic school, competent but uninspired, banal in material and epigonous in treatment. Dr. Koussevitzky's intense reading exposed its weaknesses. The lamentation and the brooding were exaggerated and even the slow movement was feverish, rather than tranquil. Where Dr. Hanson had exercised moderation Dr. Koussevitzky indulged a Slavic passion. Only the Scherzo, with its amusing kettledrum part, retained its effectiveness.

For the rest, the program listed Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl" and Ravel's "La Valse." Not a very stimulating aggregation.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 19th program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Georges Mager, trumpet, and Louis Speyer, English horn, were soloists. The program was as follows:

"Quiet City" Copland
Symphony No. 3 Hanson
"Siegfried Idyl" Wagner
"La Valse" Ravel

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Yesterday's concert, perhaps one of the most nondescript in many seasons, must be considered something of a mishap. It just didn't go right except as performance, and even an especially brilliant and sensitive performance of Ravel's "La Valse" hardly sufficed to save the day.

Copland's "Quiet City," with which the program began, is good, evocative music and all that, but there are so many, many other pieces so much better and so much more deserving of hearing which consume the same general span of time, you can't help but be disappointed, especially when, as was the case, one of the leading parts was so insecurely done. The Hanson Third Symphony, which for some inexplicable reason appeared again on the program, sounds (it seems to me) as if the composer were trying to remember how a Sibelius Symphony he had heard many years ago sounded but recollected instead a movie score intended to accompany scenes of Errol Flynn as an Arapahoe Indian in a buffalo hunt during which there were a suitable number of tender love scenes under the cottonwood trees, the whole taking place, oddly enough, in central Sweden.

After all this there was Wagner's very beautiful and tender Siegfried Idyl, a piece offered nowadays at least every fortnight on the radio and so hardly worth going to a concert hall to hear any more. It was exquisitely played, of course, although in a much slower tempo than is seemly, and it was certainly good to hear after its predecessors. At last came Ravel's strange and turbulent waltz apotheosis and here, for the first time, the afternoon came alive. It found both conductor and orchestra in topmost form, and seldom, indeed, has Dr. Koussevitzky displayed his enormous rhythmic feeling for this an-

guished remembrance of a Vienna that even in Ravel's day was no more. The performance brought a storm of applause and sent everybody home in a reasonably happy frame of mind. The orchestra makes its final out-of-town visits next week, returning to play Mahler's Fourth Symphony and Paul Creston's Second Symphony under Richard Burgin on March 23 and 24.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

There were those who found yesterday's Symphony Concert soothing. Taken as a whole, it was certainly not designed for those who want music to quicken their pulse. It began with Copland's "Quiet City" and continued with Hanson's Third Symphony, three of whose movements are in slow tempo. After the intermission came Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyl," hardly a heady piece, and there was something curiously inert about yesterday's performance. To be sure, there was a turn for the livelier in the last number, Ravel's "La Valse," but Dr. Koussevitzky prefers to emphasize the sensuous aspects of this music rather than its rhythmic qualities—at least until the end, when he goes to the other extreme and turns it into a tonal orgy.

Both American pieces are receiving their third local performances at the current pair of concerts. Mr. Copland's made the more favorable impression at the outset and it wears distinctly better than the Hanson Symphony, although to tell the truth, there is not much to it. There is mood and atmosphere. There are agreeable sonorities. There is a distinguished, if rather reticent musical speech and expert writing for the chosen medium: trumpet, English horn and strings. The solo players yesterday, as before, were Georges Mager and Louis Speyer, and both were warmly applauded.

The obvious derivation of Hanson's Symphony from those of Sibelius has been widely commented on but the Finn manages to get a great deal more contrast into his scores than his American disciple has put into this one. If we except the third movement, marked "Tempo scherzando," the Symphony seems all of a piece. The kettledrums are thumped ominously and monotonously; the essentially simple harmonies are solemnly proclaimed by the brass choir. Mr. Hanson would pay tribute to the "epic qualities" of his Swedish forebears, who founded a settlement on the Delaware in the early 17th century, and he makes us realize that their life was hardly a giddy round of excitement.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Everything at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts this week is more or less familiar. The program conducted by Serge Koussevitsky assembles "Quiet City," by Aaron Copland; the Third or "Sibelius" Symphony by Howard Hanson; Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyll" and "La Valse" by Ravel.

The last-named is by all odds the most exciting, with Ravel's enormous orchestra whipped into a three-time frenzy by Mr. Koussevitsky. Though the work comes last on a long program, it finds the conductor undiminished and unsparing in his energy. "La Valse," in a way, is a Koussevitsky specialty. No other conductor I have heard perform it manages the same combination of glowing sonorities, waltz abandon and an underlying irony which licks and mocks through the quasi-Viennese tunes.

Once again Mr. Speyer and Mr. Mager took, respectively, the English horn and trumpet solos in "Quiet City." The trumpet part must be fiendishly difficult. If yesterday there were a few burbled notes, they did not detract measurably from Mr. Mager's prevailing virtuosity.

"Quiet City" wears comparatively well. Though a touch pretentious, it does convey the mood of a vast, quiescent metropolis. In this score Mr. Copland wrote with a sparseness of texture and a descriptive—emotional, if you will—directness that sets and sustains his desired mood. 3-10-45 J.H.K.

If Howard Hanson's first Symphony is called "Nordic," and his Second "Romantic," his Third certainly must best termed "Sibelius." From start to finish, in all four of its movements, there are echoes of the Finnish composer. Sometimes they are reminiscences, sometimes orchestral detail, sometimes rhythmic patterns. But there is no mistaking the Sibelian influence.

Mr. Koussevitsky evidently has great faith in the work, since he has repeated it several times. This listener finds it pedestrian and boring not to say noisy, although he must extend to Mr. Hanson an agreeing hand in that the Hanson style is emotional and not barrenly intellectual.

If ever there were a serenade of tenderness and love, it is "A Siegfried Idyll." Perhaps, however, those writers who have spun pages of nonsense about the non-existent connection between Wagner "Ring" and Nazi ideology might find in the Idyll something insidiously destructive to the democratic way of life.

Yesterday's performance was loving and tender, a little less than perfect in some of its fine detail, but nevertheless a good display of Mr. Koussevitsky's and the Boston Symphony's art.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 23, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 24, at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN *Conducting*

MAHLER.....Symphony No. 4, in G major (with Soprano Voice)

- I. Bedächtig
- II. In gemächlicher Bewegung
- III. Ruhevoll
- IV. Sehr behaglich

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY.....Recitative, "Oui, Dieu le veut," and Air, "Adieu, forêts," from the Opera "The Maid of Orleans"

CRESTON.....Symphony No. 2, Op. 35

- I. Introduction and Song
- II. Interlude and Dance

(First performance in Boston)

SOLOIST

MONA PAULEE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

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CRESTON.....Symphony No. 2, *Op. 35*

- I. Introduction and Song
- II. Interlude and Dance

(First performance in Boston)

SOLOIST

MONA PAULEE

Novelty From Paul Creston Scheduled by Koussevitzky

By Winthrop P. Tryon

What sort of tones does he write? is the first thing to be asked of any composer; and the test must stand for Paul Creston, whose Symphony No. 2, op. 35, has a place on the program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concerts in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. No matter who is interested, whether master musician, experienced listener, or a person who knows what he likes, the question will be asked and will require to be answered. Particularly interrogation will arise in the case of a work like Mr. Creston's, the first movement of which is designated in the manuscript score, Introduction and Song.

Now in the case of a symphony, everybody recognizes in these days that such an appellation as Song wants, for fairness' sake, to be regarded very broadly. Introduction and Song may, indeed, bear somewhat the relation to a symphony that Recitative and Aria does to opera. The resemblance can be close, too. We have only to think of the first movement of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony to realize a remarkable nearness. First theme there represents a kind of preparatory parlando, and second theme a decided strain of melody—once heard, never forgotten. No such parallel should be invariably expected, much less demanded; and

yet the relation of informal beginning and formal continuation may reasonably be looked for. To turn the pages of the Creston score to where the second movement begins, there appears a designation that practically repeats that of the first movement. Instead of Introduction and Song, we read, Interlude and Dance; and the difference can be at most only a rhythmic one. For while a song may be flowing and leisurely, a dance has to go at a set speed. The dance need not be fast; the old sarabande form is slow and the minuet is deliberate. The dance moves at a regular pace, that is about all. *3-22-45 Minut*

Characteristic, however, of both song and dance is a certain ear-engagingness and melodiousness. On that line of inquiry to glance through the score brought to town for the consideration of the Symphony subscription public, the melodies seem much on the involute order, full of uncommon chromatic kinks. In the various orchestral strata they intertwine in a fashion that will plentifully pass for modern. The effect may be of originality, suppose that word to have any definition that can be caught and held. Individuality, in any event, will be discernible. Mr. Creston's music when put to the test of performance has always had a sound of its own.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the 20th program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mona Paulee, soprano, was the soloist. The program: Symphony No. 4 in G major, Mahler; Recitative and aria "Adieu, forests" from "Maid of Orleans," Tchaikovsky; Symphony No. 2, Op. 35, Creston.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

It is a very odd thing that Mahler has never caught on in this country, or in any country but Holland. He is a veritable fountain of heady, luscious melody, piquant, fetching rhythms, novel orchestral effects and sonorities and highly personal but dramatic programmatic implications. His Fourth Symphony, heard (amazingly enough) in its entirety for the first time here yesterday is all of these things and many more, and you would have thought it would bring down the house. It was surprisingly well received, yes, but the house was never imperilled. In the first place, of course, Mahler just isn't heard in this or any other country (but Holland). Only a few (who have banded together like Nelson Eddy fans to revere their idol) really know and love him. And for that poor Mahler had only himself to thank. He sought to corner the concert market by writing symphonies which would fill an entire concert and which, moreover, required either soloists or a host of extra help. This proved to be both a conceit and an impracticality and Mahler remains in the closet while lesser men clutter up the parlor. *3-24-45 Herald*

But there is more to it than that. I think, and the Fourth Symphony displays Mahler's great strength and his great weakness in striking fashion. In it he becomes as a

child entering a forbidden fairyland... and remaining there, as a child, altogether too long for his or for his distracted parents' good. We, as good Anglo-Saxon listeners with good Anglo-Saxon consciences and reserves, somehow know that this exquisiteness, this incredible beauty, this blissful vision, this protracted pleasure is not good for us. And while we marvel at the incomparable melodic enchantment of the cellos in the second theme of the first movement, or at the delightful drolleries of the scherzo, or at the suspended incandescence of the beginning of the slow movement, or at the child-like enchantments of the versus sung by the soprano in the last movement, we cannot but wonder if we should enjoy anything so much.

Mahlerites in the audience tell me Richard Burgin played it a little too lingeringly, but it sounded. I must say, wonderfully well-played to me. Indeed, his feeling for nuance, for balance and for that peculiar quality you can only call Mahlerian, seemed especially acute and vital, while the orchestral performance—in recalling only the opening bars of the adagio—was well-nigh stupefying. Mona Paulee, one of the best vocal soloists the orchestra has invested in in some time, sang the closing movement beautifully and tenderly, and her every word could be understood. She returned after the interval to do a striking performance of Tchaikovsky's recitative and aria, and made an impressive success with the audience.

The Creston Symphony seemed to me an entertaining piece of work in a light, contemporary and honest vein. It makes no pretense whatever; it says it is a song and dance, and so it is. The song is most attractive and the dance good and exciting. I don't know what more anyone could want.

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
By CYRUS DURGIN

This week's musical Award of Merit—were there one—would go to Richard Burgin who, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, yesterday gave the first Boston performance of Mahler's entire Fourth Symphony. Three years ago he introduced the two last movements; it has been understood that he long has wanted to play the complete work.

The soloist this time is Mona Paulee, Metropolitan Opera soprano, who also is heard in the aria "Adieu, forêts" out of Tchaikovsky's opera "Jeanne d'Arc." The program is completed with the first Boston performances of the Second Symphony by Paul Creston.

It really is astonishing, when you come to think of it, that we so long have been denied such a score as Mahler's Fourth, which, though difficult, requires no abnormally large orchestra. The Fourth is not unlike Mahler's First. In each the dominant elements are fantasy and grotesquerie, a free and happy play of childlike imagination, laced with sophisticated technic. Both are untouched by that psychological torment and darkness of the later Mahler.

The Fourth is all blue skies and sunshine, daisies in the field and a warm breeze blowing — probably

from the southwest. Paul Stefan said, no doubt spilling a few tears into his beer as he did so, that the solo violin of the scherzo—tuned A-E-B-F-sharp—could be a good-natured Death fiddling for the people. He must be wrong; it is no more than the lightest of Cirrus clouds.

Musically the Fourth is very skilled, with its highly involved counterpoint beneath the childlike tunes. That melody—note the distinction—of the adagio, is celestially beautiful.

Miss Paulee sang in English the solo of the finale, a peasant's idea of Heaven, from that collection of literary early German romanticism that fascinated Mahler, "The Boy's Magic Horn." It went very nicely, not alone with pure and rich tones, but with admirable style and delightful naivete. Mr. Burgin conducted splendidly and secured a very good performance, although he took the whole thing so leisurely as to make it last a full hour.

Composed in 1944, Mr. Creston's Second Symphony falls in two longish movements: Introduction and Song, and Interlude and Dance. It is not very original; you can find hints of Roy Harris and Rachmaninoff and Hindemith, and perhaps it doesn't have very much to say. Yet the scoring is able, there are tunes and lively rhythms. Furthermore, a work that sends one out of the hall humming a theme from Rachmaninoff's E minor Symphony, has more to recommend it than one which makes you wonder if the composer is restricted to a diet of sour pickles.

Mona Paulee for Soloist,
Richard Burgin Conducting

By L. A. Sloper

Three years ago Richard Burgin, doing his tour of duty as relief conductor, introduced to Boston the second half of Mahler's Fourth Symphony, in G major. This week, in the same capacity, he is giving the first Boston hearing to the complete work. Mona Paulee of the Metropolitan Opera is the soprano soloist for the final movement, and she fills out her engagement by singing also a Recitative and Air, "Adieu, forêts," from Tchaikovsky's opera, "The Maid of Orleans," unheard "at these concerts" for 45 years. Finally, the program is rounded off with the first Boston performance of Paul Creston's Symphony No. 2.

The Battle of Mahler still rages. His music is as controversial as Dumbarton Oaks. It has been called almost everything. Mr. Burk in his program notes is reminded that Marc Connelly's (Not Connelly's) "Green Pastures" was "not the first reflection of a faith which is strong because confiding and unquestioning, which is born of wonderment, is the source of folklore, and gives birth to true poetry."

But are all such reflections of equal value? No one questions Mahler's sincerity, but although sincerity is an admirable trait of character, it is hardly the complete equipment of an artist. Surely the test of a work of art is not good intentions but good performance.

Tovey called Mahler a musical Dickens. A telling phrase, and those who like Dickens will no doubt like Mahler. The fact that

his shortest symphony, the Fourth, is three-quarters of an hour long will not trouble the readers of Dickens. The fact that the composer is so fond of his themes that he repeats them endlessly will not seem to them a cause for re- pining. Probably they will find it hugely diverting that the solo violin in the Scherzo is tuned higher than the rest of the orchestra. And no doubt they will find very touching the materialistic conception of Heaven as a place where there is plenty of fruit and vegetables, Peter catches the fish, Martha does the cooking, Ursula's 11,000 maidens dance, and Cecilia has charge of the court music.

Well, every man to his taste. In a democracy you can't forbid a man to like Dickens; neither, fortunately, can you force him to do so. If some of us prefer artists with greater restraint and self-criticism, we cannot be imprisoned for that—yet.

Miss Paulee sang the paradisiac verses with the proper naïveté, and the Tchaikovsky air with dramatic intensity. She has a voice of good quality, well trained. It was constricted at the beginning, but it soon became free. She also has clear diction in both English and French. She won generous applause.

Mr. Creston's Second Symphony left no particular impression. The composer seems to know his way about an orchestra, but there was nothing to indicate that he had a musical message of significance to convey.

SYMPHONY CONCERT **BY WARREN STOREY SMITH**

Not that it had been very serious competition, but Mahler's Fourth Symphony, in its inexcusably belated first full performance hereabouts, completely stole the show at yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. To dispose of these lesser matters first, the air, "Adieu, forêts" from Tchaikovsky's "The Maid of Orleans," sung by Mona Paulée of the Metropolitan, sounded unbelievably trite after the exquisitely fanciful finale of Mahler, in which Miss Paulée also sang the soprano solo based on verses of the old Bavarian folk song, "In Heaven Hang Many Fiddles." And Paul Creston's Second Symphony, new to Boston, sounded, after the Mahler, commonplace and generally footless, yet it is pleasant enough in its way and might have appeared to better advantage in other company.

Like Beethoven's Fourth, this is Mahler's symphonic idyll. In the first movement and elsewhere he has recaptured something of the style and spirit of Haydn and Mozart. But this is no mere experiment in neo-classicism. While essentially Mahlerish, the always charming melodic material has in it more often the element of folk song, though the beautiful chief theme of the slow movement does not fit in either of these categories. The inevitable touch of the bizarre occurs, in modified form, in the Scherzo. *3-28-45 P.M.*

Mr. Burgin conducted a performance than can only be described as loving. Perhaps by lavishing so much attention on every fascinating detail he slightly held up the progress of the whole. Though her costume was ill-suited to the simplicity of verses and music, Miss Paulée brought to her solo the innocent delight and just the quality of voice that it demands. The audience rewarded her, Mr. Burgin and the deserving orchestra with warm applause.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Twenty-first Programme

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 29, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, at 8:30 o'clock

RACHMANINOFF Vocalise

RACHMANINOFF "The Island of the Dead," Symphonic Poem (after a Picture by Böcklin), *Op. 29*

LIADOV "The Enchanted Lake"

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV "The Russian Easter, Overture on Themes of the Obichod," *Op. 36*

INTERMISSION

DUBENSKY Prelude and Fugue

MENDELSSOHN..Symphony No. 5, in D minor, "Reformation," *Op. 107*

- I. Andante; Allegro con fuoco
- II. Allegro vivace
- III. Andante; Andante con moto; Allegro vivace; Allegro maestoso

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Mendelssohn 'Reformation' Revived by Koussevitzky

By L. A. Sloper

For the first time during his incumbency, Dr. Koussevitzky conducted Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony yesterday afternoon as the main item of the twenty-first program of the Boston Symphony season. It was last played by the Boston orchestra 25 years ago, when Pierre Monteux brought it forth from a retirement that had lasted more than 30 years.

Nobody can complain, therefore, that the "Reformation" Symphony has been overplayed, although some may say that they have now had enough of it. For my part, I found the revival very interesting, and well worth the trouble it took. The performance left me wondering why this work should have been neglected so long while the symphonies of Schumann are played so often. It is true that the "Reformation" is the work of a young man of 20 years; but so are the "Scottish" Symphony and the "Hebrides" Overture. It is true, too, that Mendelssohn is not another Mozart; but neither is Schumann, nor Sibelius, nor Shostakovitch.

Possibly I enjoyed the "Reformation" Symphony because it was such a relief from the music of those three S's; or because it was the last number of a program that had contained very little of inter-

est; or because it was so long since I had heard it. The work is conventional, of course. We may smile when we recall that a Paris orchestra rejected it as too "learned." To the modern ear it sounds very simple indeed. There is considerable padding and a good deal of repetition; but greater composers than Mendelssohn (or Schumann or Sibelius or Shostakovitch) have been guilty of padding and of repetition.

This symphony nevertheless is well and truly made, it contains some extremely competent writing, and above all it proves that its composer could write a tune. He did not have to depend entirely on "Feste Burgs" or "Dresden Amens," nor did he have to employ much sound to conceal melodic barrenness. But he made impressive use of the devotional themes, he wrote a charming Scherzo, and he made a workmanlike job of his composite last movement. If the final measures sound a little pompous, that is the period style. The performance was superb.

The Mendelssohn was preceded by the Prelude and Fugue of Arcady Dubensky, which is competent but undistinguished.

The first half of the program sounded rather like a Pop concert. It was an agglomeration of items that had little in common except

that they were all written by Russian composers. Rachmaninov's "Vocalise" was sung here a year ago by Lily Pons. On this occasion the solo part was played by the first violins of the orchestra, whose tone is undoubtedly superior to that of any soprano that ever lived. The same composer's "Island of the Dead" is sadly dated, and Liadov's "Enchanted Lake," though quieter, seems equally remote. Rimsky-Korsakov's "Russian Easter" Overture made a resounding conclusion for this part of the program.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS TURING

The afternoon concert this week by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was advanced to Thursday since today is Good Friday. The evening concert, as usual, will be Saturday at 8:30. In prospect, Serge Koussevitzky's oddly assorted program, with its half-dozen items, suggested that someone had been rummaging in the library at Symphony Hall.

As things worked out, it was an ideal program for a March afternoon fantastically hot. None of the music required very hard listening, and in itself each piece was good. Yet the arrangement of the list, which may have been dictated by considerations of the Saturday broadcast, had an effect of anticlimax. It was not altogether comfortable to start with the color and magic and romantic warmth of Rachmaninov's Vocalise and "The Isle of the Dead," and wind up amid the pious auterities of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony.

Liadov's "The Enchanted Lake," an admirable bit of delicate Russian tone painting, was rather lost between Rachmaninov's evocation of eternity and the plangent rejoicings of "The Russian Easter" Overture by Rimsky-Korsakov. The last-named represented Mr. Koussevitzky's recognition of the season. Arcady Dubensky's Prelude for strings and Fugue for full orchestra, in slow tempo, is effective in a conservative way, and skilfully wrought, but it might have made more of an impression with other surroundings. The composer was present and bowed from the stage.

The "Reformation" Symphony was a revival, last having been done by the Boston Symphony in 1920, which was Pierre Monteux' time. Without intending to be supercilious, one may profess to understand why the work has dropped out of the repertory. Missing are the vivacity of the "Italian" Symphony, the lyricism and rugged grandeurs of another ("Enchanted Lake") which the "Scotch." In their place is what would have been much better if a Frenchman named Ravel had never lived; add a fourth ("Russian Easter") which though evocative is

was written with a definite occasion in mind. Whether the fact served to repress the composer's usual bubbling expression is debatable. Yet the Symphony, with its quotations of the Dresden "Amen" and the "Ein feste burg" chorale seems contrived rather than created, music that was thought out rather than felt. On the other hand, the Mendelssohnian skill produced a work of solid structure and abundant ideas. Certainly the "Reformation" is agreeable if not exciting.

The orchestra played excellently the afternoon through. Mr. Koussevitzky was in his finest interpretive vein. With "The Isle of the Dead" he built up a mood that was enthralling at beginning and end of the score, and electrifying in the middle.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 21st program of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, performing the following program:

Vocalise, "The Island of the Dead," Op. 29, Rachmaninov
"The Enchanted Lake," Liadov
"Russian Easter" Overture, Op. 36, Rimsky-Korsakov
Prelude and Fugue, Dubensky
Symphony No. 5 "Reformation," Op. 107, Mendelssohn

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

It is hard to conceive just what emotion or emotions yesterday's Easter miscellany was designed to evoke. It was perhaps the strangest symphonic program ever offered to a Boston audience, and the day was so lost by the time Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony came along that even that—performed so as to revise all previous opinions of the work—could hardly save it.

Any one of the five pieces which served as an introduction to the Mendelssohn would prove sufficient to the day had they kept suitable company. But when you have a piece ("Vocalise") which could well make the New Yorker's Infatuation With the Sound Of One's Own Words Department, add to it one of the "Italian" Symphony, the goes on long after it is over; add the "Scotch." In their place is what would have been much better if a Frenchman named Ravel had never lived; add a fourth ("Russian Easter") which though evocative is nonetheless in many ways quaint;

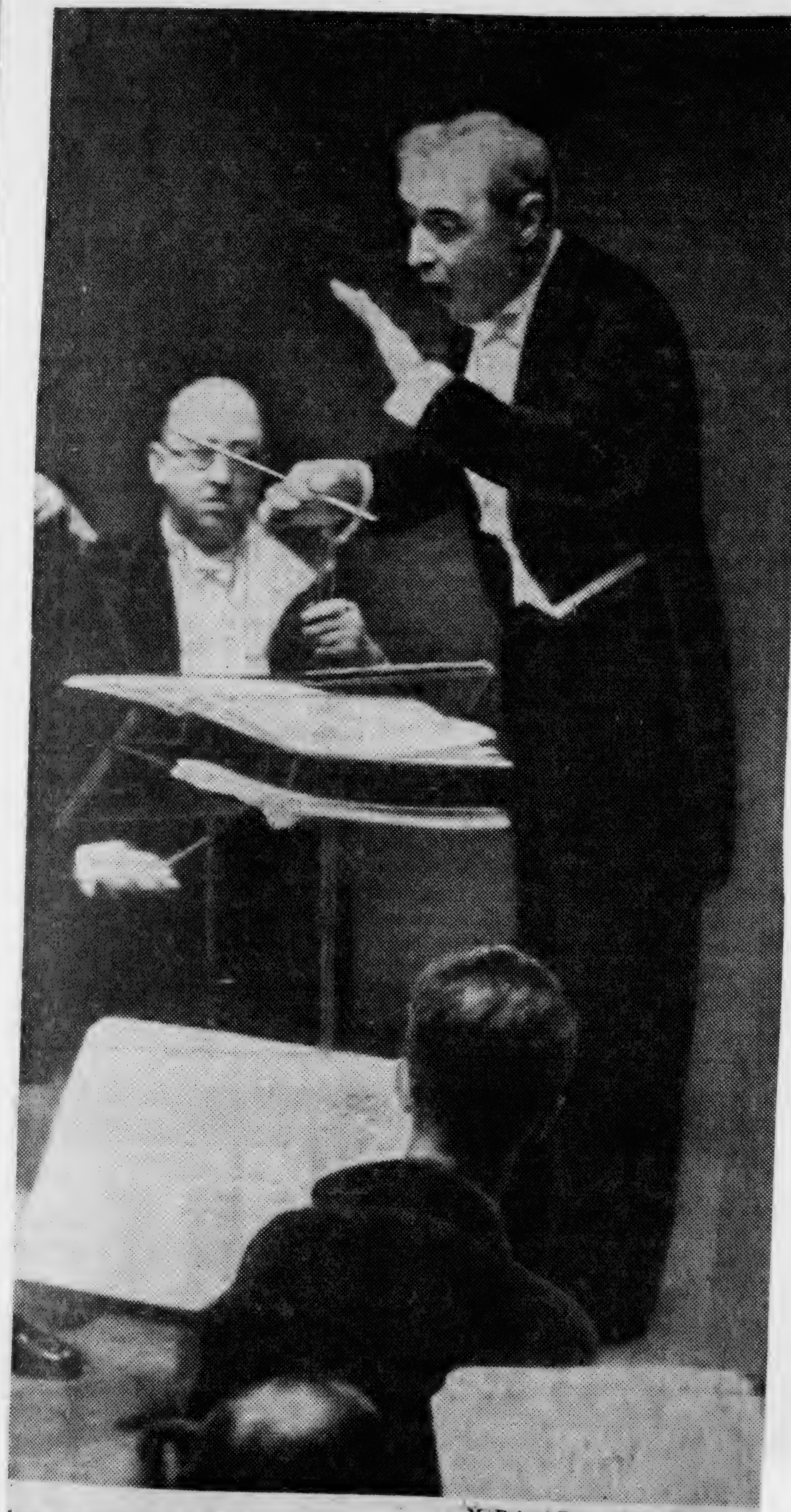
and add a fifth (Dubensky's Prelude and Fugue) which, though good, is not strong enough to seem much different from the other pieces, and you get the very odd sensation of having lunched too heartily on treacle. As I say, any one of them—played so beautifully as they were yesterday—would have been most welcome. Together they were tiresome. *3.30.45 / ended*

Hitherto considered one of the weakest symphonies in the repertoire, Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony proved a giant in the remarkable recreation of its spirit Dr. Koussevitzky achieved yesterday. It is not Mendelssohn's best work, admitted, but it has many admirable qualities and it has remained in our time for Dr. Koussevitzky to find and project them. He has, they say, spent much time restudying Mendelssohn with a view to writing a monograph on him. The result, and it is one to be very proud of, is a conception of the "Reformation" Symphony that must have proved amazing to those who know this work.

In the first movement, which utilized the familiar "Dresden Amen," the conductor sought and found a rugged sort of religious atmosphere that others have lost in an attempt to project the conventional, stylized flavor of Mendelssohnian music. The point is, as Dr. Koussevitzky has taught us, that Mendelssohn was not trying to be Mendelssohn in this symphony; he was trying to recapture the stronger and purer music of the older German composers. He didn't succeed, true, but we can see now through Koussevitzky's interpretative authority, he achieved a closer shot at the mark than formerly believed. The scherzo is true Mendelssohn and was so played (to draw a spontaneous round of applause) but the finale again reverts to the mood of the opening movement and here too the conductor gave it a ruggedness and a sort of faith that was something of a revelation. On second thought, the Mendelssohn did save the day; you can endure anything to hear neglected music when, given its proper illumination, it becomes a thing of beauty and proportion and significance.

Mar. 2 Fiedler Afield 1945

As far as the present season is concerned, Arthur Fiedler seems to be left out of the guest conducting arrangements of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In yielding his dates to Heitor Villa-Lobos, he seems to have gone on the cancelled list. However, his activities continue. In particular, he has appeared as visiting conductor at a Pop Concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Much the same success, by all evidence, attended Mr. Fiedler's directing at Toronto as that which has marked his leading at the Symphony Hall Pops for many seasons in Boston. His program there included items of the sort that has brought him frequent home applause—Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, Delius' "Walk in Paradise Garden," "Strauss' "Primavera" Waltz, Rogers' "Oklahoma!" Bach's Air for G String, Rimsky-Korsakov's Wedding March from "Le Coq d'Or," and Tchaikovsky's Marche Slave.



Serge Koussevitzky,

M. Robert Rogers from European

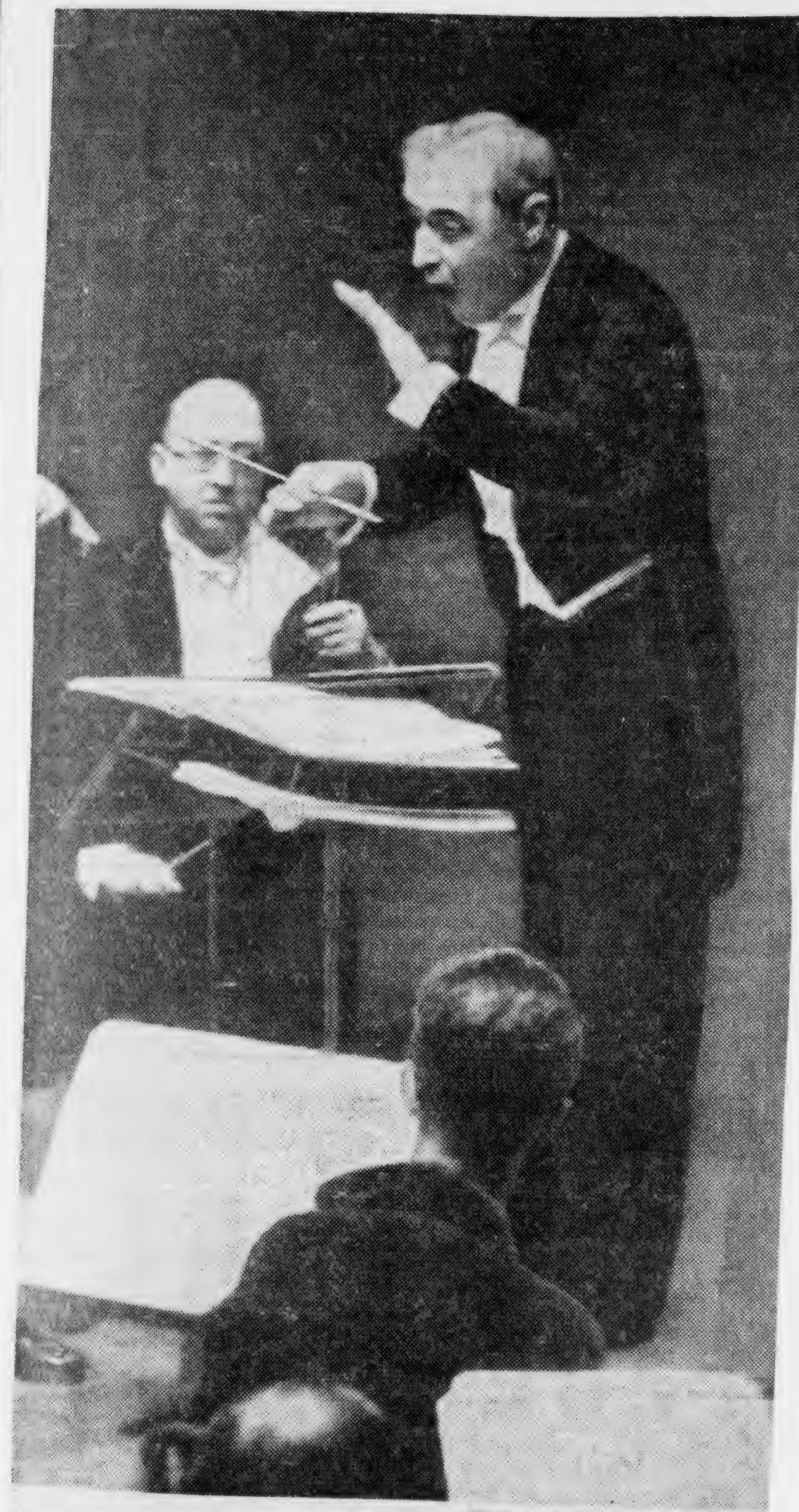
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Serge Koussevitzky,

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'Testament of Freedom' By Thompson for Novelty

By Winthrop P. Tryon

It is an American show, then, is it not?

"Yes!"

Question put to Randall Thompson, the composer, whose work, "The Testament of Freedom," for men's voices with orchestral accompaniment, will be brought out in completed form for the first time at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, this week. Nor did his reply evince any signs of umbrage at the word, "show," quite a test, too, for a man be made to submit to who writes symphonies, chamber music pieces, motets, madrigals, and all that. Still, he has had something to do with what are technically known in the theater as "shows," having lent a collaborating hand once at least to something in the stage follies line.

The trouble with American music, particularly in forms requiring an orchestra for their realization, has been that American was the wrong description for it. The native composer has fashioned symphonies after models set before him by European teachers. What he has turned out amounts, oftentimes, to hardly more than an exalted imitation. But Mr. Thompson this time, if never before, gives us something absolutely home-imagined and home-designed. Nothing could be more in the national mood and manner than a college glee club; and for the University of Virginia Glee Club he composed "The Testament of Freedom" on texts drawn from the writings of Thomas Jefferson two years ago this very April.

He entertained but a remote notion at that time of an orchestral background of accompaniment for his singers. A piano answered the original purpose. Now, however, he brings along for trial before Boston audiences a version of his work in shape practically symphonic. The opening motto on five notes, corresponding in rhythm to the syllables of the name of the author of the words—"Thom-as Jef-fer-son!"—sounds not as a pair of hands at the keyboard makes it, but as a large force of players on instruments of many kinds makes it; and we have, instead of a mere introductory figure in the black-and-white of the piano, what will turn out

to be, before we are done, the elemental theme of a symphonic poem, set forth in full blare of sonority and full blaze of color.

Immediately after the assertion of this motive, choral recitation of the words begins, voices of men, "The God who gave us life gave us liberty at the same time."

Prose, we are aware; and can music, by any sort of appropriate rhythmical method, be composed to prose? Naturally enough; it has been done in oratorio, though even there, when Biblical texts are used, a certain metrical quality prevails. But the lyrical idea by no means inheres in Jefferson's "A Summary View of the Rights of British America" (1774); and Mr. Thompson has the task of fitting measured music to a non-measured, informal phrasing of words.

Well, the job is his. He assumed it, and we must let him put it through according to his talent and skill. Back along 13 years ago, John Alden Carpenter, composing his "Song of Faith" for chorus and orchestra, to commemorate the bicentennial of Washington's Birthday, used a free, rhymed verse text of his own making. Mr. Thompson undertakes something quite different; and performances given, with piano accompaniment, here and there under academic and other auspices seem to have raised no serious doubt of his having found a solution of the prose problem.

Now if there is one thing more than another that a listening country would like to have proceeded from such an enterprise as Mr. Thompson undertakes, it is a tune that everybody could sing—something of an exalted, patriotic sort that would be an addition to the body of popular melody, a "Finlandia," a "Land of Hope and Glory," or something. A hasty look at the manuscript orchestral score which he brings to town with him for trial before the Bostonian public finds signs of something of the sort, and a more leisurely looking over the pages of the printed form of the work used by the singers furnishes some verification. Certainly there runs through the piece, along with the "Thom-as Jef-fer-son!" motto a sustained strain of melody of great dignity and high ecstasy, something that seems to want to keep on singing in recollection.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Twenty-second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 6, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 7, at 8:30 o'clock

THOMPSON....."The Testament of Freedom," for Men's Voices with Orchestra

- I. Largo
- II. Lento sostenuto
- III. { Alla marcia
- IV. { Lento tranquillo

THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

(First performance in Boston)

SHOSTAKOVITCH.....Symphony No. 8, Op. 65

- I. Adagio

INTERMISSION

- II. Allegretto
- III. { Allegro non troppo
- IV. { Largo
- V. { Allegretto

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- III. } Allegro non troppo
- IV. } Largo
- V. } Allegretto

Randall Thompson Chorus; Shostakovitch Eighth Again

By L. A. Sloper

The first performance with orchestral accompaniment of Randall Thompson's choral work, "The Testament of Freedom," was given yesterday in Symphony Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Harvard Glee Club, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, as the opening number of the twenty-second Friday and Saturday program of the season. The day's list of compositions was completed by Shostakovitch's Eighth Symphony, which was heard here for the first time a year ago.

There was a novel trick of program making: the opening adagio of the symphony was played before the intermission, the other four after it. Presumably this was done to fill out the time for the radiocast tonight.

Mr. Thompson's chorus, for men's voices, was first performed two years ago by the Glee Club of the University of Virginia, where the composer teaches. On that occasion he played a piano accompaniment. It is a setting of four passages from the writings of Thomas Jefferson, and the text evidently was chosen for its timeliness when considered in connection with the present war. Jefferson's eloquent words are stirring today, when victory seems near; no doubt they were even more so two years ago, when the future was less clear.

The sincerity of Mr. Thompson's tribute to Jefferson is beyond question. It is apparent that his purpose was not to draw attention to himself but to remind his hear-

ers of the testament of the great statesman. His setting of the words is straightforward, without unnecessary embellishment. The melodic line follows faithfully the rhythmic shape of Jefferson's sentences, giving the effect often of a chant rather than of a thematic structure.

There are moments when the musical underlay seems to place the stress on unimportant words; and the musical expression provided for Jefferson's solemn Declaration of Causes and Necessity of taking Up Arms seems trivial and inappropriate. The orchestral commentary comports well with the vocal part. Whether the work as a whole really intensifies Jefferson's thought is doubtful, but it performs a service in bringing his declarations to our attention.

Dr. Koussevitzky's realization of the work was characteristically fervid. It was possible to feel at times that there was an excess of emotion, that the interpretation was more Russian than American, more passionate than ratiocinative, more Koussevitzkian than Jeffersonian or Thompsonian.

The early repetition of Shostakovitch's Eighth Symphony was perhaps in line with Dr. Koussevitzky's theory that if people hear often enough a work that they do not at first care for they will come to like it. This theory, we may suppose, assumes that the work is a good work. But how can any number of repetitions alter the obvious fact that a symphony is ill-proportioned and excessively repetitious?

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 22d concert of its 64th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The Harvard Glee Club, G. Wallace Woodworth conducting, assisted in the following program: Thompson, "The Testament of Freedom"; Shostakovitch, . . . Symphony No. 8, Op. 65

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Yesterday we had Randall Thompson and we had Shostakovitch, and it is pretty hard to find much to say that is bright and cheery about either. The Thompson piece, which is sort of a high school graduation cantata with words (and sometimes it seems music) by Thomas Jefferson began the afternoon and the Shostakovitch Eighth, which is probably a fine thing but which you have to have a special attitude for, ended it.

Mr. Thompson, whose music has hitherto seemed interesting in an amiable, honest and unpretentious way, has been at pains in his cantata to use no harmonic or melodic invention or orchestral device isolated since 1845. The result, contrasted with some of Thomas Jefferson's most powerful utterances, is a routine and elementary under-

scoring of good words like "democracy," "liberty" and "the 4th of July, 1776" with good clean chords, and of underscoring bad words like "despotism" and "aggressors" with big bad chords. The rest goes along with snatches of 19th century melody while the orchestra, when not making good and bad chords, follows along.

What I am trying to say is that this cantata, while certainly destined for great success as an addition to the college or high school glee club repertoire, is hardly worth the services of Dr. Koussevitzky (who is so faithful to his art he conducts this work as if it were the B-minor Mass), the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or the Harvard Glee Club. It is, true, easy to listen to, but Thomas Jefferson's words happen to be important.

Shostakovitch's Eighth Symphony, done here last season, has some splendid moments, but it is impossible to stay with it as long as its composer asks us to. There is no need today to extend and repeat and dwell upon musical material to that extent, I am sure, and even though the symphony was

made more endurable by the intermission between the first and the following four movements, it was still hard going for all but the most ardent admirers of the composer. Here again, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave their considerable all to the effort of proving that Shostakovitch must write great symphonies because he writes such long ones.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

This week Dr. Koussevitzky has got himself into another program jam. About to record the Eighth Symphony of Shostakovich, he wished to give it a run-through first. He also wished to bring us Randall Thompson's new piece for men's voices with orchestra, "The Testament of Freedom," a very simple choral setting of passages from the writings of Thomas Jefferson. There was also the matter of the broadcast, and this was settled by putting the Thompson and the long initial Adagio of the Shostakovich before the intermission. While this procedure smacked of expediency, splitting the Eighth Symphony proved decidedly salutary and the same device might well be resorted to in the case of other symphonic Marathons, notably those of Brucker and Mahler.

Getting back to Mr. Thompson, the vocal portion of his work has been entrusted in these Boston performances to the Harvard Glee Club, which yesterday acquitted itself of its not very complicated task in praiseworthy fashion. Jefferson's words are great and noble and wonderfully applicable to our present problem. Mr. Thompson has set them in a straightforward manner. The chorus sings for the most part in unison and there is but a modicum of vocal counterpoint. The music, however, does little to heighten the eloquence of the text and sometimes detracts from it. You might say that the composer would achieve the elemental by having recourse to the elementary; but it is somewhat late in the day for that sort of thing. It is only fair to record that Mr. Thompson and his music were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

4-7-45 R25

From the Sixth onward, the symphonies of Shostakovich have been getting poorer and poorer. There are both pleasant and exciting episodes in the last four movements of this one. The first, an inferior copy of the Adagio of the Fifth, but twice as long and twice too long, is almost a total loss. The performance was altogether remarkable.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 20, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, at 8:30 o'clock

PISTON.....Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings
Soloist: E. POWER BIGGS

D'INDY.....Symphonic Variations, "Istar," Op. 42

FAURÉ....."Pelléas et Mélisande," Suite from the stage music to
(May 12, 1845—November 4, 1924) Maeterlinck's Tragedy, Op. 80
Molto adagio
"Fileuse": Andantino quasi allegretto

RAVEL.....Spanish Rhapsody
I. Prélude à la Nuit
II. Malagueña
III. Habanera
IV. Feria

INTERMISSION

MENDELSSOHN.....Concerto for Violin in E minor, Op. 64
I. Allegro molto appassionato
II. Andante
III. Allegretto non troppo; allegro molto vivace

SOLOIST
RICHARD BURGIN

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

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4-7-45 Pab

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Twenty-third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 20, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, at 8:30 o'clock

PISTON.....Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings
Soloist: E. POWER BIGGS

D'INDY.....Symphonic Variations, "Istar," Op. 42

FAURÉ....."Pelléas et Mélisande," Suite from the stage music to
(May 12, 1845—November 4, 1924) Maeterlinck's Tragedy, Op. 80

Molto adagio

"Fileuse": Andantino quasi allegretto

RAVEL.....Spanish Rhapsody

- I. Prélude à la Nuit
- II. Malagueña
- III. Habanera
- IV. Fera

INTERMISSION

MENDELSSOHN.....Concerto for Violin in E minor, Op. 64

- I. Allegro molto appassionato
- II. Andante
- III. Allegretto non troppo; allegro molto vivace

SOLOIST

RICHARD BURGIN

French Music at Symphony; Homage to Richard Burgin

By L. A. Sloper

In compiling the last program but one of the season, Dr. Koussevitzky took the opportunity of catching up on his French music. This time his choice fell upon d'Indy's "Istar" Variations, two sections of the Suite from Fauré's "Pelleas" music, and Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody.

For opening number he used Walter Piston's Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings. This is a pleasant work and E. Power Biggs handles the solo part expertly, but again the tone of the Symphony Hall organ sounded pretty crude against that of the orchestra. Besides, what was Mr. Piston doing in the company of three Frenchmen, even though he did study with Nadia Boulanger?

The second half of the program was given over to honoring Richard Burgin, who is celebrating his silver anniversary as concertmaster of the Boston orchestra. The value of his services in this capacity is evident in the notable routine of the ensemble. He has also been extremely useful as assistant conductor. During his term of service he has grown steadily in this capacity, until today he stands high in the regard of those who appreciate his musicianship and his leadership.

The affectionate admiration felt for him by the Friday audience was made evident yesterday by the rousing welcome he received when he appeared on the plat-

an opera on the same subject. Some Frenchmen place Fauré's musical commentary on the story above Debussy's, but that opinion is not shared elsewhere, nor perhaps very widely in France. Possibly a hearing of it in full with the play in the theater might increase its stature.

As for Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody, it is as trivial as it is brilliant. As a piece of orchestral virtuosity, it astonishes, but actually it belongs on popular programs.

In the audience yesterday, appropriately enough, was Pierre Monteux, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, who has been for many years a distinguished interpreter of French music and who brought Richard Burgin to Boston in 1920.

form, and by the ovation accorded him at the end. But was the gesture of billing him as soloist (particularly in the Mendelssohn Concerto) the most felicitous way of doing him honor? When a man has achieved so much in the concertmaster's chair and on the dais, surely it is too much to expect him to be also a first-rate solo violinist?

Mr. Burgin brings to his solo tasks the same qualities which serve him so well in his other capacities, but his tone is small, thin, and dry, his intonation is often doubtful, and his style is hardly suited to the medium, especially in romantic music. The enthusiasm shown toward him yesterday must have been an expression of the general feeling toward him, rather than a tribute to this specific performance.

The three French pieces, besides paying tribute to Gallic art, exhibited again in some of its most brilliant aspects the marvelous quality of the orchestra—the variety of its tonal beauties, the flexibility of its rhythms, the sensitiveness of its response to the directorial rein. This expertise was applied with the greatest devotion to these three scores, which are by now all familiar to us.

The "Istar" Variations represent the French music which has not rid itself of its German accent. Fauré's music for "Pelleas" is truly French, but it has suffered from the fact that Debussy wrote

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Two anniversaries are being commemorated at this week's Symphony Concerts, the 100th of the birth of Gabriel Faure, composer of refined, gentle, fastidious music, and the 25th of Richard Burgin as concert master of the orchestra. Besides being guest of honor at a post-concert reception tendered him by Dr. Koussevitzky in the first balcony foyer, Mr. Burgin marked the completion of his first quarter century with the orchestra by playing the solo part in the Mendelssohn Concerto. 4-21-45

Faure was not the only French composer on yesterday's list. The two movements from his stage music to "Pelleas and Melisande" (earlier than and very different from that of Debussy's operatic version of Maeterlinck's play) were flanked by the superb "Istar" of d'Indy and the "Spanish Rhapsody" of Ravel. The first piece of all, however, was American, Walter Piston's Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings, with E. Power Biggs as the soloist. Many of the works of what not so long ago was termed the modern French school, once looked upon as daring and exciting, have begun to fade. Their orchestral colors have paled, their harmonies have lost their bite. We can still recognize their sensitiveness but we feel their lack of vitality. This "Pelleas" music of Faure is a case in point and so, indeed, is Ravel's Rhapsody, despite the brilliance of the final section. Faure will live a long time yet through his songs and Ravel made better pieces than this one. Of the three composers represented yesterday, d'Indy came out best, and in a performance that overstressed a little the romantic element in his music. Odd, indeed, that d'Indy was once considered cerebral and austere. Certain pages in the "Istar" now seem actually voluptuous. To these Symphonic Variations Dr. Koussevitzky is commendably faithful. It is high time, though, that he gave us the three-part tone poem, "A Summer Day on the Mountain," which he has never conducted here, and revived the noble Second Symphony and the fascinating "Symphony on a Mountain Air." D'Indy is one composer who nowadays does not receive his due.

The music of Piston, introduced here last season, harks back in spirit to Corelli and Handel and is an excellent example of neo-classicism, with genuine feeling in the Prelude and brilliant writing for the organ in the Allegro. Mr. Biggs was applauded for his performance, as was Mr. Burgin for his polished delivery of the Mendelssohn. The Concerto itself fitted well into the generally agreeable tonal picture. This was a pleasant concert.

Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, Serge Koussevitzky conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the next to last of the Friday afternoon concerts of the 1944-45 season; the soloists were E. Power Biggs and Richard Burgin, and the program was as follows:
Prelude and Allegro for Organ and Strings E. Power Biggs, soloist
"Istar" Variations for "Pelleas et Melisande" D'Indy
Prelude, Andantino Faure
Melisande Ravel
Rhapsodie Espagnole Ravel
Violin Concerto Mendelssohn
Richard Burgin, soloist

By ELINOR HUGHES

Yesterday's Symphony concert was frankly in the romantic vein, with D'Indy, Faure and Mendelssohn providing the bulk of the music. The attractive Prelude and Allegro by Walter Piston, with E. Power Biggs as soloist, was the only really modern work on the program, and its clarity, precision and admirable blending of orchestra and organ provided an effective contrast to the outpouring of lush, though beautiful, harmonies in the selections that followed.

The recent performance of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande" by the Metropolitan Opera Company, may easily have inspired the inclusion of Faure's orchestral suite, taken from the stage music to Maeterlinck's play and produced four years before the Debussy opera. Like the play for which it was written, the Faure score is delicate, poetic and elusive, without having the insistent vagueness that dogs the Maeterlinck text, and is a good example of romantic music which, though written for a specific occasion, can be listened to with pleasure for its own sake.

D'Indy's "Istar" variations have always attracted great interest for the sheer novelty with which they are handled, the composer choosing to give the variations first and save the theme for the very end, as though, on a purely aesthetic plane, D'Indy had decided to write a purely musical "Dance of the Seven Veils." The work was played yesterday with the orchestra's customary lush and beautiful tone. Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" followed, proving again a curious blend of French musical writing with Spanish rhythms, though the opening "Prelude a la Nuit" had the exquisite shimmer of a landscape by moonlight. 4-21-45
Following the intermission came the big event of the afternoon: Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto with

Richard Burgin as soloist, for this week marks the completion of Mr. Burgin's 25th year as concert master of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and there was a very real outburst of enthusiasm from audience and orchestra at the close of his performance. Making no pretensions at spectacular virtuosity, he played the beautiful sunlit music with fine musicianship and intelligence, neither sentimentalizing it nor over-emphasizing its potentialities for a display of dazzling display, and conductor and orchestra gave him staunch and affectionate support.

After the concert—which was attended, purely by coincidence, by Pierre Monteux, former conductor of the Boston Symphony and now conductor of the San Francisco Symphony, who engaged Mr. Burgin as concert master while he was here—there was a reception given by Mr. Koussevitsky for Mr. Burgin, attended by the members of the orchestra, the trustees and other invited guests. In presenting him with a watch as a token of personal appreciation, Koussevitsky hailed him as "the best concert master in the country, a splendid conductor, a notable soloist and a fine man," and added that the watch should be a reminder of "twenty-five years together as fellow artists and friends." Jerome D. Greene, on behalf of the Trustees of the Boston Symphony, presented Mr. Burgin with an inscribed silver salver, and on Monday night Mr. Burgin will be honored by the members of the orchestra at a dinner.

Yesterday's program will be repeated tonight, and the 64th season comes to a close next week with Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, in the performance of which the orchestra will be assisted by the Harvard Glee Club, the Radcliffe Choral Society and soloists. The Saturday night concert will start at 8:10, the Friday afternoon at the usual hour of 2:30.

MORE ABOUT "NINTH"

Symphony Orchestra Closes Season This Saturday With Great Beethoven Work

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

SATURDAY evening's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the last of the current season, will begin not at 8:30 but at 8:10. Because the program is unusually long? Not at all. In fact, it is unusually short, consisting only of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, which consumes about an hour and a quarter. The answer is the hour-long broadcast. Heretofore this has always included the first part of the concert which, incidentally, must be planned to fit it. But since the whole of the Ninth cannot be put on the air, Dr. Koussevitzky has decided in favor of the last three, not the first three movements, thus enabling the radio audience to hear the choral finale in which the orchestra will be assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society and these solo singers: Valentina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Jean Watson, contralto; William Hain, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass. 4-22-45 P.M.

In one (of many respects) you have to hand it to Beethoven. When you say "the Fifth Symphony" you mean his, not that of Tchaikovsky or Sibelius. And when you say "the Ninth," you do not mean Bruckner's No. 9 nor Mahler's, though they are very great works, both of them. Nor will those words ever come to signify the Ninth of Shostakovich, by report now taking shape in the composer's mind before being committed to paper.

Important as is the "Ninth Symphony" in its own right and great as it is from a purely musical standpoint (although there will always be disagreement over the actual worth and the artistic propriety of the fourth movement), it is quite as important historically. The influence of

Beethoven on the music of the last three-quarters of the 19th century and the first decade of the present one was very great, but the "Ninth Symphony" has more to answer for than any other single work of his, not excepting the "Pastoral," which gave a new impulse and a new dignity to program music, or the "Fifth," in which was introduced the subsequently popular symphonic scheme of man's struggle with and triumph over fate, destiny or besetting circumstances, however you chose to put it.

The vague, mysterious beginnings of the first movement, with its open fifths, its string tremolos and its chief theme gradually taking shape before it is launched like a thunderbolt by the full orchestra, was something new under the sun. So impressed was Bruckner with the tremolo idea that he hardly ever began a symphony any other way, while both in the matter of key (D minor) and the general character of the chief theme, and even of the movement as a whole, the first division of the Austrian master's Third and Ninth stem directly from this mightiest of Beethoven's symphonic utterances.

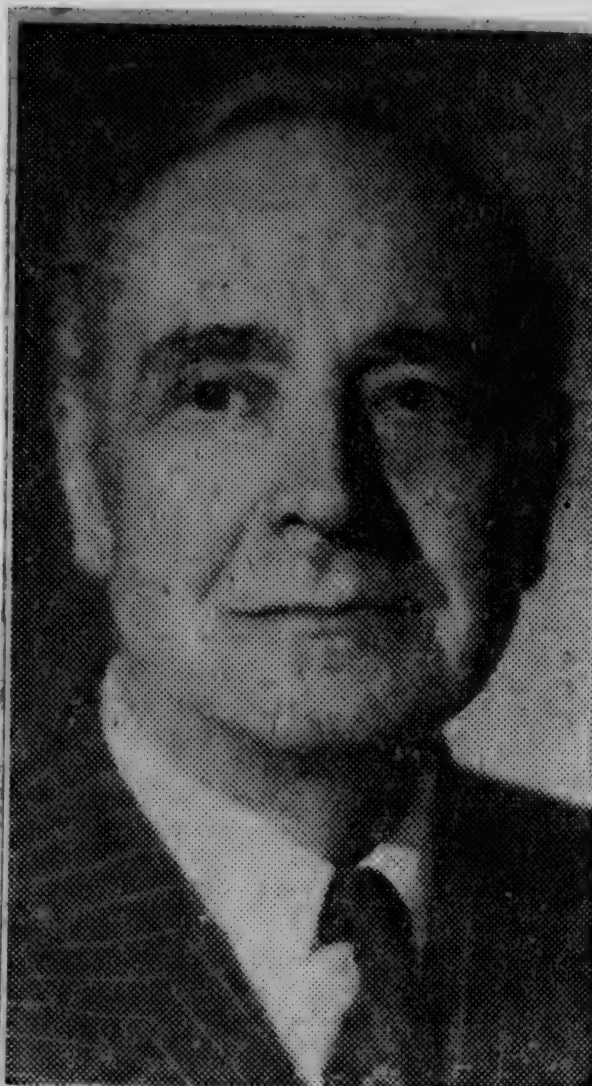
It may have been the operas of Weber that started Wagner on his great career, but it was Beethoven who supplied the chief urge in that direction, first in Leipzig and then in Paris, where the rehearsals of the Ninth at the Conservatoire, as Ernest Newman puts it, "purged his soul of all the musical frivolities and baseness to which he had surrendered himself for so many wild and wasteful years." His subsequent devotion to the symphony, his valuable editing of the score, his discerning exposition of the music's inner meaning and his triumphant performance of it at Dresden in 1846, where up to that time it had remained, if not exactly unheard at least uncomprehended, are matters of record. Of course he was twisting facts to suit his particular purpose when he saw

in the choral finale an admission on Beethoven's part that instrumental music had gone as far as it could without the aid of poetry.

To the general idea of a symphony with chorus and solo singers we owe the Second and Eighth Symphonies of Mahler, not to mention his Third and Fourth and "The Song of the Earth." But it is as the first and very possibly still the greatest expression of Titanism in music that the Ninth has the most significance. Our modern esthetes, "musical Puritans," you might call them, who shrink not only from a too outspoken beauty but from any violence or "excess," from any and all attempts at the musically cosmic and colossal (from "The Ring of the Nibelung" to Mahler's Eighth, most unhappily misnamed "The Symphony of the Thousand"), should address their complaints to Beethoven. With the resources at his command he "shot the works." He wrote what is still one of the longest of symphonies and in the finale he created all the sonority that he was capable of imagining. I have as yet said nothing about Brahms' debt to the Ninth in his own First Symphony, including a thematic resemblance that he cheerfully acknowledged. In fact, once launched upon this discussion it is difficult to stop.

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This afternoon's Symphony concert offers Haydn's Symphony No. 102, Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom" again with the Harvard Glee Club, Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."



Alfredo Valente

Serge Koussevitzky
Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FOUR AND FORTY-FIVE

Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 27, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 28, at 8:10 o'clock

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 9 in D minor, with final chorus on Schiller's Ode to Joy, *Op. 125*

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso
- II. Molto vivace: Presto
- III. Adagio molto e cantabile
- IV. Presto: Allegro
Allegro assai
Presto
Baritone Recitative
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro assai
Tenor Solo and Chorus: Allegro assai vivace, alla marcia
Chorus: Andante maestoso
Adagio, ma non troppo, ma divoto
Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro ma non tanto
Chorus: Prestissimo

HARVARD GLEE CLUB and RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, *Conductor*

Soloists

VALENTINA VISHNEVSKA, *Soprano*
WILLIAM HAIN, *Tenor*

JEAN WATSON, *Contralto*
ROBERT HALL COLLINS, *Bass*

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Beethoven's Ninth Symphony Constitutes Final Program

By L. A. Sloper

The Boston Symphony Orchestra closes its sixty-fourth season with this week's pair of concerts, for which Beethoven's Ninth Symphony constitutes the program. Dr. Serge Koussevitzky completes with tonight's concert his twenty-first year as musical director. His continuance in the post next fall has been announced. 4-28-45

Under his supervision the orchestra remains at its peak of technical virtuosity and eloquence of expression. The programs still range freely over the classical repertory and the field of modernism. If there seems to be less excitement about them, on the average, that may be because less of exciting experiment has been carried on by composers in recent years, and because what used to seem daring now seems commonplace. The idioms which once startled us by their novelty now cannot hold our interest unless there is a real creative impulse behind their use. 4-28-45

Of a total of 80 works performed, seven were played for the first time anywhere, 11 for the first time "at these concerts." Of the first group, David Diamond's Second Symphony and Schönberg's Theme and Variations for Orchestra left the strongest impression, though Hill's Music for English Horn and Orchestra and Lopatnikoff's Concertino for Orchestra were agreeable.

Of the works played for the first time by this orchestra the most substantial was Hindemith's Theme and Variations According to the Four Temperaments, which was introduced by Richard Burgin, the associate conductor. Scholarship, imagination, emotion and even humor are reflected in the score, which is notable for musical content and design.

Several of this group of works had been inspired by the war: Still's "In Memoriam: the Colored Soldiers Who Died for Democracy"; Schuman's "Prayer in Time of War," and Thompson's "Testament of Freedom." They all seemed to me more remarkable for their sincerity of emotion than for their strictly musical qualities.

Strange names to see among the composers of works new to the Boston orchestra were those of Mozart (the Overtures to "Idomeneo" and "Der Schauspieldirektor") and Schumann (Symphony No. 2 in B flat).

Of the standard repertory the distribution of choice among the masters was fairly orthodox: Mozart, 6; Beethoven, 5; Brahms and Ravel, four each. Seldom heard works included Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, and Mahler's Fourth Symphony (introduced by Mr. Burgin for its first complete performance in Boston). Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," neglected here for many years, had its third performance in four seasons.

Guest conductors included Leonard Bernstein, Dmitri Mitropoulos, George Szell and Heitor Villa-Lobos. All were well received, and Mr. Villa-Lobos attracted much attention because of the three compositions of his own which he offered.

In the final program of the season the orchestra was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, and by Valentina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Jean Watson, contralto; William Hain, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass.

It is always an exciting experience to hear Dr. Koussevitzky's intensely dramatic reading of the Ninth, especially when the orchestra is assisted by the eager voices of the undergraduate choruses and

by such an exceptionally well-balanced quartet as was heard on this occasion. Mr. Collins' recitative was delivered with a fine authority, and Mr. Hains sang his solo effectively. The two ladies brought musical feeling to their contributions. Miss Vishnevskaya confirmed the good impression she had made earlier. Miss Watson has a voice of notable beauty.

Dr. Koussevitzky, who was greeted on Friday by a standing audience and orchestra, received at the end of the concert an ovation which he shared generously with his collaborators.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

The Boston Symphony concerts this week are the last of the 64th season. The program is short and unconventional, consisting entirely of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. There is no intermission. For the radio broadcast the final concert will begin at 8:10 tonight, 20 minutes earlier than usual. This is the first time in Serge Koussevitzky's regime as conductor that the orchestra has finished a season with the "Mighty Ninth."

The choruses for the finale on Schiller's "Ode to Joy" (sung in English) are the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, prepared by G. Wallace Woodworth. The four soloists are Valentina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Jean Watson, contralto; William Hain, tenor, and Robert Hall Collins, bass.

There is always something ritualistic about the beginning and end of a Symphony season. For one thing, the audience always rises when Mr. Koussevitzky first appears. For another, there is in the atmosphere an especial sort of tension. At the end of a season the tension is mingled with a sense of regret that such extraordinary pleasures as the music of the Boston Symphony will not be ours again until the Autumn. 4-28-45

On such occasions, too, Mr. Koussevitzky and the virtuosi he conducts always receive an ovation of more than usual intensity. After the last unison D had sounded yesterday, the audience broke into a storm of applause, in which hand-

clapping was mingled with stamping and a cheer and whistle or two. All on the stage were the object of this demonstration, including Mr. Woodworth, who was brought forward by Mr. Koussevitzky. But the greater share was directed at the man who for more than 20 years has maintained the Boston orchestra at a peak of supreme artistic achievement. 4-28-45

Orchestraally the Ninth Symphony had the same luminous beauty of tone, the same rhythmic vitality, the same emotional fire and an exaltation of expression that Mr. Koussevitzky had summoned each time he had conducted the work here before. At the end one felt the usual emotion of seeming quite small and humble in the presence of a master work.

The chorus, somewhat reduced from that of the Red Cross performance of the Ninth a fortnight ago, sang competently, if not with so much body of tone. Nor were they always as clear as could be desired. Some of the entrances for altos and tenors could not be heard. The soloists managed to navigate their extraordinarily difficult parts, but the distinction, in tone and technique, of the remarkable Metropolitan Opera quartet heard two weeks ago, just was not there. Even so, the concert was impressive. Mr. Koussevitzky traversed the Symphony in exactly one hour, 9½ minutes.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony

Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, Serge Koussevitzky conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the 24th and last of the 1944-1945 Friday afternoon series of concerts; the orchestra was assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society. G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, and by the following soloists: Valentina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Jean Watson, contralto; William Hain, tenor; and Robert Hall Collins, bass. The program was as follows:
 Beethoven—Symphony No. 9 in D minor, with final chorus on Schiller's "Ode to Joy," Op. 125.

By ELINOR HUGHES

There are two ways to enjoy being in the right: one is to crawl out on a limb, stuff cotton in your ears and then announce loudly, without fear of hearing any contradiction, that So-and-So has written the greatest musical composition in the last hundred years, and that anyone who doesn't agree with you can come right out on the limb and fight it out—or possibly would prefer to resort to pistols and coffee at dawn in the Boston Public Garden. The other, and less belligerent method is to select some world famous composition which annoys certain persons because the fact that they don't like it fails to alter its reputation, and climb firmly onto the bandwagon with the announcement that you are on the side of the angels. An equal amount of inner satisfaction can attend both procedures. All of which leads up to the statement that of all the musical works I have yet heard, I most deeply admire and enjoy Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in D minor, the performance of which yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall brought the 64th season of Friday afternoon concerts to a triumphant close, and that my admiration and enjoyment definitely

includes the final movement, which displeases many Beethoven idolators. 4-28-45 Herald

Considering the monumental proportions and exalted standing of this symphony, it is interesting to find people who don't like it and who say so, quite frankly. On the other hand, it is definitely more stimulating to find the late Sir Donald Tovey remarking quietly, and firmly, that "there are listeners to whom it is a cause of nervous irritability that the Ninth Symphony is recognized by orthodoxy as the most sublime musical composition known." And in the same article he comes to the defense of the loudly debated choral ending by saying: "There is no part of Beethoven's Choral Symphony that does not become clearer to us when we assume that the choral finale is right, and hardly a point that does not become difficult and obscure as soon as we fall into the habit that assumes the choral finale is wrong."

Mr. Koussevitzky, the orchestra, the choruses and the soloists gave the tremendous work the performance it deserves: the three orchestral movements had a large magnificence and pervasive eloquence. The choral section was sung with the clarity precision and controlled volume for which the Harvard and Radcliffe groups are justly famous. Best of the soloists (partly because he had the best of the solos) was Robert Hall Collins, the bass; though William Hain managed the "On to victory" passage commend-

First Monday Symphony

Coming right down to business with the opening of the Monday series of the Boston Symphony Concerts, Serge Koussevitzky set a couple of tasks in modern listening before his public at Symphony Hall last night—Schönberg's Theme and Variations for Orchestra, op. 43B, and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 6. The first work is more up to the moment than the second; but take the two pieces together, it wants something else than an old-fashioned audience to accept the sound. Each of the tough items was placed against a soft one—the Theme and Variations standing on the program with the Mozart Symphony in E-flat major (K. 543), and the Symphony No. 6 with the Corelli-Pinelli Suite for Strings.

As for the performance of the Schönberg study in the variation form, judgment could hardly be passed. The actual execution, naturally enough, was excellent and indeed masterful; but time and many presentations are necessary for proper shakedown of music of such intricate design, and it will hardly be played as it should be for a good while yet. But there could be no question about the Shostakovich adventure in the symphonic form. That was put before the Monday night-

ers in perfect roundness and clearness, Dr. Koussevitzky and his men having its assertions, meditations, ironies, and jubiliations completely at command.

In regard to the Schönberg bouquet of seven blossoms; or maybe nine, for the full number, there are those who find the composer returning in it to conventional methods. But let someone adept at fitting notes together try to make a few variations on that stark motive which we may call the theme, handling it according to classic rule, and see how far he gets. No; we may be sure that ancient notions of key and of tone centers, far from dictating procedure here, are behaving in ways they never knew before. Schönberg is independent and original still.

Look at the Russian side of the question. As far back as the time of World War I, Rudolph Ganz declared that Russia was the coming musical country; nor did he mean Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, or even Rachmaninov. He could hear something new in the distance, and now it has arrived. The Symphony No. 6 ingeniously combines an opening movement and a song movement in one, under the designation, Largo; and we have the real thing in the way of a comedy diversion in the second movement, Allegro. The close, Presto, runs severely and brilliantly, too, in the course of the higher civilization. W. P. T.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Last evening's symphony concert, the first of the Monday series, offered a programme drawn in large measure from those already presented this season on Friday and Saturday. The one item peculiar to the occasion was Mozart's Symphony in E-flat major. The other numbers, which followed it in the order named, were Schoenberg's new Variations for orchestra, the Suite for strings made by Ettore Pinelli from the music of Corelli, and the Sixth Symphony of Shostakovich, now become an established repertory piece. Dr. Kous-

sevitzy, apparently restored to health, conducted with his wonted zeal.

There were many delightful details in the performance of Mozart's ever-youthful symphony. There were also evidences of Dr. Koussevitzky's tendency to force most older music to a bigness, brilliance and speed not wholly proper to it. Few conductors nowadays can let well enough alone. It has now been possible to hear Schoenberg's Variations three times. Once having recovered from the shock occasioned by the music's conservatism—for this is the work of a reformed radical, returning to the ways of his youth—it can be seen that, despite many arresting details and even moments of real beauty, the piece is monotonous in mood and color, and not a little stodgy.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By JOHN RILEY

Serge Koussevitzky was back at the helm of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening for the season's first concert in the Monday series. Looking remarkably fit, after a bout with one of the prevailing Fall colds, Mr. Koussevitzky vigorously led the orchestra through a generally familiar, though exacting program.

There were Mozart's *Lyric, Autumnal Symphony in E-flat (K. 543)*; Schoenberg's new *Theme and Variations for Orchestra*; Ettore Pinelli's transcription for strings of the *Sarabande, Gigue and Bandinerie* by Corelli; the *Sixth Symphony* of Shostakovich.

Particularly striking about last evening's performance was the manner in which Mr. Koussevitzky handled orchestral sonorities. Though the tonal balances and relations which he maintains are always notable pure and clear, they were even more obvious, especially in the Schoenberg and Corelli. The results, not always aesthetically satisfactory, were a revelation so far as orchestral technic is concerned.

The Schoenberg *Theme and Variations*, largely an exciting exercise in voluptuous sounds, profited by this treatment. The conflict between Schoenberg's artificial austerity and natural romantic temperament often leads to the production of an unclear orchestral texture. Mr. Koussevitzky has separated the complicated lines of his counterpoint into luminous, floating layers of tone that are still clearly related to one another. In other words, he made musical sense out of possible confusion.

The Corelli, though turned out with the same technical perfection, became the more artificial and glass-like. With his unerring instinct for heightening melodic tension where a score is sometimes prolix, Mr. Koussevitzky made the Shostakovich *Sixth* a new experience all over again. Amusing were the jazzy effects, toward the end of the third movement, which sounded for all the world like a 1920 dance band.

Monday Symphony

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the first program of its series of Monday evening concerts in Symphony Hall last night. The program was as follows:

Mozart... *Symphony in E-flat (K. 543)*
Schoenberg... *Theme and Variations, Op. 43B*
Corelli... *Sarabande, Gigue and Bandinerie (arr. Pinelli)*
Shostakovich... *Symphony No. 6*

The Monday series of Symphony concerts started off last night with a good program, a full house and a fine performance by the orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky, who looked very fit after his recent indisposition. The program was good because it was one of those something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue programs which could hardly fail to please enough of the audience enough of the time to make it interesting to all.

The old was the Mozart *Symphony*, but it is anything but old in spirit. On the contrary, its vitality, its communicative quality seems stronger than ever before, and it is to be doubted if the slow movement and the Menuetto and Trio were ever more elegantly traversed than they were last night. The Schoenberg, a new addition to the repertoire, remains a curious piece. It has some exceptionally beautiful passages but on the whole it is fairly thin and strangely un-effective. The theme itself is the nearest thing to banality; the treatment of it varies from the sublime, as in the poco adagio, to ridiculous, as in the finale. The Corelli Suite, also one of Dr. Koussevitzky's most delightful favorites, was superbly realized by the string band of the orchestra, while Shostakovich's *Sixth Symphony* brought the program to an end.

At the Monday Symphony

Again an instance of the pupil surpassing the master, Rimsky-Korsakov turned out a better man than Berlioz at the second concert of the Monday series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night. Or possibly it was a case of Serge Koussevitzky as conductor holding a more magisterial hand over the music of the Russian composer than over that of the French. Or for another matter, it may be that Symphony Hall suits itself as an auditorium better to the sonorities of the "Tsar Saltan" Suite of Rimsky-Korsakov than to those of the "Harold in Italy" Symphony of Berlioz.

However we regard the circumstances, the Suite proved exactly the piece of music to illustrate the prime style of the Boston Symphony as it stands constituted today, whereas the symphony only served to show the organization as an orchestra among orchestras. Strange, too; because only a brief spell ago Dr. Koussevitzky and his men, assisted, as on this occasion by William Primrose, viola

player, distinguished themselves as interpreters of "Harold."

It is the way things go in music, and it is what makes every concert an experience and a surprise. Music never stays where you can make it your captive, whatever the professional appreciators may say different. Dr. Koussevitzky in the length of his artistic career has been by turns Russian, French, and American. He walked on the platform on Monday evening—perhaps he did not himself realize it—the perfect Russ. They use that word, do they not? when they mean the real article.

At any rate, the "Tsar Saltan" Suite went off wondrously well. The opera from the score of which it is drawn would make a brilliant and a highly imaginative production, could it be given with an orchestral support like Dr. Koussevitzky's and with the right sort of singers. Some fine day the opera may be brought to town. Almost too bad it carries the descriptive phrase, "Fairy Tale," in its title. For really it is based on a classic legend, and it hardly should be reckoned in the chil-

dren's story-book line more than should certain of the stories on which Greek tragedy stands.

If some should ask just where Dr. Koussevitzky's "Tsar Saltan" varies from anybody else's, just tell them to compare his treatment of the episode of the Flight of the Bumble-Bee with what they get, for example, at one of the spring-time Symphony Pops. Another sort of musician than a baton comedian directed the playing this time.

W. P. T.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The second Monday evening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was a night of high carnival, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting Berlioz and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and William Primrose as soloist. There was an ounce of adagio to a deal of allegro frenetic in the program which included "The Roman Carnival" Overture, and "Harold in Italy" by Berlioz and Rimsky-Korsakoff's Suite from the opera "The Fairy Tale of Tsar Saltan" and the large audience enjoyed every minute of it.

Both works of Berlioz have been performed at previous concerts this season and both appear to increase in gusto with each hearing. The "Roman Carnival" Overture in particular, which was written originally as an introduction to the opera's second act, affords a field day for the brass section standing firmly against counterpoint in the strings.

The viola appeared to considerable advantage, both in playing second fiddle to the first violins in the Roman Carnival and as the solo instrument of the "Harold in Italy." William Primrose chose to accent the harsher tones of the viola in the opening movement and the finale of the brigands' orgy in contrast to the languorous sweetness of the serenade. **11-28-44 SLM**

High point to this reviewer in the series of musical crises which the Berlioz Symphony winds together is the electrical change in the atmosphere of the second movement when the sustained notes of the strings suddenly give way to the hypnotic two-dimensional march of the pilgrims executed by the solo instrument.

The essential gaiety of the Rimsky-Korsakoff Suite from Pushkin's fairy tale was dulled by uneven timing in the second part but rose quickly to its proper sphere in the familiar "Flight of the Bumble-Bee" and the more imaginative "Three Wonders." The quicksilver rhythms of the last section demonstrate Koussevitzky's ability to transform hackneyed material into a fresh vein indeed, just as Pushkin's magic squirrel whistles folk songs and produces emerald kernels from nuts with golden shells.—P. W.

MONDAY SYMPHONY

Last evening's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra offered only music already heard this season, either at the so-called regular concerts or at the first of the new series on Sunday afternoons. At both ends of the programme came Hector Berlioz, by way of the scintillant "Roman Carnival" overture, and the imaginative, pictorial "Harold in Italy" symphony, with the incomparable William Primrose once more to play the important part for solo viola. The central item was pictorial also, the suite drawn from Rimsky-Korsakov's opera of Russian legends, "Tsar Saltan." In all these pieces Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra are—and were—at their best. **11-28-44 PWB**

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

For the second time in two years, George Szell is making January a memorable month in the annals of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Conducting a solidly satisfying program of Schubert, Smetana, and Brahms for the third in the Monday evening series of concerts, the Czechoslovakian conductor made many new friends last evening.

Mr. Szell is a painstaking craftsman, looking after the smallest thread of musical detail, yet keeping the ultimate expression of the music within his vision. In Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, for instance, the mature, bittersweet quality of the andante shone through the melodic themes worn thin by repeated hearings. Careful attention to the woodwinds, particularly the bassoons, kept in balance the sentimental outpourings of the strings. **1-23-45 SLM**

"From Bohemia's Forest and Meadows," he fourth in a cycle of six symphonic poems by Smetana, which he called "My Country," proved particularly rewarding at Mr. Szell's hands. The passage for violins alone, gradually reinforced by violas and cellos, carried the excitement of following a thin, steep path up to a clearing and suddenly being able to see for miles around. The dance rhythms were given their full measure of importance by Mr. Szell, who used first an upraised hand, then both hands in a broad

sweeping gesture, and finally his shoulders, swinging with the strength of his countrymen.

Any one of the movements of the Brahms Fourth Symphony could prove to be the acid test for a first-rate conductor. One man's reading of the magniloquent score seldom achieves its full potentialities. Mr. Szell develops the frequently neglected more gentle aspects of the symphony without sacrificing its strength. The opening allegro is vigorous but not formidable; the andante is rich with the embroidered pattern of first violins singing above the tehe me in the cellos; the third movement is dynamic. In the final movement patterned in Passacaglia form with the theme repeated 31 times, Mr. Szell's continuity falters. Slightly snarled, the complexly woven bass gives the movement a static quality, which keeps it from transcending the glories of the first three movements.—P. W.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Returning to the Symphony Concerts last evening, Dr. Koussevitzky presented a program made up of some of his pet pieces, Haydn's Symphony in G major, No. 88, the suite drawn from Stravinsky's ballet "Petrouchka" and the Second Symphony of Sibelius.

Some time ago Dr. Koussevitzky decided to concentrate upon two of Haydn's 104 symphonies with the result that he has these two down pat. The special virtue of No. 88 is its Largo, the noblest movement in any 18th century symphony. For the rest, the work is of the cute and playful, hardly of the greater Haydn. Probably because audiences love soloists, Lucas Foss, now official pianist of the orchestra, was billed as soloist in the "Petrouchka" Suite, though the piano is really but one more instrument in the score.

Among the seven symphonies of Sibelius, No. 2 has the strongest hold upon the public, largely because of its resplendent finale, though taking melodies abound throughout. The performance by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony is undoubtedly the finest to be heard today. A program such as this is bound both to please and bestir an audience, and that of last evening responded warmly at every opportunity. **2-27-45 PWB**

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

The fourth concert in the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Monday evening series last night was compounded of elegance, drama and romanticism. The Haydn Symphony in G major, No. 88; Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and the second symphony of Sibelius made up the well-balanced diet, conventional in design but memorably executed, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting. **2-27-45 SLM**

Members of the large audience may not have considered themselves especially privileged, as Haydn's original audience (subscribers to the Concert de la Loge Olympique) in Paris, did after paying handsome fees and mastering proscribed ritual, but by the time the allegro swung into full stride, a sense of general good fortune at being present was inevitable.

The sonorous largo, the suavely patterned trio, and the quick-witted

finale were delivered cleanly, despite the lightning-like pace of the conclusion.

The angular sounds of "Petrouchka" came next for contrast. Lukas Foss was the piano soloist, realizing the syncopated rhythms with gusto. The highly descriptive music is gratifying to hear from the puppet's posturings to the ponderous motions of the bear. Played by a full orchestra it adds up to very good fun.

It is not necessary to be a particular admirer of Sibelius to be carried away by Serge Koussevitzky's reading of the second symphony. His fusion of the outpouring of themes gives to the symphony highlights which seem to be newly discovered. Fragments for strings spin in and out of focus, giving way to the horns and claiming the floor again as though there were too much to say at once to bother with protocol, yet there is no sense of confusion. The effective groupings of instruments, the contrasts in color and dynamics are fully realized in Dr. Koussevitzky's Sibelius. P. W.

Orchestra, Conductor In Fine Form

By Winthrop P. Tryon

When it comes to a question between Stravinsky and Sibelius, composers represented on last night's program in Symphony Hall, it is difficult to decide which of the two deserves chief discussion, especially because Serge Koussevitzky, directing the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave so little help in the matter.

For Dr. Koussevitzky did his very best with both of them, and his men showed the same disposition as himself. Then, to take the quarrel still further, there was Haydn, whose Symphony in G major, No. 88 (B. & H. No. 13) led off the proceedings. Here, too, conducting and playing were at the highest mark.

The audience of the fourth Monday evening of the season just have felt gratified with such a capital interpretation and performance. Subscribers to the series, however, get much in the way of new music, but they certainly get the best of the old and in the best sort of presentation. In avowed unfairness, then, to pick out one of the three things offered—Stravinsky's "Pétrouchka"—and to ignore the Haydn work as being a familiar classic, and to set aside the Sibelius Symphony No. 2 in D major, op. 43, without any good reason whatever, a word of general bearing may be remarked that should do the occasion some, even if incomplete, justice. 2.27.45

Now "Pétrouchka" has been known in America in one way or another for 30 years odd; and the difference between its original execution by a ballet orchestra in the pit of a theater and Dr. Koussevitzky's setting forth of it on the concert platform is something to think upon. Music of the past? No, indeed; it was 10 times more a novelty at this time than it was away back there. Dr. Koussevitzky, to say it in all respect, has but just caught the idea of the business, and his players, in their turn, have but just learned the handling of it. 2.27.45

We show mistaken enthusiasm at first hearings, or mistaken dislike; for they are undeserving of being called performances and are at best but runnings-through. But last night the "Pétrouchka" Suite truly came to performance and disclosed the composer in all his power, mastery and originality. Here Stravinsky reaches his top. Here he sums up all he did before and anticipates all he has done since, barring certain neo-classic aberrations. Here Stravinsky stands on an equal with Wagner, about whom he has made, as lecturer, many a disparaging comment. Here, too, he stands on an equal with Strauss, whose line, more perhaps than Tchaikovsky's, he continues.

Stravinsky is a man, in fine, of one piece of music and that piece is "Pétrouchka." By careful design, we may be sure, "Pétrouchka" enjoyed best position on the program, just before intermission. The part for piano was dignified up to solo rating, with Lukas Foss in the role. The hand-organ episode was judiciously subordinated by the conductor. The Bear was represented by a light type of tuba, which kept him where he belonged. In the arrangement used the suite ends rather inconsequently, but that was no check on the applause.

Monday Symphony Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole, Ruth Posselt for Soloist

By Winthrop P. Tryon

As prophet in her own country, Ruth Posselt, the violinist, is held in high honor, let everybody everywhere be assured of that; and at the same time let nobody at home mar the impression of that by overpraise of her. Mme. Posselt carried off solo honors at the fifth concert of the Boston Symphony's Monday series last night, assisting in a presentation of the Lalo Spanish Symphony for Violin and Orchestra, op. 21. She was the very picture of the piece in her red and gold costume, and she was in the mood of today with the something military in the ornamentation. If a Bostonian artist does not dress the part, then the whole matter is done for; and Mme. Posselt certainly made a figure of charm on Symphony Hall platform. 3.27.45

As to how she handled the situation musically out in front there, with nothing but her violin to balance in tone power the aggregation of howsoever many men there were banked behind her and on each side of her, is something for various opinion. Truly enough, Richard Burgin, as conductor, showed no particular favor to her in moderating the tone of the great accompanying ensemble. Indeed people out in the parquet or up in the balconies, looking on and listening, might wonder doubtfully whether he thought much about how the sonorities equated out there for them. He seemed too near the source to realize the effect

of the occasion as a practical concert rather than as an abstract performance.

The conductor of an orchestra belongs, as far as his person goes, on that box which they call podium; but it is a question whether he does not belong, in regard to his imagination, back in the farthest end of the top balcony of the auditorium. That the orchestra, in fine, produced a too powerful general volume of tone for the soloist in the Lalo Spanish Symphony there can hardly be dispute. Which makes it difficult to determine whether Mme. Posselt was in the feeling of the music or not. She could scarcely be expected to be if she was constantly striving and struggling to build up noise against noise. 3.27.45

Possibly, too, the Boston Symphony is a little out of the soloist-accompaniment habit. Much playing of modern music of the sort that opened this program (Creston Symphony No. 2, op. 35) may be showing the consequences. But remark what we will about the beginning and the middle of the bill, the end (Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A major, op. 92) was Boston Symphony in the tradition.

Monday Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the fifth program of its Monday series in Symphony Hall last night. Ruth Posselt, violinist, was the soloist. The program: Symphony No. 2, Op. 35, Creston; Spanish Symphony, Op. 21, Lalo; Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92, Beethoven.

3-27-45 Handel
By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

The way Ruth Posselt plays Lalo (or almost anybody these days) is something to hear. She is just about at the peak of her very remarkable technical facility, true, but she is also blooming as an interpretative musician into a performer commanding a great variety of musical distinctions ranging all the way from fetching rhythmical fancies . . . if there happen to be any in the music she plays.

There aren't, as a matter of fact, any of the latter in the Lalo, which is out and out pseudo-Spanish caviar from beginning to end. But it is good, tasty caviar, and Miss Posselt very nearly makes a meal out of it. She achieved—once she played herself in on the first movement—a beautiful glowing tone, a fine freedom and fluency of expression, and colored the whole with her own attractive stage presence and manner. The orchestra, admirably guided by Richard Burgin (who is, as you doubtless know, the violinist's husband), lent additional verve to the performance.

Creston's Second Symphony remains on second hearing pretty much as it did on the first; that is, a pleasant but not very impressive song and dance in a rather more tuneful idiom than is customary

among contemporary American composers who would evidently prefer to be caught dead than writing a good tune. It went well, too, but the Beethoven had no trouble in providing the orchestra with something to sink its famous teeth into, and it found Mr. Burgin at his best and that, it is very evident, is getting better all the time. The Monday audience, always cordially disposed, gave Miss Posselt a hearty ovation and easily mustered another for conductor and orchestra at the concert's end.

Roosevelt Memorial Concert

Two works planned for the concluding concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Monday Series, given in Symphony Hall last night.—Rachmaninov's symphonic poem, "The Isle of the Dead," and Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom," for men's voices and orchestra—were by chance appropriate for commemoration of the late President of the United States. Shift of the appointed symphony, the Brahms No. 1 in C minor, to the Beethoven "Eroica" No. 3 in E flat, put the bill completely in shape to bear the legend:

Dedicated to the Memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

A leaflet inserted in the program book gave notice of the design; and the performance accordingly had a special character precluding too critical review. Nothing of novelty, however, occurring, analysis was hardly called for anyway.

Quite likely solemnity, by the way, brought something to the playing that might not, without it, have so markedly been there. Never, surely, were the violins more silken in tone and the basses (both big violas and celli) more velvety than in the "Eroica" Sym-

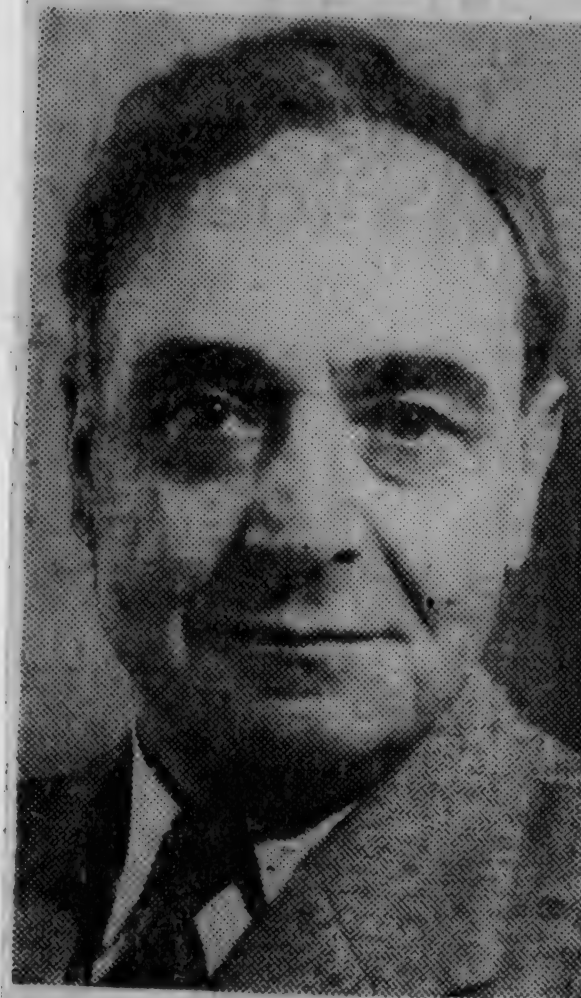
phony from first measure to last. How it happened that the strings were so expressive and the wind instruments so self-subordinating would be hard to explain. It must have just happened in the nature of things. Certainly Dr. Koussevitzky in his direction of the music sought no striking effects. He let the symphony speak in its own noble voice; and that certainly did not prove to be much on the order of sounding brass.

Rachmaninov's "The Isle of the Dead" was given its first Boston presentation on Dec. 18, 1909, in the conductorship of Max Fiedler. It was a period when Debussy and Strauss dominated the imagination of the orchestral public, and tone poems were thought to be the final word in composition. Mr. Fiedler gave the baton over to Mr. Rachmaninov, who proved himself a conductor in his own right. Indeed, he made his work bear comparison with anything going in the symphonic poem line at the time. He clothed it with the impressionism of Debussy and with the bold assertion of Strauss, as the mood seized him. Perhaps his orchestral achievement would stand more vividly in the recollection of listeners than it does if he had devoted himself more to conducting and less to piano playing than was his habit. W. P. T.

B. S. O. New York Concerts

**Boston Symphony Gives
Concert in Carnegie Hall**

Serge Koussevitzky



Who conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday

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[From Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.]

BOSTON ORCHESTRA AT CARNEGIE HALL

Koussevitzky Offers 'Eroica'
and 'Harold in Italy'—Viola
Solo by William Primrose

By OLIN DOWNES

Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra returned to Carnegie Hall last night for their first New York concert of the season, and made the occasion memorable by the constitution of the program and their playing of it.

The excellence of the orchestra is an old story. For this writer it is incontestably king of all the orchestras which are heard in this city, matching the beauty of its tone and the finish of its playing with its extreme sensitiveness of nuance and color. To these characteristics last night was united special virility and grandeur in the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven, and a dramatic passion that it would have been hard to surpass in the wildly romantic "Harold" symphony of Berlioz, a work which had not been heard for many seasons, and was so brilliantly interpreted that one hastened to revise, at least in details, previous estimates of its position among Berlioz' compositions.

A sentence in the program, underneath the announcement of the "Eroica" symphony, was significant of Dr. Koussevitzky's unprecedented interpretation. It explained that the performance of the "Eroica" was dedicated "to the heroes of the United Nations"—even as Beethoven himself had finally dedicated this, perhaps the greatest of all symphonies, to the heroic spirit of man.

Notes on the Tempo

We had heard fine performances of this score by Dr. Koussevitzky in earlier seasons, but they had not seemed to be at once so unified in the form and so plastic in conception, or inhabited by such an intrinsic greatness and flame. Of course, no listener to a familiar work agrees completely with every quarter note in it, and exception could be taken to the tempo of the scherzo, nearer a presto than an "allegro vivace," and so fast that a horn had trouble in negotiating the fanfares of the middle part. However, the sense of awakening life, or nature's resurrection—whatever image, in fact, goes through the individual listener's mind as he hearkens to these vibrations of the invisible world—was distinct in it; and thereafter, as rarely, the cosmic variations that make the finale were driven home.

Then there was the complete change in style, technic and imaginative utterance in the passionate music of the wild-eyed, romantic Berlioz symphony. Here the composer had the further asset of the presence of William Primrose, as master of the solo viola part, and voice for the nonce of Harold in his Italian wanderings.

As Master and Poet

Mr. Primrose played not only as a master but a poet and dramatist of his instrument. He had not always a grateful task, nor is Berlioz, acknowledged master of instrumentation, always found writing for the viola in the most effective way. No wonder that Paganini, whom Berlioz claimed commissioned him to write an orchestral piece with viola solo for him, was dissatisfied with this result. It is only occasionally that the solo viola part really fits, and some of the writing, such as the monotonous arpeggios in the pilgrim's march, is useless.

In a word, Berlioz was making an experiment only partially successful, falling between the two stools of a symphony with a conspicuous solo part and a concerto for viola combined with an uncom-

monly full and vivid score, used for purposes of tone-painting. For all that, there is so much of originality and imagination in the music itself, and Mr. Primrose, playing his wonderful "MacDonald" Strad, gave such haunting beauty and intensity to his part that this work alone would have made the occasion memorable. Three great artists, soloist, conductor and virtuoso orchestra, became one, and their expression the very voice of the Eighteen Thirties. The pages of balderdash in this curious score need not detain us. It is, for all its defects and hiatuses, an explosion of genius, and such a performance, had it been of much commoner stuff, would have been intoxicating.

N. Y. Turns Out For Concert Boston Symphony Opens 59th Series

NEW YORK, Nov. 15 (AP)—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which many a musician believes the finest symphonic group the world ever has known began its 59th New York season tonight with a somewhat austere program.

Serge Koussevitzky, the orchestra's conductor, chose to open with a program of two symphonies: Beethoven's "Eroica" and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," that curious combination of symphony with concerto. William Primrose played the viola solo that was begun by the composer with the Diaboli Paganini in mind.

The audience was the usual Boston Symphony audience, entirely sold out weeks in advance and adoring in every movement. The audience changes less from year to year than any other New York symphony audience; each winter the orchestra plays five pairs of concerts in Carnegie Hall, and five single concerts in Brooklyn.

In the 58 years the orchestra has been visiting New York, only one concert has been postponed, and none cancelled. The postponement was in 1888, when the famous blizzard stalled a train overnight in Connecticut, but did not disappoint an audience in New York because nobody could reach the hall anyway.

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, first concert of the season in Carnegie Hall Wednesday night. The program:
Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica," Op. 56 Beethoven
"Harold in Italy," symphony in four movements Berlioz
(William Primrose, viola solo)

Over-Trained 11-17-44

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra's first concert of the season, which took part Wednesday night in Carnegie Hall, consisted of two works only and lasted two hours. They were beautifully works, handsomely executed. With the exception of the impossible horn passage in the trio of Beethoven's "Eroica" scherzo, your commentator could find no fault in the playing. And yet he was aware of the slow passage of time.

Serge Koussevitzky's tempos were not slow. In the Beethoven symphony they were, in fact, most gratefully animated. And the mechanism of orchestral articulation was, as always with this group, delightful to observe. Everything was right, including William Primrose, who played the viola solo of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy." It was the old story, I am afraid, of familiar pieces so elegantly turned out that one scarcely recognized them. They were not deformed. Their clear spirit was not violated. They were simply so completely groomed that one was not aware of any spirit present. The slickness of their surfacing made them seem hollow and laborious underneath, which they are not.

The truth of the matter, in my opinion, is simply that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is over-trained and has been for several years. Its form is perfect, but it does not communicate. The music it plays never seems to be about anything, except how beautifully the Boston Symphony Orchestra can play. Perfection of execution that oversteps its purpose is a familiar phenomenon in art. That way lies superficiality and monotony. And music has no business sounding monotonous, since no two pieces of it are alike. Whenever a series of pieces or of programs starts sounding that way

Serge Koussevitzky



Conductor of "Bostonians"

you may be sure that the execution is at fault, is obtruding itself.

One longs, in listening to this orchestra's work, for a little ease. It is of use for all the sonorous elements to be so neatly in place unless there is some illusion created thereby that their being so is spontaneous. Music is not the result of rehearsal. It is an auditory miracle that can take place anywhere. When it occurs among disciplined musicians its miraculous quality is merely heightened. When the frequency of its occurrence in any given group starts diminishing, there are only two possible remedies. Either the members must play together more often or they must get some new pieces.

Obviously, this group does not need more rehearsing. And it knows now all the pieces there are in standard repertory; it even knows nearly all the kinds of pieces there are for large orchestra. There is nothing to be done about it. It has passed the peak of useful executional skill, and executional hypertrophy has set in. The pattern is a familiar one, and regrettable. But there is no use trying to deceive one's self about it.

B.S.O. New York Concerts

Bartok Work Is Played Here By Bostonians

His Concerto for Orchestra and Brahms's First Are Offered by Koussevitzky

By Jerome D. Bohm

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concert in Carnegie Hall Wednesday night. The program:
Prelude to "Khovantchina" Moussorgsky
Concerto for Orchestra (first time here) Bartok
Symphony No. 1, C minor Brahms

After having listened to the later, highly experimental and abstruse products of Bela Bartok with rebelling ears, it is a pleasure to report that the distinguished Hungarian composer has turned out an indubitable masterpiece in his Concerto Grosso for Orchestra which Mr. Koussevitzky unfolded for the first time in New York with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Wednesday night.

Completed in October, 1943, after a period of serious illness, this five-movement Concerto, which the composer tells us he has not dubbed a symphony because of the soloistic and virtuosic manner in which the instrumental groups are handled therein, is remarkable for the intrinsic value of its subject matter and for its mastery of architectonics and instrumentation.

The composer has not revealed whether his thematic material stems from genuine Hungarian folk tunes, but much of it is suggestive of autochthonous sources and the treatment accorded it is wholly delightful.

Mr. Bartok has written that "the general mood of the work represents, apart from the jesting second movement, a gradual transition from the sternness of the first movement and the lugubrious death-song of the third, to the life-assertion of the last one." This is a concise description of a work which not only keeps the hearer fascinated by its resourceful and kaleidoscopically shifting orchestral effects but by its direct and unashamed appeal to the heart.

Both the opening movement and especially the Elegy, with its affectingly plangent contents and luminously flickering scoring, are among the most poignant pages in present-day music and moved me more than anything I have heard since Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," although the two works have of course nothing in common stylistically regarded.

The "Intermezzo interotto," which constitutes the Concerto's fourth movement, is a delicious bit of foolery with a melody as alluring as a Tchaikovsky ballet tune. The Allegro scherzando, the work's second movement, in which a Bach-like chorale makes an unexpected, brief entrance, is utterly charming, and the perpetual-motion-like finale brings the Concerto to a brilliantly satisfying close.

It was disheartening that the audience received this fine composition with a coolness which mounted merely to polite applause when the composer appeared on the platform. One hopes that Mr. Koussevitzky and his great orchestra which discoursed the Concerto with matchless virtuosity and expressiveness will not be discouraged by this tepid reception and will, in addition to the performance scheduled for tomorrow afternoon, accord this Concerto a permanent place in its repertoire.

[From Late Edition of Yesterday's TIMES.]

BARTOK CONCERTO INTRODUCED HERE

Boston Symphony, Directed by
Koussevitzky, Plays New
Work at Carnegie Hall

By OLIN DOWNES

Dr. Koussevitzky, on occasion, is a bold but by no means tactless program maker. He introduced a new "Concerto for Orchestra" in the modern vein by Bela Bartok at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall. He prefaced this more or less problematic score by the folklike simplicities of the little prelude with which Mussorgsky prefaced the opening scene of his opera, "Khovantchina," and he followed it with the familiar and justly popular epic of Brahms, the C minor symphony. 1-12-43

The Concerto, given its premiere in Boston last Dec. 1, was written for the Koussevitzky Foundation, established in memory of Natalie Koussevitzky. Cushioned between Mussorgsky and Brahms, it had a very cordial reception.

This was due in the first place to the fact that the score is by no means the nut to crack that other of Bartok's late works have offered. It is a wide departure from its author's harsher and more cerebral style. There might even be the suspicion, with an artist of less sincerity than this one, that he had adopted a simpler and more melodic manner with the intention of an appeal to a wider public.

A Courageous Composer

But that would not be Mr. Bartok's motive. Nor would the emotional sequence of this music, and the care with which it has evidently been fashioned, support such an assumption. What is evident is the courage, which this composer never has lacked, with which he is striking out, in his late years, in new directions. The style is less involved and ingrowing than we have thought much of Bartok's late music to be, and it escapes in a large measure the pale cast of isolated thought which has

brooded over so many of his pages.

In sum, as he himself has stated, it is an emergence from the pessimism which might pardonably have engulfed him, as it has so many leading artists of today, especially those of European schools. And of all things courage is the most praiseworthy.

The score is called a "Concerto," meaning a work cast in the eighteenth rather than the nineteenth century mold, with, of course, contemporaneous idioms. This is not a piece for soloist and orchestra. It is a series of movements in terms of instrumental parts that form an ensemble. There are also elements of the classic symphony in the structure. Only two of its parts have musical relation to each other. Each is individually complete and different in form from the others; all are subjective in feeling.

Character of Music

The important point is the character of the music. It begins with a somber prelude, the theme in the low strings, several times repeated, with a sort of miragelike reflection of itself in harmonies of the upper strings. Mr. Bartok says that the second movement, scherzo-like, is a jest—though one would say a bitter one—and the third a lamentation. There are references in the fourth movement to the first and then, as a brilliant and entertaining contrast, a joyous, whirling finale in Hungarian style. Often there is the suggestion of dance rhythms and of the sing-song of folk strains—a "happy" and resolute ending.

Is this a temporary divagation from the road Bartok so consistently has traveled? Is the tendency more than skin deep, or its fruits of lasting value? The audience showed that it enjoyed the music, taking to it more readily than anything Bartok has recently written. Mr. Koussevitzky did him a notable service by his performance, which was of extraordinary spirit and virtuosity. There were places where the whole string choir had to be so many Heifetzes; when the whole orchestra, singly and en masse, did feats of derring-do. Repeatedly Dr. Koussevitzky led Mr. Bartok from the wings, and finally left him alone on the stage with the applauding audience. After the Brahms symphony there was also a demonstration.

BOSTON SYMPHONY WINS AN OVATION

Koussevitzky's Readings of
Corelli Excerpts, Sibelius'
Work Receive Praise

At its concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall the Boston Symphony performed two works which had not been presented on its program last Wednesday night in the same auditorium. These were the Second symphony of Sibelius and Ettore Pinelli's arrangement for string orchestra of a Sarabande, a Gigue and a Badinerie chosen from the violin sonatas forming the Opus 5 of Corelli. The list was completed by a repetition of Béla Bartók Concerto for Orchestra, which received its New York premiere at the previous concert. 1-14-43

In the Corelli excerpts the strings played with their incomparable beauty and ductility of tone, and thereby enhanced to the utmost the inherent melodic charm of the three delightful pieces, each of which was highly contrasted with the others and yet never overstepped the bounds of classic restraint.

The brooding Sarabande was delivered in tones of remarkable silkiness and purity of texture and was a constant joy to the ear from the delicately moulded phrases at the start to the richly resonant climax at the close, being filled with deftly treated nuances throughout and the subtlest of carefully built-up

crescendos. The Gigue was projected in full-bodied, resonant tones, with all the rhythmic allure and vitality needed to evoke its exuberant content. By way of sharp differentiation came the happy-spirited Badinerie, in which the ingratiating melody of the violins and the pizzicato accompaniment of the rest of the strings were handled in surpassingly delicate fashion.

The same perfection reached in the Corelli excerpts by the strings was evidenced by all of the sections of the orchestra in the performance of the Second symphony of Sibelius, accorded a reading that brought on a protracted ovation for Dr. Koussevitzky and his men by its pronounced eloquence and intensity.

It was played in all of the four movements with the opulence of sound and wealth of prismatic hues needed to lend the music its essential quality. Dr. Koussevitzky's masterly interpretation of the symphony is too familiar to require detailed account. The finale, however, was taken at a somewhat more deliberate pace than the conductor has sometimes employed for this division of the work, resulting in a particularly noble and imposing propulsion of the movement. If any fault could be found with the presentation, it was that there were passages for the pizzicato lower strings in the Andante which were not clearly audible in the wide spaces of the auditorium, and this was again true of the repeated B flats for the tympani leading to the trio of the scherzo.

Mr. Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra, previously reviewed in these columns, met with a demonstration of approval that necessitated many bows from the composer.

N. S.

STRIKING PROGRAM BY KOUSSEVITZKY

Boston Orchestra Contrasts
Mozart Divertimento With
Stravinsky, Tchaikovsky

By OLIN DOWNES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction opened its concert last night in Carnegie Hall with the most finished performance imaginable of a very simple and very difficult score—the Divertimento in B flat of Mozart for strings and two horns. This required virtuosity and style from each individual player to match the taste and finesse of the conductor's conception. And this was accomplished, to the vast edification of the audience which is the most discerning and exacting one that gathers for any orchestral concerts given in this city.

Then came the strongest imaginable contrast—the excerpts from Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" music and Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony. The effect, coming after the very modest proportions and the strict classicism of Mozart's score, an effect planned with much astuteness, would in any case have been striking. But it is seldom in the history of Dr. Koussevitzky's brilliant performances in this city that the orchestra has played with such color and intrepidity. And how different is this "Petrouchka" music to the antiquated products of Stravinsky's late period. What genius, genius of the soil as well as of the individualistic composer, is in this score!

Girls Danced Down Aisle

There was an occasion when Koussevitzky played the "Petrouchka" arrangement to an audience in a town on the Volga and two peasant girls rose from their seats and danced down the aisle at the passage called the "coachmen's

dance" in the score. Admonished to sit down, they said in astonishment, "But isn't that our dance?" It is a tribute of which the composer could well be proud, though he has now abandoned completely his "nationalistic" or "folkloristic" vein as exemplified in this work. Let those who remember the legend of the giant Anteus consider the results.

How many times Koussevitzky has played the "Pathetic" symphony here one does not remember at the moment. Nor how many times we have been told, since we were fifteen, that this hysterical, sentimental, self-pitying, "uncontrolled" music of Tchaikovsky would not last, could not last, or ever command the respect of cultured listeners, because of its obviousness, its emotionalism and lack of form—that also is beyond calculation.

Performance Dramatic

If the intensely dramatic performance of last night, which so deeply impressed the audience, had done nothing else, it would have served to remind listeners how wide of the mark and at variance with the plain evidence of history is this prejudice. Of course, we know that Tchaikovsky is just too, too raw for our more refined and sophisticated souls to endure. But the allegation that his symphonies are formless is simply unfounded, as also that they are uncontrolled.

This is not opinion. It is the fact contained in the score. When he arrived at his Sixth Symphony Tchaikovsky was mastering form in his own way. If there is one weakness of form in the first movement there are also enormous and exceptional distinction in this direction. The form of each of the last three movements is unique as it is balanced and proportioned in the statement of the idea. Control is nowhere more in evidence than in the evolution and the gigantic building up of the wild earth-shaking march, or the noble anguish of the finale. It is really time that Tchaikovskian dissenters should square their arguments with the facts. But the public does not need them.

At the end, and throughout the evening, there were demonstrations for orchestra and conductor.

Koussevitzky Leads Orchestra in the 'Pathétique'

The first half of Mr. Koussevitzky's program with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Wednesday night was a sheer delight from every aspect. The two works performed, Mozart's Divertimento in B flat (K. 287) and Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," are both first-rate products and were accorded interpretations which did complete justice to the intentions of both composers.

All five movements of the Mozart Divertimento are replete with endearing melodies, especially fine being the wistfully serene adagio and the finale with its dramatic introductory recitative, which unexpectedly appears again before the close of the effervescent allegro molto.

The orchestra's virtuosity was appositely exploited in "Petrouchka" and less appositely in the third movement of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony, which occupied the second half of the program. Here the pacing was much too fast to permit sufficiently weighty treatment of the heavy accents of the march-like theme. In fact, Mr. Koussevitzky's tempi throughout this work were open to question. Especially disturbing was his sudden slowing of the music's flow in the middle section of the movement in five-quarter time. Tonally, of course, the performance was, as always, a sumptuous one.

J. D. B.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.
Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concert in Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon with the assistance of a chorus trained by Robert L. Shaw and Valentina Vishnevskaya, soprano.

The program:
Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished"), Schubert
The Feast During the Plague, Symphonic Suite (first New York performance), Lourie
Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92, Beethoven

Original Instrumentation

FORMERLY famed for his devotion to contemporary (including American) composers, Serge Koussevitzky had, till yesterday, conducted the Boston Symphony

Orchestra in five Manhattan concerts this season without introducing but one new work and without playing any American pieces at all. At his sixth concert, which took place yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, he brought forth another, carefully cushioning it between Schubert and Beethoven. It was welcome.

Arthur Lourie's "Feast During the Plague," the work in question, is a symphonic suite in six movements drawn from an opera-ballet composed to a text by Pushkin, itself a translation of an early nineteenth-century play entitled "The City of the Plague," by a Scottish writer named John Wilson, who wrote under the pseudonym of "Christopher North." How vivid this music might appear in its full theatrical context one cannot be sure. As a concert work the suite is not without a certain acuity of expression, though the separate pieces are all a little static; and the whole has neither progress nor cohesion.

The most directly expressive element of it is the instrumentation, which, as always in the writing of this composer, is ingenious, original and, I should guess, pretty accurately imagined. It is transparent scoring, widely spaced and making much use of individualized timbres. These are used with constant reference to gradations of similarity among sounds of different origin. As in the scoring of the Impressionists, all the sounds that all the instruments can make are employed for their separate qualities. Lightness, heaviness, brightness, darkness, thinness, roundness, forward-coming or retreating characteristics are the basis of choice in their usage and in their association.

By individualizing and associating kinds of sound rather than the instruments that are used for producing them, Mr. Lourie gives to all his orchestral music an imper-

sonal efficiency, both of pictorial coloration and of balance, that adds to it a kind of visual depth, or perspective, that is unusual, interesting and valuable as a contribution to the art of composition. I believe this procedure, in fact, this carrying forward, however tentative, of the orchestral methods of Debussy and the other Impressionist masters, to be his chief originality as a composer.

His melody, though graceful, is a little aimless. His rhythm is static, lacking in liveliness; it does not progress. And his harmonic syntax, though adequate enough, lacks tension and hence style. These elements of his music reflect the defects of a restless and sophisticated but essentially undisciplined mind. His music, as a whole, and "The Feast During the Plague," considered as a concert piece, seems to be no nearer to integration than the purely symphonic works, is interesting in detail but always a little unsatisfactory as expression. It is not banal, but it is not quite convincing, either. For all its contemporary intellectual tone, it smells of Borodine, Avensky and Glazounoff. These were good composers, all of them, and distinguished musicians. But their work was interesting far more for its instrumental ingenuities than for any simple, direct or real meaning.

BOSTON ORCHESTRA PLAYS 'RUDEPOEMA'

Dr. Koussevitzky Offers the
Villa-Lobos Composition First
Time in New York

By OLIN DOWNES

The program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, last night in Carnegie Hall offered for the greater part familiar music, superbly played, and a first performance of a work new to audiences in this city—the "Rudepoema" of Villa-Lobos. 3-16-45 *Tr.*

It is not unfair or indiscreet, presumably, to refer here to a remark made during the recent and welcome visit to this country by the Brazilian composer. "I have written," said Mr. Villa-Lobos, "a great deal of music. Some of it is bad, but some of it is very good." With this verdict, from a source of singular and admirable impartiality in the matter, one can readily agree. The question is, to which category does the "Rudepoema," which we are told, is to be translated as "Primitive Poem," belong?

Villa-Lobos wrote the "Rudepoema" as a musical portrait of the pianist Artur Rubinstein, with a dedication which stated the composer's "sincere belief" that he had caught the pianist's temperament "and put its image upon paper, as a camera might. So, if I have succeeded, it is indeed you who are the true author of this work."

We think the music more suggestive of Brazil than of the personality of Artur Rubinstein, who has often played this work in the piano version. We have the impression that as soon as Mr. Villa-Lobos transferred his pianistic conception to the orchestral canvas he enlarged the proportions of the original piece to the dimensions of a big symphonic poem.

At any rate, the "Rudepoema," having powerful and richly colored pages which could only be by Villa-Lobos, is overlong for its structure. Or let us say that the structure is rambling and that there are too many different ideas in the work for its best good. The line of it is broken. One is blinded to the musical scenery by the endless picturesqueness of its detail. A quarter as many ideas, concisely developed, would still mean a good-sized score that would be more effective. In this work alone Mr. Villa-Lobos has written a good deal of music, too much of which is not good. It impresses as one of his earlier and less significant creations. But there was, however, hearty and long-sustained applause for the composition.

Dr. Koussevitzky began the concert with the Haydn Symphony in B flat numbered by Breitkopf and Hartel 102. We had not heard the introduction played so transparently and solemnly, almost in mystical vein not customarily associated with Haydn. For the accent of it we could have been listening to the opening of the Prelude to Lohengrin! It is to be

remembered that Haydn was by no means the cheerful old simpleton that he was for long depicted to be. The performance, tonally, stylistically, would have glorified the most ordinary music. There was the hint of special "interpretation" here and there, such as we have mentioned. That is Dr. Koussevitzky's conception of Haydn, and it must be confessed that his ideas, with such an orchestra to convey them, are exceptionally persuasive.

The Schumann Spring symphony would be a glorious evocation whatever the season. In its natural state it is rather inexpertly and reticently scored, so that it commonly sounds stringy, with indistinct edges—this despite some instrumental effects of unique beauty. Dr. Koussevitzky by special emphasis here and strengthening of tone there made the symphony positively brilliant in its color and effect. We have seldom felt that the tempi were so justly taken, or the Schumann phrase given a more characteristic curve than on this occasion. There was only one thing: too much brilliancy instead of too little, which, though the scoring was not changed, had the effect of reinforced instrumentation. One wonders if he doesn't prefer Schumann in his native shyness and inexpertness. These are opinions. The important facts last night were the beauty and fancy of the music.

Concert Given At Carnegie Hall By Bostonians

Works of Schumann, Haydn
and Villa-Lobos Played;
Koussevitzky Conducts

By Jerome D. Bohm

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, concert in Carnegie Hall last night, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. The program:
Symphony No. 102, B flat..... Haydn
"Rudepoema"..... Villa-Lobos
Symphony No. 1, B flat..... Schumann

It is this reviewer's unpleasant task to report that the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Wednesday night was a disappointing one which

pursued a course considerably below this great organization's customary superlative level of achievement. This was less due to shortcomings in the ensemble as such, although even on this score everything was no so flawless as usual, several entrances in the Schumann Symphony being not quite on the beat. 3-16-45 *Tr.*

The trouble seemed to lie principally with Mr. Koussevitzky, who, until the final movement of the Schumann Symphony, had difficulty in immersing himself completely in the music. The interpretation of the Haydn Symphony was leaden-footed, wanting in rhythmic grace and lightness, in delicacy of nuance and in dynamic variegation. In short, the spirit of Haydn was nowhere perceptible. The tonal investiture accorded this wonderful work was syrupy and wanting in transparency of texture.

Villa-Lobos' "Rudepoema," which received its first New York performance in orchestral dress, having been arranged from a piano piece originally penned for Artur Rubinstein, is a characteristic product of the Brazilian composer. It is a disjointed, episodic work, fitting from night club to jungle without pausing for breath. The orchestral din is unabating, and the ear tires long before the end of this effusion which sounds like Moussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" divested of its ideas and transferred from the Volga River to the banks of the Amazon. Here, however, the virtuosity of the orchestra found congenial material and the performance was all that could be desired, since the musical values concerned were slight.

But when Mr. Koussevitzky returned after the intermission to conduct the Schumann First Symphony he proved to be still in the musical doldrums, which had vitiated the effectiveness of his conception of the Haydn Symphony. The opening movement was all of one piece dynamically, almost consistently too loud, and conveying little of the music's exuberance for all the glowing sonorities achieved. The exquisite Larghetto

movement was treated with a similar lack of reticence along dynamic lines, little of its intimately poetic message being suggested. The Schumannesque humor of the Scherzo was only permitted to peer forth in the second trio, and it was not until the Finale was reached that Mr. Koussevitzky's lethargy was dispelled and his conception suddenly took on the essential vitality and imaginative perceptiveness.

Koussevitzky Conducts Concert at Carnegie Hall

Bostonians Play Mozart, Ravel, Debussy and Hanson

Three of the four numbers played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky's direction yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall were a joy to hear. Or rather, three different kinds of joys. The playing of the Mozart E-flat Major Symphony (K.543) at the opening of the program was a criterion of the kind of beauty that can be made by classical, consonant writing when the performing ensemble is really together. Much of this feeling of easy precision came from the caressing suavity of the string section, whose perfect synchronization was most in evidence in the first two movements. 3-18-45

The two other pleasures were the unequalled readings of Debussy's sunlit "Prelude a' L'Après-Midi d'un Faune!", in which lucidity of orchestral balance reached its zenith for the afternoon, and Ravel's "La Valse." The tingling carnal sounds written into this work were all brought out by the excited Mr. Koussevitzky, and the nervous impact received by the listener at the end of the piece was as energizing as the lingering cadence at the end of the "Faune" had been relaxing.

After the intermission, the audience was given Howard Hanson's Third Symphony. Nothing happens here. The instrumentation and material are Brahmsian but turbid; the working-out of themes is unfeeling, unimaginative and pedestrian. It has the modernism of the Waldorf lobby; it is "contemporary" music written for pretentious people. J. U.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PRESENTS DEBUSSY

Dr. Koussevitzky Excels in Directing 'Afternoon of Faun' at Carnegie Hall

At yesterday afternoon's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall the program conducted by Serge Koussevitzky contained two works, of which he is the unexcelled interpreter, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and "La Valse" of Ravel. These offerings formed the central part of a list that opened with Mozart's Symphony in E flat and was brought to a close by Howard Hanson's Third symphony.

There are orchestral directors who conceive Debussy's tone poem along more subdued lines than Dr. Koussevitzky, but who in so doing impart an anaemic quality to the music. In his remarkable reading Dr. Koussevitzky knows just where to bring passages into high relief, so that instead of nullifying the dreaminess and sensuousness of the music they stress these elements, while at the same time giving firmness and clarity to the composition's structural patterning. 3-18-45

The orchestra played all of it with enchanting beauty of tone and the subtlest and delicate nuances, the flute part being especially notable for purity and limpidity. A deliberate tempo was adopted, and it lent the whole just the right degree of languor and luxuriousness.

Dr. Koussevitzky's superlative treatment of Ravel's "La Valse" is an old story, but each rehearing of the work under his baton only serves to increase one's wonder at the results he achieves in it. It was again a marvel of rhythmic allure, kaleidoscopic coloring and orchestral virtuosity. How the conductor and his men accomplish what they do in the peroration remains a mystery, for they alone seem capable of the glory of sound and tremendous impact they bring to these electrifying measures.

Mozart's symphony in E flat was less convincingly performed. There

was more exuberance and vitality in the interpretation than finesse or subtlety, the opening movement being the least amenable to this approach, which was too objective for it and robbed it of sufficient contrasts of mood.

On the other hand, Dr. Koussevitzky threw himself heart and soul into the presentation of Hanson's Third symphony, leaving nothing undone to convey the intentions of the content in each of the four movements. But this is a work which, after its first movement, begins to pall with its constant unrelieved richness of scoring and the building up of mighty climaxes leading nowhere in particular. Sibelius, and also Bruckner, Dvorak and the Wagner of "Parsifal" are echoed in the music, which is of interest principally because of its unquestioned sincerity and the spiritual impulse behind it all. N. S.

Boston Symphony Gives Concert in Carnegie Hall

French-Russian Program Led by Koussevitzky

Serge Koussevitzky led the Boston Symphony Orchestra Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall in a French-Russian program which included two short and infrequently heard pieces by Gabriel Fauré: a suite from his incidental music to Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande," and the "Elegie" for violincello and orchestra. The former work, dating from 1898, contains the accustomed constantly shifting harmonies, here applied to making a faintly nostalgic atmosphere; its most charming section is "Fileuse," a gentle perpetuum mobile. The "Elegie," suavely read by Jean Bedetti, solo cellist, seemed less rewarding musically, but elicited more applause from the audience. 4-13-45

The concert began with a superb performance of the Shostakovich Eighth Symphony. The contours were clearer, there was

more expression in the tortured fortissimo passages of the first movement than one had previously heard. The least attractive movement still appears to be the final fugal one. It lacks the necessary decisiveness to be emotionally satisfactory after the very unequivocal movements which precede it. Ravel's Second Suite from "Daphnis et Chloe" provided sparkle and excitement. P. B.

SHOSTAKOVICH 8TH CONCERT FEATURE

Koussevitzky Conducts Boston Group in Brilliant Reading of Symphony at Carnegie Hall

By OLIN DOWNES

The Shostakovich Eighth Symphony, which Dr. Rodzinski introduced in America at a Philharmonic-Symphony concert of April 2 last year, and which had since been given both Boston and New York performances by the Boston Symphony, was repeated by that organization under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction last night in Carnegie Hall.

This performance was a sheer triumph of beautiful and brilliant playing by the unrivaled orchestra. It is hard to believe that anything the composer had in mind was absent from the interpretation, into which Dr. Koussevitzky put every fiber of his energy and insight, and his intense admiration for the composer. For the present writer the eloquence of this performance merely emphasized the inventive weakness, long-windedness and diffuseness of the composition.

Receives Warm Reception

Neither in this symphony nor in his Seventh does Shostakovich impress us as fulfilling himself as a symphonic writer. He sets him-

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self certain tasks; he takes a certain emotional position; the results are artificial. The symphony was respectfully applauded. The brilliancy of its presentation was warmly approved, and with these words the nature of its welcome is described. 4-13-45

In honor, evidently, of the centenary of the birth of Gabriel Faure in May of 1845 this program, the first of the last two that the Boston Symphony gives this season in New York, included two of the compositions of that master. The first was the Suite made from the wistful music that he wrote for Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production of Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande." The second was the "Elegie" for solo 'cello, heard in this instance with the orchestral accompaniment.

Jean Bedetti as Soloist

This solo, played with the most admirable finish and tonal excellence by Jean Bedetti, first 'cellist of the orchestra, delighted the audience. More distinguished music was furnished by the suite. Its utter simplicity, its grave beauty and tenderness, conveyed by the fewest possible notes, became in a way a wholly unintended rebuke of the pretensions and inflated rhetoric of Shostakovich's symphony—and this although the tempi of the first and the last movements of the suite were hurried and the aristocratic reticence of the score replaced by an over-dramatic accent.

The concert ended to the joy of all with the spectacular performance that conductor and orchestra give, and so often have given in this city, of the second "Daphnis et Chloe" suite of Ravel.

Rodzinski, Koussevitzky Bow Out

By Oscar Thompson

New York
The orchestra season has closed, so far as the giving of public concerts is concerned. The Philharmonic-Symphony goes on broadcasting on Sunday afternoons throughout the summer and the NBC Symphony's radio programs continue the year round. But, with posters already up announcing the new season that will begin next October—with Artur Rodzinski, Bruno Walter, Igor Stravinsky and George Szell as conductors—the Philharmonic concluded its subscription events for 1944-45 last Sunday with a concert that was a memorial, at least in part, for Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Dr. Rodzinski did not succeed in excluding applause, however, as Serge Koussevitzky did at the final New York concert of the Boston Symphony on the preceding Saturday afternoon. Dr. Koussevitzky timed his re-constituted program to end a few minutes before the funeral ceremony in Washington, D. C. He conducted the first movement of the Shostakovich Eighth Symphony, the first and second movements of Beethoven's "Eroica," and Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom," in which the orchestra was associated with the Harvard Glee Club. This was the choral work's first performance in New York, though sections of it were sung again only two days later by the Schola Cantorum.

The solemn and reverent attitude of Dr. Koussevitzky's audience gave the concert an impressive atmosphere. Musically it was worthy of the Boston Symphony's highest traditions. The orchestra's tone was lustrous and the ensemble played with the greatest smoothness and polish. The Harvard choristers, too, met the expectations of Mr. Thompson's choral work very creditably. The quotations from Thomas Jefferson set by the composer have, of themselves, little to stimulate the writing of music, much as they may appeal to patriotism. The long prose sentences have to be broken in their delivery, some of them many times; and the many-syllabled words prompted questions

—in their advance perusal—as to how they could be united with appropriate music. Mr. Thompson met these problems with rare resourcefulness and the "Testament" moved smoothly. If his is not a score of any unusual creative significance, it still represents a very considerable achievement.

Dr. Rodzinski's final program embraced the Allegretto from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, Mozart's G minor Symphony and the Second Symphony of Brahms. Because of an indisposition, the Philharmonic's musical director passed the conducting of the Mozart work on to Ignace Strasfogel, a member of the orchestra, but himself led the Beethoven and Brahms performances. The playing of these works was all of a finished and elevated character. The same program had been presented on Friday afternoon, with Dr. Rodzinski in charge of the orchestra throughout. Thursday night's concert was cancelled by the management when the news came of the President's passing.

The Boston Symphony's season in Carnegie Hall has been less productive of novelty that has been usually true of its seasons there under Dr. Koussevitzky. But four unfamiliar works—Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra, Villa-Lobos' "Rudepoema," Lourié's "The Feast During the Plague" and Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom"—were introduced. Various other new compositions that were brought out in Boston—among them the Diamond Symphony—were not given at the concerts here. This has evoked some wonderment and some criticism, particularly because of repetitions of pieces of the standard repertory which have been played in Carnegie Hall many times in the past by the Boston Orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky. 4-21-45

The return of the Schola Cantorum, conducted by Hugh Ross, after several seasons in which it had given no Carnegie Hall concerts, was an event of more than ordinary consequence. It took place at a concert for the Armed Forces Master Records, Inc., which

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has been placing libraries of recorded music in places where those in uniform can use them. The Choir of the U. S. N. R. Midshipmen's School, an orchestra from the Philharmonic-Symphony and five vocal soloists assisted. Of the singers, Ellabelle Davis, a Negro soprano, who delivered the solo part of Loeffler's 20-year-old "Canticum Fratris Solis," was the most noteworthy. She possesses a beautiful and well-schooled voice and a smooth command of style.

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GARDEN CONCERT RECORD FOR U. S.

12/15/44 Globe

13,500 Pay \$9,952,122 in War
Bonds to Hear Symphony Concert
---Greatest Indoor Bond Event



AT BIG WAR LOAN CONCERT
Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, left, and President Edward L. Hubbard of the
Boston Retail Trade Board at the big war loan symphony concert at Bos-
ton Garden.

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AT BIG WAR LOAN CONCERT

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, left, and President Edward L. Hubbard of the Boston Retail Trade Board at the big war loan symphony concert at Boston Garden.

GARDEN CONCERT RECORD FOR U. S.

Acknowledged by the Treasury Department to have been the largest indoor event for war bonds in the history of the United States, the occasion reached into the highest brackets of patriotic achievement, earning more money for the country's war effort than even had been hoped in the wildest dreams of its sponsors.

In announcing the accomplishment, F. Winchester Denio, general chairman of the Sixth War Loan drive here, told the big audience, which filled floor and balconies, that the sale of bonds for the concert "staggered anything expected."

He paid tribute to Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra, which had donated its talents and services, to the Naval Training Station band from Newport, which augmented the Symphony musicians in the grand finale, Tchaikovsky's "1812," and to the sponsoring organizations—the United States Treasury Department and the Boston Retail Trade Board, which distributed the tickets and issued the bonds for them here.

The huge auditorium was undecorated, except for a big American flag suspended over the great white circular orchestra stage in mid-arena—where the middle ring of the circus, and centre-ice for the hockey games, and the ring for prize fights and wrestling bouts usually hold the spotlights.

Ranged around the great floor were tiers of the women's military services—WAVES, WACS, SPARS, women marines, army and navy nurses, the light blue-clad cadet nurses, and a detail of the gray-uniformed Red Cross.

Truly it was, in the words of Chair-

man Denio, "an event that never can be duplicated, because it is the first performance the Boston Symphony Orchestra ever has given in Boston Garden, and to the biggest audience it ever played to in New England."

Every Ticket Sold

The huge crowd began arriving early, pouring in from street cars, buses, elevated trains and in private cars. Every walk of life was represented.

The Naval Training Station band played the women's services into the big hall, and they made a smart appearance as they marched to their places. When Dr. Koussevitzky strode to the dais, the entire great audience rose to its feet.

And it stood again, on floor and in the balconies, as the orchestra played the "Star Spangled Banner," prelude to its concert of the evening.

In the Naval Training Station Band, augmenting the orchestra in the final number, were three symphony men, incidentally, on leave to serve with the navy. They are Roger Voisin, trumpet player; Vinal Smith, trombone, and Paul Keaney, French horn.

The sale of tickets for the big event had been completed by yesterday morning. They were taken by men and women who bought war bonds ranging from \$50 to \$1000 or more. All the \$100 and \$50 bonds had been sold three weeks ago, in the first three days of the sale, it was stated. Everything else had gone by Wednesday night except eight tickets turned back by the army, and they were snapped up first thing yesterday.

And, finally, the orchestra last night played to good acoustic conditions, for a special job had been done on the big Garden for the occasion and no one, no matter what part of the huge auditorium they were seated, failed to hear well, it was announced afterward.

Music and Democracy

No thoughtful person could have looked down on the Boston Garden as Dr. Koussevitzky raised his baton Thursday night without sensing the hushed expectancy of the 13,500 who filled the great auditorium. And no one there could help being moved by the clear demonstration of mass enjoyment of music. The Symphony Orchestra, the Retail Trade Board and the Massachusetts War Finance Committee produced 13,500 banquets of happiness.

There is mounting evidence that the appeal of what we call, for want of a better term, "good music," is spreading through all classes. We see the rapt attention of the thousands who attend the Esplanade Concerts. The lecturers in the music courses of the University Extension attest to an increasingly intelligent interest. The sale of records grows "by leaps and bounds." And the radio, in its more classic manifestations, still gives more to Bach than to Offenbach. *12-16-44 Herald*

This being so, is there not something we ought to do about it? Should not this hunger of the people receive full attention?

It is true that the Symphony even now reaches a considerable audience. In its 240 events last year (one every 38 hours), 875,000 were present, and the radio carried the concerts to several million besides. In addition a million records were sold. But if 13,500 could attend each concert, instead of the 2637 accommodated in Symphony Hall, the rich opportunity would be well appreciated. Of course, this is now only a dream, for the size of Symphony Hall and its acoustic qualities are in themselves important.

The Garden gave far better results than were expected. With the pie-shaped arrangement of the orchestra in the center two-thirds of the audience were as close to it, on the average, as the audiences are at the Symphony, and a light amplification aided the rest. The auditorium at Ann Arbor, seating 5000, the hall at Milwaukee holding 6500, the Chicago Opera House with 3400, and the Shed at Tanglewood with 6004 and as many more outside, all compare well in acoustical perfection with Symphony Hall. So it is quite possible to design a new building which would more nearly meet Boston's needs, without loss of quality. Is this a chart for a war memorial?

There is a question, too, whether there is not room here for a radio station which, like WQXR in New York, could give day-long programs of "good music." Certainly the Garden turnout proves there is a public for it.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Boston Symphony Orchestra did not sound in the Boston Garden last evening precisely as it does in Symphony Hall. It probably did not sound exactly the same in every part of the huge auditorium. But even in those vast spaces its unique qualities were still apparent. It was a happy thought to place it in the centre, instead of at one end, as was done with Stokowski's Youth Orchestra a couple of years ago, and the inevitable amplification was well managed. 12-15-44 gsk

The sound, then, was satisfactory, and so was the programme. Containing just enough serious music and just enough patriotic music, Dr. Koussevitzky's well-contrived list was also timely and appropriate in every respect. Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont" recalled another time when the Netherlands was oppressed by tyranny, a tyranny over which the soul of a brave man was able to triumph. Not only because of its V-for-victory motive is Beethoven's Fifth Symphony appropriate to times like these, and in the numbers that filled the second half of the evening Dr. Koussevitzky recognized all of the United Nations save China, and on that particular score there wasn't much that he could do. These pieces were Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" March, No. 1; the March "Lorraine" of Ganne, now exceedingly popular in liberated France; Rimsky-Korsakov's transcription of "Dubinushka," a Russian revolutionary song of the early years of the present century; Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and Tchaikovsky's Overture "1812."

It had been announced that extra bells would be collected for Tchaikovsky's Overture. They were not in evidence; only the familiar set of tubular chimes. But there were extra brass instruments, played by members of the U. S. Naval Training Station Band from Newport, R. I. The added sonority was somewhat less than one might have expected, but, anyway, there was noise enough and the overture got the best hand of the evening. We are accustomed to hearing Dr. Koussevitzky and the full orchestra in the music of Beethoven, though not in what might be called Pop concert marches and, to be perfectly frank, the above comments on excellence of the orchestral tone, the finish of the orchestral performance were meant to apply to Beethoven, not to the other composers of the evening. The second half of the programme was merely the Pops, only more so. And that, under the circumstances, was very much in order.

SYMPHONY MAN WRITES OF FRANCE

Now in Army, Serves
as Interpreter and
Chaplain

Walter Trampler, former violinist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who is now on active duty with the army in France, has written of his experiences, varying from interpreter and entertainer to assisting the chaplain. He wrote:

Post 12-9-44
MOSTLY MUD

"A trip to sunny France is everybody's dream. But not for us this time, because we are walking up to our ankles in mud. Unfortunately, the army saw fit to take away our overshoes before we left the U.S.A. It seems they

never heard of a rainy season in France.

"My work consists of Special Service, entertaining, interpreting for 250 prisoners, and some Post Exchange. All I am concerned about is to do some constructive work by entertaining. There is darn little constructive in warfare.

"Don't think everything is so rosy as you read in the news. Looks different from here after having seen a few battlefields."

Sept. 28—Somewhere in France. "The first greetings from the old world. It is sadly and depressingly old, with the beauty of the countryside scarred by the battles that swept through this part of France. I took a walk through a nearby town today, and can only say that it was a miserable sight . . . I do not hesitate to say, though, that I would not want to miss this experience for anything in the world."

Serves as Chaplain

Oct. 24—"My newest and most unusual job so far is that of 'chaplain.' Our Protestant chaplain doesn't speak German, so he writes the sermon for the prisoners and I translate it and give it. Everyone says I do very well. I wouldn't know, as I was too dazed to find myself standing there as Chaplain Trampler. They have since sent me to another camp to perform the same duty."

Oct. 29—"Today—finally—we started playing. We went to some wards filled mainly with bed patients. I had the satisfaction of feeling that I did, in one hour of playing, more constructive work than in the whole period since we reached France. It is so terribly obvious that the fellows were longing to hear music. And also, it's so important that they see that someone is thinking enough of them to see that they get music, and other entertainment, of course."

Leading Citizen

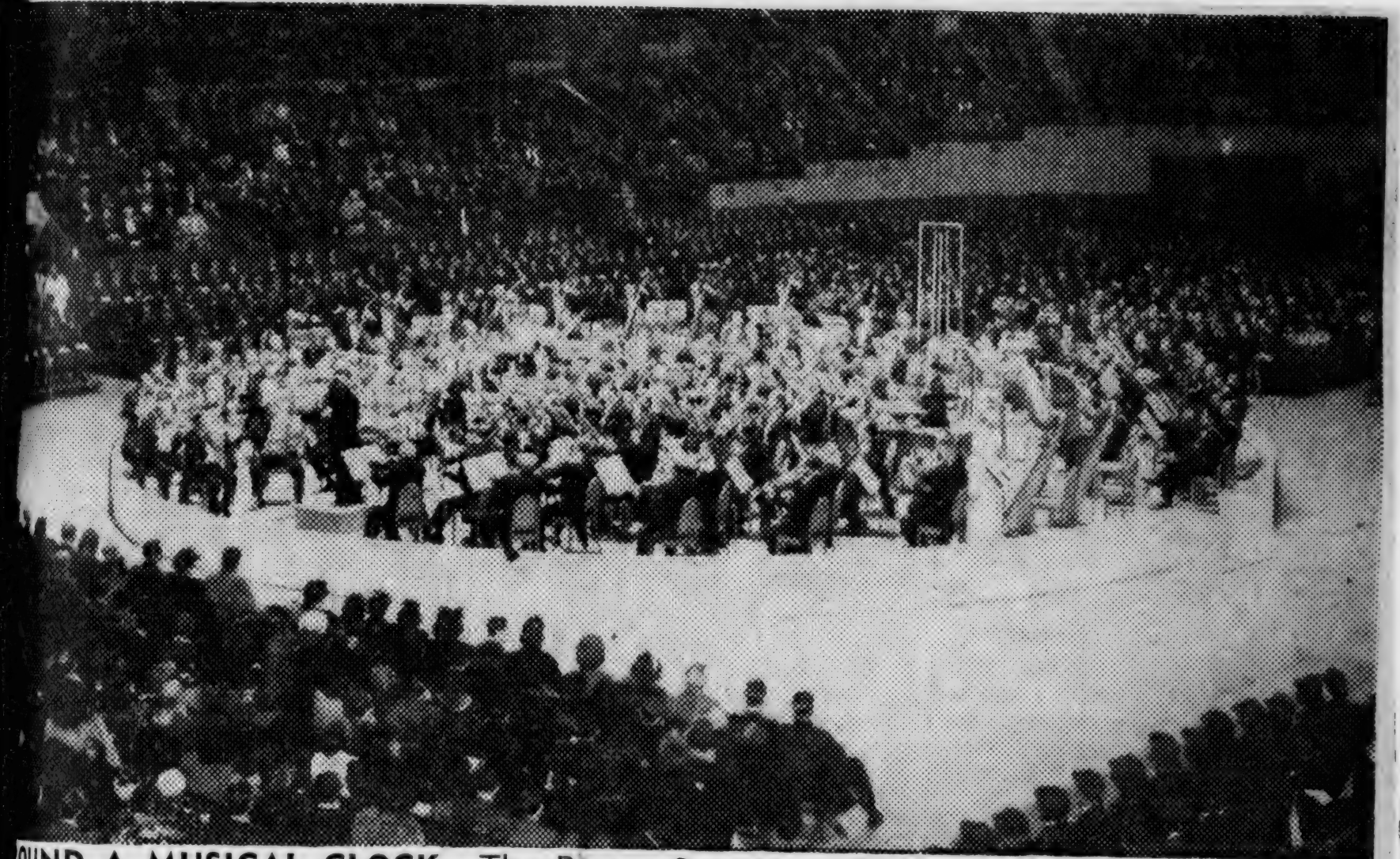
Is Boston today as good a breeding-place for "leading citizens" as it once was, or is it only that they do not stand forth so clearly in this crowded time? Who, for example, is the present counterpart or successor of Henry Lee Higginson?

12-10-44 Herald

Here was a man who never held office, yet constantly played a leading part in the affairs of the community—civic, financial, humanitarian, educational. His presence was picturesque and impressive. He had the gift of effective, incisive speech, a gift through which he registered his distinctive personality whenever he had occasion to address an audience, small or large.

His character and his loyalties owed much to the molding forces of the Civil War. The simplicity and directness of a soldier remained with him through more than half a century of peace. He had, besides, the tastes and instincts of an artist. Denied the wish to lead the life of a musician himself, he devoted himself to bringing the best fruits of musical art to others. Through so doing he hoped to carry into America at peace the spirit of dear friends he had lost in war.

These reflections spring from the fact that the members of the permanent institution launched by Major Higginson, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, are about to render their volunteered service, through a notable concert in the Boston Garden, to the cause of the Sixth War Loan. Here is but one of many fruits of the idealism of one man, remembered more for his single interest in music than for anything else. In these days of a vastly greater war than any conflict in which he took part, who shall say that ideals of the very sort that inspired Major Higginson are not nourishing leading citizens of the years to come?



OUND A MUSICAL CLOCK—The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky conducting, adopts this circular formation for its first Boston Garden appearance under his baton. Almost \$10,000,000 in Sixth War Loan bond sales was realized from the concert, last night.

Leading Citizen

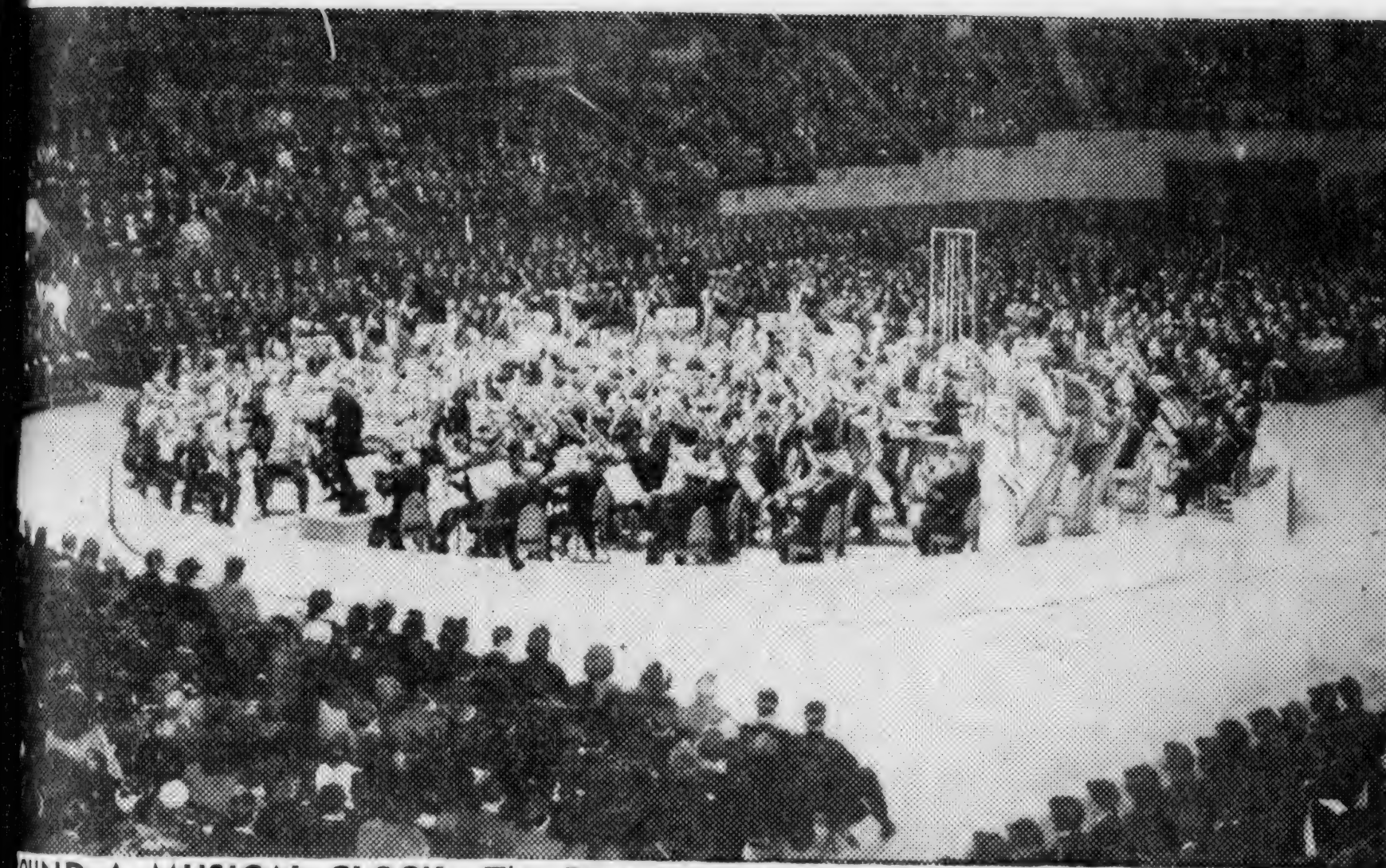
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13,500 HEAR SYMPHONY IN \$10,000,000 CONCERT

By WILLIAM F. HOMER, Jr.

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky changed on his left. Brasses and woodwinds platforms from Symphony Hall to the Boston Garden for the first time last night. There, a capacity 13,500 throng heard an inspiring Boston Symphony Orchestra concert. *10-23-44 Herald*

The gathering took pride in a new high of close to \$10,000,000 in audience war bond buying patriotism. Every one seemed pleased.

The sponsoring Boston Retail Trade Board and F. W. Denio, chairman of the Massachusetts War Finance Committee, who spoke briefly, were delighted at the Sixth War Loan bond total of \$9,959,122 represented by the crowd.

The appreciative listeners heard a performance of symphony standard, with full complement of musicians, augmented in a martial second half by 33 musicians from U. S. Naval Training Station Band, Newport, R. I.

The orchestra played the following program:

Overture to "Egmont," Op. 54. Beethoven
Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67
"Pomp and Circumstance"..... Elgar
"Lorraine"..... Ganne
"Dubinushka," Russian Folk Song, Op. 62
Rimsky-Korsakov
"Stars and Stripes Forever," March, Sousa
Overture Solennele, "1812," Op. 49
Tchaikovsky

For his Garden bow, Dr. Koussevitzky deserted the traditional Symphony Hall alignment of his men. For his musicians, he adopted a modified pie chart formation, and conducted from its outer crust. Percussion was directly opposite on the outer rim of the foot-high circular raised stand. Harpsichord was on the conductor's extreme right, bass

ranged forward in the circle to strings on either side of the baton. Acoustically, the formation worked out well. Throughout the Beethoven half of the two hour program, tones and nuances were sustained, marred by no echoings in the cavernous hall.

The march sequence, the selections a graceful gesture to four of the large Allied nations, changed audience reaction from polite enthusiasm to applause for robust old friends. The lilting, then powerfully demanding "Dubinushka" made pleasing contrast to the militant tempo of the second half of the evening.

The Beethoven was well done, particularly the second movement of the symphony, soothing the defiance and triumph of the other three allegros. In this andante, the acoustics really passed their test. From the floor, only the stem-winding Sousa march produced any clash in overtones.

For the almost saintly opening and battle-like development of the "1812," the Navy band was available to augment the Symphony. At least three of the sailors took particular pains with their brasses. From Newport, Roger Voisin, trumpet; Vinal Smith, trombone, and Paul Keaney, French horn, are peacetime members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The Navy band played for a pre-concert parade of women in all the armed services, who lined both sides of the rink's straightaway. About 500 were represented from the WAC, WAVES, SPARS, women Marines and cadet nurses.

Sunday Concerts

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

Sunday Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the first concert of its new series of Sunday concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program:
Berlioz, Overture "Roman Carnival" Op. 9
Debussy, Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun"
Ravel, Second Suite from "Daphnis and Chloe"
Beethoven, Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

Not being exactly an organization to take risks, the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday backed a sure thing as it began its new series of Sunday afternoon concerts in Symphony Hall. The time and the place have long been sort of a Sunday afternoon musical ritual what with Richmond series of big-name concerts, so there was practically a full house and, as it turned out, a very enthusiastic one.

There was good reason for this, of course, as Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were in great form, and as the program consisted of four Boston Symphony Orchestra specials, so to speak; things Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra are famous for doing.

The Berlioz, for example. This particular item hasn't been done here for some time, but Dr. Koussevitzky has always had a knack for doing things to Berlioz to make the listener's back hair bristle, as in that blast of the trombones near the end. There he calls for a sforzando which has all the freedom, spontaneity and drive of a jazz trombonist "bending" a note . . . and the odd thing about it is that it couldn't seem more completely right. *10-23-44 Herald*

In the Ravel, perhaps the most personal property of this orchestra and conductor in the repertoire, too, there are countless touches of incredible sensitivity. There's one place in particular in the Danse generale, impossible to locate without being technical (but which reminds me of a horseman letting his mount go for the final stretch), which is the most exciting moment in music—but only when Koussevitzky does it, as you can see if you compare recorded versions. The juxtaposition of the Debussy and the Ravel proved an interesting demonstration in subtly differing coloristic values, and also an opportunity to hear the marvelous instrumental qualities achieved by Mr. Laurent on the flute and Mr. Gillet on the oboe. The second half of the program offered Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, about which I can think of nothing whatever to say.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

A very large audience heard the first concert in the new Sunday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon. Serge Koussevitzky conducted a program of what may accurately be called "popular masterpieces": Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" Overture; "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," by Debussy; the Second Suite from Ravel's ballet "Daphnis and Chloe," and the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. Each is a masterpiece, and each is popular. *10-23-44 Herald*

Abandonment of the Tuesday series in favor of Sundays, on the evidence of yesterday's audience, was a wise decision. For some years the Tuesday audiences had been declining. Now the beauties of the Boston Symphony are available to a large public with leisure on Sundays. One who follows Boston concert audiences season after season comes to recognize their general appearance. Looking about Symphony Hall yesterday one would have said that the great orchestra indisputably is attracting new listeners. That is all to the good.

Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were in taut form. It seemed that everything was overplayed a little—the side of increased volume and intensity. That was all right, too, for each of the pieces—with the possible exception of Debussy's languorous raptures—can take it. The sounds of the orchestra were utterly marvelous in Debussy and Ravel—which last, as some Bostonians know, Mr. Koussevitzky interprets with a distinction all his own.

The occasional "raw" scoring of Berlioz' showy Overture was made to sound the more so, but since brilliance in color and effect is the governing purpose of the "Roman Carnival," the music did not suffer. Mr. Koussevitzky's way with the mighty Fifth of Beethoven simply intensifies the driving emotional force and makes it even mightier.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting, gave the second concert of its Sunday series yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Overture to "The Magic Flute" . . . Mozart
A London Symphony . . . Vaughan Williams
Etude, Nocturne and Polonaise . . . Chopin-Levitzky
Dances from "Three Corners Hat" . . . Falla

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Yesterday afternoon's concert, the last Mr. Mitropoulos conducts here this season, although not Christmasy in the conventional sense, was admirably planned and obviously gave a great deal of pleasure to the large (for Christmas Eve) audience. It began with a performance of Mozart's Overture to "The Magic Flute" in which the conductor sought to underscore its significance as it is related to the opera itself. The fleeting suggestions of everybody from Papageno to Sarastro were delicately emphasized, and it was different, so to speak, and it was good. Again Vaughan Williams' London Symphony was very eloquently done, the orchestra giving us its incomparable best both in tone and in unanimity. 12-23-44

After the interval there was a definite shift to the headier kind of music. As a novelty the Chopin pieces were good clean fun despite the fact the transcription, an atrocious affair, makes the orchestra sound like Goldman's band. The Falla dances came as a proper liquor to the program, and they—not to mention everything that went before—achieved for Mr. Mitropoulos a prolonged ovation at the end. Herald

Indeed, Dr. Burney might have been talking about Mr. Mitropoulos when he said "the pulsations in every limb and ramifications of vein and arteries in an animal could not be more reciprocal and isochronous or more under the regulation of the heart than the members of this body of musicians under that conductor. The totality of sound seemed to proceed from one voice; and its powers produced not only new and exquisite sensations in judges and lovers of the art, but were felt by those who never received pleasures from music before."

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Dimitri Mitropoulos ended his fortnight as guest conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra with a magnificent concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. A large, if not capacity, audience was on hand even though it was the day before Christmas, and they gave Dr. Mitropoulos a thunderous ovation when the program was finished.

Yesterday's list was unusual and interesting, repeating from the "regular" concerts of the week past. Mozart's Overture to "The Magic Flute" and Vaughan Williams' "London" Symphony, and adding a Suite of Chopin piano pieces orchestrated by Dmitri Rogal-Levitzky, and three dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat" by Manuel De Falla.

Dr. Mitropoulos' conducting was another revelation of the mastery and brilliance he has shown over the last two weeks. His interpretation of the "London" Symphony is altogether extraordinary, combining as it does a formidable grasp of spreading musical structure, and an evocation of the size, history and life-pulse of a great city. 12-23-44

Mr. Rogal-Levitzky is a Soviet professor of orchestration. His orchestral dress for the "Revolutionary" Etude, the C minor Nocturne from Chopin's Op. 48, and the "Military" Polonaise is expert and plangent, but no more. Apart from the tune of the Polonaise, it is almost impossible to recognize the music as that of Chopin. These pieces are from a larger collection of orchestrated Chopin by Mr. Rogal-Levitzky, and yesterday were played for the first time at a Boston Symphony concert. Herald

Dr. Mitropoulos' visit has added zest and distinction to the season. Those of us who heard him here in 1936-37 knew what to expect. Yet even his memorable work of those years was surpassed this time, for he has grown in all aspects of his art. We may all hope that he will be invited to return—and for longer visits—in the reasonably near future.

Mitropoulos ^{Study} With Chopin Arrangement

By Winthrop P. Tryon

An occasion for hearing the men of the Boston Symphony Orchestra play, in distinction from performance, was the second concert of the Sunday afternoon series, given in Symphony Hall on Dec. 24, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting.

A piece perfectly designed for the enjoyment of their playing was not, it should be observed, a symphonic work of the regular sort, but an arrangement, or transcription, of three types of piano music by Chopin. These were Étude, Nocturne, and Polonaise; and they could have been anything Chopin wrote under these designations. Some listeners familiar with Chopin might have been uncertain for a moment regarding the first of the three just which of all the composer's Études was chosen by the adapter, Dimitri Rogal-Levitzky, for the exercise of his talent at orchestration.

A good rule in regard to listening generally is that we take a hospitable attitude toward arrangements, provided they keep within bounds of taste. They are intended to no dishonor of the original, and in some cases they give the original a currency that it has not been able to win by itself. So while the Chopin which Mr. Mitropoulos submitted to the last audience of his Boston visit was perhaps not Chopin at all, the orchestral version just the same called forth the playing qualities of the Boston Symphony strings, woodwinds, and brasses in an extraordinary way. The violins particularly sang out with a brilliance of tone and an exactitude of phrasing that put their ordinary practice to shame. Flutes and reeds were exultant voices; horns and trombones were ecstatic cries.

In calm view, Mr. Mitropoulos has possibly had a tendency to provincialize the Boston Symphony in his fortnight of handling

affairs. He may have resurrected a dead past rather than predicted a vivid future. For the orchestra seasons now long gone, possessed certain showy distinction of the very sort exhibited on Sunday. The first violins had a "lift." The solo oboe was famous for "attack." Much of that sort of excellence has been allowed to lapse, as ideas of interpretation have changed. That it is merely held in abeyance, however, becomes evident when something like the Étude Nocturne, and Polonaise get on program, and when a conductor old-school habituations stands charge. 12-26-44?

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With yesterday afternoon's Symphony concert Dimitri Mitropoulos took his present leave of Boston. May he speedily return to us. The programmes during these 10 days have, in general, been altogether admirable. The orchestra (in general) has never played better nor sounded better. And it has joined with the several audiences in applauding and even cheering, as was the case yesterday, the greatly gifted leader. 12-25-44 P.O.S.

Since there must always be a fly in the ointment, that unwelcome insect made its appearance yesterday in the shape of three Chopin transcriptions by the Russian Dimitri Rogal-Levitzky. There are several of these; the ones served up on this occasion were the "Revolutionary" Study, the C minor Nocturne and the A-flat major Polonaise. Apparently the transcriber has endeavored to make these pieces as formidable orchestrally as they were pianistically in their own day. Anyway, he has thrown restraint to the winds and thrown in everything but the kitchen sink. The Study becomes a tonal earthquake and a mad scramble for the players. Save for an inflated climax, the Nocturne is an admirable job in kind and the Polonaise is okay if that is the sort of thing you like. Yesterday its terrific din brought down the house. With so much fine orchestral music crying to be heard, this transcribing business seems largely beside the point, except perhaps, in the case of the organ works of Bach. And some will not even swallow these.

To turn to more cheerful matters, yesterday's concert began with a repetition of Mozart's "Magic Flute" Overture and Vaughan Williams' "A London Symphony," set forth as remarkably as they were on Friday, and that means plenty. An extremely brilliant and exciting performance of the Dances from Falla's ballet, "The Three-Cornered Hat," brought the end and the aforementioned cheers.

Hindemith and Mr. Szell

George Szell concluded his visit as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday in Symphony Hall with the third Sunday afternoon concert of the season. The program read: Schubert — "Unfinished" Symphony; Hindemith—Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Carl Maria von Weber; Brahms—Symphony No. 4 in E minor. 1-25-43

Hindemith's Metamorphosis is evidently intended as a jeu d'esprit. The composer has deliberately chosen inferior themes from Weber and given them an elaborate orchestral dress whose glitter and clamor merely underline their banality. The master of composition and instrumentation is seen here in jocular mood.

But this is a very Teutonic kind of fun. A Frenchman would have been witty on this subject; a Russian would have found an earthy humor in it. But when a German tries to be funny he usually ends by being clumsy or vulgar. Hindemith is not clumsy, like Mahler, nor vulgar, like Strauss, but his joke is heavy-handed and tiresome. The Germans, who love regulations and prohibitions, would do their country a good turn by making the export of the national humor verboten. But they won't; they probably will never learn how unfunny their notion of fun is to other peoples.

Mr. Szell gave the Metamorphosis a brilliant presentation, with the aid of a great orchestra that was in excellent form.

Thanks to the vagaries of war-

time transportation, we missed the first movement of the Schubert, but the Andante was played with straightforward competence, though the tempo was on the slow side. 2-26-44

Mr. Szell leaves us a strong impression of his technical ability, and a feeling of respect, if not of unqualified admiration, for his interpretive imagination.

L. A. S.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, George Szell conducting, presented the Third Concert of the Sunday Series yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Schubert: "Unfinished" Symphony in B Minor; Hindemith: Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Weber; Brahms: Symphony No. 4 in E Minor, Opus 98.

The principal figure in a George Szell performance is always the composer and his music; it's perfectly possible to shut one's eyes and forget the presence of conductor and orchestra at all. There is absolutely no mannerism to his conducting; he does not seek to impress his personality on the music, but rather to stand out of the way and let the music speak for itself. 1-29-43 P.O.S.

Under this treatment the Schubert "Unfinished" shone forth in a new and impressive sort of beauty. The magnificent and serene flow of the music was unimpeded; the climaxes were arrived at and left without a whit of overstatement, and found their way logically yet forcefully into a scheme of utmost consistency.

The Hindemith Metamorphosis sounded no less silly after four or five performances than it did at its premiere; for this listener it remains an extraordinary clever piece of orchestral writing, but a rather pointless one. However, the restatement by orchestra and conductor was brilliant in every way. The Brahms Fourth, heard also last week, was projected in a manner as refreshing as it was authentic. A. R.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Audiences who were sharply divided in their reactions to Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Weber," performed at the Friday and Saturday concerts, had an opportunity to hear it again yesterday afternoon at the third of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Sunday concerts. Hindemith is no believer in stressing the individual element in music, but his Symphonic Metamorphosis is nothing if not individual.

Built around Weber's Music for Piano, Four Hands, and the Incidental Music to Schiller's "Turandot," the material is arranged in symphonic form, beginning with an allegro and continuing with a scherzo labelled "Turandot," an andantino and a march. The total effect is that of a clever restatement of axiomatic truths. George Szell's reading of the tour de force scores the principal points in telling fashion.

Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony was presented again with effective simplicity. Mr. Szell and the Boston Symphony Orchestra have had time to become accustomed to each other by now and the gifted conductor is able to wield the orchestra as if it were a single instrument. 1-29-45 *gln*

Programs repeated to a substantial degree have made possible the polishing of fine points. The repetition of one work, Brahms' Fourth Symphony, four times in nine days had the understandable effect of producing a certain staleness in the orchestra yesterday. The working out of the fourth movement has been notably improved, with the result that Sunday's performance was a model of clarity, although some of the fire and sweep of the symphony was gone. P. W.

SUNDAY SYMPHONY

George Szell, who has had such success as guest-conductor of the Symphony Orchestra for the past two weeks, bade au revoir yesterday. He will return in April when the Metropolitan gives its version of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." For the third of this new series of Sunday afternoon Symphonies, Mr. Szell assembled a program for those already offered. His performances of these three numbers, Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Weber and Brahms' Fourth Symphony have been fully discussed in these columns. Introduced

here last Friday, Hindemith's ingenious work achieved new clarity in this, its third presentation. The large audience was properly delighted with it and with everything else and the conductor was recalled many times. 1-29-45 *Pnt*

Sunday Symphony

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the fourth program of its Sunday afternoon series in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Robert Casadesus, pianist, was the soloist. The program:

Concertino for Orchestra, Op. 30, Lopatnikoff
Concerto in D major (K. 537), Mozart
"Coronation" Piano Concerto, Op. 74, Mozart
Symphony No. 6 in B minor, Op. 74, Tchaikovsky

To have performed Mozart's "coronation" Concerto three times in a row with such control, such delicacy of expression and yet such a spirit as Robert Casadesus, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra have for the past three days must stand as a notable feat of musicianship. Again yesterday, as they repeated it for the Sunday afternoon audiences, it was perfection.

It's actually a troublesome concerto to put over with an audience as it never rises to emotional or even melodic heights, and there just aren't any opportunities for pianistic display. Musicologists, as a matter of fact, believe that Mozart never actually completed or "filled out" the piano part at all, but that he simply indicated for his own improvisational purposes the barest detail as a guide. For this reason, the pianist seldom has a chance to dig in, so to speak, and they avoid this Concerto for fear they'll fail to make a big effect.

Mr. Casadesus, however, never tries to make the piano part sound bigger than it is. On the contrary, his restraint is remarkable, and he devotes all his artistry to the projection of every nuance, every subtlety of the score. Thus his scale passages, his approach to the trill climaxes, even his execution of the smallest graces and fancies are testament to his profound understanding of Mozart style. Inasmuch as Dr. Koussevitzky's own conception of Mozart is just as distinguished, the collaboration between orchestra and pianist was, it goes without saying, marvelous. The concert began with Lopatnikoff's Concertino, which is pleasant enough, and ended with Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, which is one of the conductor's warmest conceptions. So intense was the performance, the third movement drew cheers which the orchestra had to acknowledge by rising. 3-5-45 *Khald*

R. F. E. Jr.

Serge Koussevitzky set a neat trap for himself in his first program scheme for the fourth Sunday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, advertising three pieces of uplift and education. But, as has happened before, he didn't get caught. He changed just in time, kept the soloist of the Friday and Saturday concerts over a day and published the name of Robert Casadesus, pianist, on the showbill. That meant getting out the student crowd, which looks for diversion on its free day from school and wants no part of second-best entertainment, and least of all of music to "appreciate."

The Sunday house ought to have a soloist every time anyway, or some other order of high excitement. So this time it was Mozart's "Coronation" Piano Concerto in D major (K. 537), for the central piece; Lopatnikoff's Concertino for Orchestra, op. 30, repeated from regular subscription, for opener, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6 for conclusion. 3-5-45

Such a plan meant applause at the high moment of the occasion and something for people to talk about at intermission. The talking time, too, means everything to the Orchestra as a public institution. A quiet, unawakened foyer is the last thing conductor and management should want. Lively voices there are better music to them than that on the platform, however theoretically excellent.

Speaking of the Symphony "Pathétique" of Tchaikovsky, Sam Franko, in his memoirs, "Chords and Discords," published half a dozen seasons ago, places Arthur Nikisch ahead of all the conductors he ever heard interpret it. Certainly Nikisch set a rhythmic style for the main melody of the first movement that has never returned. It was his "tragic accent," that Franko notes, applied here to the accompanying horns, that struck home. A conductor who handled the second movement in five-four time with especial graciousness and the third movement with unmatched vivacity was Karl Muck. Add Dr. Koussevitzky to them and give him first honors for bringing out in full measure the elegiac force of the finale, and there perhaps the story of the work in Boston annals is summed up. *W. P. T.*

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

You'd never know it by this rugged March weather, but the music season is almost over. The Boston Symphony ended their Sunday series yesterday, and the final pair of concern, will be next Friday and Saturday.

For the concluding Sabbath matinee, Serge Koussevitzky repeated Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom," with the Harvard Glee Club again assisting. This was preceded by the B-flat Symphony, No. 102, of Haydn, and followed by Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody, and "Till Eulenspiegel" by Richard Strauss. **4-23-43 GCH**

Unless I miss my guess, "The Testament of Freedom" is going to wear well as patriotic music. In most respects the setting of Thomas Jefferson's prose writings is highly effective, and certainly it is professional. The plainness, the austerity and conservatism of the style was both deliberate and well-advised. Mr. Thompson knew what he was doing.

The work is perhaps too long, and the third section the least suited, musically, to the tenor of high resolution in Jefferson's words. But the musical mood of each section is different and that of the third does provide necessary contrast to the others. The Glee Club men sang more evenly and clearly than they did two weeks ago.

Apart from a few ragged entrances in the first two movements of the Haydn Symphony, the whole concert represented orchestral playing of great distinction. "Till Eulenspiegel" seemed a little tense, but the texture was remarkably clear and Mr. Koussevitzky did not bear down so hard on volume as sometimes he does in this work. In short, the Sunday audience heard a definitely rewarding concert.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky conducted the fourth Sunday concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program, changed from the one first announced, assembled the Concertino for Orchestra by Nikolai Lopatnikoff; Mozart's "Coronation" Piano Concerto (K. 537) with Robert Casadesus as soloist, and the "Pathetic" Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

The first two pieces had been played at the "regular" concerts of last Friday and Saturday. Yesterday Mr. Casadesus again triumphed with the lovely Concerto of Mozart, and thereby won from the audience a demonstration of utmost favor. The performance as a whole represented a collaboration between soloist, conductor and orchestra that was without flaws from the point of view of style. Tonally, of course, it was of that depth and richness to be expected from such distinguished musicians.

Another hearing of Mr. Lopatnikoff's energetic work did not essentially alter one's initial impressions of it. The element of vigor and the strong flavors of Prokofieff, Stravinsky and Shostakovich are probably its most salient characteristics. As a "program-opener" it has its value, so far as abstract and unemotional music may possess value. **4-23-43 GCH**

Undoubtedly Serge Koussevitzky's unique and personal interpretation of Tchaikovsky's last Symphony will go down in musical history as a 20th Century phenomenon of the conductor's art. No more of intensity, of magnificent sonorities or of an over-all understanding and projection of this despairing music could be drawn from the notes. The Koussevitzky reading is definitive, complete and final. **4-23-43 GCH**

If there were a few unobtrusive technical rough edges yesterday, they went largely unnoticed amid the flow of passion and the waves of sound. Little wonder that the audience broke in with applause after the third movement, to which Mr. Koussevitzky responded by bidding the orchestra to rise.

Sunday Symphony

Yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, presented the sixth and last of the Sunday afternoon series of concerts. The Harvard Glee Club assisted and the program was as follows:

Symphony in B-flat, No. 102.....Haydn
"Testament of Freedom".....Randall Thompson
"Rhapsody Espagnole".....Ravel
"Till Eulenspiegel".....Strauss

By ELINOR HUGHES

If there is any more enchanting musical experience than to listen to the Boston Symphony Orchestra play Haydn's Symphony in B-flat as it was played yesterday afternoon at the sixth and last of the Sunday afternoon series of concerts, I can only say that I should like to be present. The exquisite precision of the performance matches the sprightly grace and symmetrical beauty of the music, which might find its analogy in the perfection of a formal garden in which everything is exactly right in pattern but in which the flowers are so lovely that the formality serves but to enhance them. **4-23-43**

In equally excellent vein was the concluding offering, Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," which went with excellent wit and fine pace, Till's musical pranks achieving their full contrast with the solemn pomposities of the forces which he mocked but which eventually overcame him. And Valkenier's performance of the horn part was particularly felicitous throughout. As Koussevitzky's way with Ravel is too well known to require further discussion here—and the Rhapsody Espagnole was done also at the Friday and Saturday concerts, too—the only remaining point for discussion is the hotly debated "Testament of Freedom" by Randall Thompson.

Mr. Thompson's work, performed at Symphony Hall two weeks ago, and then played in New York at a concert dedicated to the memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, places the listener who is not wholeheartedly enthusiastic in the ungracious position of seeming to disagree with Thomas Jefferson, whose writings are the heart of the Thompson work. Careful examination of the text—sung once again very elo-

quently by the Harvard Glee Club—reveals one definite cause for dissatisfaction: many of Jefferson's phrases, his actual words, indeed, are extremely difficult to set to music—they don't sing well, in short. And rather than do violence to the author of the Declaration of Independence, Randall Thompson has written an underscoring of significant statements, rather than a musical expression of them. Sometimes it seems as though it would have been better had the Jefferson quotations been spoken against an orchestral background rather than sung. Then the conflict between the lofty quality of the text and the over-simplified, deliberately muted quality of the music would not be so marked.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

From the standpoint of performance, yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert, the last of the newly created Sunday Series, was one of the most remarkable of the entire season. In Haydn's Symphony in B-flat, No. 102, Ravel's "Spanish Rhapsody" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra fairly outdid themselves. In addition to these familiar numbers there was a further performance of Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom," in which the men's chorus, as on the two previous occasions, was the Harvard Glee Club. **4-23-43 PCH**

Though we have no such standards by which to judge it, the performance of Mr. Thompson's piece was probably quite as extraordinary as that of the other numbers. If the Austrian, the Frenchman and the Bavarian were fortunate yesterday in their interpreters, so was the American. And he was even more dependent upon them, since his own contribution was far slighter. A rehearing of "The Testament of Freedom" merely strengthened the first impression that the music itself, while written in a devotional spirit, is all too often trite, pedestrian and unimaginative. There are fleeting moments in which Thomas Jefferson's words have been given a musical counterpart almost worthy of their eloquence, but these on the whole are few and far between. Yesterday, as before, even more than before, it was the text that prevailed, while the music seemed little more than a humble handmaiden. There are some things in poetry that could not adequately be put into music, and there is much inspired prose that will defy the efforts of any composer. Let us hope that Mr. Thompson's partial success will not tempt some rash music maker to lay hands on the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural.

Patriotic Note Marks Series' End

Serge Koussevitzky, directing the last concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Sunday Series in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, drew out the patriotic stop and played hard on it, as he in his warm enthusiasm for things American knows how to play. He called on the Harvard Glee Club to help him give a return display of Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom," for men's voices and orchestra, composed to passages from the writings of Thomas Jefferson. This must have been a thrilling experience to the matinee listeners, provided it happened to be something they wanted in distinction from something they ought to want.

Nothing, indeed, could have been more appropriate to the times; but were the people there to meditate on the times, or to get a moment's release from them? That place on the bill given to native music, with home talent assisting in the performance, was just the spot for something outlandishly entertaining, like a concerto with a soloist, and a showy one, if such exists any more.

The trouble was that Dr. Koussevitzky sent people home with nothing to dispute about; for unless Sunday concerts start talk, they fall short of their usefulness. Everything about this concert was perfection; at any rate in the latter part—Ravel's Spanish Rhapsody, and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel." As for "Till," it used to be of prime interest as an example of music composed to a literary program. Dr. Koussevitzky has transplanted it into the garden of the abstract. He makes it the veritable Rondo that Strauss designed it to be. The change is successfully made and is without doubt in keeping with the preferences of the hour.

Red Cross Concert

Red Cross Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, yesterday afternoon performed Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in D minor, Op. 125. The soloists were Eleanor Steber, soprano; Kerstin Thorborg, contralto; John Garris, tenor, and Norman Cordon, bass, and assisting were the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor. The concert was sponsored by the Retail Trade Board of Boston for the benefit of the American Red Cross.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Serge Koussevitzky's performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is always illuminated with a spiritual intensity that carries everything before it, but not in many years, if ever, has he achieved the radiance and the incandescence of his performance yesterday. It was a truly stupendous musical event, and one which reflected from beginning to end the certainty in all of us that while perhaps still far off, the end is in view, and that the Olympian spirit of the fellowship of man which gave rise to this monumental work will at last prevail upon this earth. 4-9-45 Head

The circumstances of the performance, that is, the hope of V-E day, the benefit of the Red Cross, the atmosphere of spring and of renewal were enough to set the stage, but there were also the factors of the finest quartet of soloists who have taken part in this work here in many seasons, of the most brilliant sounding (if perhaps not the best-schooled) choral group in recent seasons, and of the orchestra at the very peak of its form. It was no wonder, then, that with this fabulous battery of musicians before him, the conductor could drive more deeply into the spiritual content of the music than ever be-

fore, and could project it with overwhelming emotional impact.

The reading of this immensely difficult score by the conductor was personal in every sense of the word, and why it should not be I can see no reason whatever. This, he tells us, is what Beethoven has come to mean to me in a career devoted entirely to the study and the recreation of the world's great music, and this is the only way I can honestly play him. And the result is a performance with all the qualities of classical clarity, proportion and brilliance, yet with a sort of corona of romantic hysteria and tension. Yesterday, too, the reading had astonishing vigor and drive. Here was no mere realization of a printed page; here was living music, perhaps the greatest music ever written in certainly one of the greatest performances.

The soloists—all Metropolitan Opera members who contributed their services—cannot be too highly praised for their traversal of their exacting roles. For once, you could hear every note the soprano (Eleanor Steber) sang; for once, you could be excited by the baritone (Norman Cordon) recitative; for once, you could be not dismayed by the tenor (John Garris, who had never sung the role before, yet took over for Kurt Baum at practically no notice); for once, you could hear the contralto (Kerstin Thorborg) in the quartet passages, and for once you could hear them all over the chorus. The audience, which endured a good deal of inconvenience in the unexplained change from the Garden to Symphony Hall, would have been happy to hear the whole symphony repeated then and there.

CONCERT NETS

FUND \$10,000

Music Lovers Aid Red Cross Campaign

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday's Red Cross War Fund Symphony concert at Symphony Hall, sponsored by the Boston Retail Trade Board, turned out to be a performance of Beethoven's Ninth, better, perhaps, than its immediate predecessors, remarkable as these have been.

The hall was filled, and it was announced that some \$10,000 had been raised for the fund. Dr. Koussevitzky, the Symphony Orchestra and the Harvard and Radcliffe choirs, who participated in the finale, gave their services, and so did the four Metropolitan stars who made up the best Ninth Symphony solo quartet that we have heard in a long, long time. Symphony Hall, to put it bluntly, doesn't generally do that well by us and by Beethoven. Perhaps the latter does not deserve too much, since he has written for these four singers some of the most hideously ungrateful vocal music in existence. 4-9-45 PM

In his final years, Ludwig took little account of anyone's limitations, and in order to bring off some of his later works a sort of miracle has to be achieved. It was achieved again yesterday. These very excellent soloists, by the way, were Eleanor Steber, soprano; Kerstin Thorborg, contralto; John Garris, tenor, (replacing Kurt Baum); and Norman Cordon, bass. Other solo singers will be heard when the Ninth is repeated at the final pair of Symphony Concerts, those of April 27 and 28.

Though the musical value of most of the choral finale has often been questioned, under the right circumstances it can generate a considerable degree of excitement. That, indeed, was the case yesterday. The audience got the point that applause was not in order between the movements of a symphony, but when the end came there was a tumult, with special ovations for the soloists, for Dr. Koussevitzky, who is at his very best in this particular work, for the orchestra and for G. Wallace Woodworth, who had trained the chorus.

SYMPHONY HALL

Red Cross Benefit

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed Beethoven's Ninth Symphony yesterday afternoon in aid of the American Red Cross Fund. The concert had been shifted from the Boston Garden to Symphony Hall, where a capacity audience attended.

The choruses were the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth. The quartet of soloists were from the Metropolitan Opera Association: Eleanor Steber, soprano; Kerstin Thorborg, contralto; John Garris, tenor (who substituted for Kurt Baum, ill with laryngitis), and Norman Cordon, bass.

The concert was sponsored by the Retail Trade Board of Boston. All the artists gave their services. Charles Watkins, chairman of the special events committee of the Red Cross War Fund campaign, announced from the stage that the concert had brought \$10,000 to the Red Cross. 4-9-45 PM

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for some years has been a sort of specialty with Mr. Koussevitzky. His interpretation of it, while adhering strictly to the spirit of the work, is nothing less than electrifying. Yesterday he and the Boston Symphony again achieved a miracle of intensity, whereby the mighty Ninth was heard in all its majesty and overwhelming force.

The soloists were the best-balanced quartet for this terribly difficult music that I can remember. Individually, too, they sang with extraordinary mastery of their high-ranging and exhausting parts. Miss Steber, especially, managed to make herself heard without becoming shrill. The Harvard men and Radcliffe women displayed excellent preparation of the choral parts and they sang with clarity and solid tone.

All hands were noisily applauded when the concert was over.

By MARJORIE WATTS

Boston's biggest benefit of the year for the nation's most urgent cause, the American Red Cross, will be next Sunday's concert at the Boston Garden, when more than 13,000 persons will be there to hear the outstanding performance of Beethoven's choral Ninth Symphony, by Serge Koussevitzky and the full Boston Symphony, assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society and four distinguished stars of the Metropolitan Opera Company. 4-1-45 SLH

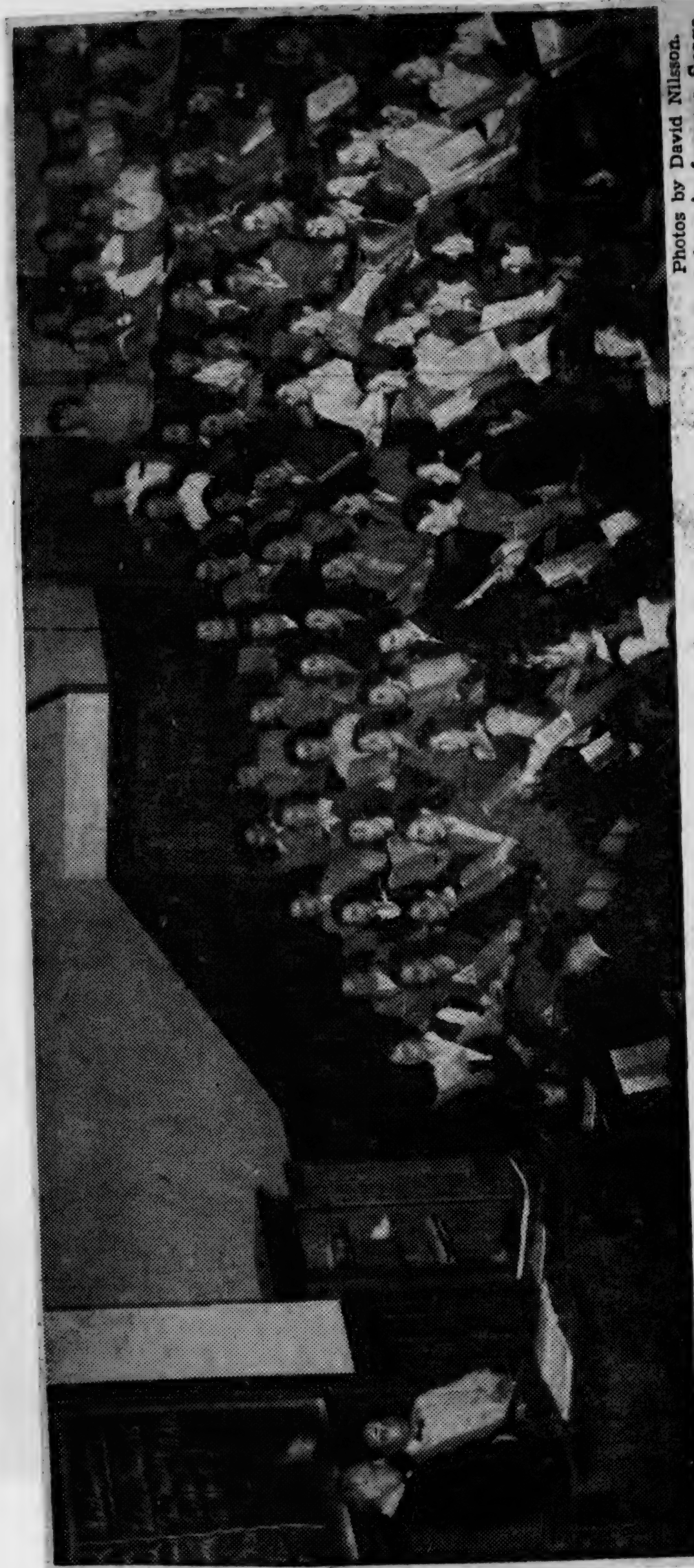
The entire proceeds from the concert will go to the Red Cross, and all the 400 persons taking part in the program are giving their services.

It will be the first time in the history of the famed Harvard and Radcliffe choruses that they have appeared at the Garden, and special acoustics have been arranged to give the huge audience the full benefit of this superb choral music, among the greatest that Beethoven wrote. Radcliffe and Harvard students singing will represent nearly every state in the union, and Metropolitan soloists Eleanor Steber, Kerstin Thorborg, Kurt Baum and Norman Cordon have sung in the famous opera houses of every capital in the world.

Radcliffe choral officers are: Margaret Williams of Cambridge, president; Alice Blackmer, vice president; Augustus Gifford, treasurer, and Betty Prescott, secretary. Ethel Potts Bernard, wife of Boston Symphony viola player Albert Yves Bernard, is assistant conductor.

Harvard Glee Club officers are: Arthur Curry, president; P. Dunlap Smith Jr., vice president; Hibbard G. James, secretary, and Eugene Blount, librarian. Irving G. Fine is assistant conductor.

Tickets for the concert are on sale at Symphony Hall, Garden and retail department stores, and every one sold means that the Red Cross can do just that much more to help the suffering people whose only hope can be that help.



Photos by David Nilsson.
FAMILIAR SCENE for many a Radcliffe and Harvard graduate is choral rehearsal at Sever Hall, where Symphony's famous Serge Koussevitzky is shown rehearsing the group for the much anticipated April 8 concert at the Boston Garden benefitting the Red Cross, assisted by the group's own loved director, G. Wallace Woodworth.

SYMPHONY SEASON

Under Dr. Koussevitzky, and Others, Too,
Boston Orchestra Did Itself Proud

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE responsibility for the success of the recently concluded 64th Boston Symphony season, an uncommonly interesting one, was more than ever divided. First of all there was the orchestra itself, the peerless instrument perfected by Serge Koussevitzky. However, no matter who the conductor, it would not be the band that it is were it not for the great skill and high artistic integrity of the individual players, who will put their collective best foot forward not only for their imperious leader but for Associate Conductor Richard Burgin (witness the surpassingly beautiful performance of Mahler's Fourth Symphony) and the various guests. These last included Dimitri Mitropoulos, George Szell, Leonard Bernstein and Heitor Villa-Lobos, who was heard in a program of his own compositions.

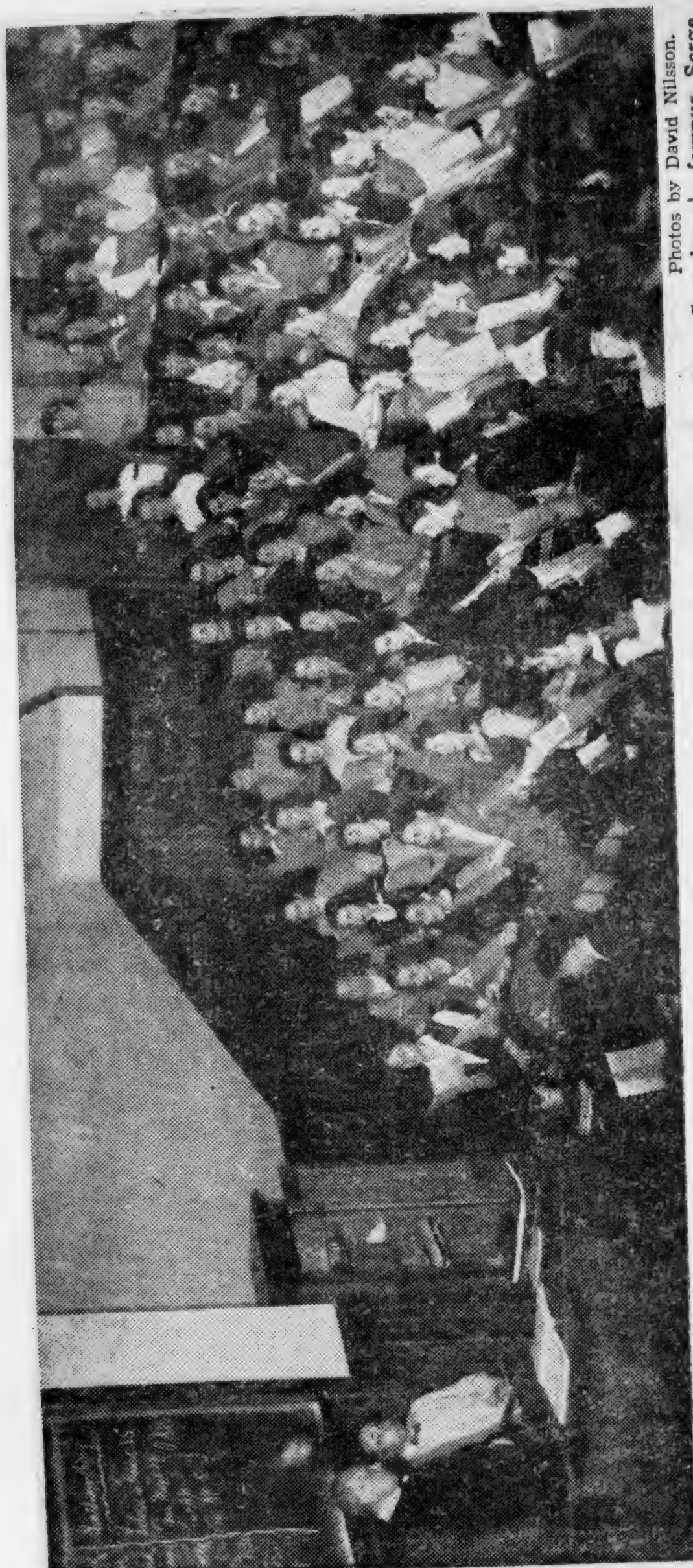
Because so many hands participated, the numerous novelties covered a wider range than has lately been the case and there were several interesting revivals. Included in the "new" music were the first two movements of the Mahler Fourth and the Second Symphony of Schubert, in its modest way equally delightful, that we received from Mr. Mitropoulos. An extreme selectivity regarding the music of the past may result in performances of extraordinary polish and brilliance but it has a deadening effect on our musical life in general. One important revival, however, must be credited to the chief conductor, namely that of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony. Not of the

greater Mendelssohn, it undoubtedly pleased many, while the solemn mood of the first movement, the scoring for wind instruments and the use of the "Dresden Amen" all contributed to a remarkable foreshadowing of Wagner's "Parsifal."

With the "Scottish" Symphony, compellingly set forth by Mr. Mitropoulos, and the Violin Concerto, played by Richard Burgin in commemoration of his 25 years as concert master, Mendelssohn loomed larger than usual. His fellow Romantics also got a break. Mr. Szell vividly restored to us the fine Second Symphony of Schumann, while Mr. Burgin and Witold Malczynski no less successfully brought back to the repertory the F minor Piano Concerto of Chopin. While on this matter of revivals, great pleasure was given by Smetana's Symphonic Poem, "From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests," for which we were also indebted to Mr. Szell.

The new modern music as distinguished from neglected classics, and the latter rather surprisingly, also included Mozart's Overtures to "Idomeneo" (Koussevitzky) and "Der Schauspieldirektor" (Burgin), comprised 18 items out of the total of 79.

Among the most rewarding pieces were Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra, Lourie's curious "The Feast During the Plague," Martinu's Concerto for Two Pianos (Luboshutz and Nemenoff) and Schoenberg's Theme and Variations, all of them offered by Dr. Koussevitzky. Hindemith's intriguing Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes, by Weber, we owed to Mr. Szell. Mr. Burgin had previously presented his meaty Theme and Variations According to the Four Temperaments at a concert of the summer series and its repetition was welcome. Mr. Mitropoulos added two striking items in Krenek's Variations



Photos by David Nilsson.
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on a North Carolina folk song, "I Wonder as I Wander," and Morton Gould's "Spirituals."

William Grant Still's "In Memoriam: The Colored Soldiers Who Died for Democracy" and William Schuman's less effective "Prayer in Time of War" were born of the present conflict, as was Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony, repeated from last season. A no less timely note was prophetically vouchsafed by Thomas Jefferson through the medium of Randall Thompson's "The Testament of Freedom" for male voices with orchestra.

Many people, including Dr. Koussevitzky, who presented the work at all three series of concerts, as well as in New York, seemed to give Mr. Thompson credit for an eloquence that was really Jefferson's. The music, expertly fashioned and forcefully sung by the Harvard Glee Club, is mostly background and some of it for words that simply do not lend themselves to musical treatment.

More or less agreeable new pieces were Diamond's Second Symphony, Hill's Music for English Horn and Orchestra, Lopatnikoff's Concertino for Orchestra and the Second Symphony of Paul Creston. To get back to Villa-Lobos, whose "Bachianas Brasileiras" No. 7 proved infinitely better than his Choros No. 12 and "Rudepoema," it was to be regretted that in order to make the Brazilian's visit possible, Arthur Fiedler was deprived of his promised first appearance at the regular concerts. Glowing reports of his guest-conductorship in Minneapolis in December suggested that neither the Pops nor the Esplanade Concerts have permitted us to take his full measure. To the Pops he turns again on Tuesday for his 16th season and their 60th.

Totting Up Accounts of the 64th Boston Symphony Season

By CYRUS DURGIN

It must be a sign of age. It doesn't seem possible that another Boston Symphony season is over. Only yesterday we were setting forth the prospects for the 64th season, and now here we are again totting up accounts for the six months past.

Like practically every other Boston Symphony season, the one now over was studded with performances of the most extraordinary brilliance and with new music of more than passing interest. The master's hand of Serge Koussevitzky is no less authoritative and magic-working than ever it was, although he is obliged to relinquish more concerts each year to Mr. Burgin and to guests. Conducting is an enormous strain upon physical and nervous energy, and the responsibility for so long a season as that which we enjoy in Boston is extremely heavy.

But while Mr. Koussevitzky may have to seek rest from his work oftener than he used to do, his conducting is still absolutely unremitting in its quest for perfection of tone and interpretation, and in its demands upon the orchestra and himself. So long as he remains with us—and may that be as long as possible!—the Boston Symphony will remain at its unequalled apotheosis of orchestral art.

There seems to have been no one new work that stands above all others and promises to endure as a masterwork. The qualities of masterpieces, however, often cannot immediately be discerned, and perhaps it is true that a composition which on first hearing sounds great, is likely to prove less than that.

Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphosis of Themes by Carl Maria von Weber, while not a purely original work, is extraordinarily clever in its modern treatment and use of orchestral resources. It ought to last. The Martinu Concerto for Two Pianos, so ably performed by Genia Nemenoff and Pierre Luboshutz,

may yet win its right to the title masterpiece. The feature is skilled, colorful and effective.

The Theme and Variations by Arnold Schoenberg, a little tame for that forger of acid, 12-tone combinations, left me cold, as did William Schuman's "Prayer in Time of War," which seemed to be striving unsuccessfully to say something emotional. For all that it has received some harsh flippancies, "The Testament of Freedom," by Randall Thompson, struck this reviewer as music of integrity, aspiration and more than a little achievement.

There were "fine pages" (as the phrase goes) in Paul Creston's Second Symphony, the Second Symphony of David Diamond, the "Spirituals" by Morton Gould, Mr. E. B. Hill's Music for English Horn and Orchestra, the Lopatnikoff Concertino, and in that long program of his own music that Heitor Villa-Lobos conducted, but none seemed to offer exceptional over-all qualities conducive to long and active life in the repertory.

I think I would choose as the one outstanding event of the season, Richard Burgin's introduction of the entire Fourth Symphony by Gustav Mahler, the soprano solo in which was most ably sung by Mona Paulee of the Metropolitan Opera. Thanks to Dimitri Mitropoulos, we were able to hear that evocative and admirable pre-War I score of Vaughan Williams: "A London Symphony." Not in the regular series, but an event of importance due to the fact that all concerned in the performance were top notch, was the Red Cross benefit concert devoted to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Of the soloists, violinist Zino Francescatti, pianist Witold Malcuzyński, Miss Paulee and William Primrose, who played the viola in Berlioz' dashing "Harold in Italy," were new to the orchestra. Without exception, all were of first rank from the points of view of technique and musicianship. Mr. Casadesu will be remembered

for his performance of Mozart's "Coronation" Piano Concerto, Mr. Heifetz for that of the Beethoven Violin Concerto.

Though he did not appear on the stage of Symphony Hall in actual performances, the community owes a sizable debt of appreciation to G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor of the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. Their excellent work in several scores was of decisive importance.

We have had more guest conductors than usual. Mr. Koussevitzky's unfortunately persistent cold last Autumn diverted to Mr. Burgin a number of concerts. He showed again and again the remarkable stature to which he has attained as conductor.

Of the other four, Mr. Heitor Villa-Lobos of Brazil, an amiable and extraordinary musical personality, was a composer conducting his own music, which is neither too much nor too little said. Leonard Bernstein, the most talented young conductor I ever have heard, proved that he is developing. But I wish for his sake that he could be appointed to a second or third rate orchestra for a few years. That—in the European tradition of conducting—would help to strengthen and deepen his resources.

The visit of Dimitri Mitropoulos after an absence of eight years, and the reappearance of George Szell following a space of two years, were brilliant and energizing interludes. Each man is a distinguished and highly gifted conductor in every respect. Of the two I would say Mr. Szell is the mellower and the more seasoned.

Major Orchestras Lose Up to \$2,232 a Concert

Report by 18 Discloses All But One Depend on Gifts

PHILADELPHIA, May 24 (AP).—Symphonic music in the United States is largely dependent for its existence upon gifts, special campaigns to raise funds and bequests, a composite financial report of eighteen major orchestras disclosed today. *5-25-45*

The orchestras, whose managers are attending an annual meeting here, reported a total operational deficit of \$1,730,950. The managers' individual reports showed an operational deficit ranging from \$413 to \$2,232 a concert. *Ind.*

Gross operating expenses of the orchestras totaled \$5,558,589, with gross earned income amounting to \$3,827,639. The deficit was made up entirely by collections from friends of the organizations, totaling \$1,758,502.

The largest sum of financing income collected by one orchestra totaled \$171,040, the reports showed. Three orchestras collected more than \$150,000, five more than \$100,000 and seven more than \$50,000 each. Only one orchestra needed no additional financing income.

The managers reported that 79.3 per cent of earned income comes from receipts of concerts at home and on tour. Of all expenses, 70.8 per cent goes for salaries.

18 SYMPHONY UNITS REPORT BIG DEFICIT

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Orchestras represented at the meeting are located in Baltimore, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Washington, Oklahoma State Society, Los Angeles, New York, Pittsburgh, Rochester, St. Louis, San Francisco and Toronto.

Symphony Artist Hides Own Sorrow to Play for Vets

By LEONORA ROSS

The father of a boy who died heroically in France last August sat with his fellow-members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in the auditorium at Cushing General Hospital, and played, with tear-dimmed eyes, music to gladden the day for the boys who came back.

Abdon Laus, of Newton, couldn't bring himself to walk through the wards after the concert to see whether the boys felt that Haydn could compete with Bing Crosby when it came to musical entertainment. The thought of his own son, Lt Andre Laus, was too much with him.

"But if my boy had been there in one of those beds instead of dead in France where he was born, I know he'd have wanted me to be one of those who asked to come here today," Laus said.

Even those members of the orchestra who had no personal reason for giving their services to bring music to the wounded men who couldn't hear them at Symphony Hall understood something of the way the middle-aged bassoon player felt when they volunteered to spend an afternoon playing for the boys.

Why Orchestra Volunteered

"It is one way that we can perhaps make some of them know that we are proud of them," Rosario Mazzeo, personnel manager of the orchestra and organizer of the group, explained in telling how the concert plan came about.

"Just now I can only say we hope this is only the first of many concerts we may give here," Mazzeo said. "It is my hope that some few of us can come each week to play request selections in the wards, and that at least once a month we can give a concert of the music the men prefer. The audience today was, to us, a most appreciative once. Not a man left before the concert was ended, and they were most quiet while the numbers were played. But I think they liked best the 'Light Cavalry Overture' and the tango number, 'Jealousy,' which we included. After all, they are boys who once listened to popular music only, so it is gratifying that they were not bored by anything symphonic, such as the one Haydn number."

One boy in the audience was deeply appreciative of the chance to hear symphonic music.

"I wrote that sort of music once," he said shyly. "I can't write any-

thing now, of course," he explained, indicating the injured arm that ended his career as a pianist, "but I did a pretty fair job once on a quartet—perhaps someone will think so, anyhow, and let me hear a real orchestra like this play it some day."

The men who could hobble on crutches or propel themselves in wheel chairs, as well as the ones with bandaged heads and hands and minor injuries, listened to the concert in the recreation hall, laying crutches in the wide aisle after they had stood at attention through the playing of the national anthem.

Those who couldn't walk—and some who couldn't even move in their beds—listened to the music through loudspeakers of the public address system. The handsome boyish face of the young officer who had been shot down in his 13th raid over Berlin brightened visibly when the music of Victor Herbert's "Little Gypsy Sweetheart" came through the loudspeaker, and for the moment he seemed to forget that his right leg was stretched helplessly above the bed in one of those complicated frames used in orthopedic treatment.

Another man hummed the melody of one of the Herbert songs with such high spirits that one had to look twice to realize it was the fellow in the hip-to-shoulder plaster cast.

"That's dance music if I was in dancing shape," he grinned.

"But don't let my plaster girdle fool you—I can walk around in this barrel, and I've only got to wear this one three months more."

Two rhythm fans across the aisle kept time to the music with their unbandaged legs while they rested in amazingly awkward positions in splints suspended from the frames above their beds. One, indicating the boy in the bed next to him, commented, "That's his type of music, Miss, but it takes fellows like that one to eat up symphonic stuff. He really goes for that highbrow diet." In the next bed he had indicated a serious Negro boy listening to the Herbert number.

"Sure, that's pretty," the colored soldier commented, "but what I want to know is when do we get some symphony music. That's what this boy's been waitin' for."

"We tried not to make this first program too heavy," Mazzeo explained, "but when we find boys who really want pure symphonic programs we'll be only too glad to play them."

Hub's Woman Bassoon Player



By a Staff Photographer

Anne de Guichard of Boston Symphony Orchestra

Having elected to play one of the most difficult of all musical instruments, the bassoon, Miss de Guichard succeeded in playing it well enough to win a place on Boston's noted orchestra. She doubles in the clarinet and saxophone at will, and with equal skill.

He who plays the bassoon must somehow manage to keep about eight feet of musical tubing filled with air and at the same time produce a tone. Which is probably why you don't find many women doing it. The only woman bassoon player we happen to know in Boston is Anne de Guichard of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Miss de Guichard, a native of Hyde Park, is in her second year with the noted organization. Once was the time when she met hostility from men players. But that day has gone. As a matter of fact, she never found this attitude in Boston, and today she can audition anywhere, she believes, without being at a disadvantage because of her sex. "Once they hear you play," she said today, "conductors stop bothering about whether you're a man or a woman."

Plays Five Instruments

Miss de Guichard plays five instruments: piano, violin, saxophone, clarinet, and bassoon. All

of them, except the piano, she has played in orchestras. In the Boston Symphony she doubles, on demand, in the three woodwind instruments. Her saxophone playing, she says, is rated about as highly as her work on the bassoon. Last season she was rehearsing under Dmitri Mitropoulos, conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, while he was guest-conductor at Boston. She is reported to have played a difficult passage for the saxophone so well that Mitropoulos interrupted the rehearsal to compliment her.

Miss de Guichard said today she found it no different playing for a Pops audience than for the staid Symphony audience. "I don't notice the audience, anyway," she said. "I've just been given a piece to play and I play it and that's that. The audience applauds and there you are. It never makes any difference to me." She has noticed, of course, that Pops audiences are noisy, but the fact doesn't bother her any. "Of course, the Pops audience isn't sitting there breathless waiting for us to begin, but I don't mind."

One of her earliest engagements was a year with the People's Symphony. The men in the orchestra resented her. They left her pointedly alone and refrained from speaking to her. "The only result was," she said, "that I got madder and madder as the year went on. But at the end of the season they came to me and all said they were glad I'd been with them and that I'd done a good job, so I guess it was all right after all."

Why the Bassoon

She traveled from coast to coast with the Boston Women's Symphony Orchestra, and later in a vaudeville act. "I played the saxophone mostly, but I did everything else, too. I did a dance, even, and just about everything, in fact, except hang from the chandelier by my teeth!" she said.

Miss de Guichard began her musical career with her family's hearty blessing when she took lessons in the playing of both violin and piano at the age of four. Her father, Arthur de Guichard, was an eminent musicologist and critic, and it was all right with him if his only child followed a musical career, too. We asked her why she chose such an unusual instrument as the bassoon, and she said it was because she wanted to play something that not everybody on earth already played. Playing the bassoon takes more lung power and brute strength than most women possessed and it occurred to us to wonder why her early acquaintance with the demands of the instrument didn't discourage Miss de Guichard from going farther. She is not a large woman, but, on the contrary, is slender and not extraordinarily tall.

"I guess it was just because I didn't have sense enough to be discouraged," she said. "Or maybe because I have a stubborn streak." Practice periods with the bassoon are no help to her with her saxophone or clarinet, she says, or vice versa.

Miss de Guichard has done radio work as well as all the other kinds of playing, including solo concerts. But now she is free from all demands except her work with the Boston Symphony. That is, barring one other thing: her playing at the convalescent hospitals in the Boston area. In common with other Symphony players she goes twice a week to these installations and plays for the boys in the wards who cannot get out to go to entertainments elsewhere.



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Sept. 24, 1946

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vol. 65

1945-46



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FOUNDED IN 1881 BY
HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

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SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON

1945-1946

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HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

Telephone, Commonwealth 1492

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON, 1945-1946

CONCERT BULLETIN OF THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

with historical and descriptive notes by

JOHN N. BURK

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G. E. JUDD, *Manager*

Boston Symphony Orchestra

[Sixty-fifth Season, 1945-1946]

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

Personnel

VIOLINS

BURGIN, R. <i>Concert-master</i> THEODOROWICZ, J.	ELCUS, G. TAPLEY, R.	LAUGA, N. KASSMAN, N.	KRIPS, A. CHERKASSKY, P.	RESNIKOFF, V. LEIBOVICI, J.
HANSEN, E. EISLER, D. KNUDSON, C. MAYER, P. BRYANT, M. MURRAY, J.	DICKSON, H. PINFIELD, C. ZUNG, M. DIAMOND, S. STONESTREET, L. ERKELENS, H.	FEDOROVSKY, P. BEALE, M. MANUSEVITCH, V. HILLYER, R. MESSINA, S. NAGY, L.	ZAZOFSKY, G. DUBBS, H. GORODETZKY, L. DEL SORDO, R. SAUVLET, H.	

VIOLAS

LEFRANC, J. CAUHAPE, J.	FOUREL, G. ARTIERES, L. LEHNER, E. GERHARDT, S.	VAN WYNBERGEN, C. BERNARD, A. KORNSAND, E. HUMPHREY, G.	GROVER, H. WERNER, H.
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VIOLONCELLOS

BEDETTI, J. ZIGHERA, A.	LANGENDOEN, J. NIELAND, M.	DROEGHMANS, H. ZEISE, K.	ZIMBLER, J. PARRONCHI, B.	FABRIZIO, E. MARJOLLET, L.
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BASSES

MOLEUX, G. DUFRESNE, G.	JUHT, L. FRANKEL, I.	GREENBERG, H. PORTNOI, H.	GIRARD, H. FREEMAN, H.	BARWICKI, J.
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FLUTES

LAURENT, G.
PAPPOTSAKIS, J.
KAPLAN, P.

OBOES

GILLET, F.
DEVERGIE, J.
LUKATSKY, J.

CLARINETS

POLATSCHKE, V.
VALERIO, M.
CARDILLO, P.

BASSOONS

ALLARD, R.
PANENKA, E.
DE GUICHARD, A.

PICCOLO

MADSEN, G.

ENGLISH HORN

SPEYER, L.

BASS CLARINET

MAZZEO, R.

CONTRA-BASSOON

PILLER, B.

HORNS

VALKENIER, W.
MACDONALD, W.
MEEK, H.
COWDEN, H.

HORNS

FARKAS, P.
MC CONATHY, O.
GEBHARDT, W.

TRUMPETS

MAGER, G.
LAFOSSE, M.
VOISIN, R.

TROMBONES

RAICHMAN, J.
HANSOTTE, L.
COFFEY, J.
ORSZ, J.

TUBA

ADAM, E.

HARPS

ZIGHERA, B.
CAUGHEY, E.

TIMPANI

SZULC, R.
POLSTER, M.

PERCUSSION

STERNBURG, S.
SMITH, C.
ARCIERI, E.

PIANO
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4
SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON ★ 1945-1946

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

SIX SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS *at 3:30*

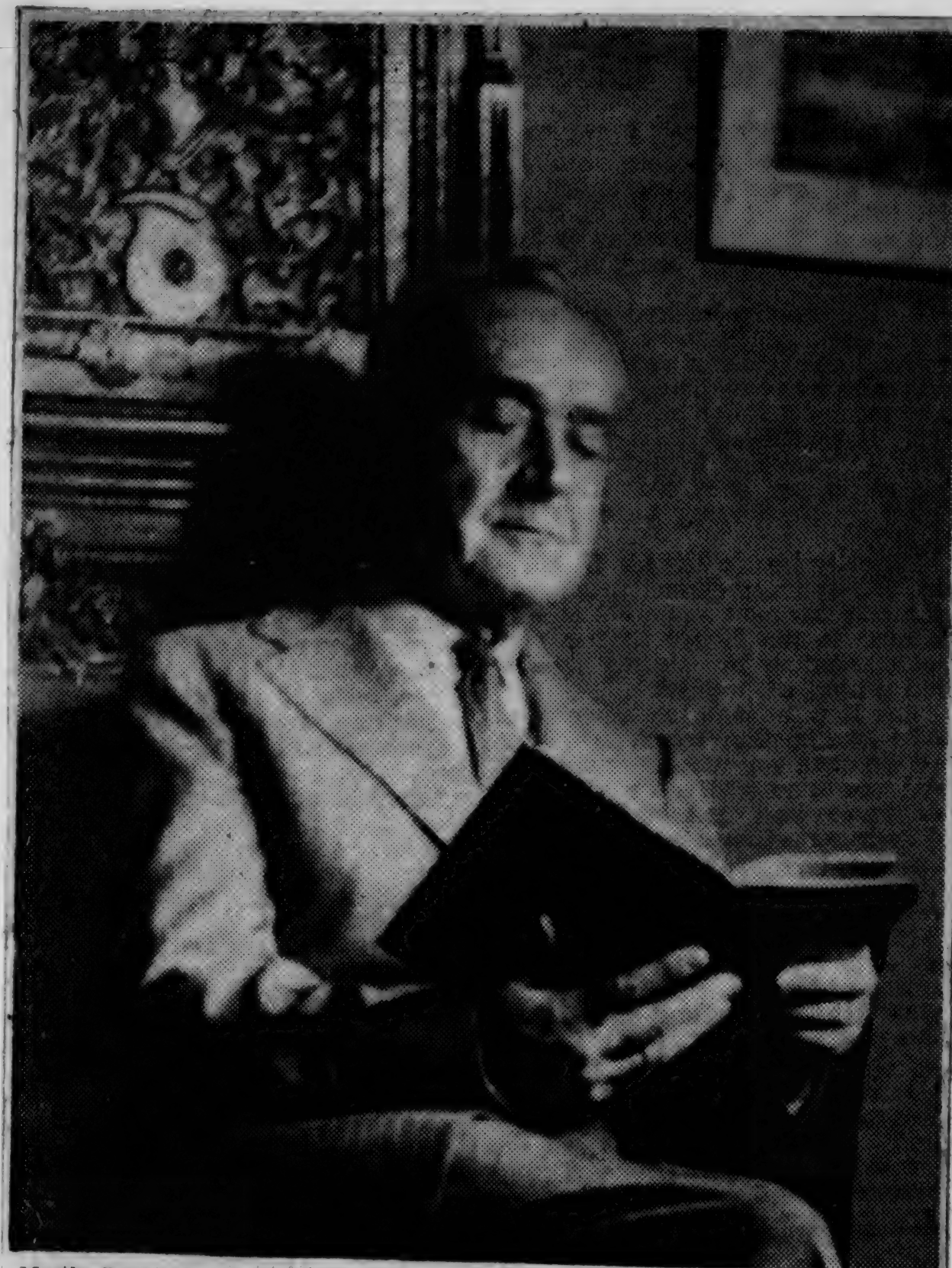
IN SYMPHONY HALL

October 21, December 30, January 27, March 3,
March 31, April 21

IN THIS SERIES SIR ADRIAN BOULT will conduct a concert as guest, and MORTON GOULD (who will make his only appearance in Boston) will conduct another. Soloists will include RAYA GARBOUSOVA, *'Cellist*, and EFREM ZIMBALIST, *Violinist*.

Season tickets: \$6, \$9, \$12, \$15 (Plus 20% Federal Tax)
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(A limited number of seats by subscription are still available for the six WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge: October 17, November 21, December 26, January 16, February 20, March 20.)



Martha Burnham

Serge Koussevitzky

Who begins his twenty-second season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the concerts of Friday and Saturday.

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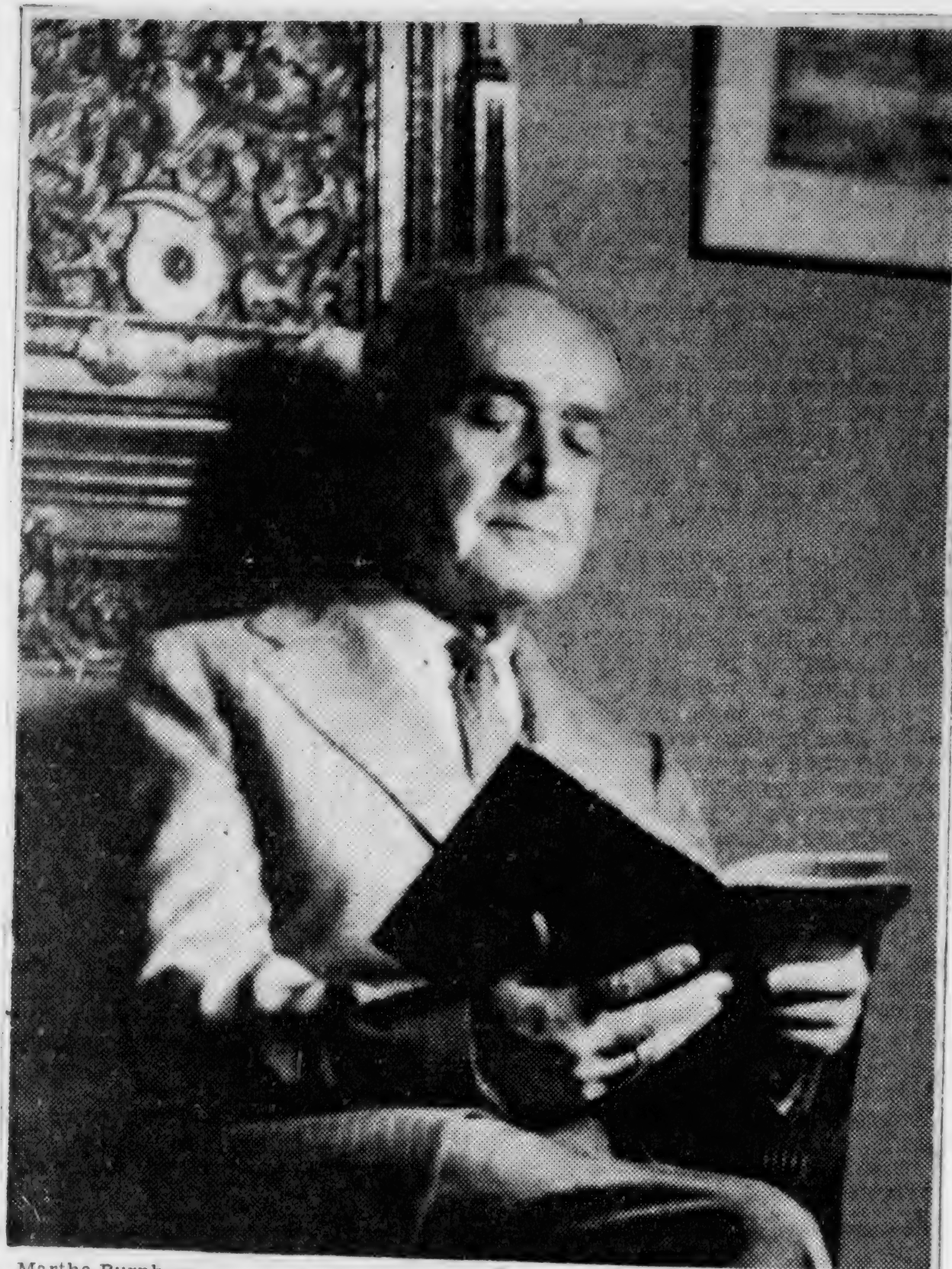
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New Work by Aaron Copland For Season's First Concert

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Aaron Copland laughs; and his music laughs with him. Hear the walls echo with merriment in a room where he is talking. Look at the score of his Ballet Suite, "Appalachian Spring," and observe, somewhere halfway along as the pages turn, how the trombones come in with obviously gay shouting, or singing, if you had rather say. The composer, temperamentally considered, and the composition are one. As he shows up in his talk a gay-hearted American, so whatever he writes down on ruled paper in the way of notes for an ensemble of instruments displays, with measure and proportion of course, a comic sparkle. *10-4-43*

Performance will verify the idea or not, when the work comes to hearing at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky directing, tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. But by the looks, we have in Mr. Copland's piece, condensed to something for 20 minutes from an original that was 35 minutes long, a diversion that will contrast well with Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3 and "Eroica" Symphony, which form the classic element of the program.

Not but that the Suite has serious moments, just as the designer of it himself possesses plenty of seriousness. Yet nothing in the study, technically regarded, seems overpoweringly abstruse or modern. Indeed, certain passages, as he himself remarked when in town the other day, stand as mere tune, conventionally accompanied.

Indeed, Mr. Copland distinctly emphasizes a change of view in himself in regard to modernism. A few years ago, he explained, composers felt constrained to be all-out modern, discarding past ways and manners, piling up lately-found harmonic combinations and daubing on newly mixed orchestral colorings regardless. With time, they have learned better; or at any rate he believes he himself has; and accordingly, instead of limiting himself to the last six weeks, as Donald Francis Tovey used to say, to turn around in, he takes advantage of all musical time, from the Renaissance, or remoter, down.

Disconcerting about the "Appalachian Spring" partition, in amateur view at least, is the constant shift of beat called for, particu-

larly through the earlier pages, from four-quarter, to three-quarter, to five-quarter, and to two-quarter groups of notes. How in the world can a conductor carrying along the orchestra at speed be expected to keep track of these changes and mark out the measures with his baton, or bare hand in case he uses no stick, and avoid confusion? *monk*

Mr. Copland discounted that difficulty as of no significance in these days. Back in the time when Stravinsky was posing his "Rite of Spring" for conductors, rhythmic complications of the sort did, truly enough, mean bother. Pierre Monteux was one of the first to master them. At present, however, they matter very little. They fall into the conducting and playing routine without complaint. On the mathematical side, rhythm resolves itself down to twos, threes, and fours, or some addition of them, up to 11 at about the outside. The principal accent may go on the first or second note of the twos, on the first, second, or third of the threes, and so on, according to the system wanted.

The complete variety of it can be discerned, by observation of Mr. Copland, in jazz.

Now jazz rhythm is set fixedly and inalterably in a scheme of steady one, two, three, four. Nevertheless, every possible liberty is allowed within that frame and fixture. Symphonic composers have discarded the frame and appropriated the free inside elements.

When Mr. Copland sketched out his Ballet for the Library of Congress Chamber Music Festival of last year, he thought only of composing something suitable for dancers; and to have his material as native as possible, he borrowed a tune from a collection of Shaker melodies and adapted another traditional idea or two to the necessities of the stage. This necessarily got him into a rustic mood, and he found himself writing what amounts to an American eclogue. Possibly he found himself for a moment or two cultivating also a patriotic vein. The title of the piece, "Appalachian Spring," is not of his own thinking-up. It was bestowed by Martha Graham, for whose company of dancers he wrote.

Koussevitzky Starts Orchestra Rehearsals

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin rehearsals tomorrow in Symphony Hall under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky for the opening of its 65th season next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. This will be the 22d successive season of the orchestra under its eminent conductor. Dr. Koussevitzky will present Beethoven's Third Symphony, the "Eroica," on the opening program and will dedicate the performance to the peace of the world and the heroism which has made it possible. The program will open with the same composer's Third "Leonore" Overture. The second number will be the Orchestral Suite which Aaron Copland has made from his Pulitzer Prize-winning Ballet, "Appalachian Spring." The ballet was written for Martha Graham by commission of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and was presented in Boston by Miss Graham last January. Prokofiev's Second Suite from the Ballet "Romeo and Juliet" will also be performed. *9-30-43*



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Twenty-four Pairs of Concerts

On Friday Afternoons and Saturday Evenings

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

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Performance will verify the idea or not, when the work comes to hearing at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky directing, tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. But by the looks, we have in Mr. Copland's piece, condensed to something for 20 minutes from an original that was 35 minutes long, a diversion that will contrast well with Beethoven's "Leopore" Overture No. 3 and "Eroica" Symphony, which form the classic element of the program.

Not but that the Suite has serious moments, just as the designer of it himself possesses plenty of seriousness. Yet nothing in the study, technically regarded, seems overpoweringly abstruse or modern. Indeed, certain passages, as he himself remarked when in town the other day, stand as mere tune, conventionally accompanied.

Indeed, Mr. Copland distinctly emphasizes a change of view in himself in regard to modernism. A few years ago, he explained, composers felt constrained to be all-out modern, discarding past ways and manners, piling up lately-found harmonic combinations and daubing on newly mixed orchestral colorings regardless. With time, they have learned better; or at any rate he believes he himself has; and accordingly, instead of limiting himself to the last six weeks, as Donald Francis Tovey used to say, to turn around in, he takes advantage of all musical time, from the Renaissance, or remoter, down.

Disconcerting about the "Appalachian Spring" partition, in amateur view at least, is the constant shift of beat called for, particu-

larly through the earlier pages, from four-quarter, to three-quarter, to five-quarter, and to two-quarter groups of notes. How in the world can a conductor carrying along the orchestra at speed be expected to keep track of these changes and mark out the measures with his baton, or bare hand in case he uses no stick, and avoid confusion? **10-4-45**

Mr. Copland discounted that difficulty as of no significance in these days. Back in the time when Stravinsky was posing his "Rite of Spring" for conductors, rhythmic complications of the sort did, truly enough, mean bother. Pierre Monteux was one of the first to master them. At present, however, they matter very little. They fall into the conducting and playing routine without complaint. On the mathematical side, rhythm resolves itself down to twos, threes, and fours, or some addition of them, up to 11 at about the outside. The principal accent may go on the first or second note of the twos, on the first, second, or third of the threes, and so on, according to the system wanted.

The complete variety of it can be discerned, by observation of Mr. Copland, in jazz.

Now jazz rhythm is set fixedly and inalterably in a scheme of steady one, two, three, four. Nevertheless, every possible liberty is allowed within that frame and fixture. Symphonic composers have discarded the frame and appropriated the free inside elements.

When Mr. Copland sketched out his Ballet for the Library of Congress Chamber Music Festival of last year, he thought only of composing something suitable for dancers; and to have his material as native as possible, he borrowed a tune from a collection of Shaker melodies and adapted another traditional idea or two to the necessities of the stage. This necessarily got him into a rustic mood, and he found himself writing what amounts to an American eclogue. Possibly he found himself for a moment or two cultivating also a patriotic vein. The title of the piece, "Appalachian Spring" is not of his own thinking-up. It was bestowed by Martha Graham, for whose company of dancers he wrote.

Koussevitzky Starts Orchestra Rehearsals

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will begin rehearsals tomorrow in Symphony Hall under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky for the opening of its 65th season next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. This will be the 22d successive season of the orchestra under its eminent conductor. Dr. Koussevitzky will present Beethoven's Third Symphony, the "Eroica," on the opening program and will dedicate the performance to the peace of the world and the heroism which has made it possible. The program will open with the same composer's Third "Leonore" Overture. The second number will be the Orchestral Suite which Aaron Copland has made from his Pulitzer Prize-winning Ballet, "Appalachian Spring." The ballet was written for Martha Graham by commission of Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge and was presented in Boston by Miss Graham last January. Prokofieff's Second Suite from the Ballet "Romeo and Juliet" will also be performed. **9-30-45**



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conductor

Twenty-four Pairs of Concerts

On Friday Afternoons and Saturday Evenings

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

Copland Son's First Concert

By Winthrop P. Tryon

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SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON 1945-1946

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS

October 5 to April 26, at 2:30

(Omitting November 16, December 7, January 11, February 15, March 15, April 12)

There will be a concert Thursday, April 18, instead of Friday, April 19

24 SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS

October 6 to April 27, at 8:30

(Omitting November 17, December 8, January 12, February 16, March 16, April 13)

Guest Conductors

SIR ADRIAN BOULT, leader of the B.B.C. Orchestra in London, will make a return visit to this country and will conduct this Orchestra in mid-season. Two resident conductors will appear as guests — FRITZ REINER will lead this Orchestra for the first time. LEONARD BERNSTEIN will return. . . . IGOR STRAVINSKY will conduct a pair of concerts, presenting new music of his own and music of other composers.

The Soloists will include:

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, *Piano*
ALBERT SPALDING, *Violin*
ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY, *Piano*
RAYA GARBOUSOVA, *'Cello*

YEHUDI MENUHIN, *Violin*
GREGOR PIATIGORSKY, *'Cello*
RUDOLF FIRKUSNY, *Piano*
EFREM ZIMBALIST, *Violin*

TICKET INFORMATION

Season tickets for each Boston series (and for the concerts in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge) are now on sale at the Box Office, Symphony Hall (Telephone: COM-monwealth 1492). Seating plans showing prices will be mailed upon request.

If it is not convenient to call at Symphony Hall please use enclosed application blank, and return to SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON 15, MASS.

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G. E. JUDD, Manager, Symphony Hall, Boston _____, 1945

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☐ 6 Sunday Afternoons (\$6, \$9, \$12, and \$15)
☐ 6 Monday Evenings (\$12, and \$15)

Plus 20% Federal Tax

In the location checked: ☐ Floor ☐ First Balcony ☐ Second Balcony

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SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

First Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 5, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 6, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN.....Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, *Op. 72*

COPLAND.....Suite from the Ballet, "Appalachian Spring"
(First Performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major, "Eroica, *Op. 55*

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro

The performance is dedicated to the peace of the world, and
to the heroism which has made it possible.

BALDWIN PIANO

Application for Season Tickets

G. E. JUDD, Manager, Symphony Hall, Boston _____, 1945

Please offer _____ seats at \$ _____ for the series:

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☐ 24 Saturday Evenings (\$35, \$45, \$50, \$55, \$60, and \$70)
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BALDWIN PIANO

Symphony Opening Features Ballet 'Appalachian Spring' by Copland

By CYRUS DURGIN

The 65th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Everything looked, sounded and was much the same as it has been—blessedly—these several years. Once more the audience rose to greet Serge Koussevitzky as he entered to embark upon his 22d season as conductor of Boston's unparalleled orchestra. Once more, having acknowledged applause and bade his listeners be seated, Mr. Koussevitzky faced them and urged them to sing "The Star Spangled Banner."

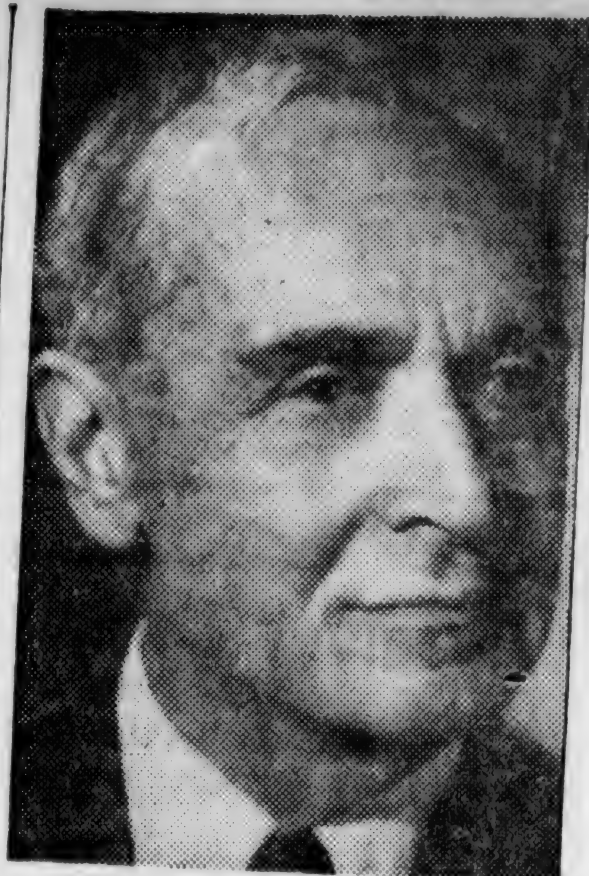
The concert began and ended with Beethoven: the "Leonore" Overture No. 3, and the "Eroica" Symphony. Over the years Mr. Koussevitzky has abandoned the tradition of performing only familiar music at opening and closing Boston Symphony concerts. Accordingly there was a new piece between overture and symphony: the Suite drawn by Aaron Copland from his ballet, "Appalachian Spring."

Music For Dancer

Mr. Copland wrote his ballet for the dancer, Martha Graham, upon commission from the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation. Originally designed for a chamber orchestra of 13 instruments, the composer enlarged his scoring for full symphonic ensemble, and that is the version heard this week.

There is always the danger, in transferring ballet music from theatre to concert hall, that what sounded engrossing as accompaniment to stage action may be less so when heard simply as music. "Appalachian Spring" does go on a bit long in concert performance, but mostly it holds attention by the ingenuity of its ideas and the general attractiveness of its style. It is good, clean, spare music whose orchestration is not just orchestration, but an indispensable and organic part of the score itself.

Of course the listener is helped if he reads the program of the ballet action, which tells of a bride-and-groom-to-be of the early 19th century and the festivities concerned with their new house. The beautiful introduction and the ending in similar manner would not necessarily evoke any tone-pictures in your mind, but the rhythmic



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY

dance interludes and the variations on the Shaker tune are very atmospheric. The main attribute of "Appalachian Spring," you might say, is lyricism.

The performance seemed to be excellent. Mr. Koussevitzky brought Mr. Copland upon the stage and there was applause for all concerned.

Performance Well Played

Boston's great conductor has given performances of the "Leonore" Overture and the "Eroica" Symphony that have been more exciting than the ones yesterday. Nevertheless, neither work could have been more clearly played with better style and pace or with a greater sense of symphonic growth and structure than Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra attained. Last season when he performed the "Eroica" at the opening concert, Mr. Koussevitzky dedicated the performance "to the heroes of the United Nations"; this week it is dedicated anew, to "the peace of the world and to the heroism which has made it possible."

There is something a little different, come to think of it. The design of the program book cover is changed.

Symphony Season Opened; 'Appalachian Spring' Heard

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, beginning his twenty-second year as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, opened its sixty-fifth season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program, "dedicated to the peace of the world, and to the heroism which made it possible," contained two works chosen for their suitability to this purpose—Beethoven's "Leonore" Overture No. 3 and the "Eroica" Symphony. It also contained Aaron Copland's Suite from the ballet, "Appalachian Spring," which was played for the first time in Boston.

Dr. Koussevitzky returned to his post filled with all the old vigor, intensity and enthusiasm. He directed the Overture and the Symphony with the familiar fervor and dramatic power; indeed it may be said that his reading of the "Leonore" No. 3 is more dramatic than the opera, and it was warmly received by the audience, which had stood with the orchestra to welcome him back.

Even more remarkable than his interpretation (and the orchestra's performance) of these works was the eloquence with which he and they played Copland's "Appalachian Spring" Suite. This score was very impressive when heard last season with Martha Graham's ballet for which it was written. But at that time it was played by a small ensemble which could hardly bring out all of its beauties.

Yesterday it made an even stronger impression. Indeed it seemed to me one of the finest products of the modern American school. It adapts the harmonic schemes and rhythmical complexities of the experimental early years of this century to the purposes of expression rather than of exhibition. It succeeds by the use of sophisticated technical resources in achieving an effect of

simplicity, evoking the atmosphere and feeling of the early Colonial days, their striving, their devotion, their trials and joys.

Singularly well designed to accompany Miss Graham's dances, it is equally expressive in the concert hall. It is possible that memory of the ballet helped understanding of the music, just as the music originally helped comprehension of the ballet. But the music yesterday seemed so clear, so well knit, so redolent of its theme that it could hardly fail of its effect. I felt, even with those who had not seen the ballet. And the quick and generous applause with which it was greeted confirmed this opinion. Mr. Copland was in attendance, and was recalled several times to bow his thanks.

It is interesting to observe the increasingly successful collaboration between composers and choreographers. This score of Copland's marks one of its high points. Although its scale is smaller, it may rank with Hindemith's music for Massine's "St. Francis." These are serious works. Equally interesting and successful examples may be found in the lighter forms, such as Leonard Bernstein's "Fancy Free," Norman Dell Joie's "On Stage!" and quite possibly, Lukas Foss' "The Gift of the Magi," which at this writing I have not yet heard. For some reason, ballet seems nowadays to inspire better music than opera.

The personnel of the orchestra remains virtually unchanged. The first performance of Martinů's Third Symphony, originally announced for the third pair of concerts, has been advanced to next week.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the first concert of its 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, performing the following program:
Overture to "Leonore" No. 3, Op. 72 Beethoven
Suite from "Appalachian Spring" Copland
Symphony No. 3 in E flat, Op. 55 Beethoven

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

"The performance is dedicated to the peace of the world and to the heroism which has made it possible."

I don't know who wrote that small line of type, which appeared on the printed program of the opening concert of the 65th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall, but I can't think of a simpler, more beautiful or more distinguished dedication attendant on a concert of music, and it lent additional distinction to what was—from any point of view—a most exceptional musical experience. 10-6-43 Herd

The opening concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra always is exceptional for that matter. It's as much a social (or rather, sociological) thing as a concert of music. It is gala—in a discreet sort of way—exciting—in a well-bred manner—and warm—in a reserved fashion all its own. It is also a sort of beginning, a renewal, a beckoning to think once again of more mature musical values, a challenge to accept the responsibility of listening with the heart and mind as well as the viscera.

All these things with the terrific—if nonetheless inexpressible—sense of relief, of thanksgiving, of joy that peace is at last here that must be felt by everyone contrived to give yesterday's concert a special meaning. For there was, with most of us, I think, the realization that there it was, untouched, intact, perfect. It had withstood the torments of a world five years at war and had emerged unscathed, more firmly rooted and greater than ever before. Why? Because there were young men (many of whom would

have dearly loved to have been there yesterday) who lost their lives to see to it that it—and many other things we hold dear—would hold firm.

While I am afraid almost anything would have sounded incredibly good to me yesterday, I am quite sure that the music was unimpeachable from the most critical point of view. The Beethoven, both the Leonore Overture and the "Eroica" were superb as performances (I still can't believe that an orchestra of living men can sound so wonderful and be so in response to themselves and their conductor) and marvelous as interpretations. It was a performance by Dr. Koussevitzky of great technical virtuosity combined with a depth and a sincerity of approach while the orchestra was just unbelievable.

Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" is a masterpiece, a thing of rare and fresh beauty and a delight from beginning to end. This is "American" music at its best; beguiling, humorous, gay, powerful, passionate but not voluptuous. No posing, no posturing, no straining for effects, no self-consciousness, no bombast, no Americana for Americana's sake, no tie-in with Sandburg, Walt Whitman or Abe Lincoln, no pretentiousness, no smart-alecks; nothing but musicality expressed in an idiom of the utmost ease and freshness without the slightest striving for newness or novelty (which it thereby seems to attain). I didn't see the ballet that goes along with it; didn't even read the program notes that explain the action, but I had a wonderful time just the same with it, and I think you will, too. It's a really delightful piece and Mr. Copland deserves all the prizes he got for it. He appeared on the stage and got a fine reception from the audience.

As for Dr. Koussevitzky, he never looked younger or better, and certainly never demonstrated more clearly his really stupendous musicianship. Moreover, in the Copland, he got the beat of that unequivocally American music as if he had been born in Sioux Falls. He was, in short, superb, and so was his concert.

"Conductor Magic" of Koussevitzky

Boston Symphony Leader Explains Reason of Orchestra's Amazing Qualities in Interview as His 22nd Season Opens

BY ELEANOR ROBERTS

When the incomparable Boston Symphony Orchestra opened its 65th season last Friday night at venerable old Symphony Hall, an impeccably tailored, proud, gray-haired gentleman stepped on the podium, made his bow to an audience composed chiefly of Back Bay nobility, then turning imperiously to his orchestra, rapped his baton sharply for attention.

For the past 22 years Sergei Alexandrovich Koussevitzky has been the glue that held the Boston Symphony together. He has screamed at them, lunged at them, cajoled them sweetly, chattered crossly at them and even praised them, tongue-in-cheek saying, "Fine fine, iss iss fine, but now we must play it moch better!"

At 71 he is able to out-jitter the best jitterbug at Symphony rehearsals. But just as aptly he can transform himself into the picture of dejection if his men fail to achieve some artistic refinement he is driving at.

He will shake his head from side to side incredulously. His chest caves in, his shoulders droop and with a grief-stricken expression he will look at the 110 members of his great orchestra and say, "Gentlemen, iss eet possible, iss eet possible that ziss could be the Boston Symphony Orchestra? NO—we must play like zee Boston Symphony—one, two three!"

This is what Koussevitzky refers to as "conductor magic" or the psychological influence. In an exclusive interview, his first of the season, the famous conductor explained the intricate and elusive conductor-musician relationship that pulled the Boston Symphony out of its historic slump in 1924 and not only sent it zooming to one of the top-ranking organizations of its kind in the United States—but kept it there!

"Artistical discipline," smiled Koussevitzky, his bright blue eyes dancing. (The conductor has a world-wide reputation for tailoring the English language to meet his needs. "It baffles me!" he said once, whereupon he proceeded to invent his own phrases.)

"I give them everything—and they give it back to me. Understand me, eet iss not like a boss and employee. I drive them, yess, but we work together."

When Koussevitzky says he gives them everything, this is no mere understatement. He puts such terrific wear and tear on his mental, physical and emotional resources during rehearsals and performances that men half his age are exhausted.

"The moment I feel I cannot do this," said Koussevitzky, "I will stop conducting and give my stick to a younger man. I must be able to give this, so I can receive it back from my men!"

Koussevitzky's famous left forefinger pointed accusingly at some erring fiddler or over energetic wind instrument has appeared to many a Boston Symphony man in his dreams causing him to awake with a start, bathed in perspiration.

So well attuned to each other are the famous conductor and his men that a mere look from Koussevitzky will prompt a man to go up to his dressing-room after rehearsal and launch into a 15-minute apology.

Just Too Late

With a reputation as a hard master Koussevitzky is used to apologies. In fact, he expects them.

Although Koussevitzky admittedly has a volcanic temper he keeps it well in hand. Unlike other renowned conductors who in fits of temper toss the furniture around, yell at and abuse the men, Koussevitzky is always the gentleman. His anger may boil and bubble furiously but he always turns the gas down under the kettle before it overflows.

This virtue endears him to his men who are inordinately proud of playing under Koussevitzky. There isn't a musician among the 110 members of the orchestra who, from 10 in the morning to 1 in the afternoon, doesn't belong, heart and soul, to his conductor.

But Naturally!

Many people accuse Koussevitzky of being egotistical, but actually he only acknowledges his great worth as a conductor of note. He has heard such great composers as Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Saint-Saens and Debussy conduct their own works and as great as they were as composers, they were distinctly ordinary as conductors.

"old man," as his orchestra calls him, looks very unlike the firmly pedestaled idol that greets his audiences on Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings.

One admirer who had listened to both Koussevitzky and the composers confided to him, "You know, Dr. Koussevitzky, it sounded so much better when you conducted it than it did when the composers did."

"But naturally!" replied Koussevitzky. *10-7-43 50 ml.*

This was no back-patting on the conductor's part for it is a well-known fact that most composers are unable to conduct their own music to perfection.

Koussevitzky's methods of getting what he wants are many and varied. Once a year, for instance, it has been his custom to put on one of the great masterpieces, calling for a full orchestra and a large chorus.

On one occasion before rehearsal when the orchestra and chorus began he turned to the chorus and addressing them with beaming face and in the friendliest voice said, "Ladies and gentlemen—you have beautiful voices and I have not."

"If you sing well you will have my deepest gratitude and admiration."

"But," and here he paused, "if you sing bad—then I will drown you out with my orchestra!"

Nobody is more aware of how bad Koussevitzky's voice is than his orchestra members. During rehearsals he often sings a few bars to illustrate the way he wants them played, in an unalluring voice. But unfailingly his men get the idea of what he wants and after a two-minute concert by their maestro are able to play it exactly as he wants it.

Rehearsal Jacket

Although Koussevitzky is a miracle of tailoring in evening clothes, he turns up for rehearsals in a shapeless, special rehearsal jacket. The collar slopes way down in the back, there is apparently no fit to it and Koussy or

The jacket, however, is a product of Koussevitzky's designing genius. As carefully as an architect makes a blueprint Koussevitzky designed a jacket that wouldn't bind his arms as he moved around in it, or split down the back when he threw up his arms in the familiar gesture of monumental despair.

Any normal jacket would have long ago, torn out at the armpits after just one morning of Koussevitzky's podium gymnastics. His evening clothes are designed along the same principles and he is one of the few men to wear a soft collar with an evening suit and escape detection.

Way back in the early days of his career when he was conducting in Moscow, he dressed in the standard fashion of the conductor, with a stiff wing-type collar that was in great wing-type collar that threatened to guillotine him. Every time he turned his head he expected it to roll at the orchestra's feet. He was completely miserable, and when Koussevitzky conducts he wants nothing to interfere with the job at hand.

So he conferred with an exclusive manufacturer of men's collars and together they designed one that neither severed his neck nor suffocated him.

Victor Anticipates

Responsible for keeping Koussevitzky the beau brummel of the baton is his moody-looking valet, Victor, who has been with his master ever since he came to America and who follows him around with great devotion. Victor is able to anticipate the conductor's needs almost before he knows what they are himself.

He is there to wipe Koussevitzky off after his performance when the great man comes off stage dripping with perspiration. It is Victor who

hastily throws his master's European opera cloak over him as he leaves the stage.

Victor's wife is Koussevitzky's cook and she is as vigilant at seeing that the conductor gets regular, well-balanced meals as her husband is that his clothes are right at hand.

One thing that enables Koussevitzky to conserve so much of his energy for his music is the careful apportionment of all his time—so much for rehearsal, so much for seeing people, so much for eating, sleeping, program planning and exercising.

On the podium Koussevitzky is the Mordkin of the concert stage. He possesses all the physical eloquence of a ballet master. The graceful sweeps of the Koussevitzky wrists have been a delight to Boston Symphony goers for the last 22 years, the long, square fingers of the artistic hands are so expressive that his men can often tell from a mere gesture just what he wants.

There are two things Koussevitzky is famous for—one the amazingly transparent tone that only he seems able to draw from his orchestra, and the other, a repertory that is greater and gives more variety than any other conductor's in America.

Relentless Rehearsing

He probably conducts more kinds of music, ancient and modern, with a very high general average of brilliance than anyone else on the concert stage. But outstanding are his Tchaikovsky, Debussy, Ravel and Sibelius. It was Koussevitzky, in fact, who gave Debussy the final lift and sent him skyrocketing to fame when he invited Debussy to conduct his own composition in Moscow.

Certainly Koussevitzky has done more for American symphonic composers than any other conductor. He

has introduced such important men as Hill, Piston, Harris, William Schuman, Leonard Bernstein, Lukas Foss, and Aaron Copland, whose "Appalachian Springs" had its first performance in Boston last Friday. Instead of putting on only one performance of a modernist composer's works, allowing them to be forgotten afterwards, he repeats them so they won't fade into obscurity.

Few people realize the hours of rehearsing necessary for a successful concert. Koussevitzky is a relentless drillmaster. A story is told of the time he was preparing his ensemble for a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. He wanted a pianissimo from the 'cellos of the finest possible fibre sustained through a long passage, and he insisted that the 'cellos play it over and over again until the men gave him precisely what he wanted. He didn't stop until he got it!

While Koussevitzky's language, to the ordinary bystander, is a masterpiece of contradiction his men know perfectly well what he wants. In rehearsing Beethoven's Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica," the orchestra worked up to a terrific crescendo that filled the hall with sound.

Rapping his baton sharply against the face of his conductor's score, Koussevitzky turned to his men and bellowed in an enraged tone, "Gentlemen, eet does not sound. Eet iss too noisy, I cannot hear!"

What Koussevitzky really meant was that he couldn't hear the clarity of tone he was working for, but to those not acquainted with the conductor's mode of speaking they wondered what it did, if not make noise!

Rise to Fame

Once when he and the orchestra tackled some new and very complex composition over which they had

been struggling for hours, Koussevitzky brought them to a halt and said bitterly, "Gentlemen, if you cannot play this better you should take it the music home and study as more as you can!"

Koussevitzky has come a long way since the day he stood, as a little boy, in front of a row of empty chairs in his front parlor, conducting a dream orchestra. With the encouragement of his father, a violin teacher, Koussevitzky left home at 14, freshly graduated from the Philharmonic Conservatory, with a pack on his back and three rubles in his pocket for Moscow to apply for a scholarship in conducting.

But when he got to Moscow there was no scholarship in conducting available—only one for double bass. So proficient did Koussevitzky become on the bull fiddle that he toured Europe and Russia as a virtuoso and is still reckoned as one of the only three double bass players in history to achieve rank of virtuoso of the unwieldy instrument.

Always progressive, Koussevitzky inaugurated two great departures in the symphonic world after he formed his orchestra in 1907—he began a series of popular concerts in which young conductors, composers and soloists were given free rein to prove their worth, and he brought music to his people rather than have them come to him by chartering a steamer and touring the Volga for 2300 miles.

Today Koussevitzky is at the peak of his career. At 72 he is the No. 1 symphony conductor in the United States, with an orchestra unequalled in excellence anywhere. During this 65th season, Koussevitzky will, no doubt often look benignly at his men and, as is his custom when something pleases him very much murmur, "Vonderful, vonderful!"

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its 65th season yesterday afternoon with no more important change than a slightly less ornate cover on the program book. The other innovation, that affects chiefly the radio audience, is the placing ahead of the hour that goes on the air Saturday evening—from 8:30 to 9:30. Everything else remains the same, even to "The Spangled Banner" at the beginning of the concert. One had imagined that this playing of the National Anthem would cease with the end of the war, as it did in 1918. However, the audience did not wait to be summoned to its feet by Dr. Koussevitzky but rose spontaneously in affectionate greeting when the conductor came upon the platform to begin his own 22nd season as the orchestra's leader.

It is more than a mere coincidence that both the Boston Symphony and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony are starting out the year with Beethoven's "Eroica" and the Suite from Aaron Copland's ballet "Appalachian Spring." The "Eroica" is more than just a symphony. First intended as a tribute to Napoleon, it remains a musical expression of the heroic spirit in any guise and it contains the most solemn of funeral marches. A note on yesterday's program stated that the performance was dedicated "to the peace of the world, and to the heroism which has made it possible."

As for Mr. Copland's Pulitzer Prize-winning ballet, the music is so appealing and attractive, so folksy, so tender and touching that one would expect conductors to seize the first opportunity of placing it on a program, and Koussevitzky, Rodzinsky and Erich Leinsdorf in Cleveland have done that very thing. The original score for Martha Graham's ballet called for a chamber ensemble of 13 instruments. It has now been arranged for full orchestra but the essential fragrance of the music has been retained. It has not been smothered or inflated. Actually the new score abounds in lovely sonorities and, when needed, there is plenty of brilliance. In its celebration of the emotions of a newly wedded mountain couple about to take possession of their home, this music is truly American in spirit, and with other recent works helps to proclaim Mr. Copland our leading native poet. He was present yesterday



"Soft, soft—almost nothing!" is what Koussevitzky indicates here with his eloquent left hand, while his baton signals the instant of "attacking" the opening note.

JEAN SIBELIUS AT 80

Orchestra, Under Koussevitzky, Will Play His First Symphony This Week

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

IT is an interesting if idle speculation that whereas so many of the leading composers have been short-lived, several of them tragically so, most of those who have attained to the Biblical threescore years and 10 have achieved success in the opera house, whether or not they wrote other music. For septuagenarians I give you Monteverdi, Handel, Gluck, Spontini, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Flotow, Gounod, Massenet and the still living Montemezzi, Rabaud and Giordano. For octogenarians, Rameau, Cherubini, Auber, Verdi, Thomas, Mascagni and Reznicek ("Donna Diana"), who, like the composer of "Cavalleria," died only lately. At last reports both Strauss and Charpentier, the one born in 1864, the other in 1860, were still with us.

A diligent statistician has recently hit upon 33 as the year, taken as an average, in which man has reached his intellectual, physical and creative peak; and that was supposed to go for the production of musical masterpieces, including operas. The opera part of it is not easy to accept, since opera writing is a hard trade to master. It requires experience as well as aptitude. Wagner produced his greatest works after 45, Gluck and Rameau after 50 and Verdi after 70. Of the masters of opera, only four died young: Pergolesi (26), Mozart (35), Bellini (33) and Bizet (37). However, Rossini's fame would have been secure, thanks to "The Barber of Seville," if he had died at 25.

And now for an exception of an-

other sort, namely Jean Sibelius, who will be 80 in December and who has neither taste nor talent for the musical theatre. He has forcibly expressed his dislike for the Wagnerian music drama and except for a fleeting suggestion of "Goetterdaemmerung" in the first movement of his Fourth Symphony he has kept clear of an influence that was still a very potent one in his formative years. Indeed, whether you once liked his music, have always liked it or have never particularly cared for it, you can hardly deny it the virtue of originality. Some profess to see Tchaikovsky in the First Symphony, which Dr. Koussevitzky is conducting this week, along with the somber "Swan of Tuonela," but that is mainly because it is more dramatic, more passionate, more frankly lyrical than the six which followed it. Actually there is not a single phrase, hardly a single bar that sounds as though the Russian master had written it.

We are going to have an opportunity to take Sibelius' measure afresh this season, since Dr. Koussevitzky has declared his intention of celebrating the Finnish composer's approaching 80th birthday with a parade of his symphonies and other works. He probably will not go so far as he did in the season of 1932-33, when he performed all the symphonies and expected to top them off with the first American performance of the Eighth, which still remains unfinished. Some say that it is locked in the composer's brain and that none of it has yet been committed to paper.

Sibelius' stock rose sharply when Finland was first attacked by Russia



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and it slumped correspondingly when Russia became our ally—if that really was the cause of the decrease in Sibelius performances in this country. Now that we and Finland have patched up our little differences, it may return to favor. It could be argued that his Bavarian blood has not hurt Strauss, who last year in American orchestral programs (according to Musical America's survey of 23 leading symphonic organizations) headed the list of contemporary composers. Sibelius was number eight between Shostakovich and Hindemith, and he was beaten also by Ravel, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, Strauss and Prokofieff, in that order. Whatever the cause, the big to-do over his music seems to have subsided. It is no longer proclaimed from the housetops that he is the true successor of Beethoven, the real master-mind among modern composers. The counter-suggestion that his music is national rather than universal in character, seems to be gaining ground.

In war-torn Finland Sibelius later years can scarcely have been happy. Presumably he still receives the pension long ago accorded him by the Finnish government, and his American royalties have now been forwarded to him. A source of grief was the loss of many valuable manuscripts, when his German publishers, the Leipzig house of Breitkopf and Haertel, were bombed out.

SHOSTAKOVICH GETS BOSTON INVITATION

Koussevitzky Asks Composer to Be Guest at Premiere of 9th
—Urges U. S. Aid to Arts

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
BOSTON, Oct. 12—Dmitri Shostakovich, Russia's noted composer, has been invited to make his first United States appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony, revealed that he and the orchestra's trustees had invited the composer to be a conductor, soloist or a guest when the orchestra presents the first performance in this country of Mr. Shostakovich's newest major work, the Ninth Symphony.

His appearance would complete Dr. Koussevitzky's plan for celebrating the war victory of the Allies. Great Britain will be represented this season by Sir Adrian Boult, conductor of the British Broadcasting Company Symphony, and France by Paul Paray as guest conductors.

10-13-45 Expects Russian's Acceptance

The Shostakovich Ninth Symphony will be presented in February, and Dr. Koussevitzky expressed the belief that the Russian composer would fly here for the premiere.

Dr. Koussevitzky, who started his twenty-second year as conductor of the Boston Symphony this month, outlined plans for the orchestra during the season and foresaw a future in which music and other arts will receive Government aid instead of being dependent upon private means.

Governments "unfortunately forget that their people need spiritual food as much as physical food," he said. "Nothing is being done by our Government," he continued. "We have private assistance and we have radio sponsors who are spending money from their great factories. That is the best way to distribute the incomes of the factories to the people. Not in money to them, but in art."

"If the 30,000,000 people in New England would give 50 cents each year," he added, "then there might be three major symphonies in New England instead of one, and every city would have a large hall in which opera, concerts and ballets could be presented, while every town could have a small hall for chamber music."

The 71-year-old conductor plans to present opera productions at Tanglewood and restore the full

program of nine symphony concerts there next summer.

The orchestra will play this season eighteen major new works. Ten of the pieces will be world premières, four will be the first presentations in the United States and four will be Boston premières.

Martini Symphony Heard

One of the world premières was given this afternoon when the orchestra presented Bohuslav Martinu's Symphony No. 3.

The orchestra also will present all seven of Jan Sibelius' completed symphonies in honor of the Finnish composer's eightieth birthday, this year.

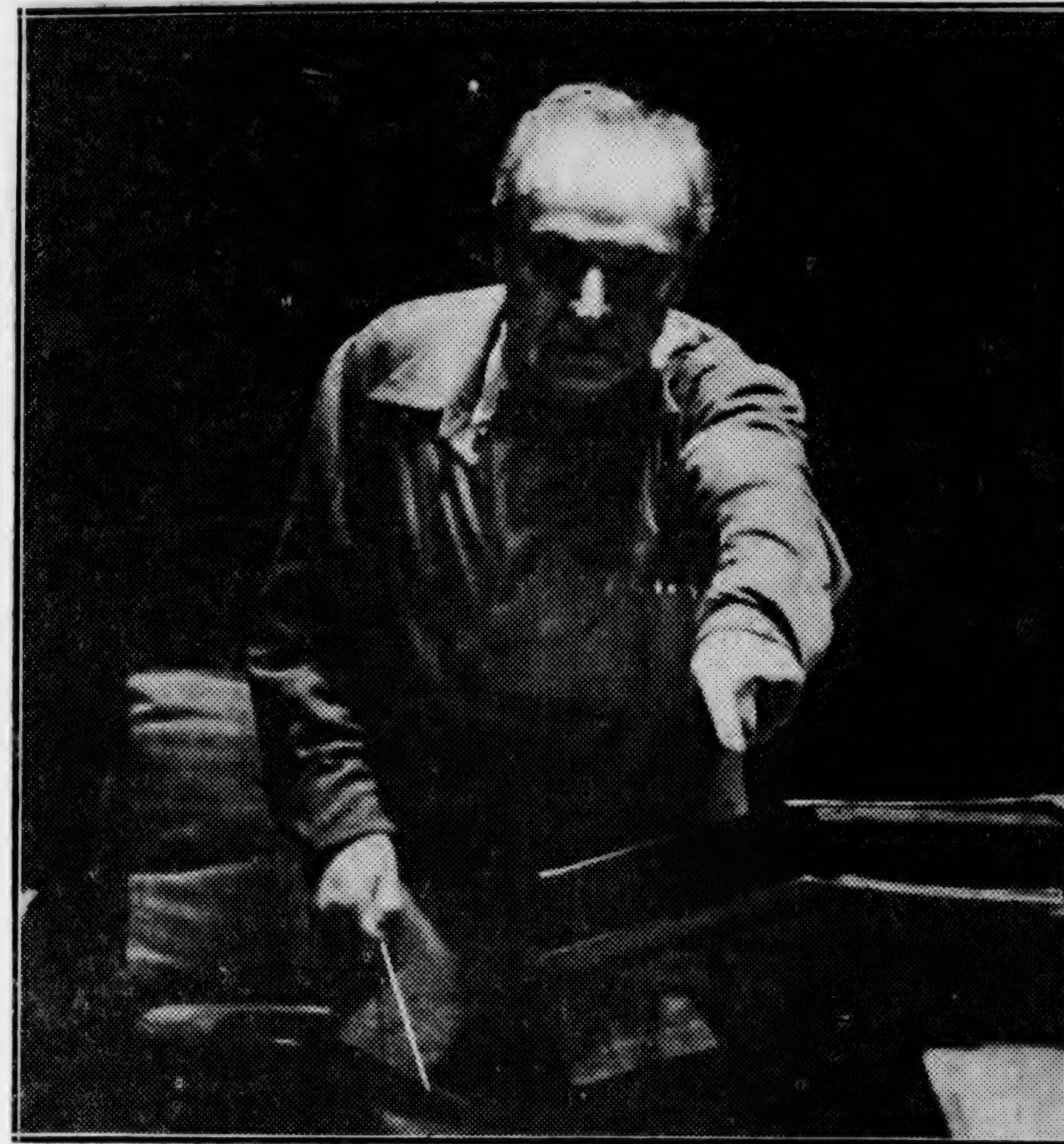
Other new works include the concerts for 'cello and orchestra by the American composer, Samuel Barber, which will be played with Raya Garbusova, Russian 'cellist, as soloist. William Bergsma's "Music on a Quiet Theme"; the Elliot Cook Carter Jr. "Holiday Overture"; David Diamond's "Rounds for String Orchestra," and Alexander Gretchaninov's "Elegie" are among other American composers' works to be presented for the first time.

Sergei Prokofieff's Fifth symphony and Benjamin Britten's excerpts from the opera "Peter Grimes" will have their first American performance.



Martinu

Again The Symphony Concerts Open to Him



All that the orchestra can give is bound to result when confronted by this look of command on Koussevitzky's face, preceded by the whip-like downward movement of the baton, and followed by a stabbing motion of that left forefinger.

These remarkable action photos were taken by Richard Tucker on the stage of Symphony Hall during a rehearsal. Koussevitzky made it a condition that he would not pose—that he must keep on uninterruptedly at the serious business of rehearsing. The resulting photos show Koussevitzky to the reader as he looks to his men, and as no audience ever sees him.



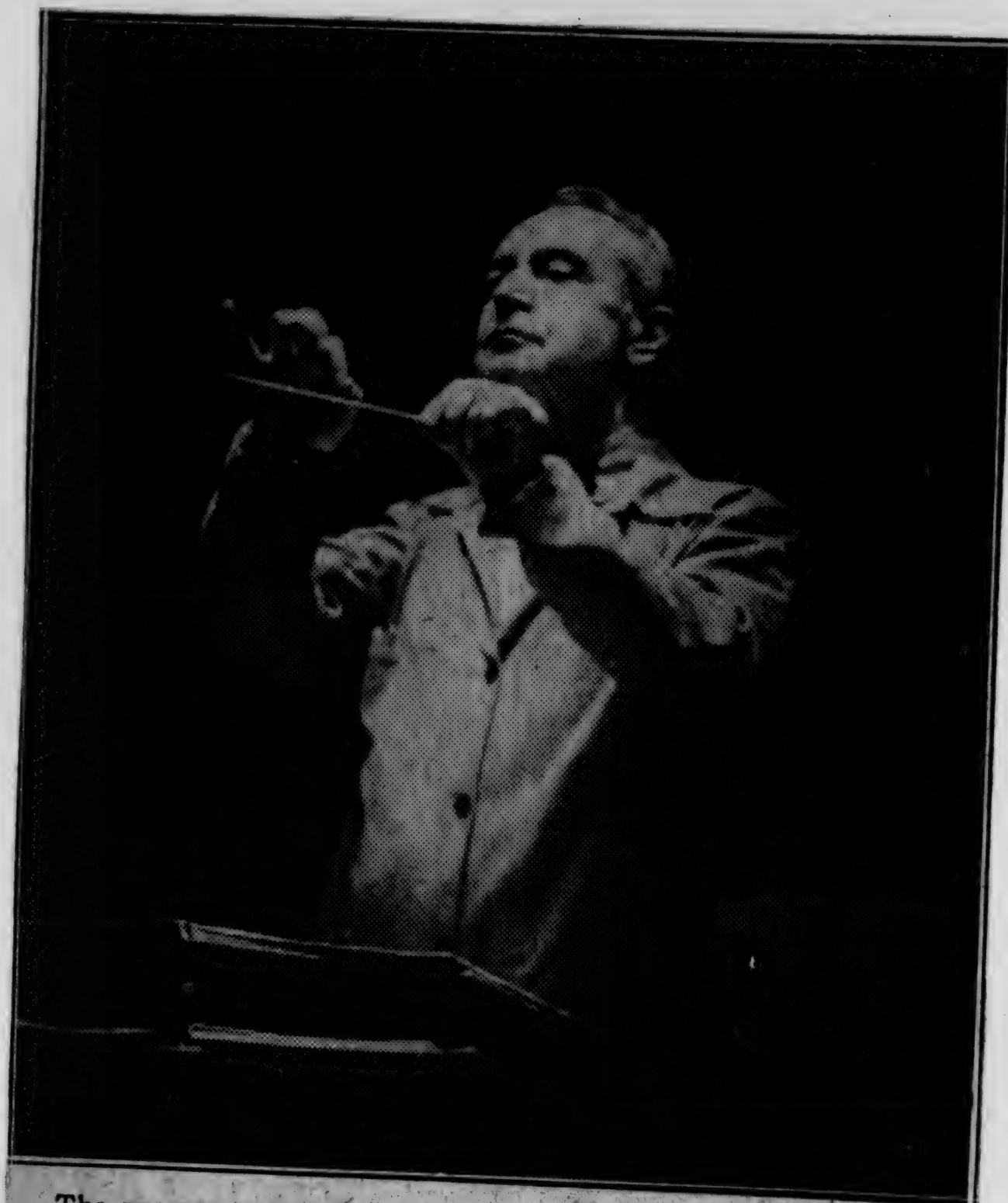
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SIXTY-FOURTH SEASON ★ 1944-1945

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

Historical and descriptive notes by JOHN N. BURK

First Broadcast Programme

SATURDAY EVENING . . . OCTOBER 7

8:30-9:30 P.M. (E.W.T.) Blue Network

Broadcast from Symphony Hall, Boston

Under the sponsorship of the

ALLIS-CHALMERS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, of MILWAUKEE, WIS.

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 3 in E flat major, "Eroica," *Op.* 55

I. Allegro con brio

II. Marcia Funèbre: Adagio assai

III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio

IV. Finale: Allegro molto

★

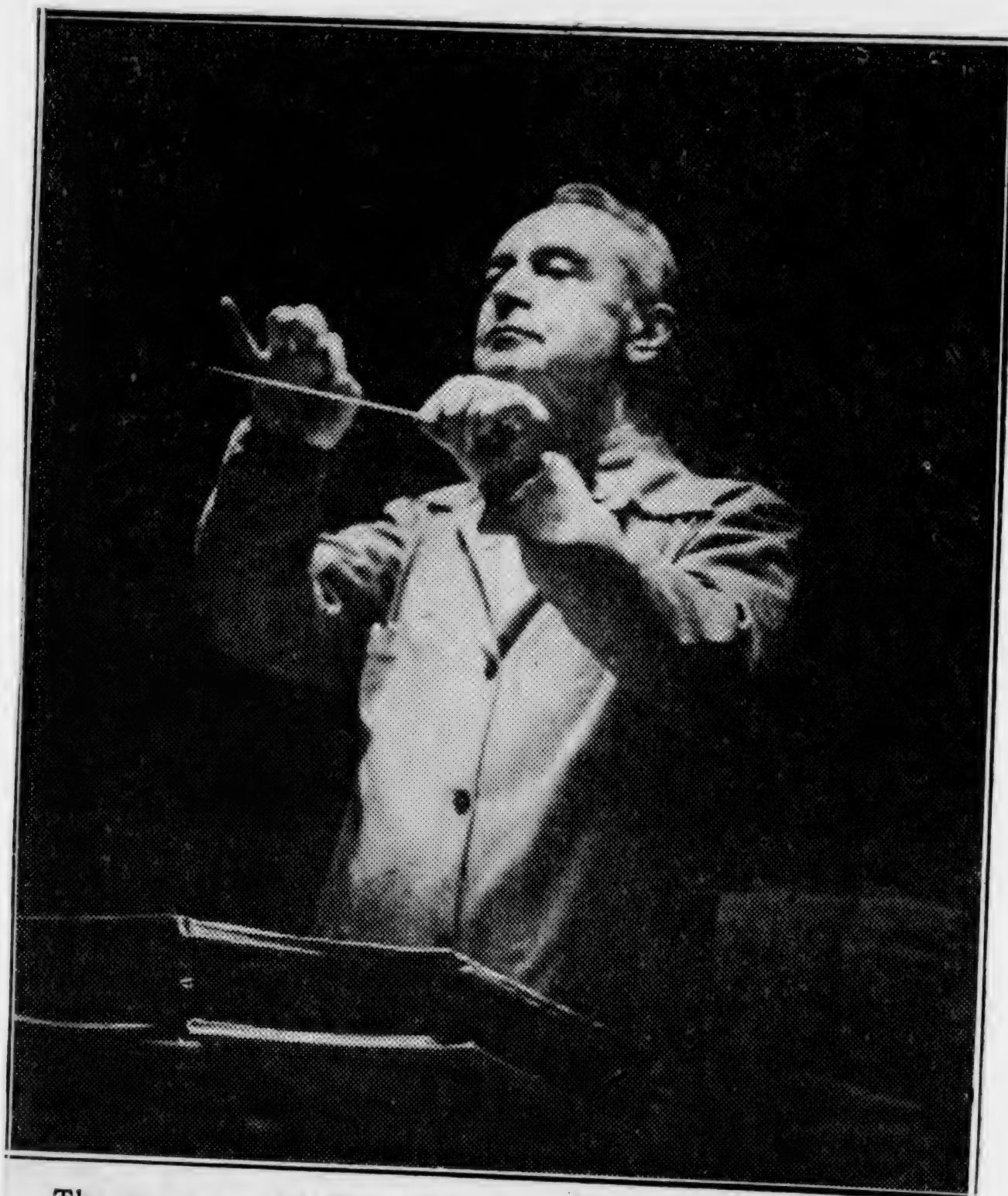
The performance is dedicated to the

Heroes of the United Nations

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THE TALE has too often been told how Beethoven, hearing in the spring of 1804 that Napoleon Bonaparte had crowned himself Emperor, and so renounced the role of liberator for that of tyrant, destroyed in anger the manuscript title page of his newly completed Third Symphony, on which he had inscribed the name of "Buonaparte."

Something of the sort no doubt happened — for we have the testimony of two who were present — Ries and Moritz Lichnowsky. But it by no means follows that the Eroica Symphony was conceived or executed as a portrait of Napoleon. Napoleon was a figure on whom many revolutionary idealists, Beethoven included, had pinned their hopes. Beethoven probably looked upon the name more as a topic for political



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24
rejection than as a matter for personal antipathy. Napoleon was a name which continued to have a strong hold on the popular imagination, and Beethoven continued reluctant to forego an advantageous title for his new symphony. When he wrote to Breitkopf and Härtel a few months after his reported fit of anger, offering the symphony to his publisher, he described his wares as "a grand new symphony, really entitled Bonaparte." This was the Beethoven who liked to take the tone of a shrewd businessman, and also the Beethoven who devised his dedications with a cold eye for expediency.

When the Symphony was at last published in 1806, it appeared as "Sinfonia Eroica, composed to celebrate the memory of a great man." The inscription might well have been put this way: "Composed in memory of greatness dreamed of by a musician and forfeited by a statesman."

For the Eroica Symphony looks around and beyond Napoleon. The music has really nothing to do with the man who once fell short of receiving a dedication. It grew from the idealism of Beethoven, impractical, perhaps, but luminous and pervasive, intensely practical for his musical purposes. It was kindled by thoughts which had also kindled the French revolution. Beethoven had tasted the bitterness of servitude to titles, and the intoxication of individual wing-spreading. His hunger for freedom as an artist was one of his deepest impulses; it was the basis of his sense of kinship with the commoner, and of his ardent republicanism. The impulse was far deeper than political disputation. It was mighty as it found its outlet in the Eroica Symphony.

But the "Eroica," again, is far more than a republican document. It is, before everything else, personal. It is the first outspoken declaration of independence by an artist who has outgrown the mincing restrictions of a salon culture in a century just ended, and who, confronted with the threat of total deafness, answers by an unprecedented outpouring of his creative faculties. There lies the struggle, the defiance, the suffering and the triumph of the Eroica Symphony. The spirit of heroism was never more nobly set forth.

The heroism that possesses the first movement is the heroism of intrepidity where faith and strength become one, a strength which exalts and purifies. The funeral march, filled with hushed mystery, has no odor of mortality; death had no place in Beethoven's thoughts as artist. The spirit which gathers and rises in the middle portion sweeps inaction aside and becomes a life assertion. The shouting triumph of the variation Finale has no tramp of heavy, crushing feet; it is a jubilant exhortation to all mankind, a foreshadowing of the Finales of the Fifth or Ninth Symphonies. The heroism found in the "Eroica" runs like a vein through Beethoven's music, varying in intensity but never in kind. It illuminates the characters of Egmont or Leonore. It is a heroism suggestive of the noblest aspirations of humanity, which it liberates and deifies.

The second broadcast programme, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY conducting, will consist of Mozart's Symphony in G minor (K. No. 183), and David Diamond's Second Symphony (First performance).

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 12, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, at 8:30 o'clock

MOZART.....Overture to "Idomeneo, Re di Creta," K. 366

MARTINU.....Symphony No. 3

I. Allegro poco moderato

II. Largo

III. Allegro; Andante

(First Performance)

INTERMISSION

SIBELIUS....."The Swan of Tuonela," Legend from the
"Kalevala," Op. 22, No. 3

(English Horn Solo: LOUIS SPEYER)

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39

I. Andante ma non troppo; allegro energico

II. Andante ma non troppo lento

III. Allegro

IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; allegro molto

His Symphony No. 3 Receives First Performance Tomorrow

By Winthrop P. Tryon

In the case of Boguslav Martinu, whose Symphony No. 3 receives its first performance at the Boston Symphony concerts of tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, the question, far from being why Mr. Martinu so much resembles other composers, either active or dating in the past, is why he so persistently differs from everybody else. Or, to ask it plainly, why does he remain so narrowly himself?

To take the merest glance at the score of the work which Serge Koussevitzky has chosen as novelty for his second program of the season, is to get an impression of individuality, or we might even say singularity, and to realize that the writer of it belongs to no school, no group, and no sodality whatever.

We become aware of a composer who stays outside present-day movements and who ignores all immediate fashions. More than that, we find ourselves in the company of one who, whether as melodist, harmonist, or symphonic designer, is in no sort neo-classical.

Here, briefly, opens out a manuscript, penned a year and a half ago, which represents a man of music quite solitary as to both manner and mood. His lone procedure is asserted, too, right in the opening pages, where themes in the upper part of the violins or the top voices of the woodwind instruments show out, too tense altogether for modern days of free going and at the same time

too stark and severe for old-time simplicity and grace.

The Symphony No. 3 is said to have come into existence under the favor of Dr. Koussevitzky and to have been intended as homage to him at the twentieth anniversary (production delayed) of his Boston Symphony conductorship. For the matter of that, the composition may be, who knows? a sort of symphonic sketch of a man, a tone portrait. Certainly energetic expression pervades the first part—Allegro poco Moderato—that we might think characterizes Koussevitzky interpretations. Fire and passion, in fine, controlled by reason.

Discounting, however, any biographical significance, the work as architecture is tightly wrought, and as sound and pulse it is ingeniously contrived. Brasses, woods, and strings each keep their independence as family sonorities, while harp and piano, acting a percussion role, throw in mixtures of dissonance to cause shimmer and to assist blend. An extraordinary variety of rhythm, moreover, seems to be drawn out of a beat of threes persistently kept up. 10-11-45 2m

For a constructional peculiarity, the composer repeats exactly the pages of exposition right in the middle of the opening movement. A person late to the concert might enter the auditorium at this point, if permitted, and not lose anything by his tardiness. Mr. Martinu's device is logical, indeed, though a

little off the inventive track. Doubtless a good rule, too; once said, finally said.

For second movement there comes a Largo, and we begin to have some singing. Even the piano asserts intermittently the voice of melody. A word autographed on the page indicates that the Largo was written in the month of May; and truly enough there seems to exhale from the rich instrumentation a quality of perfume. We might speak of atmosphere and impressionism hereupon, were not those words barren metaphors from excessive use.

The third and concluding movement, Allegro, begins loud, all choirs in full action; and presently the trumpet, with piccolo in octave overtone, sends forth a strain not too angular and quite in the regular scale. The horns take on cantabile charm, and quiet contrasting passages ensue.

In the midst, another long and literal repeat occurs; and we are made aware here, as in the first movement, of the tensile character of Martinu's tunes, if the term will do. To elucidate, the music has the effect generally of being drawn along from the top, instead of being driven along, as so often happens in the composing of today, by the beating of drums and the grinding of basses, from underneath.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday afternoon Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra began their season-long observance of the approaching 80th birthday of Jean Sibelius. Apparently a chronological plan will be followed. In any event, yesterday's pieces were "The Swan of Tuonela" of 1893 and the First Symphony, composed six years later. The conductor said the other day that not only did he intend to play seven symphonies but he would also see to it that

they came in the latter or broadcast half of the concert. The true Sibelians do not particularly esteem No. 1. It is indeed less characteristic, more reminiscent. There is more of what is called patheticism, more 19th century romanticism, more tonal drama of the rather obvious sort. Nevertheless, we can discern here what was at the time a new voice, the expression not only of a powerful personality but of the ruggedness and bleakness, the occasional wildness as well as the charm and poetry of the North. As was to be expected, yesterday's performance was one of great eloquence. Dr. Koussevitzky admires Sibelius and believes in him, and among the conductors now functioning in this country he may truly be called the Finnish master's prophet.

The anti-Sibelians will have it that all the music of the mighty Finn is fading. There is precious little music that does not. Some of the symphonies are wearing better than others and the tone poems are wearing less well than the symphonies. Anyway, with Louis Speyer to take the important English horn solo, the gloomy "Swan" was beautifully played yesterday.

There was another symphony and a far less important one, the Third of Bohuslav Martinu, dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra. After the Second Symphony and the Concerto for Two Pianos, this latest from the Czech composer was something of a disappointment. It seemed to lack impulse and direction and also conviction. It tends to be spotty and episodic, though some of the episodes are very attractive. If everything had been as good as the last quarter of the finale the work could at least be set down as extremely agreeable. Summoned to the stage by Dr. Koussevitzky, the composer was warmly applauded. He is, of course, one of the distinguished figures in contemporary music. Mozart's none-too-familiar Overture to "Idomeneo," which looks back to Gluck and forward to the "Jupiter" Symphony, began the concert and, like everything else, in superb performance. 10-13-45 2m

Martinů's Third Symphony Given First Performance

By L. A. Sloper

Bohuslav Martinů's Symphony No. 3 had its first performance anywhere at the Boston Symphony concert yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dr. Koussevitzky opened this second program of the season with Mozart's Overture to "Idomeneo, Rè di Creta." Listed for the second half of the program were two items designed to begin the Sibelius "festival" which the conductor has announced will include all the seven symphonies. This first installment consists of "The Swan of Tuonela" and the First Symphony, in E minor.

Mr. Martinů's new symphony is dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was projected in observance of the twentieth anniversary of the conductor's tenancy, but has been delayed until the beginning of his twenty-second season here.

According to Milos Safránek, quoted in the program book, Mr. Martinů's "compositions are in a manner of his own, having no relation to current fashions." The composer himself, who is very articulate with words, has pointed out some of the difficulties encountered "when a composer is trying to express elevated thoughts." He also hints that the symphony form is thought of today as dependent upon a program; and he subscribes to the employment of intensity of expression in this form.

These observations are all germane to a consideration of this symphony. As I listened to it yesterday, I felt throughout that it must have had a program, and that it would have been much better if the program had been announced. As it is, we have only the dedication to go by, and the suggestion made here the other

day by my colleague Mr. Tryon, that the music is intended as a tone portrait of the conductor, may well be significant. For the score is marked by a notable intensity, to which Dr. Koussevitzky gave full sway.

This problem of the literary content of the score is important because the music does not stand well alone. Its melodic content is unimpressive, and a literal repetition of an exposition hardly forms a satisfactory recapitulation. There are groups of notes with sequences, inversions or imitations, scale passages which are repeated, brief contrapuntal excursions, but no salient material or compelling treatment. The score is episodic, with little apparent relation between the several segments, and a want of total integration. The most effective moments are toward the end, where a chorale-like passage is followed by a quiet close.

Mr. Martinů is described as a highly individual composer, but his independence is not, so far as I can judge, built upon original musical thoughts nor novel construction. Shall we consider that emotional intensities strung upon a loose framework constitute individuality? In that case, it must be admitted that the individuality is not well disciplined. This symphony might be called the Czech "Pathétique," just as the Sibelius First might serve in a similar capacity for the Finnish people—except that Mr. Martinů's contribution lacks the architectural solidity of the other two.

The new symphony was well received, and the composer appeared on the platform to share the plaudits with conductor and orchestra.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

If anyone is tired of hearing what a magnificent orchestra the Boston Symphony is, that's just too bad. They're going to hear more of the same right now. These two sentences will serve as text for this morning's observations about the concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon.

First, the program was exceptionally good, beginning with the Overture to Mozart's opera, "Idomeneo, King of Crete"; including the first performance of the Third Symphony by Bohuslav Martinů, and ending with two early works of Sibelius—"The Swan of Tuonela" and the First Symphony. Second, the music was the sort to draw out Serge Koussevitzky's necromantic powers of interpretation. Apart from an almost indistinguishable roughness toward the end of the scherzo in Sibelius' Symphony, the orchestra played gorgeously.

Mr. Martinů's Third Symphony is so agreeable that you might wonder whether it will add to his artistic stature, since everyone is aware that music which lives never is easily digested at first hearing. The Symphony falls in three fairly short movements, and its dominant quality is a pre-occupation with complex orchestral effects. There are logic and "line" and a certain amount of forward motion, but also there are so many details that oftentimes the music seems to lag by the wayside. Certainly it doesn't howl you over.

Nevertheless the work is full of pleasant sounds and what, after a few more performances, may likely prove to be tunes. This is a score that glows with exotic tints. It made me think a little of Mahler's orchestral writing, and a little of the orchestral counterpoint Richard Strauss used to write in his younger days. The resemblance is not to be overemphasized, let it hastily be added, because the Martinů Symphony is in no sense "big" music.

Needless to add, Mr. Koussevitzky gave all possible splendor to a score that only a clever orchestrator could write, and which, I daresay, only a few orchestras can play well. Mr. Martinů appeared on the stage and was applauded.

Were there ever such luminous, rich or emotionally persuasive strings as provided much of the background for Louis Speyer's masterly English horn solo in "The Swan of Tuonela"? I doubt it. Or was the Sibelius E minor Symphony ever read with better style or more overwhelming passion? That, too, I doubt.

The Overture to "Idomeneo," though dramatic, is lesser Mozart, lacking the authority of the "Magic Flute" Overture of the grandeur of that to "Don Giovanni." It has its place and makes its effect, however, when performed as Mr. Koussevitzky does it: with a blend of classic proportion, tonal clarity, and the conductor's own personal intensity.

For the first time since Nov. 14, 1941, the Friday subscribers did not stand and sing "The Star Spangled Banner" yesterday. Mr. Koussevitzky began the new season with it in token of the victory. But now that the war is over he will reserve the National Anthem for special occasions.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the second concert of its 63th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, performing the following program:
Overture to "Idomeneo" (K.366) . . . Mozart
Symphony No. 3 Martinu
"Swan of Tuonela," Op. 22, No. 3;
Symphony No. 1 in E minor,
Op. 39 Sibelius

By **RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.**

With every new work Martinu makes it more clear that he is, all things considered, one of the first two or three composers of our times. His First Symphony was without doubt the finest musical product of 1942; his Two Piano Concerto, given last year, was wondrous, while his Piano Quintet proved last year to be far and away the best chamber music of this generation.

Yesterday afternoon the Boston Symphony orchestra introduced his Third Symphony in a remarkably vigorous and discerning performance under Dr. Koussevitzky, and if it didn't quite have the outspoken beauty or unswerving progress of musical thought of the First it had moments of great charm along with its very obvious musical distinction. You couldn't challenge the form of its three movements; each was about as clear and logical as could be, while the melodic inspiration was as always in Martinu, fresh, spontaneous and plentiful—as witness the really exquisite little duet involving Mr. Laurent on the flute and Mr. Foss with one finger at the piano. Nor could you fail to be enchanted by the orchestral textures and sonorities, as for instance in the slow movement when the violins plan a dry-ish sort of figuration against the sustained sound of woodwinds over a gently undulating rhythm. Throughout the entire work

there were such moments.

Still, somehow or other I didn't feel there was a wholeness or a great underlying unity in the Symphony. It isn't that it was contrived, for I don't think Martinu ever "contrives" anything. It just didn't strike me as being inevitable but maybe I was too busy thinking how good it did sound when at its best to catch all the musical complexities of the score.

Nonetheless, it is a highly interesting and certainly masterly work and it was most successful with the audience which gave the composer a very respectable and, I am sure, sincerely felt, ovation. Everybody realizes—it is most encouraging to report—that Martinu is indeed one of our foremost men of music, and even if some of us don't hear all there is to hear in his music (and we'd certainly be pretty special if we did in a first hearing), we can somehow tell that it's there and maybe we'll hear more of it next time.

The concert opened with the Overture to Mozart's "Idomeneo," a piece of utter simplicity but with such implications it makes you furious to think nobody ever dreams of doing the opera itself, continued with a superb performance of Sibelius' familiar "Swan of Tuonela" with the solo English horn part beautifully done by Mr. Speyer, and concluded with Sibelius' First Symphony in a glowing interpretation by Dr. Koussevitzky. In the light of latter day Sibelius it is, to be sure, a little mellow, but it is good to hear once in a while—and it was certainly done up to a good brown yesterday.

Herald

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Third Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 19, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 20, at 8:30 o'clock

MENOTTI Two Interludes from "The Island God"
(First performance in Boston)

BACH Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in E major, No. 2

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro

INTERMISSION

BERLIOZ Fantastic Symphony, Op. 14A

- I. Dreams, Passions
Largo: Allegro agitato e appassionato assai
- II. A Ball
Waltz: Allegro non troppo
- III. Scene in the Meadows
Adagio
- IV. March to the Scaffold
Allegretto non troppo
- V. A Witches' Sabbath
Larghetto: Allegro

SOLOIST

ALBERT SPALDING

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Allegretto non troppo
- V. A Witches' Sabbath
Larghetto: Allegro

SOLOIST

ALBERT SPALDING

Interludes From 'Island God,' Menotti's Opera, Scheduled

By Winthrop P. Tryon

10. 18-45

Billed for performance at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky this week are Two Interludes from "The Island God," opera by Gian-Carlo Menotti. They are drawn from a work which first came to notice in the Metropolitan Opera season of 1941-42; and while they are, one way regarded, two separate pieces, they look, in the score, more like a single study somewhat on the Bach model of Prelude and Fugue—change the designation, Fugue, to Passacaglia.

On the side of scholarship they show up brilliantly, and no doubt they will be considered by many listeners interesting also for what in critical jargon goes under the description of musical content.

The Second Interlude, which may be regarded as the chief matter, is alive with counterpoint in the antique, or better, perhaps, say neo-classical, manner; and it tends to enchain attention for the character of song—modern, or at any rate no more than a generation old—with which it is marked. As to counterpoint, meaning by that the interaction between a fixed theme and a number of free and contrasting melodies, that becomes the main concern.

Then as to the form, passacaglia, there exists more than one type; but the commonest, possibly, is that which has for fundamental and prevailing theme a succession of notes running more or less regularly down the scale. It is a fragment of tune constantly recurring in the bass, inescapably asserted. It forms underpinning on which the composer may construct and erect elaborations at will.

The form presents just the sort of problem that the men of the Boston Symphony and their conductor enjoy tackling, and just the sort again that the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening audiences, by all evidence, enjoy seeing them, or hearing them, solve.

Quite likely, the term, passacaglia, fails to fit exactly the composer's architectural procedure. But not to dilate on theory or borrow trouble from it, and to contemplate, rather, outcomes, Menotti's melody, as it strikes the eye from the page of the partition, discloses unmistakable Italian traits, and those, moreover, of opera tradition. In a manner of speaking, too, it has originality. It is Puccini, we may say; and then it is the opposite of Puccini. It is Puccini, so to fancy, in contrast, everything reversed—the knitted stocking turned inside out.

For all novelties admitted to presentation by Dr. Koussevitzky are endowed, we always hope, with some grace or other of tune. In some instances, we may have to take it, indeed, on faith. Yet, was it not so even with the vocal airs of Puccini himself when they first broke in on the listening world? Now and then in straight orchestral music composers resort to the English horn for a moment of romantic expressiveness. Menotti does this by way of cadenza before striking into the passacaglia.

To accept the Two Interludes as distinct studies, No. 1 carries the designation, Lento; rhythms very irregular. No. 2 is headed Allegro Agitato; rhythms regular and steady, as becomes its old-school patterning.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the third concert of its 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Albert Spalding, violinist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Two Interludes from "The Island God" Menotti
Concerto for Violin and orchestra in E major Bach
Fantastic Symphony, Op. 14A Berlioz

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

It is not too wise a course to be very definite about a new composer's merits on the basis of a seven or eight minute composition, but it struck me that Mr. Menotti, in his two Interludes from the opera "The Island God," given their first Boston performance yesterday by the Boston Symphony orchestra, is a man we are going to hear a good deal of from now on.

True, there was not exactly a new note sounded in his two pieces, the first in an elegiac mood rising slowly in intensity to a striking climax, the second a sound and fury piece of considerable excitement. The textures, the idiom, the melodic lines (and very good ones, too) were more or less conventional; indeed, you might even say they harked back a little, but I can't see anything wrong in that. On the contrary, there was an honesty and a straightforwardness of approach that appealed strongly to me simply because I like to see if a composer can write a good tune or a good conventional piece before he tries to astonish me with his musical cerebrations.

Albert Spalding can do a good deal better than he did in the Bach

Concerto yesterday, as we all very well know. If he proved to be a little bit rusty yesterday, he had, it seemed to me, the best excuse in the world, for everybody knows of his important contribution to the war effort in the armed forces these past years. So it was wonderful to have him back as the first guest soloist of the season even if he hasn't quite got his fingers up to concert pitch. He still has all his superb musicianship, his stage presence and his tone (as witness the Adagio which, though taken altogether too slowly, was very beautiful), and we're all for him.

As was to be expected, it was Dr. Koussevitzky—with the help of Berlioz and 110 of the best musicians in the world—who in the final analysis stole the show yesterday. The way he reads that Fantastic Symphony is not at all short of fantastic. Every time he does it, which is about once a year, you think he has reached the ultimate in the expression of the miracles of this famous landmark in music, but each time he finds more to reveal. Yesterday, more than ever before, it seemed that he had written the symphony himself, and I am sure that if Berlioz had heard it yesterday he might well have thought so, too. I don't mean Koussevitzky distorts it out of recognition; on the contrary. I mean that he so perfectly and so passionately catches (and through the orchestra realizes) the wild flights of fancy in the music that it takes you off your feet, and makes you wonder if you've ever really heard it before. As for the orchestral aspects of the performance, who ever heard anything like the English horn and timpani of the closing measures of the Scene in the Fields, or the brassy of the March to the Gallows, or the unison strings of the Ball scene? Not I, for one.



Albert Spalding

Soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Bach's Violin Concerto in E major, No. 2, at the concerts today and Saturday.



Arthur Gerlach

Albert Spalding

Soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Monday-Tuesday pair of concerts on Jan. 29 and 30.



J. Abresch

Rudolf Firkusny

Soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Gian-Carlo Menotti's new Piano Concerto at the concerts of Friday and Saturday.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 26, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 27, at 8:30 o'clock

MOZART.....Symphony in D major ("Paris") (No. 31, K. 297)

- I. Allegro assai
- II. Andantino
- III. Allegro

PROKOFIEFF....."Romeo and Juliet," Ballet, Second Suite, *Op. 64* ter

- Montagues and Capulets
- Juliet, the Maiden
- Dance
- Romeo by Juliet's Grave

INTERMISSION

RACHMANINOFF.....Piano Concerto No. 2, in C minor, *Op. 18*

- I. Moderato
- II. Adagio sostenuto
- III. Allegro scherzando

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV.....Capriccio Espagnol

- Alborada — Variations — Alborada — Scene and Gypsy Dance —
- Fandango of the Asturias

SOLOIST

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY



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SOLOIST

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY

Brailowsky Soloist Under Koussevitzky

By L. A. Sloper

Alexander Brailowsky was soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday in Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto. This fourth program of the season opened with Mozart's "Paris" Symphony in D major, No. 31 (K. 297), and continued with four movements of Prokofiev's Second Suite from his "Romeo and Juliet" Ballet music. Rimsky-Korsakov's Capriccio Espagnol was the final item listed.

This symphony of Mozart's held a special interest because it had not been played at these concerts for nearly 48 years, although it was performed under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction at Tanglewood last summer. Made for the Parisian trade, it is both characteristic and individual. It is remarkable for the unison string passages in the first movement and for the fugal passages in the Finale, as well as for the grace and charm always found in Mozart.

The performance was a marvel of orchestral virtuosity. The technical condition of an orchestra is tested and exposed in a Mozart score as it is nowhere else, and the Boston organization gave abundant evidence yesterday of its tonal glories and its astonishing precision, clarity and flexibility.

These qualities were particularly notable in the final movement, which was taken, according to the conductor's habit in the classics, at breakneck speed. It is doubtful if any other orchestra in the world could have held the pace without losing some of the virtues enumerated.

But this is not the most musically satisfying kind of Mozart read-

ing, and some of us would prefer a less amazing and more elegant interpretation. It is not necessary, in order to avoid the museum approach, to turn a work into a medium for the exhibition of an orchestra's accomplishments. It may be a temptation, with such an orchestra as this one, to do so; nevertheless, the temptation should be resisted.

No less notable was the performance of the Prokofiev Suite, introduced here by its composer in 1938, and heard only once since then, four years ago under Dr. Koussevitzky. On both occasions under his baton, it has sounded better than it did under the composer's, Prokofiev, certainly one of the major products of the modern Russian school, always seems to prosper better in his lighter and more playful moods than in his serious ones. Thus the strutting Capulets are very amusing, Juliet the Maiden is charmingly capricious and wistful, the Dance lively; but the scene of Romeo at Juliet's tomb falls short of the emotional crisis it seeks to depict. Yet throughout, the composer's work holds the interest as composition, and for its harmonic and instrumental resourcefulness.

Rachmaninov's C minor Concerto was composed in the last year of the nineteenth century. It might have been written 30 years earlier. It is a showpiece of Romanticism, and Mr. Brailowsky and Dr. Koussevitzky are not the men to overlook any of its possibilities in that line. The result of their collaboration was a performance remarkable more for bravura than for tonal, lyrical or architectural beauties.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The program of this week's Symphony Concerts represents a crescendo in musical warmth and excitement. Whether it also represents a decrescendo in musical values only time will tell. Certainly Mozart's "Paris" Symphony, written 167 years ago, when its composer was 22, still makes pretty good listening. Will Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" Ballet Suite, Rachmaninov's Second Piano Concerto, in which Alexander Brailowsky is the soloist, and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Spanish Caprice" live that long? We may well have our doubts, though the "Capriccio Espagnol" has already gone more than a third of the way.

When the Boston Symphony Orchestra played as a body in Tanglewood Dr. Koussevitzky used to draw heavily upon the music he had presented in Symphony Hall during the winter. In the case of the Mozart and Bach-Mozart Festivals for chamber orchestra of the past two seasons, he has reversed the process, enriching the repertory of the Symphony Concerts proper with rare Mozart works revived for Tanglewood, such as this same "Paris" Symphony, which the orchestra had not played in Boston since 1898. It is an interesting, as well as an attractive piece, by reason of Mozart's adoption of certain tricks that he had picked up in Mannheim and of others that he knew to be dear to the Parisians. Dr. Koussevitzky seemed to be hitting off the music very well yesterday, save for an almost frightening speed in the finale.

In association with the semisatirical ballet for which it was composed Prokofiev's music might make more sense than it does in the concert hall. There is much in the score that is brilliant; there are imposing passages and measures that have no small degree of allure. There is also a curious mixture of styles and intentions, many reminders of Prokofiev's other music and, as has been observed before, scant suggestion of Shakespeare's play as we know it.

When Rachmaninov used to play his own C minor Concerto the piece had a certain somber dignity, lent to it no doubt by the man's presence as well as

by his playing. Of that particular quality there was not much in yesterday's performance, which did, however, make the most of the music's sigh-provoking and pulse-quickening potentialities. Call the performance over-sentimentalized and a bit frenetic, if you will, it went big with the audience. As for the "Spanish Caprice," Dr. Koussevitzky always handles it brilliantly.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

BY CYRUS DURGIN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts in Symphony Hall this week are divided about half and half between symphonic solidity and the tempting fleshpots of coloristic orchestration.

Mozart of the "Paris" Symphony (K. 297) and the Second Piano Concerto of Rachmaninov represent the aspect of symphonic solidity, while the candidates from the tempting fleshpots of coloristic orchestration are four movements from the Second Suite derived by Serge Prokofiev from his ballet "Romeo and Juliet," and the Spanish Caprice of Rimsky-Korsakov. Serge Koussevitzky conducts and the soloist for the Concerto is Alexander Brailowsky.

This is an occasion when I must do a humble about-face, because the "Romeo and Juliet" music of Prokofiev now seems extraordinarily good. It is admirably invented, beautifully and cleverly scored and it characterizes the incidents and people from Shakespeare's drama. It should be recorded by Mr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony as soon as possible, for theirs is a tremendously vivid reading.

In 1938, the "composer's conducting" of Mr. Prokofiev did not make the most of these pieces. In 1941, Mr. Koussevitzky drew a great deal more from them. At that time I said, "... Shakespearean music? Never!" I trust that will not be held against me at the Final Reckoning.

With four more years of age—and let us hope, of wisdom—it is now

4 44

easy to see that it is Shakespearean music. English, Americans, French, Germans, Finns and Russians have written music for or about the plays of Shakespeare, which are universal. This of Prokofieff is universal, too, and although its dissonant idiom makes it hard to grasp at a few hearings, further performances ripen your understanding so that its beauty and power are evident.

The first soloist of the season, Mr. Brailowsky, had a reception little short of terrific, considering the usual reserve of the Friday audience. Indeed he gave a spirited and heartwarming account of Rachmaninoff's melancholic, melodious and luxuriously perfumed score. Yet the first movement was not too well integrated between soloist and orchestra, and the slow movement could have been more intense. Not until the finale did Mr. Koussevitzky's driving guidance bring the performance to a boil.

Mozart's perky and formalistic little Symphony got lost amid the brilliance of Prokofieff, Rachmaninoff and Rimsky-Korsakoff, which was too bad, since it hadn't been played at these concerts since 1898. Perhaps Mr. Koussevitzky will have another go at it.

While the clarinets and flutes sounded a wee bit below pitch in the Spanish Caprice, that Slavic distillation of Iberian dance tunes brought the afternoon to a resounding conclusion.

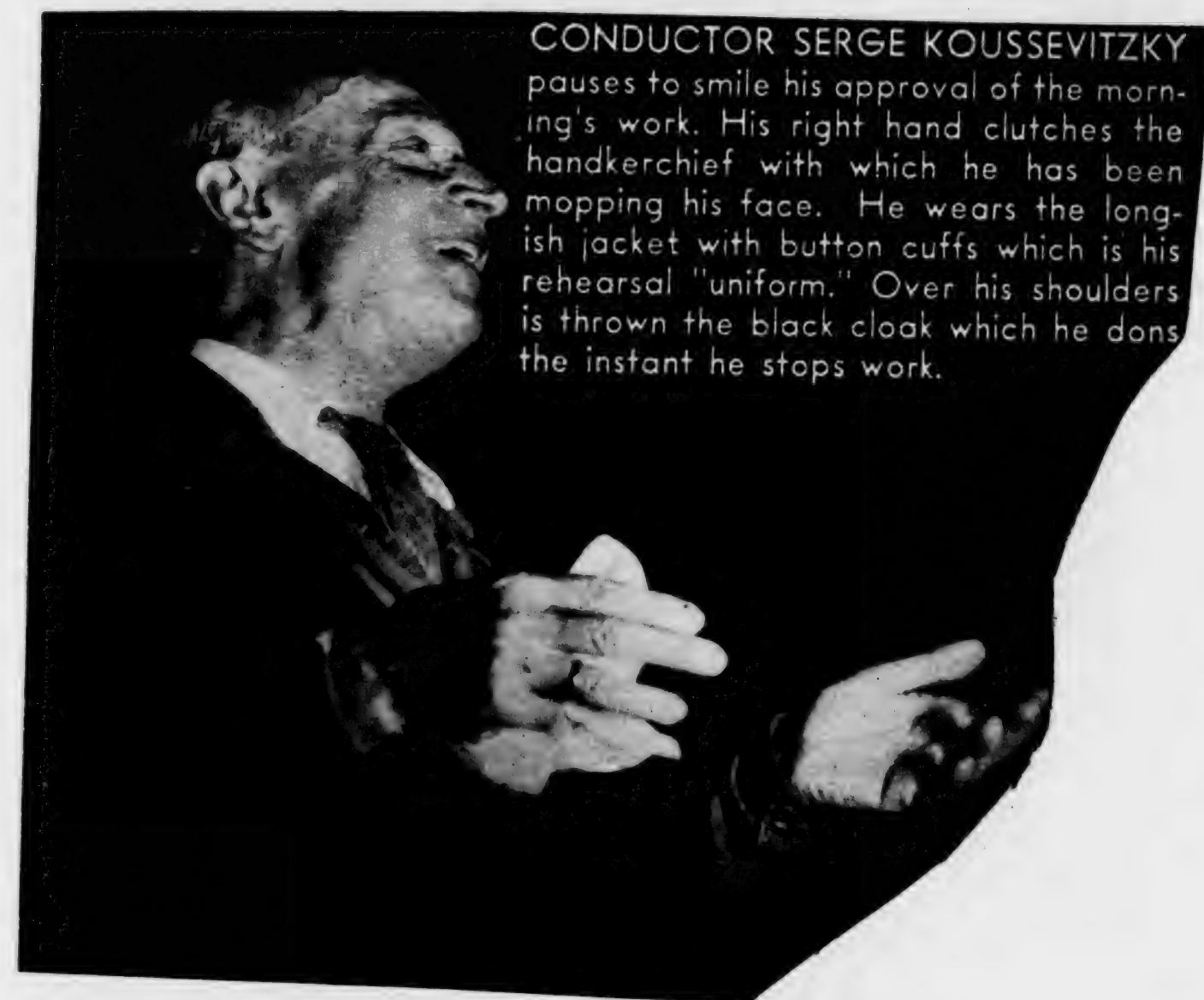
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Boston Sunday Globe

PICTORIAL

OCTOBER 21, 1945

GLOBE STAFF PHOTOS
ARTHUR GRIFFIN



CONDUCTOR SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY pauses to smile his approval of the morning's work. His right hand clutches the handkerchief with which he has been mopping his face. He wears the longish jacket with button cuffs which is his rehearsal "uniform." Over his shoulders is thrown the black cloak which he dons the instant he stops work.

Symphony Aces at Rehearsal

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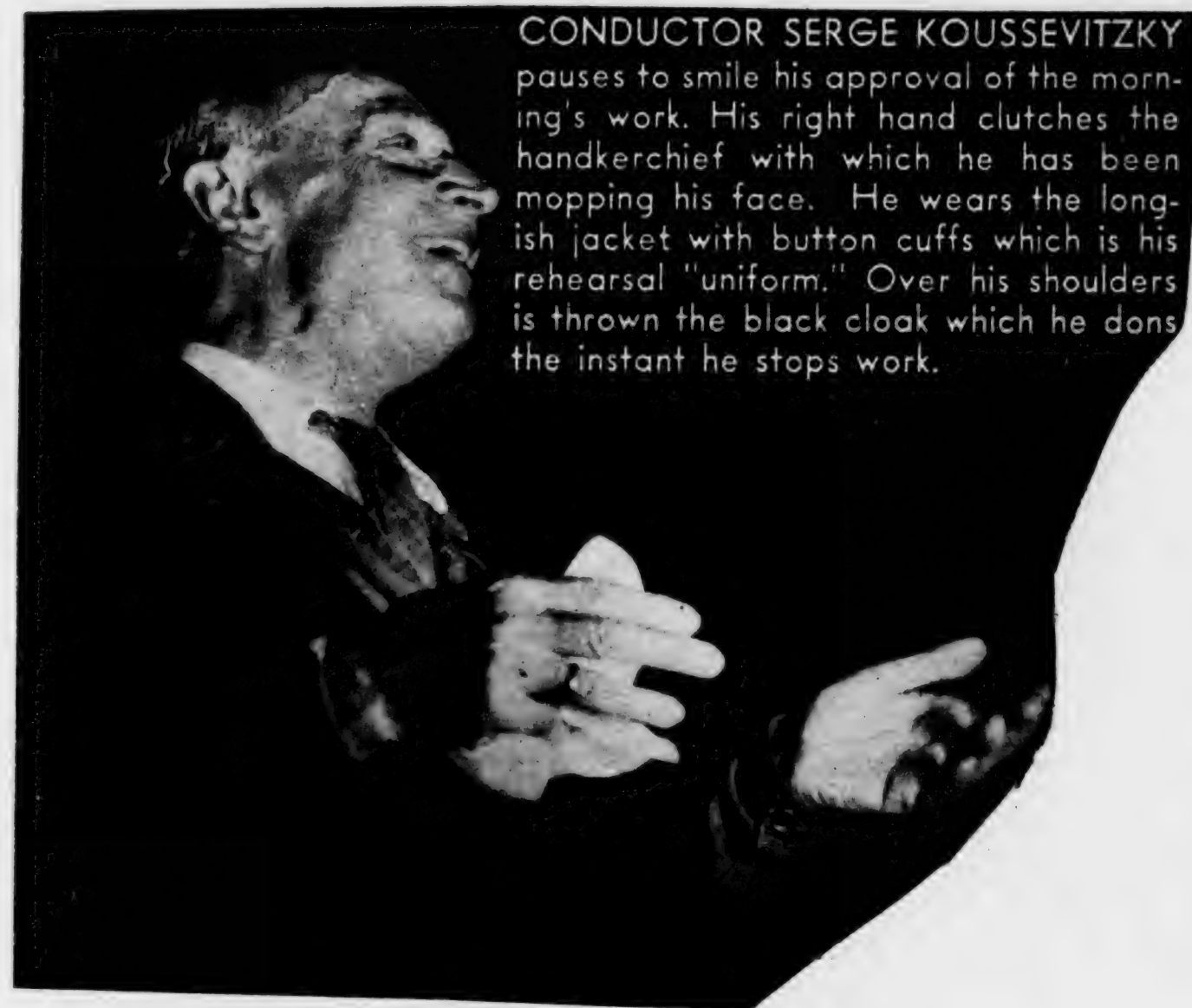
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RICHARD BURGIN
Concertmaster



BERNARD
ZIGHERA
First Harp

By **CYRUS DURGIN**, *Globe Music Critic*

HOURS OF EXHAUSTING REHEARSAL precede the magnificent concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Every morning Monday through Thursday at Symphony Hall Serge Koussevitzky works with the virtuosi he has fashioned into what has been called "the greatest orchestra in the world." Now in his 22d year as conductor, Koussevitzky is a merciless taskmaster and spares neither himself nor his men in the preparation of his vivid interpretations. The *Globe's* Arthur Griffin took his camera to a rehearsal the other morning and came away with some views of the conductor and the leaders of the various sections of the orchestra, called in musical jargon, "first desk men." This is how they look as they play.



FERNAND GILLET
First Oboe



LOUIS SPEYER
English Horn



RICHARD BURGIN
Concertmaster



BERNARD
ZIGHERA
First Harp

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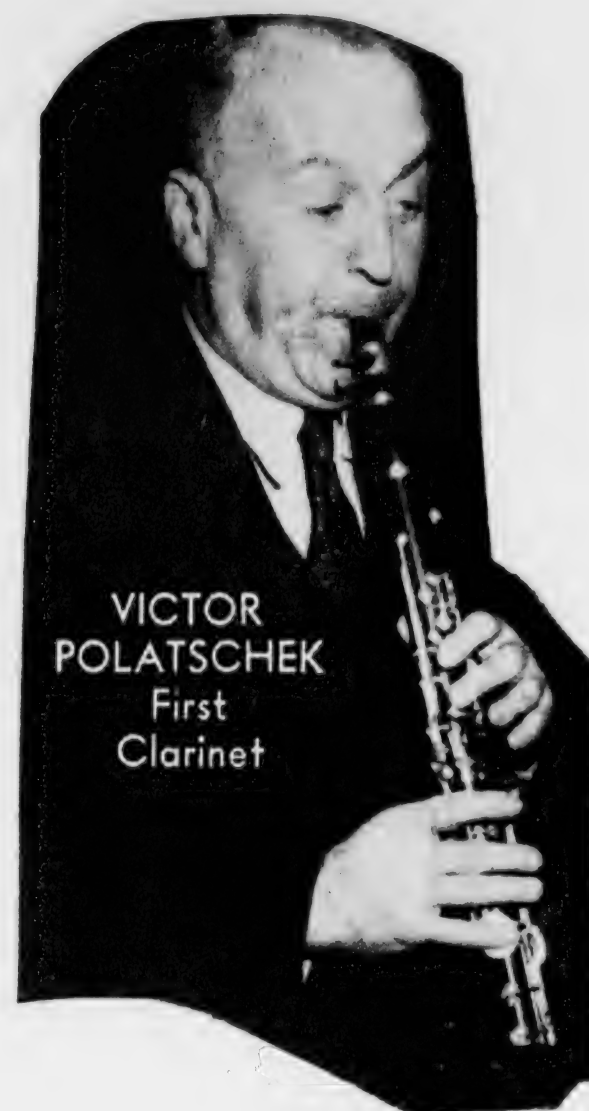
FERNAND GILLET
First Oboe



LOUIS SPEYER
English Horn



WILLEM
VALKENIER
First Horn



VICTOR
POLATSCHEK
First
Clarinet



JACOB
RAICHMAN
First
Trombone



GEORGES MOLEUX
First Bass



LUKAS FOSS
Piano



JEAN LEFRANC
First Viola



GEORGES LAURENT
First Flute



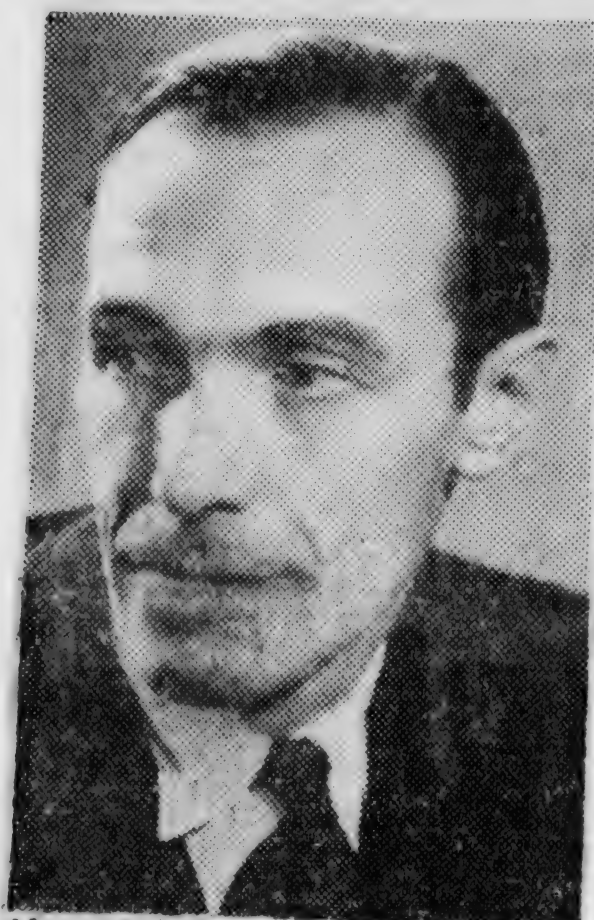
JEAN BEDETTI
First Cello

ROMAN SZULC
Tympani



GEORGES MAGER
First Trumpet





Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, who will be the soloist at the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts at Symphony Hall, playing in Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the fourth concert of its 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, was the soloist. The program:

Symphony in D ("Paris") K 297...Mozart
"Romeo and Juliet," Second Suite, Op. 64...Prokofieff
Concerto No. 2 in C minor, Op. 18...Rachmaninoff
Capriccio Espagnol...Rimsky-Korsakov

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Yesterday's concert was the sort to turn you out into the rain in a slightly out-of-this world condition. There was nothing to think about or fret about or even really listen to. It was merely a question of letting yourself go, come what may. *10.22.45*

Certainly the high-point of the afternoon was the performance by Alexander Brailowsky and the orchestra of Rachmaninoff's second Piano Concerto. From a purely objective point of view it was by no means a finished performance. There were rather more slips than are usually heard in a concerto performance, and often the contesting forces of orchestra and piano didn't come together as they do on paper. The reason for this could conceivably lie in the super-charged artistic temperaments of the conductor and the soloist, in conflict, but the fact is it generated a tension or an electricity that heightened the emotional excitement of the performance. For a work we all know so well it was a powerful and gripping tour de force, and far more to be desired than a merely routine or letter-perfect reading. Mr. Brailowsky achieved the most clamorous ovation, in any case, that I have heard in Symphony Hall in five years.

The concert began with Mozart's

seldom-heard "Paris" Symphony, a delightful work revived last summer by Dr. Koussevitzky at Tanglewood. After Mozart's laughable ups and downs with the orchestra that first performed it in Paris ("You cannot imagine how they scraped and scrambled," he wrote), it is amusing to speculate on his stupefaction could he have heard it performed with such perfect clarity and distinction and grace as it was yesterday. The slow movement, which you would hardly recognize as Mozart through the almost total absence of characteristic mannerisms, seemed especially interesting to me for its repose, but the entire work proved itself altogether too long neglected. It belongs in the repertoire.

With the Prokofieff "Romeo and Juliet" Ballet Suite the concert's temperature began to rise. The Suite begins with a marvelously effective stroke, and from then on it never ceases to hold your attention or touch your emotions. But it is more than clever. The concluding movement certainly stands among Prokofieff's most sustainedly beautiful things, and the whole reflects a musical invention and a mastery of the orchestral media pretty hard to equal, let alone surpass, today.

The super-heated Rachmaninoff followed Prokofieff's Suite, and the concert came to climactic end with Rimsky's familiar Capriccio Espagnol in which most of the first desk men—Richard Burgin, Georges Laurent, Ferdinand Gillet, Victor Polatschek, Jean Bedetti and Bernard Zighera—demonstrated once again their prodigious instrumental virtuosity. The whole was, in fine, a spectacular affair. *10.22.45*



Sketched From Life by Martha Burnham
A "Bat" in the Production Process

Koussevitzky's "Bat" Factory

A SLENDER white slip of wood, imperiously held aloft at arm's length, and three simple words: "Watch the stick!"

There you have an idea of the importance of that "stick," or baton, in the eyes of its wielder. Although but the length and thickness of a soda straw, the flash of its white intricate tracteries in the air is plainly visible throughout the stage of Symphony Hall, in Boston.

Various conductors nowadays prefer to direct orchestras with their hands alone. Serge Koussevitzky has tried it, but seems to feel lost without that white wisp of wood.

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"Birch also can be worked to satiny smoothness. When a conductor has a bat against his fingers during thousands of motions, a tiny bit of roughness could be very uncomfortable.

"Some conductors smash up their bats all the time by slamming them against the edge of the music stand, for various reasons. There's where the durability of maple is preferable.

"Koussevitzky is very easy on his bats. When he wants to convey the idea that he is not pleased about something, he can raise quite a sound by slapping the white birch against a page of the score. But it generally won't break unless he hits the edge of the stand.

"My bats for Koussevitzky are 10

The stick being thus important to the leader, and, through his results with it, the name and fame of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, it is no small wonder that the fashioner of the stick should take pride in his anonymous importance.

He is Harvey Genereux, stage manager and baggage master of the orchestra. To him, the stick is a "bat." His bat factory is practically any unoccupied space backstage. For equipment, all he needs is some dowels, a block plane, a heavy slab of wood to rest his work on, sandpaper, and steel wool.

"White birch is best for the Doctor's bats," Harvey says. "Maple is more dur-

able, but the birch is both lighter and very much whiter—visibility so much the better. inches long. Alexander Borovsky had me make three dozen for him to give away as souvenirs on a tour. Eighteen inches is the length preferred by Arthur Fiedler, as was the case with Charles Muench, when he was our guest conductor a while ago. For Leinsdorf I make them 14 inches. Fiedler, who collects batons, has one of Toscanini's, 20 inches long, and one of the late Karl Muck's, an inch shorter.

"For stock, I go to a wood-turning shop in Cambridge, and select a slab of white birch as perfect as I can find. From that, dowels are made for me, three feet long and a quarter of an inch thick."

When the Boston Symphony goes on tour, Harvey is responsible for the safe handling of the musicians' equipment.

LANING HUMPHREY

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Fifth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 2, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 3, at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN, *Conducting*

BEETHOVEN.....Overture to the Ballet, "The Creatures of Prometheus," *Op. 43*

MENOTTI.....Piano Concerto in F major

- I. Allegro
 - II. Lento
 - III. Allegro moderato; lento; allegro moderato
- (First performance)

INTERMISSION

MORTON GOULD....."Spirituals" for String Choir and Orchestra

- Proclamation
- Sermon
- A Little Bit of Sin
- Protest
- Jubilee

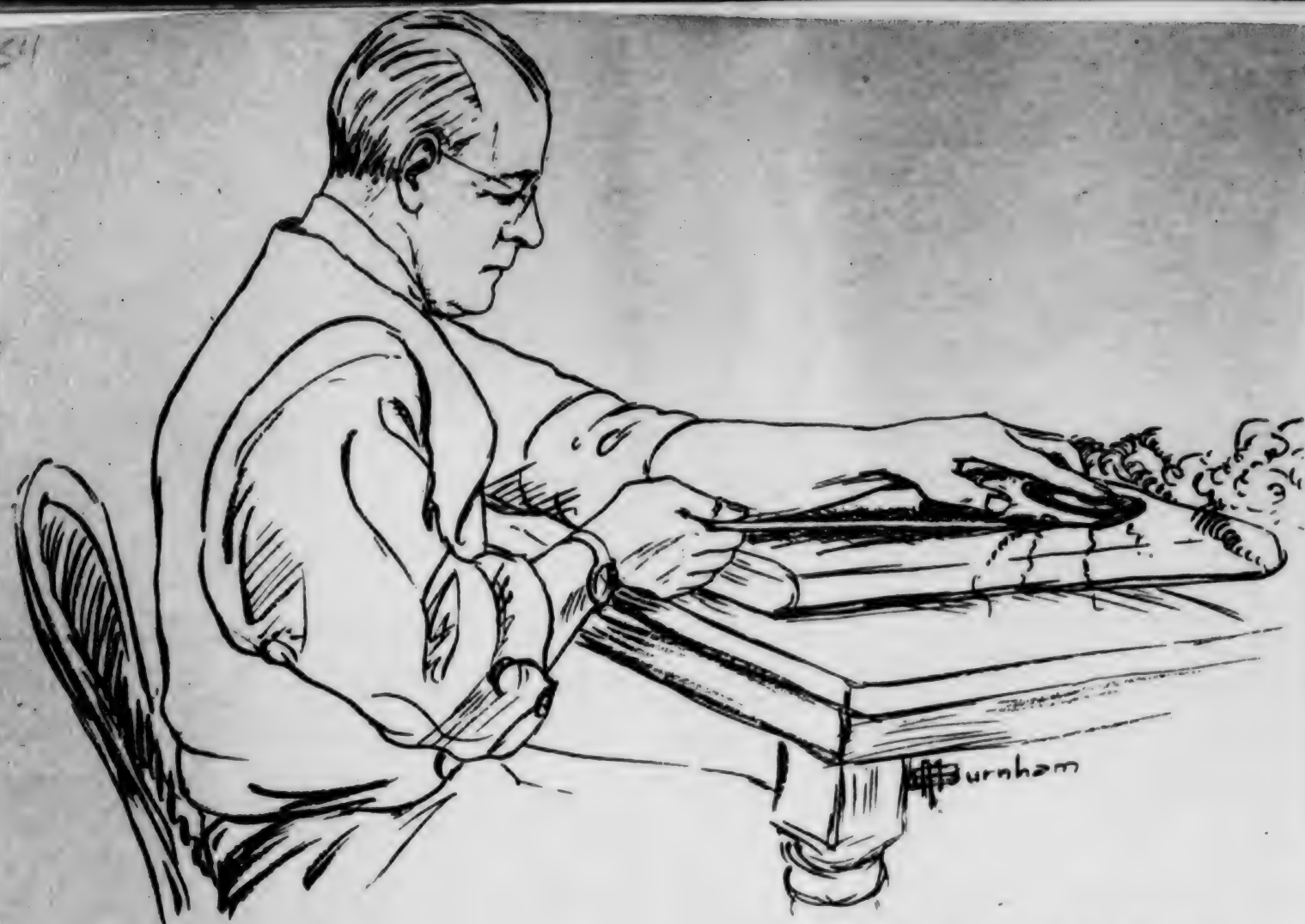
TCHAIKOVSKY.....Symphony No. 2 in C minor, *Op. 17*

- I. Andante sostenuto
- II. Andantino marziale
- III. Scherzo: Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Moderato assai

SOLOIST

RUDOLF FIRKUSNY

MR. FIRKUSNY uses the STEINWAY PIANO



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- III. Scherzo: Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Moderato assai

SOLOIST

RUDOLF FIRKUSNY

Mr. FIRKUSNY uses the STEINWAY PIANO

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
By CYRUS DURGIN

Richard Burgin made his first appearance of the season as assistant conductor of Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. He gave the first performance of the Piano Concerto by Gian-Carlo Menotti, with Rudolf Firkusny as soloist, and presented Beethoven's Overture to "The Creatures of Prometheus," the "Spirituals" for string choir and orchestra by Morton Gould, and the rarely-heard Second, or "Little Russia," Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

With this Concerto Mr. Menotti has provided pianists with a work of high brilliance, and to the keyboard-orchestral repertory he has contributed a very agreeable work that ought to endure. The orchestral texture is light, to balance a keyboard part whose comparative slenderness was derived, as the composer has explained, from study of the 18th century clavichordists, especially Domenico Scarlatti.

This is not a case of old bottles and new wine, however, because the Concerto is in no sense a return to archaic methods of composition. It is intrinsically modern, gay and bright, with dissonance that seasons but does not paralyze one's musical taste buds. It is also melodic and rhythmically alive. The finale, as more than one listener observed, carries, in its touches of jazz, a strong suggestion of Broadway.

The little reminiscence of the march in Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony, appearing at the outset of the Concerto, is disconcerting, and the first and last movements perhaps are a bit too long. Otherwise the work is fresh and agreeable, and we ought to have another chance to hear it. Mr. Firkusny played brilliantly. The orchestral side was more than competent, but I suspect many little details could be improved with further rehearsal. Composer, soloist, conductor and orchestra, all shared a general ovation. 11-3-45 *SLH*

The "Spirituals" of Mr. Gould, first presented last December by Dimitri Mitropoulos, improve on rehearing. (What music doesn't, for that matter?) The writing is ingenious, the contrasted moods engaging, and that final slam-bang of the "Jubilee" section is really good fun.

The first time you hear Tchaikovsky's "Little Russia" Symphony, it is quite an eye-opener (or should it be ear-opener?) because in this work upon Ukrainian folk tunes you encounter a side of Tchaikovsky quite different from his pessimism and black despair. I like to think that every symphonist at one time or another writes a "Pastoral" Symphony. This would be Tchaikovsky's. Slight as the "Little Russia" may be in texture and development, it is music of charm, notably the toy march and the irresistible trio of the scherzo. The performances this week are the first since 1941. We ought not to wait until 1949 for the next ones.

Mr. Burgin conducted admirably. The orchestra sounded extremely well, and there was more care for nuances than once was true of his readings. With Beethoven's lesser and unacknowledged Overture, he achieved genuine eloquence, and of the other three compositions about the same may be said.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The first four Symphony programs having been on the substantial side, it was decided (by whom I do not know) to introduce into this week's list, conducted by Richard Burgin, echoes of the night club and the lighter theatre. To this end a new Piano Concerto by the now much-in-evidence Gian-Carlo Menotti and Morton Gould's "Spirituals" for string choir and orchestra were placed in most unfortunate juxtaposition in the middle part of the program. Even the rest, while most agreeable to hear and altogether welcome because of the comparative rarity of both numbers, escapes any hint of profundity. This pair of concerts begins with Beethoven's rather Mozartian Overture to "The Creatures of Prometheus" and ends with the anything but gloomy Second Symphony of Tchaikovsky. 11-3-45 *PSM*

The two interludes from Mr. Menotti's

"The Island God," recently heard at Symphony Hall, suggested to this reviewer such composers as Mascagni, Puccini and Respighi, Italians all. In the Concerto Mr. Menotti starts off, and quite successfully, by paying his respects to another countryman, the 18th Scarlatti. The first movement also contains a prominent quotation from Shostakovich's Seventh Symphony. You hear Gershwin in the second movement, some of which, incidentally, is excellent; and Gershwin and what might well be Victor Herbert in the finale, while Prokofiev and a few other composers bob up here and there. Mr. Menotti has talent and plenty of fluency but distinctly he has not yet found his own voice, unless it is in the opera "Amelia Goes to Ball," which Boston has not heard. Rudolf Firkusny played the Concerto brilliantly and both he and the composer received an ovation.

When Dimitri Mitropoulos introduced Mr. Gould's "Spirituals" here last season they made a striking, in part, a deep impression. Yesterday you began to wonder how much of this was Mr. Mitropoulos and how much Mr. Gould. The more dramatic portions of the music seemed less dramatic, the more frivolous pages more frivolous.

Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony may not be as great, as an important work as the over-played Fourth, Fifth and Sixth but its neglect in this city is out of all proportion to its merits. In their various ways the first three movements make decidedly pleasant listening and if much of the finale is on the blatant side, at least the second theme is good. For this listener the brightest spot on the program was the Beethoven Overture, charming in itself and beautifully played.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the fifth program of its 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Rudolf Firkusny, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Prometheus,"
Op. 43 Beethoven
Piano Concerto in F major Menotti
"Spirituals" for String Choir Gould
and Orchestra
Symphony No. 2 in C minor,
Op. 17 Tchaikovsky

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

What I liked about Gian Carlo Menotti's F major Piano Concerto, given its first performance yesterday afternoon, is its Music for Here and Now flavor. The composer has

had the modesty to write for today, not tomorrow, and if he succeeds in speaking his piece tomorrow so much the better. The point is his Concerto proved to be wholly assimilable by yesterday's audience on a first hearing, and what more can be asked of a composer of music I do not know.

There were a number of things that could be discussed from a more artistic point of view, to be sure. There is first the question of reminiscence. Is a touch of Gershwin here, a touch of Ravel there (I'm thinking of the opening of the slow movement), a touch of Rachmaninoff somewhere else and generous splashes throughout of Italian opera and American jazz to be held against a young composer? Especially if that composer demonstrates—as Menotti does—a great gift for inventing a melodic line? I don't think it is. On the contrary, I had much rather hear a new composer's idea of a good tune any day than have him demonstrate to me that he passed his classes in dissonant counterpoint with high marks. So the final movement of his Concerto yesterday, which verges very close indeed on the banal, seems far more honest to me than the most learned essay in musical cleverness.

The first two movements—and the first especially—were exceptionally good. According to the program notes, the composer has had Scarlatti's piano music in mind as a model. He has, in fact, sought a transparent quality throughout, possibly something akin to Mozart or to Stravinsky's latest style. He succeeds very nicely in this until the time comes, as it always must in a concerto, to give the soloist a chance to show us his mettle. Then the purely display qualities of the work crash through, and its musical value lessens. Nonetheless, the abundance of musical ideas throughout, their general level of quality, and the overall display of creative ability, much more than make up for the weaker parts of the work. It seems to me that Mr. Menotti who was on hand to share in the decidedly favorable reception the work received, is to be considered a coming factor in American music. 11-3-45 *HEALD*
Rudolf Firkusny, appearing as

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soloist in the Concerto, performed it with the clearest perception of its author's intentions, displaying besides a powerful technic and a highly musical feeling, and his success with the audience was unmistakable from the outset. The trio of composer, pianist and conductor, in fact, achieved an unusually warm reception.

The program opened with Beethoven's Overture to "Prometheus," an altogether too short piece considering the astonishing musical thought expressed in its brief span, continued with Morton Gould's very amusing "Spirituals" and came to an end with Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony, an interesting revival of no great shakes. Richard Burgin conducted admirably throughout and the orchestra, barring a few rather surprising slips in the Gould piece, sounded fine.

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Rudolf Firkusny Soloist In Menotti Piano Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

Gian-Carlo Menotti's Piano Concerto in F had its first performance anywhere yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, with Rudolf Firkusny as soloist, and Richard Burgin conducting. It was the second item of the fifth program of the season, which opened with Beethoven's Overture to the ballet, "The Creatures of Prometheus," and consisted otherwise of Morton Gould's "Spirituals" for string choir and orchestra and Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony, in C minor. *7-3-45 Menotti*

A program designed apparently for entertainment. The overture, the concerto, the "Spirituals" and the symphony are all lively music, and none of them makes very exacting demands upon the listener's attention. Or perhaps somebody said: "Here are a lot of things that are due for performance; let's toss them together and be done with it." The result was not without interest.

Mr. Menotti gave the editor of the program notes no more information about his concerto than that he had been influenced by the pre-Romantic Italian instrumental style and particularly by the keyboard music of Domenico Scarlatti. If he had been more communicative, he might have confessed to glancing back at other

well become a favorite at popular concerts, alongside, or a cut above, the "Rhapsody in Blue." Mr. Firkusny, in his first appearance with the Boston orchestra, made the most of his opportunity, displaying a good tone, a fluent technique and a firm hold of the rhythmic complexities. The ovation that followed must have been directed at least as much at the soloist as at the composer.

Morton Gould's "Spirituals" were played here last December under the direction of Mr. Mitropoulos. If Menotti's concerto belongs on a popular program, these "Spirituals" belong to the Pop concerts. They do not achieve the lightness and gaiety, much less the tragic impact that the composer says he has found in American folk music. The "Sermon" does not convey the devotional feeling that one finds in the Negro Spirituals, the "Little Bit of Sin" is trivial, the "Protest" unimpressive.

The Second Symphony of Tchaikovsky was revived here four seasons ago by Igor Stravinsky. It is a sort of sketchbook, or rehearsal, for the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth. It was interesting to hear it again, to note the passages that were transformed and glorified in the later works.

Mr. Burgin as usual was in complete command of the situation throughout the afternoon, and secured sound and at times eloquent performances.

composers, of other periods and other countries; but no doubt he knew we could see this for ourselves. Certainly Scarlatti would have been surprised by some of Mr. Menotti's harmonic and rhythmic effects.

If the work has no profound musical significance, it is ingratiating, it is superficially brilliant, and it offers a rewarding vehicle for a virtuosic pianist. It might

Rudolf Firkusny to Be Heard In Menotti's New Concerto

By Winthrop P. Tryon

"Clear-cut," the score of the Piano Concerto in F major of Gian-Carlo Menotti is, by remark of Richard Burgin, who is bringing the new work out at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week, taking his first turn of the season at conducting for Dr. Koussevitzky. "No striving to be modern," by observation of another member of the orchestra who took part in practice of the music one morning.

Those broad covering judgments should serve as quite an introduction, too, to the piece, though they were passed more especially with reference to the orchestral side of it and without particular regard for the solo aspect. But if the concerto has the unity of content and of style that it ought to have, its character as a whole should safely be estimated from any constituent.

Many scores of clear-cut variety have been written which disclose nothing remarkable in performance. Composers sometimes manifest a purpose to be clear-cut when they have little to say, or when they are laying present foundations for something individual and impressive to say at a future day.

Take, for example, the little piece of practice carpentry of Tchaikovsky's which stands on the program with the Menotti Concerto and which bears the designation, Symphony No. 2 in C minor, op. 17. It is hard to believe that the composer of the "Pathetic" Symphony contrived such an obvious and commonplace job as that; and yet, it was in all likelihood a necessary preparation for the masterwork which in the mature development of the man came through.

11-1-45 *mm*

The Menotti score, then, may be clear-cut even to the point of conventionality and may carry a prediction of big accomplishment yet to eventuate. The book opens out to page one with an Allegro movement for a rather full orchestra, not over-rich in winds but plentifully supplied with percussion. If written with express acknowledgment that a pianist has but one pair of hands and that they cannot be all over the keyboard all the time. So here, likewise, things are clear-cut.

In due course, the Allegro terminates and a slow movement, Lento, succeeds. Hoping that everything goes well with the Allegro and the Lento and that the soloist, Rudolf Firkusny, who is a newcomer to the Boston Symphony, though he was heard some years ago in Boston at an academic musical gathering of some size, makes a good impression with them, let us turn along to the Finale. This is an exhibition of clear-cut scoring in the extreme. It is a march, Allegro Moderato, founded on a four-note theme of the utmost plainness and on a two-note rhythm, heavy-footed and constant.

The four-note main subject, the actual scoring looks plain, the rhythmic scheme is complicated enough, with threes and twos and other measures demanding the beat one after the other. It can hardly be safe for the conductor to look away from the desk too often. As for the solo part, that in a remarkable way seems to be after what seems to be Menotti's way, is formed of a succession of notes that presumes we all sing the chromatic scale as naturally as we do the regular diatonic. When its numerous repetitions are completed, perhaps we shall feel persuaded so ourselves.

The march is broken by a diversion in slow time and is resumed for a tramping, ground-shaking finish. To turn the pages of the book back, here, well along in the first movement stands out a longish passage for the piano alone, evidently designed for a cadenza—thanks for soloists at an orchestral concert, and thanks for their cadenzas, which always produce a moment of exaltation, when the artist rises to his chance, to remember.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Sixth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 9, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 10, at 8:30 o'clock

PROKOFIEFF.....Symphony No. 5; Op. 100

- I. Andante
- II. Allegro marcato
- III. Adagio
- IV. Allegro giocoso

(First performance in America)

INTERMISSION

MOZART.....Adagio and Fugue for String Orchestra (K. 546)

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio non troppo
- III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino
- IV. Allegro con spirito

Rudolf Firkusny to Be Heard In Menotti's New Concerto

By Winthrop P. Tryon

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The Menotti score, then, may be clear-cut even to the point of conventionality and may carry a prediction of big accomplishment yet to eventuate. The book opens out to page one with an Allegro movement for a rather full orchestra, not over-rich in winds but plentifully supplied with percussion. If

written with express acknowledgment that a pianist has but one pair of hands and that they cannot be all over the keyboard all the time. So here, likewise, things are clear-cut.

In due course, the Allegro terminates and a slow movement, Lento, succeeds. Hoping that everything goes well with the Allegro and the Lento and that the soloist, Rudolf Firkusny, who is a newcomer to the Boston Symphony, though he was heard some years ago in Boston at an academic musical gathering of some size, makes a good impression with them, let us turn along to the Finale. This is an exhibition of clear-cut scoring in the extreme. It is a march, Allegro Moderato, founded on a four-note theme of the utmost plainness and on a two-note rhythm, heavy-footed and constant.

The four-note main subject, the actual scoring looks plain, the rhythmic scheme is complicated enough, with threes and twos and other measures demanding the beat one after the other. It can hardly be safe for the conductor to look away from the desk too often. As for the solo part, that in a remarkable way seems to be after what seems to be Menotti's way, is formed of a succession of notes that presumes we all sing the chromatic scale as naturally as we do the regular diatonic. When its numerous repetitions are completed, perhaps we shall feel persuaded so ourselves.

The march is broken by a diversion in slow time and is resumed for a tramping, ground-shaking finish. To turn the pages of the book back, here, well along in the first movement stands out a longish passage for the piano alone, evidently designed for a cadenza—thanks for soloists at an orchestral concert, and thanks for their cadenzas, which always produce a moment of exaltation, when the artist rises to his chance, to remember.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Sixth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 9, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 10, at 8:30 o'clock

PROKOFIEFF.....Symphony No. 5, Op. 100

- I. Andante
- II. Allegro marcato
- III. Adagio
- IV. Allegro giocoso

(First performance in America)

INTERMISSION

MOZART.....Adagio and Fugue for String Orchestra (K. 546)

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio non troppo
- III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino
- IV. Allegro con spirito

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the sixth program of its 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program: Symphony No. 5, Op. 100, . . . Prokofiev; Adagio and Fugue (K. 546) . . . Mozart; Symphony No. 2 in D, Op. 73, . . . Brahms.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

Perhaps the most important musical premiere of the season, Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony is also perhaps the most troublesome to assess with any degree of satisfaction to anybody in a first hearing.

This is not because it is so formidable as music, because it isn't. On the contrary, there is not much of anything new or advanced about it. It is rather because it represents a Prokofiev none of us know very well, not so much from a technical point (for all the familiar mannerisms are there), as from an emotional or even spiritual point of view. Something has happened to our sardonically witty friend of "Peter and the Wolf," the "Classical" Symphony, the Violin and Piano Concertos, even the most serious Piano Sonatas. The old Prokofiev is there in the Scherzo, to be sure. Indeed, he has in that extraordinary movement written what seems to me not only the best Prokofiev in many years, but one of the ranking orchestral scherzos of this century.

It is the first and the third movements that offer the puzzle, for even the roots of the finale are easily found in the Prokofiev of old. The first movement begins marvelously, announcing two striking melodic ideas against a background of rich and dramatic texture. And presently you begin to wonder where you are. You have lost your way in a viscous mass of what is obviously solemn music which is obviously trying to prove something that its composer never tried to prove before. Then all at once you emerge into a truly extraordinary coda, and you realize you are listening to an important musical statement no less important for the fact you didn't catch all the words leading up to it. Its eloquence through-

out is unmistakable; it is simply that you (or should I say I?) can't follow the trend of thought through so protracted and highly complicated a development. Yet this first movement is by far the most important of the four, and I suspect that its true greatness will be increasingly evident on further hearings. *11-10-45 Herald*

The scherzo which follows is a delightful open book, but the adagio again takes us into a rarefied realm, a little less rare for the fact that its chief theme is fairly commonplace and its treatment almost Beethovenate, but as John Burk points out in his program notes, it does carry the symphony to its deepest point of tragic tension. Tragic tension, in fact, characterizes both the first and the third movements, and it is this that catches those who know Prokofiev of old off guard.

For it seems that the war has happened to Prokofiev. This is indeed a "war" symphony heard through the ears of a Russian who has been as much a citizen of the world as a Russian. He has been touched and touched deeply by the war, and although the dry wit, the cosmopolitan humor, the irony, the confident self-assertion and the élan are still there, there is a profound sadness in this symphony. I think this music is probably very close to his own heart, and I think it may in time be very close to ours. Yet, even at first hearing, in a truly marvelous interpretation by Dr. Koussevitzky who has given us his all in the presentation of this important work, it caught the fancy of the audience for an unusually warm reception.

The second half of the program offered Mozart's Adagio and Fugue, which was rather heavily done by a rather larger force string band than seemed necessary, and Brahms' Second Symphony, which was so exquisitely done that a lot of people who usually rush out at the final chord remained to applaud.

New Symphony By Prokofiev Is Performed

By L. A. Sloper

Serge Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony, op. 100, had its first performance in America at the sixth Friday concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting, yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Mozart's Adagio and Fugue for string orchestra (K. 546) and the Second Symphony of Brahms were the other numbers on the program.

Prokofiev's new symphony had an immediate and a marked success. The Friday afternoon audience applauded with unaccustomed warmth at its close, recalling the conductor several times. And indeed this is delightful music, melodious, rhythmically exciting, scored with a beautiful clarity and spiced with dissonance and with the composer's special wit. It lacks the usual opening Allegro in sonata form. It begins with an Andante, continues with a Scherzo, goes on to an Adagio and concludes with an Allegro giocoso. *11-10-45 Herald*

Let us not disturb ourselves over the question whether the work is properly called a symphony. Certainly it is closer to symphonic form and proportion than the latest so-called symphonies by Prokofiev's fellow countryman, Shostakovich. But the important thing is that here is music of genuine inspiration, music that could have been written by nobody but Prokofiev. We must be grateful for so distinct a musical individuality.

It is extraordinary that this symphony should have been written in wartime. The composer has said that although there is no program, "it is a symphony about the spirit of man." In that case man was remarkably high-spirited in 1944 in Russia, perhaps because victory was in sight. For the slow movement, which according to the

program notes is tragic in mood, is the least successful of the four, and the Scherzo is the best, enticingly full of witty phrasing, sudden rhythmic changes and brilliant instrumentation.

Here, and to a lesser degree in the first and final movements, the composer seems to be mocking at the forces of evil, and no doubt that is a fair account of the mental attitude of the Russians last year. In any event it is a much more engaging state of mind than that of the heavy-going Adagio, and far more characteristic of the composer.

The orchestra, at the very top of its form, played under Dr. Koussevitzky's commanding baton with almost incredible brilliance and flexibility.

Yesterday, for the first time in several seasons, there were 10 doublebasses on the platform, and the extra one really made a difference, greatly strengthening the foundation of Prokofiev's harmonies. Evidently reconversion has begun for the orchestra. But in the Mozart there was too much bass, even though only eight of the big fiddles played in the fugue. In fact, far too many instruments were used here altogether, and Dr. Koussevitzky, in one of his most heavily romantic moods, made the score sound as if it had been written by almost anybody but Mozart.

By CYRUS DURGIN

The Fifth Symphony of Serge Prokofiev was given first performance in America by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon. Serge Koussevitzky also conducted Mozart's Adagio and Fugue for strings (K. 546) and the Second Symphony of Brahms. *11-10-45 Herald*

Prokofiev's new work is altogether remarkable. It is not often that a first hearing impels one to think of a composition as a masterpiece, but this is just such an occasion.

The business of prophecy is not only risky but foolish, however, and since eternity seems to have plenty

of time, let us not rush into cold, cold print with predictions based upon dubious first impressions.

Suffice it to say the new Fifth Symphony is "big" all the way. The outline is big, so is the spirit. It is music of tension and force and passion and, I think, of profundity.

The idiom is solid and extremely resourceful in terms of modern orchestration and technical devices. Through all four movements runs a sense of inexorable logic, of pattern and structure.

In short, this appears to be music in which high expressive power is balanced by extraordinary theoretical craftsmanship.

The first and last movements are massive, the scherzo of a breadth whose equal you would find only in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and certain symphonies of Mahler. The adagio is both lyrical, with a long melodic line, and curiously resolute. Throughout all four movements Prokofieff's melodic invention is distinctive.

The composer disclaims any program for the Fifth Symphony, terming it only a "symphony about the spirit of man." He wrote it in one Summer month of 1944, after several years of gathering thematic material for it.

Since the work promises to be around indefinitely, there will be plenty of time to attempt to fathom its "meaning." For the present let us merely say it is a musical expression of enormous power.

No doubt Prokofieff's esthetic point of view, as he wrote it, was affected by the war in Russia. Just how much is not a point for the moment.

In the Fifth are pages where both the spirit and the sound make me think of Shostakovich. I doubt that either composer would be "influenced" by the other. Perhaps this similarity is just a manifestation of a common coinage of musical expression in Soviet Russia today.

The Friday audience received the Fifth Symphony with more than usual cordiality. There must have been many in the audience for whom the astringent quality of Prokofieff's dissonance and the uncompromising harshness of his texture made hard listening. Yet one left Symphony Hall with the feeling that the Fifth Symphony had enjoyed a decided success.

After Prokofieff, the thoroughly uncharacteristic Adagio and Fugue of Mozart (the Fugue a summation of what Mozart learned from Bach), and the gracious Brahms Symphony seemed very tame. This in spite of magnificent conducting and playing the afternoon through.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Time was when the music critic confronted with a new work had a perfect alibi. He could say that the composer's idiom was so strange, so baffling that evaluation was difficult if not impossible and there was nothing left to do but to record a purely personal reaction, favorable or otherwise. The Fifth Symphony of Prokofieff, which had its first performance in America at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, presents a very different problem. Although Prokofieff in this instance has abandoned his rather frequent practice of quoting from himself, there is still nothing about either the matter or the manner of the piece that is essentially unfamiliar. As H. T. Parker liked to say, it is fashioned "from the common stock of music."

And yet the new Symphony has qualities. It may turn out to be of great importance, although in the past important pieces, if not ahead of their time, have been at least abreast of it, and this particular symphony in nearly every respect looks backward. The slow movement, one of the best of the four, even suggests Rachmaninoff, who in his own day was never a radical, while the cheerful finale, at least on a first hearing, has in it little that might be called arresting.

Structurally the Symphony seems a masterly achievement, and on the whole it is more serious in character than much that Prokofieff has written. The introspecting opening movement, if not exactly gripping, has mood. The ensuing Scherzo is brilliant, the Adagio full of deep feeling. While denying to the music any programmatic content, the composer has been quoted as saying that it is "a symphony about the spirit of man." Written in the summer of 1944, it was bound to have some connection with the stirring events then in progress. The doubters may well find that the Symphony will grow upon acquaintance and yesterday's audience took to it immediately.

The balance of the program consisted of Mozart's Adagio and Fugue for String Orchestra, played last summer in Tanglewood but last heard at the Sym-

phony Concerts-proper in 1910, and the very familiar Second Symphony of Brahms. No Bach, when it came to writing fugues, Mozart could nevertheless handle the old gentleman's weapons better than anyone else in the second half of the 18th century. By both Prokofieff and Mozart, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Orchestra did handsomely.

HAUNTING REFRAIN

Here's One That Crops Up Disturbingly
In Music of Almost All Kinds

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

CONCERT-GOING is a fitting occupation for a thirsty man. Long ago some impious soul attached the words "How dry I am" to the most useful, the most ubiquitous of musical motives, dear to the writers both of sacred music and secular, vocal and instrumental. The unfortunate consequence of this profanation is that certain things that should be solemn lose something of their solemnity when these words are brought to mind. Of course, Richard Strauss had no notion of them when he wrote "Death and Transfiguration." And let us hope that he has never heard them, since he too might be disconcerted by the G-C-D-E, as impressively proclaimed, of the Transfiguration theme.

Distressed by Shostakovich's use of the old standby in the finale of his Fifth Symphony (in its minor form it begins the chief theme of that movement, finally to emerge triumphantly in the major), Wheeler Beckett of the Symphony Youth Concerts remarked to me that someone had found 65 instances of its employment in standard music. That may even be an understatement. My own renewed awareness of the prevalence of this device was occasioned not long ago by hearing it (on records) in Bach's B minor Mass and "St. Matthew" Passion and immediately afterward at a Symphony Concert in the introduction to Beethoven's "Prometheus" Overture.

Two days later, or last Sunday, it showed up in one of its most obvious manifestations when Witold Malcuzynski, in his recital at Symphony hall, reached the middle part of Chopin's C-sharp minor Scherzo. In the Bach Mass, greatest of choral compositions, it is the chief motive of the tremendous "Et resurrexit" that follows so suddenly and dramatically upon the sublime "Crucifixus."

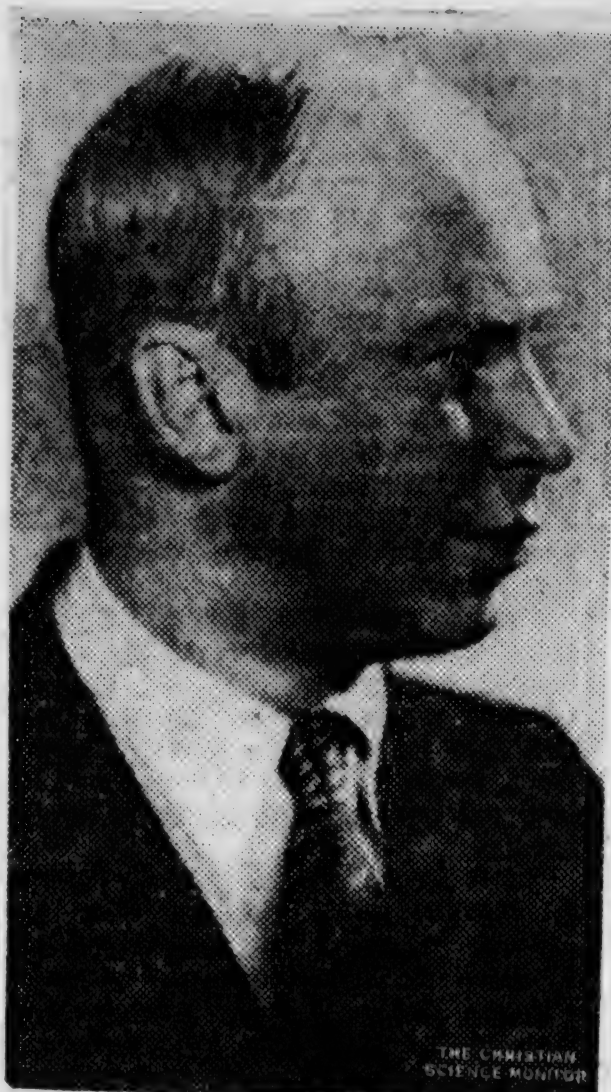
Don't ask me to locate all 65 examples of it, but here are a few salient ones: The second theme of the first movement of Brahms' D minor Piano Concerto, the Larghetto of Beethoven's Second Symphony and the close of the exposition of the first movement of his D major Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3. Strauss used it again for the Wife's theme in his opera "Intermezzo." And for good measure you can also have the Andante Cantabile from Widor's Fourth Organ Symphony, Mendelssohn's Song Without Words, No. 18, called "Duetto," and Chaminade's piano piece, "Autumn." Change the accentuation and it is "The Merry Widow" waltz of Lehar. Put it in the minor and it begins the Rondo of Beethoven's Sonata "Pathétique," the introduction to Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony and the trio of the folksy Andante in Mahler's Second.

It can also be inverted. As E-D-C-G. We hear it in the familiar Westminster chimes, in the famous horn call in the finale of Brahms' First Symphony, not to mention the song

"Strike up the band, Here comes a sailor." Strauss has it thus in the sweeping Ecstasy theme from "Salome." With its first notes repeated it was used by Sullivan in "The Pirates of Penzance," to be turned later into "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." You can also put in an extra note, as Strauss does in "Till Eulen-

spiegel" (the celebrated horn theme, C-F-G-G-sharp-A). Or take again its inverted use in the sentimental second theme of the first movement of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony (F-sharp-E-D-B-A), while the relationship that the Anvil Chorus from "Il Trovatore" bears both to this theme and the aforementioned tune from "The Pirates" is perfectly apparent. When you consider how valuable this formula has proved, you may well begin to wonder what is meant by those terms, plagiarism and melodic inspiration. Yet most of the examples mentioned here are outstanding things in music. **11-11-25**

How far back our little friend goes I am not prepared to say. You find it, however, in the old chorale, "Was got tut, das ist wohl getan," and in the hymn "Puer natus est nobis," the melody of which dates from C. 1678. This and five other chorales have been skillfully and effectively paraphrased for organ by J. Alfred Schehl and have been published by McLaughlin and Reilly of this city. The same house has lately issued a most interesting collection of "Old Irish Hymn Tunes," the words adapted and the music arranged by Edward C. Currie. Many of these fine melodies are in the ancient modes and this modal flavor has been excellently preserved in the harmonizations. **Pro**



Iris, Paris

Serge Prokofiev

Whose Fifth Symphony will have its first American performance at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week.

Prokofiev's No. 5 to Have American Premiere Friday

By Winthrop P. Tryon

What old orchestral score is this, which some chance has rescued from the dustbin? What lost musical biography is here involved?

Not any; it is the latest work of Serge Prokofiev, Symphony No. 5, to which the Boston Symphony Orchestra is giving first American performance this week under Dr. Koussevitzky. But to find a bound volume of the partition at hand and to open it casually toward the back, reserving view of the title page for a while, is to get an impression of not exactly a classic but of something written under classic influence, and foreshadowing, let us say, modern times and methods. **11-8-45 Dmit**

Things run here with a regularity of rhythm and an intelligibility of progression that betoken something else than what we have been led to think of as of these present '40's. Here are singing leaves indeed. The staves are melodious up and down and all along. Here is a rhythm that pulses with regularity, rather than one that jumps spasmodically about. Here a systematic caesura discloses itself, rather than a string of unrelated accents. Here is no dependence on kettledrums and doublebasses to maintain action. Here is no reliance on shouting brass for climax. In fact, the high strings predominate, the violin is the sovereign instrument.

Reading on, we become aware that this is no record of a past period but a voice of now and here; and we shall not need to have it brought to our notice a second time before we decide we are interested. Here runs along, too, a score that does not require the introduction of a solo passage for clarinet or for English horn to rescue it from dullness. We have to lean on no frail reed whatever; nor do we need any flute to heave a sigh of relief for us.

No conductor will be compelled to make extraordinary exertion to interpret music of this sort. It is self-interpretative—note the masterful writing for the violoncellos. We are not confronted, either, with passages which we shall have to describe as contrapuntal, or some-

thing, by way of flattering the composer for his skill and ingenuity.

The stride, in truth, is grand; and yet dignity cannot go on too long parading. We find the story breaking down into the merry and the tricky here and there, without descents, however, into commonplace orchestral humor. Well, the close is coming, and presently it makes gay, high-spirited arrival; and such is the final movement of the Symphony No. 5; and to set down the book and make inquiry, the finale of the work the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening subscribers are to pass first American judgment upon bears the designation, Allegro Giocoso.

Now that beginning has been made in a way that lets us see how the story comes out, what harm to continue backwards and find out what precedes so much brilliance? An Adagio. To the inner ear, it is more like a celestial chant than a romantic air. Its mood is more pleading than complaining; more confident than despairing. Ample dignity throughout, even if only moderate aspiration.

Continuing the retrogressive line of study, for second movement there parts off a block of pages, Allegro Marcato. Will that go for the scherzo of the symphonic cycle? Undoubtedly; and here we have traits that stamp the score as from the workshop of Prokofiev and nobody else. Let future program annotation attend to this marcato business, elucidating and fancifying. It looks like stuff that starts typewriter keys into action.

Then, the opening movement, Andante. Oh, why do the Russians today want to begin that way? In a noble style melodies that seem to possess at once an American and a Slavic quality get stated. Something more purely Russian sings in, and then a passage on the symphonic order of Franck takes hold. A touch of Stravinsky occurs. Possibly the andante idea will be treated in a deliberate instead of a slow style. In any case, there proves to be prepared in the first movement an appropriate prelude for the core of the work, the Allegro Marcato.

Seventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 23, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 24, at 8:30 o'clock

PAUL PARAY, Conducting

FRANCK.....Symphony in D minor

- I. Lento; allegro non troppo
- II. Allegretto
- III. Allegro non troppo

INTERMISSION

FAURÉ.....Suite from the Incidental Music to
Maeterlinck's Tragedy, "Pélleas et
Mélisande," Op. 80

- Prelude quasi adagio
- "Fileuse," Andantino quasi allegretto
- Sicilienne

RAVEL....."La Valse," Choreographic Poem

DEBUSSY....."Prélude à l'après-midi d'un Faune"
(Eclogue by Stéphane Mallarmé)

DUKAS....."L'Apprenti Sorcier" ("The Sorcerer's Apprentice")
Scherzo, after a ballad by Goethe

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray conducting, gave the seventh program of its 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program: Symphony in D minor.....Franck Suite from "Pelleas et Melisande".....Op. 80.....Faure "La Valse".....Ravel Prelude to Afternoon of a Faun.....Debussy "The Sorcerer's Apprentice".....Dukas

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

Paul Paray has a pleasing stage presence, a dramatic platform manner, a very obvious mastery of orchestral technic, a good deal of interpretative authority in the works he chose to perform, and an overall elan that gave yesterday's concert an atmosphere of mingled showmanship, sophistication and warmth. In short the noted French conductor, leading the orchestra in the first of two programs he is to conduct during Dr. Koussevitzky's vacation, made a splendid impression.

Being French to the core M. Paray naturally does everything the French way, which is to say he loves to use contrast, loves to change pace—though very subtly—loves to liberate a phrase or a melodic arc and let it soar delicately on its own, and loves to mould and blend his orchestral sonorities for the sheer joy of their sounds. He isn't much interested in achieving a terrific climax; his conducting is never designed as a continuous build-up to one. He takes the music as it comes, and if a climax develops in the score he makes the most of it, but it's not the be-all and the end-all with him. Thus Ravel's "La Valse" and Dukas' "Apprentice Sorcerer" (how do they get "Sorcerer's Apprentice" from "L'Apprenti Sorcier" by the way?), although they have very lively climaxes, are musical narratives from beginning to end. You can hear the changing patterns, the flow and the counter-flow, the forward motion and the narrative pauses. Everything is an episode in the unfolding of a musical story, not just a series of musi-

cal tensions leading ever to a climactic release of tension. It is very good to hear music that way. In fact, I couldn't help but wonder if I'd ever really heard either of those two pieces before.

With Faure's ineffably tender mood pieces for "Pelleas" and Debussy's really perfect "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," M. Paray called forth a quality of gentleness, of exquisite musical sensibility from the orchestra. Both compositions were wrought with exceeding delicacy, yet there was nothing cloying or treacle-y about them. And they—like everything else on the program—were played with incomparable tone and technic by the orchestra, which played for the conductor as it does for few guest conductors. (Speaking of the orchestra, it was a great pleasure to see Lawrence White back in his old place as percussionist, Willis Page back among the basses, and Roger Voisin playing trumpet again. All three have just been released from service overseas.)

I hope you will forgive me if I don't talk much about the Franck. It's probably not right for a music reviewer to have blind spots in music, but I must confess to loathing Franck's squirming chromatics and sententious meanderings beyond all reason, and I am just not competent to discuss his music at all. Most people, to judge by their applause, seemed to think M. Paray played it wonderfully well. Frankly I don't know: all I could do was count the organ pipes and the bulbs in the chandeliers. In any case, the orchestra, reseated in the traditional form, sounded fine. Next week M. Paray will play Beethoven's Fifth and Mischa Elman will be soloist in Tchaikovsky's D major Violin Concerto. It is a little to be regretted that the conductor has seen fit to regale us with such familiar music, but he does it so well we can't, I suppose, complain too ungraciously.

A VISIT WITH PAUL PARAY

By OLIN DOWNES

PAUL PARAY passed through New York last week on his way to Boston, where, at the invitation of Dr. Koussevitzky, he will give performances as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. As the distinguished conductor of the Concerts Colonne in Paris and also as a fearless leader of resistance among French artists to the enemy during the war, Mr. Paray's reputation has long preceded him.

A New York audience heard him as guest of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra at one of its summer concerts of 1939, when he made an exceptional impression under circumstances which did not permit the complete exposition of his qualities. But this did not take by surprise those who knew him as an outstanding figure among the leading French conductors of today.

Mr. Paray not only proved himself to the orchestra; he carried back with him to France a very strong impression of its qualities—"elements," as he phrased it, and standards of execution. Referring to that experience and upon the further experience of a first hearing of the Philharmonic-Symphony in a subscription concert last week, he compared American and French orchestral qualities in a way as frank and informative as it was devoid of chauvanism. Also it be-

spoke the magnificent spirit and devotion to their art of the French orchestral musicians of the present difficult period in their country.

Largest Orchestra

He described the Colonne orchestra, the largest of the symphonic organizations in Paris. The orchestra has the full complement of strings—ten each of basses, cellos, violas, sixteen first and second violins—"a magnificent body of strings," as he put it, and woodwinds for which the French orchestras are famous to boot. "Nevertheless," he added, "when I returned from America, I had to tell them that the wind players here were every bit as good as ours, the strings likewise; and that, having become well acquainted in pre-war days with the playing of the Berlin Philharmonic as well as other celebrated orchestras of Europe, I found the best of all these orchestras to be the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. This was simply a fact and facts should be known."

At present there are four regularly functioning symphony orchestras in Paris—those of the Pasdeloup, the Lamoureux, the Conservatoire and the Colonne concerts. "Too many!" cried Mr. Paray, comparing this condition with that existing in New York, one city of 7,000,000 with a single major symphony orchestra. This fact he was inclined to approve, and was surprised and somewhat amused when his questioner, commenting on the local situation, said, "Too few."

Shoestring Basis

He was asked how Paris of post-war France can support four orchestras, and what were the pre-

vailing characteristics of the performances. Mr. Paray explained. The orchestras played on a shoe-string. The players maintain themselves by the hardest kind of work in many places besides those of the symphony concerts. The Government gives the four orchestras each a subsidy of 800,000 francs a season with the understanding that in return they give a minimum of four hours a season to first performances of new works by living Frenchmen. Before the war this subsidy was 80,000 francs, but the present purchasing power of the franc, plus costs in the black market, made the present subsidy less in actual maintenance value than the earlier and apparently smaller amount.

Therefore, the players eked out their stipends from the symphonic concerts by taking any and every outside job that they could secure. Therefore, in turn, the system of substitutions of players at rehearsals and even concerts of the symphonic organizations. While he spoke, a summer season in Paris when Pierre Monteux rehearsed for ballet performances of "Petrushka" and "Sacre de Printemps" came to mind. At successive rehearsals there were successive players. Yet, the performance was not only adequate; it had style, solidity, élan. Granting the recognized capacities of Monteux, one asked, how did they do it? How do the Paris orchestras maintain themselves in the face of such conditions? Mr. Paray said, "They do it, Monsieur, for two reasons: devotion to the orchestra of which they are members and love of art."

Of course, he continued, orchestral standards suffered from these prevailing circumstances. It could not be otherwise. It resulted in

great inequalities in the ranks of the players. "For example," he said, "my first oboe, or first clarinet cued many another soloist—they are unexceptionable. But their substitutes as the players one may suddenly see at their sides? You cannot, in advance, be sure of them." But in spite of it all, the Colonne tradition, which Mr. Paray defended at no small risk to himself when Vichy ordered the Jewish players expelled from the ranks, was held high.

Fight for Ideals

But the maintenance of these artistic ideals is not a simple matter. In a day when 1,500 francs a month, or approximately \$100, will barely permit an artist with a small family to pay his rent, and, at present atrocious prices of food, have principally soup, little more than subsistence can be gained from an orchestral career. The system of the Concerts Colonne requires the annual election of a secretary, a treasurer, a chief of personnel from the ranks of the players, in addition to the conductor who, in the instance of Mr. Paray, is also the president of the association. The musicians not only rehearse and perform. They have to attend to a thousand details of practical management, publicity, hall rentals, advertising and the rest of it.

Mr. Paray was asked if he saw no conceivable way in which, under post-war conditions in France, leading orchestras could be better maintained and their membership secured more stable employment. He replied that at present he saw none—that perhaps no one in America could realize the degree of destitution today in France: the scarcity of food, the terrible prices of necessities, the economic disin-

tegration. "First of all," he said, "there is one overwhelming necessity and preoccupation—to eat. The systematic improvement of musical organization can only ensue after this primary need is fulfilled. There is a long road of recovery and reorganization ahead of us. In this emergency the defenders of music, never more needed in France than it is today, must be the musicians themselves. They have not only to be the ministrants but to sacrifice for the existence of their art, and they will do so, for the glory of that art and France."

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Paul Paray, the distinguished leader of the Colonne Orchestra in Paris, is the season's first guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For his first appearances in Symphony Hall, yesterday afternoon and tonight, he chose an all-French program of familiar pieces: the Franck D minor Symphony, Faure's Suite from the incidental music to "Pelleas and Melisande," Ravel's "La Valse," Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun," by Debussy, and "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Dukas.

Mr. Paray is a gifted and authoritative conductor, a fact which he made evident from the first measures of the Franck Symphony yesterday. In general he played everything "straight," following faithfully the directions of each score and indulging in no personal mannerisms except, occasionally, those of tempo. The first movement of the Symphony and the "Fileuse" of the "Pelleas and Melisande" music I thought he took quite slowly.

Mr. Paray's virtues as technician and interpreter are French virtues. He produces a full and rich but never overblown tone, one pre-eminently clear in which all the voices have their proper emphasis. His baton technic is clean, precise,

and while he may dance a bit on the stand he is not given to flamboyant gestures. Everything is logical, ordered, with the right style, feeling and good taste. There were a couple of places in Franck and one in Debussy where the orchestra momentarily did not keep together, but they were quite exceptional. 11-24-45 *SDM*

The French conductor gave his listeners no excitements until he reached "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and then he cut loose with brilliant virtuosity and a measure of eloquence. He is said to have the approval of Ravel for his reading of "La Valse", which is quite different from the way we usually hear it. Mr. Paray keeps the dynamics down until the piece is more than half over, and never does he accentuate the lush aspect of the waltz tunes. The total effect is to bring out that sardonic quality which is the fundamental attribute of "La Valse".

The final adagio ("The Death of Melisande") of Faure's Suite was omitted in favor of the Sicilienne, perhaps for the sake of variety after the slow tempo of the Prelude, perhaps for reasons of time. Mr. Paray made both Faure and Debussy very poetic although he did not go in for the Koussevitzkyan sort of finely-spun pianissimo or super-subtle nuances.

Mr. Paray conducted from memory; no scores were before him. He also re-arranged the strings, putting the second violins down front on the right, the violas behind them, and the cellos over in front of the double-basses.

More than one listener referred to this as a "Pops" program. Mr. Paray had his own reasons for playing only very familiar pieces, but I wish he had brought out some modern French music. He was very well received.

Paul Paray in Boston Bow As Symphony Guest Leader

By L. A. Sloper

Paul Paray, distinguished conductor of the Concerts Colonne in Paris, made his Boston debut yesterday afternoon as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For his program (the seventh of the season) he had chosen the Franck Symphony, Fauré's "Pelléas" Suite, Ravel's "La Valse," Debussy's "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un Faune," and Dukas' "L'Apprenti Sorcier."

M. Paray is rated a musical conservative, but there is nothing conservative about his conducting. It seemed as if he had set out to convince us that French music is not the dreamy and bloodless affair that some of its interpreters make it appear. He could hardly have left anyone unpersuaded. From Franck to Ravel, M. Paray's fellow countrymen were revealed as mighty men of valor in the musical field. It was the most exciting concert we have heard in a long time. 11-24-45 *Mont*

The visitor proved at once that he was in command of the orchestra, and that he appreciated the opportunity to direct such an organization. The men obviously were equally pleased with the association. With all this good will evident on the platform, the audience could not fail to have a good time too.

Making the most of the instrument under his baton, M. Paray achieved some extraordinary effects. No gentle poet he, but a man of action. He has a strong feeling for the lyric line and a keen sense of rhythmic energy and variety. He places his accents with the greatest care. He uses an extreme freedom in phrasing. He is fond of the dramatic pause, well prolonged. He can build a shattering

climax from a mere wisp of tone, without losing tonal quality. He exposes structural form with the utmost clarity, revealing every beauty of detail without disturbing balance.

His demeanor on the platform is striking. He uses a stick but no score and no desk. So long as he is conducting passages which he wishes to follow a straightforward course, he makes no extravagant gestures. When he reaches measures which he wants to make especially pulsatile, he dances them with his whole body. You can see the rhythms travel from the tips of his fingers to his toes. Everything is vitalized, much is theatricalized. The reading of the Franck symphony had a high dramatic temperature. If we had thought that Dr. Koussevitzky made this work more dramatic than devotional, we hadn't heard anything yet. M. Paray brought the atmosphere of the lyric theater into the concert hall. And a particularly sensational theater.

Fauré's "Pelléas" Suite served to mark the centenary of the composer's birth, which is to be celebrated more extensively in Cambridge next week. It also brought us a familiar work made vivid through a powerful interpretive imagination. The reading made me understand better how some Frenchmen can hold that Fauré's incidental music to Maeterlinck's play is greater than Debussy's opera, though I cannot agree with them as yet. But I should like very much to see a performance of the play with the accompaniment of Fauré's music.

"La Valse" had the most startling performance we have heard since Ravel himself conducted it.

At that time it took on a notably sensuous, even sensual, quality. Yesterday there was sensuousness in it, but it passed through many other moods, from languorousness to frenzy. And the "Apprentice-Sorcerer" of course became a French war-horse of an uncommonly fiery temper.

More significant musically was the performance of the Debussy "Prélude," which came through with magical color, transparency and vitality, and free of the exaggerations that marked some other parts of the program. Here, and throughout the concert, the conductor was much in debt to the marvelous orchestra, which could, and did, give him everything he asked for. Mr. Paray acknowledged this with the greatest courtesy. He received an ovation after the symphony and another at the close of the concert.

How will our guest's methods adapt themselves to non-French composers? We shall have a chance to see next week, when he will give us his idea of the Beethoven Fifth and, with the collaboration of Mischa Elman, the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto.

SYMPHONY GUEST SAYS HE JUST IGNORED NAZIS

There was only one thing to do the famous Colonne orchestra of in France during the occupation, Paris, M. Paray and his wife left by the Germans, said Paul Paray, Paris the day before the Germans arriving here yesterday to be the guest conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra for the next fortnight, and that was to walk straight ahead and pay no attention to them at all. *11-20-45 Herald*

"It was by doing that," the conductor said, his gray-blond hair bristling and his blue eyes sparking, "we got through without being molested at all."

"Yes," said Mme. Paray, a striking looking woman somewhat taller than the famed French conductor, "but we were scared to death. Every night we'd hear their boots on the stairs as they came for someone, but they never came for us. Why, we don't know. My husband did a lot of things they didn't like."

Among the things they didn't like, it turned out, was his conducting a concert of French music in the city of Lyon the night after the Nazi's own Berlin Philharmonic had given a concert there for the German soldiers of occupation. "He even played the Marseillaise, good and loud, and the whole audience of 2000 burst into tears and sang at the top of their voices. But still the Nazis didn't harm us."

Long known as the conductor of

Paris, M. Paray and his wife left Paris the day before the Germans entered, and fled to the south of France where they managed to live safely but hungrily through the war. Although he was asked to return and conduct the orchestra during the occupation, he refused because the Germans had banned the name "Colonne" in connection with his orchestra. "They said it was a Jewish name," he said. "Pouf!"

As for the future of French music, the conductor, who went around opening all the windows ("we haven't been warm for so long we can't stand warmth anymore," he said), wasn't so enthusiastic. There are no young composers in France, he said, and the only composers he could recommend were George Auric and Toni Auben, both of whom are nearing middle age.

"I am a composer myself," he said (as if we didn't know) but how can I play my own music when I shall only be here two weeks? It wouldn't be, how shall I say?—proper."

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Eighth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 30, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 1, at 8:30 o'clock

PAUL PARAY, *Conducting*

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 5 in C minor, *Op. 67*

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante con moto
- III. } Allegro: Trio
- IV. } Allegro

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY.....Concerto for Violin in D major, *Op. 35*

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Canzonetta; Andante
- III. Finale: Allegro vivacissimo

RAVEL....."Pavane pour une Infante défunte"

CHABRIER-MOTTL.....Bourrée Fantasque

SOLOIST

MISCHA ELMAN

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CHABRIER-MOTTL.....Bourrée Fantasque

SOLOIST
MISCHA ELMAN

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray conducting, gave the eighth program of its 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mischa Elman, violinist, was the soloist. The program: Symphony No. 3 in C minor, Op. 67, Beethoven; Concerto for Violin in D major, Op. 35, Tchaikovsky; "Pavane pour une Infante defunte", Ravel; Bourree Fantasque, Chabrier-Mottl.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

Yesterday's program rather followed the law of diminishing returns, growing weaker as it went along and finally fading out almost entirely with Chabrier's routine Bourree Fantasque which is neither much of a bourree nor especially fantastic. It was a little too bad, too, that the concert failed to turn us out into the snow at a suitable temperature, because Paul Paray's conducting throughout clinched the striking impression he made last week.

Of course it would have been better if they had done it the other way around, beginning with the Chabrier and ending with the Beethoven, but I suppose the radio situation prevented that. In any case, it was definitely Beethoven's day, the Fifth Symphony in M. Paray's unique conception of it taking win, place and show.

What he does with it is give it back its heart and soul. He is not so much interested in its exterior aspects. Its outward appearance is less important to him than its inward; the room is a little untidy, but you know its closets are immaculate. And although he projects its emotional thunder, you are very sure that it is Beethoven's own thunder, not his.

He does it as a closely-knit unit, which is to say each movement is a perfect entity and so is the symphony itself, yet he does do curious

things with the tempo here and there. Sometimes there is a sense of halting, of gathering, of suspended animation. In the famous transition from the scherzo to the finale, it makes your scalp tingle a little; in other places you're not so sure you are with him. On the whole, it was a reading of great clarity and strength, and certainly proved that M. Paray has the measure of the giants.

It is hard to know what to say about the Tchaikovsky or about Mr. Elman for playing it. Apparently, after the Martinu last year, he wanted to show us how he sounded in a juicy composition, which is perfectly all right, but it didn't need to be quite so juicy as this. It is, you must admit, a distinctly overwrought violin concerto strictly for debuts at pop concerts (and I don't mean our Pop concerts, either). To be sure it is very hard to play, although Mr. Elman with his incredible technical accomplishments doesn't make it seem so, and the result, as poor Monsieur Jourdain puts it in "The Would-be Gentleman," is "never did such low thoughts soar so high." Splendidly accompanied by the orchestra under M. Paray (who is obviously a wizard as a concerto leader), Mr. Elman achieved what I prefer to believe was a tribute to his playing, not his choice of music.

The only other notable aspect of the concert was the all too brief horn solo of Mr. Valkenier in Ravel's fragrant "Pavane pour une Infante defunte," which would have seemed much better if it had been the prelude to the concert, not one of the postludes. The orchestra is on tour next week and will return on the 14th to do Prokofiev's Fifth again as well as the "Emperor" Concerto with Alexander Borovsky as soloist.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Paul Paray concludes his appearances as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the Symphony Hall concerts of yesterday afternoon and tonight. His farewell program begins with Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, includes the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto with Mischa Elman as soloist, Ravel's "Pavane for a Dead Princess" and the Bourree Fantasque by Chabrier.

The distinguished conductor of the Colonne Orchestra in Paris may take leave of the Boston public with the assurance that he has made a favorable if not exciting impression.

As a week before, his work yesterday was sound and scholarly, balanced and proportioned, without exaggeration—and without those added qualities of "personality" and emotion that make an audience stand up and cheer.

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony (which it appears, will not go through the rest of eternity as the "V for Victory Symphony," since no one calls it that any more) was meticulously read. Every note sounded. From top to bottom the texture was transparent. The style was irreproachable, the rhythms were vital.

But here Mr. Paray showed what may be his weakness as an arresting interpreter. That is his predilection for slow tempi. The first, third and fourth movements of the Fifth can be taken a good deal faster than Mr. Paray made them go without distorting Beethoven's intention.

So can the Tchaikovsky Concerto go faster without harm to its content or style. Because of a comparative snail's pace, the Concerto was dull and lifeless, although Mr. Elman, as usual, produced a full, rich glowing tone. Now and again there

was disagreement between conductor and soloist in the matter of tempo.

Mr. Paray, as has been observed before, has the French virtues of order and clarity. He also has a "French ear" for tone, especially for the brass, which he brings out as a separate entity, not closely blended in with the sonorities of strings and woodwinds.

Ravel's fanciful Pavane was altogether delightful, and it evoked something of an archaic mood. So was the Bourree Fantasque which, although it is rather a worthless little piece, has vigor and elan and is good fun without, as Alexander Woollcott said of other good things in life, being "illegal, immoral or fattening."

It has been rewarding to hear Mr. Paray, although he did not elect to give us any modern French music. He is an able musician.

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

Still determined to be heard in the most familiar music, Paul Paray, guest-conductor from Paris, chose Beethoven's Fifth for the major item on this week's Symphony program. There was also the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, with Mischa Elman as soloist, but one suspects that Mr. Paray had no voice in that particular matter—that Mr. Elman and the concerto were there already. What is more, however well acquainted the conductor may be with Tchaikovsky's music, he showed little sympathy for it yesterday, concerning himself mainly in following Mr. Elman and keeping the orchestra together.

Beethoven, however, suited Mr. Paray. As one who esteems clarity above color and prizes lucidity above lushness, he gave a fine exposition of the first two movements of the Symphony.

Two slight French pieces, both of them transcriptions, made the end: Ravel's orchestral version of his "Pavane for a Dead Infanta" and Mottl's of Chabrier's "Bourree Fantasque." The Pavane was beautifully set forth and Mr. Paray made the most both of the Bourree's subtle rhythms and of its irony. The audience was cordially disposed.

Mischa Elman Is Soloist In Tchaikovsky Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

For his second pair of concerts as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (the eighth of the season) Paul Paray has chosen another program of familiar compositions, in line with his expressed desire to be judged by his interpretation of such works. The list comprises Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante défunte," and the Chabrier-Mottl Bourrée Fantasque. 12-1-45 *2mick*

Mischa Elman, the soloist, is playing the Tchaikovsky Concerto for the second time with this orchestra; the previous occasion was 36 years ago. It is impossible to compare these two performances, but yesterday afternoon Mr. Elman was playing at the top of his form. His tone had the old breadth and warmth and he performed all the required tricks of the trade with precision. And what more can one hope for from this concerto, which is more violinistic than musical? The soloist, recalled several times, shared the applause with conductor and orchestra, who had supplied a very discreet accompaniment.

M. Paray's way with the Fifth Symphony is not so very different from that of other conductors. He holds a note here and there a little longer than is customary, he has little ways of his own in the

phrasing, he makes a good deal of the bridge passage to the last movement, his rhythms are sharply accented, and he likes to run the dynamic gamut. But so do most conductors. M. Paray's reading differs from many of them chiefly in its clarity.

That clarity became evident again in the Ravel Pavane, along with the other Gallic qualities that distinguish his conducting. And the result was a performance marked by delicacy, expressiveness, and above all, by its wonderfully subtle rhythms. For pure musical enjoyment, this was the high point of the afternoon.

The Bourrée Fantasque made a rousing finish. This work served to emphasize again M. Paray's exceptionally vivid rhythmic sense, which has notably vivified his two programs. He was warmly acclaimed again yesterday by audience and orchestra. His visit has been appreciated particularly for the illumination which he has given the French music he has played. Some of his performances have recalled the days when Pierre Monteux presided over the orchestra, and of course Dr. Koussevitzky is famous for his love of French music and his way with it; M. Paray has complemented these past experiences with an individual communication for which we are grateful.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON

NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Ninth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 14, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 15, at 8:30 o'clock

PROKOFIEFF.....Symphony No. 5, Op. 100

- I. Andante
- II. Allegro marcato
- III. Adagio
- IV. Allegro giocoso

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN.....Overture to "Coriolan," Op. 62 (after Collin)

BEETHOVEN.....Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio un poco mosso
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non tanto

SOLOIST

ALEXANDER BOROVSKY

(Mr. BOROVSKY uses the STEINWAY PIANO)

Mischa Elman Is Soloist In Tchaikovsky Concerto

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(Mr. BOROVSKY uses the STEINWAY PIANO)

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the ninth program of its 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Alexander Borovsky, pianist, was the soloist. The program: Symphony No. 5, Op. 100, Prokofiev; Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 62, Beethoven; Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in E flat, Op. 73 ("Emperor"), Beethoven.

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

It is fairly clear now that Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony is not quite the masterwork it seemed to be on first hearing a month ago. It remains a good, skilfully upholstered and very presentable work well worth a second hearing, but the substance is just not there.

The difficulty all along in discussing or assessing the quality of this symphony has been the question of Prokofiev's artistic about-face, not in the complexity of his musical textures or idioms. Few recent symphonies, in fact, have ever been so easy to hear a first time as this. The trouble was—and still is—what is Prokofiev getting at by presenting us with music hall tunes fitted out with a tragic harmonic tension, melancholy pace and an unquestionably earnest style?

I seem to have said a month ago that this is a "war" symphony; that there is a profound feeling of sadness pervading it. But now I find myself in the embarrassing position of realizing that the composer has achieved these ends through well-planned and often meretricious musical devices which do not bear too close a scrutiny. There is form, and proportion, and dimension, and to some extent the old-time Prokofiev wit, irony and confident self-assertion. But taste is almost wholly lacking, and what is Prokofiev without taste? 12-15-43

For example, could the opening theme of the slow movement with its Moonlight Sonata-like accompaniment survive a piano reduction? Could the violin repartee to the viola melody in the scherzo (which is by far the best thing in the symphony) compare with the same figures used by Kostelanetz on the radio? And is the tune of the finale any more distinguished than a conventionally harmonized tune

by Sigmund Romberg? The fact appears to be that Prokofiev has allowed himself to fall in line behind Shostakovich and this, for a man of his enormous musical stature, is disconcerting to say the least. And it must be said that Shostakovich sounds better trying to imitate Prokofiev than Prokofiev does imitating Shostakovich. *Hard*

Perhaps another factor in the less favorable impression the Symphony made was a less effective performance. Both the orchestra and the conductor gave me the notion they were tired after junketing around the past ten days; tired, I might add also, of Prokofiev's Fifth. In any case there was less luster, verve and conviction than there was a month ago and it may well have lessened the seeming importance of the work.

Regrettably enough, the "Emperor" Concerto didn't go too well, either. It was a somewhat pallid and technically uneven performance by Mr. Borovsky, who was by no means in his top form, and hardly displayed either the soloist or the orchestra in their company dress. Next week Fritz Reiner will be the guest conductor in a program including Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony, Strauss' Symphonica Domestica, and Debussy's "Iberia."

Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky returned to the conductor's stand at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, following two of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's out-of-town tours and a fortnight of Paul Paray as guest conductor.

Mr. Koussevitzky commendably repeated the Fifth Symphony by Serge Prokofiev, whose first American performances he had given here four weeks ago. Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture and "Emperor" Piano Concerto, with Alexander Borovsky as soloist, were heard after intermission.

Yet again the vast and powerful Fifth Symphony of Prokofiev impressed one as some of the finest music written in this century, es-

pecially the heroic first movement and remarkable scherzo.

Another hearing stressed the length of the melodious adagio and the bouncy, march-like nature of the finale, which makes you think of Shostakovich. 12-13-43

All in all this is a great symphony, extremely clever in facture, imaginative and forceful, away up and beyond most symphonic works composed over the last 25 years. It ought to wear well.

It was interesting to hear Mr. Borovsky, who plays Bach so nobly and clearly, perform the "Emperor" Concerto here for the first time. Broadly speaking, Mr. Borovsky makes the "Emperor" lyrical. Others have made it more dramatic and portentous. *gah*

Mr. Borovsky keeps the work within a relatively small framework, articulating notes clearly and making them "sing." That is entirely legitimate. The Beethoven Fourth Concerto may be more his dish, but his "Emperor" is musicianly and consistent.

Together with the "Egmont" and "Leonore" No. 3 overtures, the "Coriolan" forms a Beethoven trilogy which for structural symmetry and dramatic expression, are just about perfect.

I cannot visualize Beethoven laboring over their composition; it seems they must have come into being entire, without a note needing to be changed or a nuance added.

A performance more taut or clear, more rich in tone or appropriate in style than Mr. Koussevitzky's yesterday is hardly imaginable. Once again it was a case of great art being greatly set forth. When that occurs, it cannot be forgotten.

Beethoven, Koussevitzky, And Borovsky

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky, returning yesterday afternoon from the Western trip of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which had been a triumphal progress, was welcomed warmly by the Friday audience. For this ninth program of the season he chose to repeat Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony, which he had directed in its first American performance in November. The other numbers were Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolan" and the "Emperor" Concerto with Alexander Borovsky as soloist.

The symphony was well worth an early rehearing. One of the main complaints of contemporary composers is that their works are usually heard but once, if at all, and hence have no chance of becoming popular. Prokofiev is the last composer who needs to make such a complaint, and Dr. Koussevitzky is the last conductor against whom it can be made; and the success of this work on its first hearing ensured its repetition.

A second hearing of it confirmed first impressions. It is an ingratiating work, melodious, rhythmically alive, with brilliant instrumentation and just enough dissonance to give it relish. The Scherzo again struck me as the best of the four movements, and the most characteristic of its composer; the slow movement, which originally seemed the poorest, seemed even weaker this time. Its themes are banal, and its shivery effects suggest that it might have been written to accompany a screen version of "The Hound of the Baskervilles." *omit*

The performance was of the marvelous virtuosity and expressiveness which we tend to take for granted from our orchestra, but

which amazes less fortunate communities. 12-15-45

Mr. Borovsky gave a very thoughtful and very interesting account of the concerto. He is capable of all the bravura that the work calls for, and of the purity of tone and poetic quality which it also demands. He does not attempt to carry the audience and the concerto by storm, but, while providing plenty of power where it is needed, turns to reflection and contemplation at appropriate moments. Thus he does not yield to the temptation to stun us by turning one of the world's greatest musical creations into a sort of anvil chorus. Dr. Koussevitzky supplied an understanding accompaniment—although there was a slight disagreement at one point—and all concerned were showered with plaudits.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

With Dr. Koussevitzky back, yesterday's Symphony Concert offered an afternoon of great orchestral playing. Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, in which Alexander Borovsky was the pianist, has now weathered 136 years. Not everyone, seemingly, is unfavorably affected by its degree of repetitiousness, its rather elementary harmonic structure. Unquestionably great is Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolanus," which proved the most gripping music of the concert. 12-15-45

But how about Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony, which had its American premiere here last month and was very properly repeated? Not many will go as far as Dr. Koussevitzky in proclaiming it the most important symphony since those of Brahms and Tchaikovsky, though it may well be the finest work of its kind to come out of Russia in that period. Less startling than Shostakovich who, up to date, has eclipsed him as symphonist, Prokofiev in this work evinces a greater mastery of the form (and of the orchestra) and writes in a more consistent, a better integrated style. At that, there are occasional lapses into commonplace, especially in the finale. Indeed, if the Symphony ended with the Adagio it would give the impression of greater dignity, notwithstanding the bounce of the Scherzo, which would make a nice piece for the Pop Concerts. There is much that is affecting in the first and third movements, and whatever its ultimate fate, we may be sure that the Symphony will be with us for some time to come.

As for Mr. Borovsky, he played the solo part of the Concerto most musically and also with due strength and authority. It was not quite the transfiguring performance of which the work, in the opinion of some, now stands in need.

PWS

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Tenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 21, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 22, at 8:30 o'clock

FRITZ REINER, *Conducting*

MOZART Symphony in D major ("Haffner"), No. 35
(Koechel No. 385)

- I. Allegro con spirito
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Presto

DEBUSSY "Ibéria" ("Images" for Orchestra, No. 2)

- I. Par les rues et par les chemins (In the streets and byways)
- II. Les parfums de la nuit (The fragrance of the night)
- III. Le matin d'un jour de fête (The morning of a festival day)

INTERMISSION

STRAUSS Dance of the Seven Veils from
the Opera, "Salome"

STRAUSS Symphonica Domestica, Op. 53
(In one movement)

84
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STRAUSS.....Symphonia Domestica, Op. 53
(In one movement)

Symphony Guest Conductor Talks of Strauss, Debussy

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Fritz Reiner, musical director of the Pittsburgh Symphony Society, coming to town to act as conductor of the week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Dr. Koussevitzky's place, follows much the same plan of action as that which Paul Paray lately adopted. He is presenting tried works which would be likely to find place on the season's programs even if there were no visitors taking temporary charge. Mr. Reiner relieves Dr. Koussevitzky, then, in more ways than one; for he lifts some of the standard jobs of revival and repetition off his shoulders at the same time that he gives him a respite from the general routine. 12-20-45

Mr. Reiner's task particularly is to clear out of the docket a case in which Richard Strauss figures, and one in which Claude Debussy. The Strauss item is the "Domestic" Symphony, op. 53; the Debussy one is "Ibéria," otherwise designated as Images for Orchestra, No. 2. 12-20-45

"Strauss made a mistake," said Mr. Reiner, talking the other morning after rehearsal, "in providing his 'Domestic' Symphony with a program, instead of letting it make its way in the concert world as a pure piece of music. By associating the composition with his family life, he only succeeded in inviting critical jibes and in diverting public attention from what he really had to say to matters trivial and not bearing on the situation intrinsically at all."

"For the 'Domestic' Symphony was written when Strauss was at the pinnacle of his powers. It illustrates his talents on every side—his thematic invention, his contrapuntal mastery, and his understanding of orchestration. Look at the fugato section of this score. There's hardly a device of variation you can think of that he doesn't employ—augmentations, diminutions, reversals, and everything else. If some persons say the

'Domestica' is long, they may be right; but in structure it is certainly compact, organic, and well proportioned."

"Strauss once said to me: 'I never write down an orchestral note that is without meaning. I introduce no line for an instrument that is without bearing on the whole composition. My orchestra, for this reason, is like an etching, rather than a painting. Every mark has a purpose.'"

"To mention another Strauss work that stands up against time, there is 'Don Quixote'; and of course 'Till Eulenspiegel.' I would not say so much for 'Tod und Verklärung,' which I think has aged."

12-20-45

"Now for the Debussy question. To me, Debussy is not only a great representative of modern music, in fact, the leader out of German traditionalism into a new era, but he is the foremost of all French composers. He made a radical change in the harmonic outlook and he brought in the idea of impressionism. Much that he did is his own and cannot be appropriated. But he put fresh tools into the hands of composers. See how Ravel profited, though Ravel is a technician of the highest gifts on his own account. Nobody can improve on his orchestral handling; and still, without Debussy he could hardly have accomplished what he did. For another French type, we have D'Indy, the word 'academic' fits him, and he scarcely seems to possess lasting quality."

"In the period lately closed belongs also Fauré, whose music endures on its innate substance. You may not always be satisfied with his orchestra; but that can be explained by his practice of farming out his music to be scored by other men. When you come to our own time, you have Malhaud, who survives in full popularity after the rest of the 'Six,' once so much talked about, have more or less disappeared."

Fritz Reiner Guest Leader Of the Boston Orchestra

By L. A. Sloper

Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, made his first Boston appearance yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall as guest leader of the Boston Orchestra. His program for this tenth pair of concerts, the second of which will be played tonight, comprises Mozart's Symphony in D major (Haffner), Debussy's "Ibéria," and Strauss' Dance of the Seven Veils from "Salome" and the Symphonica Domestica.

Mr. Reiner, a native of Budapest, has been known for many years as an orchestral and operatic conductor in Europe and America. He directed the Cincinnati Orchestra for nine years, succeeding Ysaye, and was head of the conducting and operatic departments at the Curtis Institute before taking his present post in Pittsburgh.

In view of these antecedents, it is not surprising that the visitor gave evidence of a strong personality, and of a taste for dramatic effect. He is a thoroughgoing technician, with a vigorous conducting style and a complete mastery of the orchestra. He varies the practice of the podium by using a baton and a desk, but no score. His gestures are mild or forcible, according to his desire of the moment. He makes a sparing use of the left hand. 12-22-45

Mr. Reiner was most at home with the Strauss scores, which seemed to be sympathetic to him. His best performance of the day was that of Salome's Dance, music which lends itself readily to his temperament. The Domestica was less successful, and not entirely because of its great length and repetitiousness. The peculiarities of the conductor's treatment of it made it sound rather odd. There were moments when he realized in

tone some of the magnificence of the orchestral writing, but a lack of balance among the voices, a stiffness of phrasing, a static sense of rhythm and an inordinate attention to minor details often made the score hardly recognizable.

There was a tendency to hush the voice of the choir which happened to be relating the main theme, while emphasizing an incidental phrase or rhythmic figure. There was also a disposition to dissect the score, to treat it as a series of unrelated episodes rather than as a symphonic whole. The conductor seemed to lack an architectural plan for the work, and the singularities of his reading sometimes made the orchestra

itself sound unfamiliar. It is a long time since such poor tone, such uncertainty of expression and such muddiness of execution have been heard from the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

If these shortcomings were apparent in Strauss, it may be imagined how Mozart and Debussy came off. Both performances seemed to aim at effect rather than musical values. The first movement of the Mozart symphony was lifeless, the second dragged, the third was explosive, and the fourth fuzzy. All were wanting in lyrical flow.

"Ibéria" suffered especially from an apparent inability of the conductor to catch the right rhythmic patterns for Debussy's music. The musical events seemed to be taking place in the streets and byways of Budapest, in Hungarian plains and fairgrounds. Certainly they never happened in France, or in Spain. The score lacked definition and above all transparency. The performance was completely on-Gallic.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Fritz Reiner conducting, gave the 10th concert of the 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program: Symphony in D major ("Haffner") (K. 385) Mozart
Iberia (Images No. 2) Debussy
Dance of the Seven Veils from "Salome"; Symphonie Domestica, Op. 53 Strauss

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony orchestra, made his first appearance as guest conductor of the Boston orchestra yesterday afternoon and received a very cordial welcome from his many Boston friends and admirers.

Not a virtuoso conductor in the sense that his personality proves to be as interesting as the music he performs, Mr. Reiner probably gives about the most literal readings of the works on his program you are likely to run across. He does everything the directions on the score indicate, no more and no less, and thus the orchestra becomes an instrument that exactly reproduces the letter of the law as it is set down on the musical parts it plays. If there is a fortissimo in, say, the first violin section, the first violins make that fortissimo without any special pleading by Mr. Reiner. If the composer has indicated a phrase, that phrase is played but not especially at the conductor's behest. In short, Mr. Reiner seems to convey the impression he is conducting from a score although he actually doesn't, and is content to let the orchestra do the work while he merely controls the mechanics of entrance, release, balance, overall sonority and so on.

This, of course, is a very different thing from what we are accustomed, and it is, all things considered, the soundest possible musical practise. You can't go wrong, ever, but on the other hand, you can't always be sure of achieving a sort of radiance, or glow, or excitement, or extra-spirituality, or whatever it is that a great conductor has which liberates the spirits of the musicians and makes them play better than they can play, so to

12-22-45
speak. However, it must be said that Mr. Reiner, approaching the problem as he did from a wholly different point of view, was very successful yesterday. True, the performances never did take fire, but they were very fine and interesting and beautiful. The "Haffner" Symphony, an exquisite work from start to finish, had strength and substance in place of its usual over-refinement. Debussy's "Iberia," a virtually incomparable example of impressionistic subtlety, was also quite different in conception, yet the middle section, the fragrance of the night, was exceedingly poetic in feeling and perhaps the best thing Mr. Reiner did the entire afternoon.

Everybody knows that Strauss' "Symphonie Domestica" is one of his weakest pieces, and there are,

of course, pages of dull and tedious fabrication, but there are certainly less amusing musical narratives than this day in the family of Papa, Mama and Baby Strauss. What it wacks more than anything is the organizational compactness necessary to give it urgency. You feel there are so many amusing ideas jostling one another around nothing ever quite comes of it. However, heard at proper intervals of say once in five years, it is reasonably interesting and since it ends on a boisterous note it makes you feel you've had a better time than you thought you were having during the ups and downs of the middle part. Much the same could be said of "The Dance of the Seven Veils," a piece that doesn't make too much sense out of its context, but which is a thriller in its proper place. As always, the orchestra performed in its Sunday best for its guest conductor and the audience mustered a good deal of enthusiasm for him, too. Next week's program offers Bartok's Violin Concerto and Mendelssohn's E minor Concerto with Yehudi Menuhin as soloist and pieces by Brahms and Milhaud.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, made his first appearance in Boston at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His program assembled the "Haffner" Symphony (K. 385) of Mozart, "Iberia" by Debussy and two compositions by Richard Strauss: the Dance of the Seven Veils from the opera "Salome" and the "Domestic" Symphony. 12-22-45 gcm

In general and in details Mr. Reiner proved himself to be the finest, most seasoned and well-equipped guest conductor the Boston Symphony has had in at least 15 years. That is a considered opinion, set down in realization that Boston's orchestra has been directed by some very able guests over that period of time.

As a technician Mr. Reiner is meticulous and demanding. Under the firm beat of his long stick the orchestra played precisely. There were no loose ends, no tentative moments through the whole course of an exacting program. Mr. Reiner, who conducted from memory, had these scores in his head and he knew just what he wished to achieve. Consequently there was, between conductor and orchestra, that resulted in extremely good music making.

Unlike certain other of our guests, Mr. Reiner did not alter the tone of the Boston Symphony. Strings, wood and brass sounded under him as they do from week to week, which means a rich, deep, clear and luminous tone. That, in itself, is the mark of a discerning conductor. As interpreter, Mr. Reiner is a man who knows the styles of Mozart, Debussy and Strauss. He is also an emotional conductor within the limits of good taste. The "Haffner" Symphony went beauti-

fully, with all desirable clearness, with an extraordinary grace of phrasing and an appropriate light touch.

"Iberia," composed after "La Mer," represents the beginning of Debussy's decadence. Something of the old magic and all of the old elegance are there, but "Iberia" is more brain than visceral music. Here, too, Mr. Reiner was right in his approach, and not one detail in the fussy orchestral writing was neglected.

On the basis of the dance from "Salome" and the "Domestic" Symphony, it would seem that gentleman from Pittsburgh is ideal interpreter of Strauss. It is not only a matter of Strauss' involved polyphony being made plain as day. There were, too, as demanded, warmth and understanding charm and humor and sensuous vitality. The dance from "Salome" is not good concert music; in the sense of stage action the fragmentary nature of the score is the more apparent. Yet to this, to that very long, exhausting dance the Strauss family, the "Domestic" Symphony, Mr. Reiner brought continuity and a long structural line. He is plainly in the first rank of present-day conductors. It is a that he will not be with us for weeks.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Boston Symphony Orchestra hasn't had such a workout in some time as it received yesterday afternoon when Fritz Reiner, making his first local appearance as conductor, put it through the "Dance of the Seven Veils," from Strauss' "Salome," and that composer's "Symphonie Domestica." 12-22-45

This was partly due to Strauss, who knew how to get more out of the full modern orchestra than anyone before or since, and partly to Mr. Reiner, a conductor of quite exceptional powers. Rehearsing the "Domestica" from memory he discovered two errors in the orchestral parts, and conducting it and the other numbers on the program the same way, he saw absolute master of every musical and instrumental situation.

Beginning was made yesterday with Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony. With the strings reduced in numbers and partially reseated, Mr. Reiner brought to pass a performance beautifully balanced, of crystalline quality, rhythmically alive and all in the true Mozart spirit.

He was, perhaps, a trifle matter of fact with Debussy's "Iberia," which followed, making somewhat more of the rhythmic first and third divisions than of the wholly impressionistic second, "The Fragrance of the Night."

Even in the Mozart you were made aware of Mr. Reiner's operatic experience, and in the "Salome" excerpt, practically all we of Boston know of a great operatic masterpiece, his dramatic instinct was plainly apparent.

After 41 years the "Domestica" is still a debated work. Its program is for some a stumbling block, and its moments of unsubtle Teutonic humor. On the credit side are the astonishing virthe homely charm and the tenderness the homely charm and the tendersenss of the first two sections, the poetry and noble passion of the third and the high spirits of the final double fugue, plus the sense of life at its richest and fullest.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Eleventh Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 28, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 29, at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN, *Conducting*

BARTÓK.....Concerto for Violin and Orchestra

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andante tranquillo
- III. Allegro molto

(First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Academic Festival Overture, *Op. 80*

MILHAUD....."Saudades do Brazil"

Leme (à l'aise) — Ipanema (nerveux) — Tijuca (triste) —
Corcovado (tranquille) — Gavea (vivement)

(First performance at these concerts)

MENDELSSOHN.....Concerto in E minor, *Op. 64*

- I. Allegro molto appassionato
- II. Andante
- III. Allegro molto vivace

SOLOIST
YEHUDI MENUHIN

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SOLOIST
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Menuhin for Soloist Also In Mendelssohn Concerto

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Béla Bartók's Violin Concerto will have its first Boston hearing at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday and Saturday. Richard Burgin, chief of the Symphony strings, is vacating his chair for the time being to stand before the players as conductor. The solo part in the presentation is taken by Yehudi Menuhin. 12-27-45 *Menuhin*

The occasion fairly smacks of the violin, Mr. Menuhin treating the audiences to his virtuosity at the beginning with the Bartók Concerto and at the close with the Mendelssohn Concerto. Add to him Mr. Burgin, himself a solo violinist of the first order—proceedings ought indeed to be both agreeable and authentic. Yet, no matter how much talent may be exercised first and last, there will remain the question of the quality of the Bartók music. That stays by and holds over from the old days we associate with the boom and the depression.

Doubtless we presume that things composed in the '30's tell us something about the era and interpret it for us; though again, we may have been attaching too much importance to music as a social record of its day and place. Its esthetic value may be altogether above and beyond such considerations. But here at hand lies open the score of the Bartók Violin Concerto. Here is the manuscript of one of the composer's last works, a legacy of a man who lately passed on when at the height of his powers.

What does this book of ruled lines and notes say that another book of the sort does not? Wherein does it differ from the score of the Mendelssohn Concerto, its companion piece on the program? One easy answer is that the present

music is dissonant, whereas the older is harmonious. But such an answer proves unsatisfactory; for after we consider the Bartók manner of composing for a while disinterestedly, we find it represents order and organization just as much as Mendelssohn's. What we call dissonance belongs to the composer's idea. See how the leading theme starts off in the solo part on the very first pages in fluent, commanding statement. The style of the strain is such as to require a highly colored, brilliant, scintillating orchestral background.

The first impulse, then, is to expostulate—Dissonance! But the next is to reply—Appropriate! Consistent! How, we thereupon ask ourselves, do appropriateness of setting and consistency of style differ from the general broad notion of harmoniousness, fitness, and, if we shall admit it, pleasantness?

However we take the dissonance problem—whether we accept the inevitable, or whether we stick to our classic predilections to the finish—the concerto that Mr. Burgin as conductor and Mr. Menuhin as soloist are bringing along to Symphony Hall is a unified treatment of musical thoughts and moods. It is no array of fiddle airs with orchestral accompaniment. It is an organic, single-purpose study throughout, except for a cadenza or two—and who can, or who wants to, resist a cadenza and a momentary display of Paganini arabesque and intricacy?

The concerto, in sum, is written by a master not only of orchestration but also of architectural design. Allegro, Andante, and Finale, the movements stand in the form instituted back in the eighteenth century when orchestras got going and composers discovered the cyclic method of constructing symphonies.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the 11th concert of its 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Yehudi Menuhin, violinist, was the soloist. The program: Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, Bartók Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80 "Saudades do Brasil" Brahms Concerto in E minor, Op. 64 Mendelssohn

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

It is not likely that anyone really fell in love with Bartók's Violin Concerto as Yehudi Menuhin gave it its first Boston performance yesterday afternoon, yet it is certainly one of the most approachable of his late works and almost as certainly one of the greater essays in the field in recent years.

The trouble, for the unpractised listener, is that it is very hard to see the connection between the music spoken by the solo violin (which is so attractive of itself no one should have much trouble with it) and the accompaniment played by the orchestra. Technically the connection is so theoretically skilled it could well be the subject of an essay on organic unity, but that connection, through the very nature of the atonal harmonies employed, is not too apparent on a first hearing. On the contrary, it seems so aimless, so incomplete, so random, so lacking in substance, that you sometimes wonder why the composer ever took the trouble to employ 110 men when a pianist would have done as well. 12-27-45 *Menuhin*

Yet Bartók never did anything without good reason (as witness Mikrokosmos), and he certainly wasn't concerned with keeping 110 men busy just because they were available . . . which is the notion of many contemporary composers. And the reason, or so it appears to me, is that the composer conceived the violin as the protagonist, not in conflict with the orchestra as in the traditional concerto, but as a solitary musical wanderer, now rhapsodic, now contemplative, in high relief against nature itself.

This is not to say there's a scenario; this is absolute music if there ever was any. But the marvelous

subtleties and colors and nuances of the orchestral accompaniment cannot be assimilated, until we get to know it a good deal better at any rate, unless it is accepted for what it is: atmosphere, scene of action, dimension, enclosure, or what you will. The rest, which is to say the solo violin, is easy enough, for surely Bartók has seldom created such fine and distinguished melodies, catchy rhythmic devices and violinistic embellishments. And he certainly couldn't have wished for a more sympathetic or a more technically assured soloist in his music than Yehudi Menuhin, who has done a great service to music to prepare this terribly difficult score. He was well received in it, of course, but had to wait for the Mendelssohn to achieve the proper public acclaim.

Great credit belongs also to Richard Burgin for his part in the performance of the Bartók. He conducted it with great authority, catching its peculiarly atmospheric texture and conveying it admirably. It is very easy, in view of his unassuming platform manner, to underrate Mr. Burgin, but the fact is he's one of the most secure and authoritative conductors of the day, as witness the vitality of Brahms' oft-heard Academic Festival Overture, or the piquancy of Milhaud's numerous and exotic dance pieces "Souvenirs of Brazil." Only five of these frivolous but enchanting dances were done, and while it's possible the whole set of 12 might prove tiresome, I wish they'd give

them a try some day. It is pretty hard to go wrong on Milhaud.

Morton Gould conducts the Sunday concert tomorrow afternoon, and next Friday Dr. Koussevitzky returns to do Bach's marvelous Second Brandenburg Concerto and Third Suite (the one with the Air for the G string in it); Sibelius's Symphony No. 5, and Dukelsky's new Cello Concerto with Gregor Piatigorsky as soloist.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Yehudi Menuhin and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, introduced to the town yesterday afternoon the much-discussed Violin Concerto of Bela Bartok. Mr. Menuhin also played the solo part in the Mendelssohn E minor Concerto. The program otherwise consisted of Brahms' "Academic Festival" Overture and five of the orchestrated piano pieces which Darius Milhaud called "Saudades do Brazil." 12-29-45

It may be, now that he is dead, the music of Bela Bartok will receive more attention than it did while the frail but fiercely high-principled little Hungarian was alive. Among musicians he has a reputation for the bold innovations he wrought in his work. But to the casual public Bartok is a name loosely associated with "modern" music, which to that casual public means music that does not go down easily at one hearing. *glon*

I doubt that the Concerto as a whole went down easily at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, although it has quite a flow of melody. Indeed, the beginning, with subdued string and harp chords just before the solo violin makes its folk-tunish entrance, is conservative. But soon the orchestra is off on an independent sort of accompaniment, and the texture of the score gets close to that dissonant weave which results when all 12 tones are considered equal.

The Concerto is very rhythmic. It has substance and it has beauty. The solo part is set off from the orchestra with strong contrast. There are reminiscences of Strauss and also of Debussy. Where the Concerto is weakest is in its length. It could be shortened by a third, I suspect, without dimming its positive qualities.

Mr. Menuhin played Bartok with devotion and an unassuming mastery of its difficulties. He played the comfortable old Mendelssohn Concerto with consistent beauty of tone, phrasing and style. In each work, he was ably seconded by Mr. Burgin and the orchestra. For all there was polite recognition after Bartok and enthusiastic approval after Mendelssohn.

The five spicy and exotic dances from "Saudades do Brazil," ("Memories of Brazil") were new to the Boston Symphony concerts. They brought an interlude of pleasant variety between Mr. Burgin's hearty if not brilliant performance of the "Academic Festival," Overture and the Mendelssohn Concerto. Milhaud is another under-rated composer of whom we do not hear enough.

Bartók's Violin Concerto Has Its Boston Premiere

By L. A. Sloper

This week's Boston Symphony program, the eleventh of the season, begins with one violin concerto and ends with another. The first one is that of the late Bela Bartok, heard yesterday for the first time in Boston. The other is that of Mendelssohn. Yehudi Menuhin is soloist in both. Between are sandwiched Brahms' "Academic Festival" Overture and the "Saudades do Brazil," the latter listed as having its first performance at these concerts. Richard Burgin is conducting. 12-29-45

This was a really extraordinary musical stew, for which presumably the radio is responsible. The Bartok Concerto, considered, doubt, too radical for the audience of the air, occupied the first half of the program. But will not the second half give the radio listeners a strange impression of a symphony program? All this of course is on the assumption that the radio audience is naive in its taste; but I am not at all sure that that is true. People have been listening to good music over the air for many years now, and it wouldn't be surprising if most of them would much prefer to have the Bartok on their end of the list.

The performance, if one may judge from a single hearing, was superb. The violinist had mastered the difficult music so completely that there was no apparent effort in his playing. His tone was pure and fine, his intonation impeccable, his execution had a beautiful clarity, his phrasing was smooth and his rhythms free. Mr. Burgin and the orchestra provided an accompaniment which seemed to be in perfect accord. The audience responded very cordially, considering the comparative unfamiliarity of the idiom.

The Mendelssohn Concerto suffered from its placing on the program. Nevertheless, it had a vivid performance. Mr. Menuhin played with ease but with vigor, if without all the romanticism that is usually associated with the work. He took the first movement with speed rather than passion, he did not linger over the second, and the third went off at a clip that could be equalled by few violinists. Was this speed also due in part to the requirements of the radio?

The dynamic range is not wide, but it is expressive because it is so well graduated. Bartok does

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Milhaud's "Saudades do Brazil," of which five were played, constitute another of those musical travelogues to which "Les Six" seem to have been so devoted. This one is a sort of Burton Holmes tour of Rio de Janeiro. These Latin American rhythms are not exactly in the blood of the Boston Symphony Orchestra or its associate conductor. Probably they would sound much better played by a dance band.



Gregor Piatigorsky

Soloist at this week's Boston Symphony concerts in Vladimir Dukelsky's new Cello Concerto.

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Twelfth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 4, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 5, at 8:30 o'clock

BACH.....Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F major

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante
- III. Allegro

(Solo violin: RICHARD BURGIN; Flute: GEORGES LAURENT;
Oboe: FERNAND GILLET; Trumpet: ROGER VOISIN)

DUKELSKY.....Violoncello Concerto

- I. Maestoso
- II. Aria: Adagietto
- III. Allegro brioso

(First performance)

INTERMISSION

BACH.....Overture (Suite) No. 3 in D major, for Orchestra

- I. Overture
- II. Air
- III. Gavotte I; Gavotte II
- IV. Bourrée
- V. Gigue

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 5 in E-flat major, Op. 82

- I. { Tempo molto moderato
- II. { Allegro moderato, ma poco a poco stretto
- III. Andante mosso, quasi allegretto
- V. Allegro molto

SOLOIST

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY

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GREGOR PIATIGORSKY

New Music By Dukelsky On Program

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Gregor Piatigorsky, the violoncello player, comes to town to appear at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening as soloist. He is taking position at the front of the platform of Symphony Hall along with Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor, and he is helping bring to original performance a work of Vladimir Dukelsky that carries on the first page of its score the title, Concerto (in C) for Cello and Orchestra, and that bears at the foot of the same page the copyright date, 1944, the holders being Carl Fischer, Inc., of New York.

New music that Dr. Koussevitzky brings to the notice of Symphony subscribers has a certain recognizable quality and character and can therefore usually be fairly well appraised in advance and upon the mere announcement of its production. It is pretty certain to possess traits outside ordinary experience, and at the same time it is likely to be within the bounds of reason and accepted practice structurally. It will represent a composer who dares to make a little orchestral exploration, and yet one who gets back in safety to where he started from.

Dr. Koussevitzky, to base a guess on his policies from what we hear him do, likes bold beginnings, and also demands logical endings. Half a look through the three movements of the Dukelsky Concerto as written out in the orchestral partition, gives conviction that he has found something true to requirement. To look for originality of a general rather than a detailed sort, the concerto possesses a twentieth-century physiognomy. It is a study for the violoncello as an instrument of quite profound expression, instead of one for sentimental outpouring and dashing display.

The nineteenth century, we may assuredly say, with its so-called

appeal to the heart and its pompous technical parade, is left behind; we find ourselves in a modern ambience as far as thought, feeling, and mechanical method are concerned. That, in some cases, might mean a return to a time before the days of the virtuoso and the solo exhibitionist, Dukelsky's composition might look to somebody like a concerto in the old-school meaning and might assume a neo-classic guise. Doubtless, though, a mistaken view; for Dukelsky is hardly a man to go in for artistic fashion.

Nor is Dr. Koussevitzky caught up by currents. It requires something better than a fad to interest him. Hopefully he must regard the novelty of this week's program as in some small way at least an advance over what has been said heretofore by the combination of cello and orchestra. If the score comes out when played as it ought to, the solo part will dominate and other parts will reinforce its ideas, respond to them sympathetically and understandingly, though never as echo. Clarinet, trumpet, horn, and even piccolo converse with the cello and maintain an individuality of response and comment.

By good omen the concerto is written in a key, at least nominally, though the key of C may signify a general harmonic center rather than what under the old rules would have to be a prevailing tonality. The piece goes in three movements: First, Maestoso, which is appropriate, truly, to the dignified, deliberate violoncello. Second, Aria, in an Adagietto tempo, where the solo instrument at a certain point sounds its whole gamut, from lowest note to topmost harmonic, which floats off as a song for the little flute. Cello and harp here argue a little matter; so do cello and horns. Third, Allegro Briso.

The soloist is required to be on the move about all the time. Most of the grand orchestra is provided with a part; and there is little loafing and waiting, except that the heavier percussion stands in reserve for the Finale. As for the success of the concerto in the orchestral repertory, much will depend on how the touring soloists like it and whether it fetches the applause they crave and of course deserve. Conductors can handle it, and by every promise of the manuscript, audiences can readily grasp it.

Piatigorsky in Solo Part, Under Koussevitzky's Baton

By L. A. Sloper

Returning to the Symphony Hall podium yesterday, Dr. Koussevitzky offered a program (the twelfth of the season) which contained two Bach numbers, a new Cello Concerto by Vladimir Dukelsky, and the Sibelius Fifth Symphony. Gregor Piatigorsky, for whom the concerto was composed, played the solo part.

Dr. Koussevitzky introduced a novel feature into the performance of the Second Brandenburg Concerto, which opened the concert: Mr. Voisin the younger, instead of Mr. Mager, played the solo trumpet, using a special instrument of remarkably high range and sharp tone, said to resemble closely the instrument of Bach's time. He did extremely well with it, too, except for one bad moment which was forgivable considering that the part is all but impossible to play.

Unfortunately, the emphasis placed upon the trumpet had the effect of throwing an otherwise excellent performance off balance. There is always danger that the trumpet will drown out the violin, the oboe and particularly the flute, and when it is allowed to run free and untrammelled, the smothering is insured. Apart from that, the concerto was played with style and taste, and the slow movement (in which the trumpet cannot intrude) was, as usual, especially beautiful.

The other Bach item was the Third Orchestral Suite, in D major, and this suffered in the long Overture from Dr. Koussevitzky's giving rein to his tendency to inject too much emotional tension into classical music. The famous Air, on the other hand, was done with the greatest delicacy and restraint, a really exquisite performance; and the dances that followed went off with a fine vigor.

Sibelius, that concentrated essence of Wagner, is the antipode of Bach. You can't give him too

much tension. Dr. Koussevitzky is in his element with this composer, and yesterday he gave one of his most vivid and exciting performances of this popular symphony.

Mr. Dukelsky's concerto is not an ingratiating work, and it is not likely, I think, to win a place in the repertory very soon. It is not formless, but it is very irregular in form, and it is hard to imagine just why it was given this shape. The effect, at least on a first hearing, is one of want of direction, a sequence of unrelated happenings. The material is not striking, and its use appears to be more willful than ordered. There are impressive passages, interlarded with small talk and musical chatter.

The solo part is evidently extremely difficult, and it is certainly unrewarding. There is a great deal of dialogue between the cello and other instruments, and the solo instrument is often left muttering to itself while the orchestra goes off on a frolic of its own. Dissonance is freely employed, but it is the kind of dissonance that sounds as if it had been put in to show that this is a contemporary work, rather than from any musical necessity.

The most arresting measures occur in the slow movement, where the cello recites what might be a lament of Boris Godounov over his sins, with an accompaniment in the orchestra that might have been inspired by Moussorgsky.

The composer was present to share with the soloist and the conductor the plaudits of the audience.

Symphony Concert

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The 12th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
 Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F major, Bach
 Violoncello Concerto, Dukelsky
 Overture (Suite) No. 3 in D Major, Bach
 Symphony No. 5 in E flat major, Op. 82, Sibelius

It is such an odd sensation to be sitting at this desk and once again pounding out a Symphony notice after a lapse of nearly four years that the intrusion of a personal note in discussing the concert will perhaps be excused by regular readers of the column. During the interim I have heard orchestral or indeed any music so spottily that the mere fact of listening to the Boston Symphony Orchestra is an astonishing experience. I have trained myself by listening to the three previous concerts, but even so it is hard to write about it in cold and measured terms. The orchestra is, to put it bluntly, so terribly good.

I have heard in the past two years all the British orchestras and the Brussels Philharmonic in particular a number of times. The latter is very acceptable even under the two regular and inferior conductors and the British BBC Orchestra is still a good instrument. But the plain fact is that none of them can hold a candle to our orchestra here. I venture to say that there is not an orchestra in Europe that could touch yesterday's performances with a large pole and I should be willing to doubt if there are many in this country. Mr. Koussevitzky's genius seems to me not a whit the less in this passage of years. It certainly is wonderful to be a regular attendant at the concert again! 1-5-46

Yesterday's novelty, Mr. Dukelsky's Cello Concerto, proved to be well worth the unquestioned difficulty of producing it. The first movement is the hardest to grasp at a first hearing. The second movement's rhapsodic and lyrical beauty and the finale's dash and glitter could be more easily taken in. It

is all of it original and arresting music. This composer's "Dedications," played here seven years ago, was also a remarkable score. It is, to be sure, notoriously difficult to write a 'cello concerto, and more capable composers have failed at it than at any other musical task. That Mr. Dukelsky has brilliantly and originally succeeded is greatly to his credit.

It is well known that Mr. Dukelsky is in another personality a writer of popular music. But he was first of all a composer of serious music, and neither talent works to the disadvantage of the other. Judging by results it might be a good idea if some more of our American composers tried their hand at the light stuff. The Concerto was brilliantly performed by Mr. Piatigorsky and superbly seconded by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. The composer was on hand to receive the more than polite, if less than tumultuous, applause.

The other remarkable thing about this excellent concert was the performance of Bach's 2nd Brandenburg Concerto, with its difficult solo parts. The high register for the trumpet is a particularly thorny problem, solved in some instances by using an E flat clarinet. Even some of the famous swing trumpeters cannot play in this register; they can only reach it from time to time. Mr. Voisin used a curious looking French instrument and he did play in the register and play very well too. Our spies tell us that he was overheard to say that this performance was harder than 2 years in the Navy. Mr. Koussevitzky properly singled him out for special applause, in addition to his colleagues Messrs. Burgin, Laurent and Gillet.

A Bach Suite in 19th century arrangement and Sibelius's familiar 5th Symphony completed the concert. The 5th is probably the most enduring of the 7, the 4th being too bleak for most tastes and the 7th, for some reason, not as appealing. It had a grand performance and had the merit, if you look at it that way, of sending everybody out of the hall humming.

REVIVE ANCIENT CONCERTOS

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

IF we were as literal-minded as the French and Germans we would call a concerto a concert, since the term originally meant people playing together. What most of us think of as a concerto, a displayful piece for a solo instrument with orchestral support, was a product of the 18th century that became enormously popular in the 19th and is now going stronger than ever. We have also revived its predecessor, the concerto grosso, for two or more solo instruments, accompanied. 1-6-46-Pab

The Symphony concerts lately have been offering examples of all three types: Morton Gould's Concerto for Orchestra (no soloists), the Second Brandenburg of Bach (four of them), the 'Cello Concerto of Dukelsky and the Violin Concertos of Mendelssohn and of the late Bela Bartok. It is the last-named that has provoked the present discussion, partly because it has seemed to more than one observer the most significant novelty of the current season, or of several seasons, and partly because it suggests another contemporary tendency that is also in the nature of a throwback, namely, a decided preference for the violin as the solo instrument.

* * *

The first solo concertos were for the fiddle, and Bach, who developed the keyboard variety, began by transcribing violin concertos for the clavier. It was Mozart who gave the modern piano concerto its real start, and in the next century it was the representative type. Not that the violin concerto was ever allowed to disappear. The 19th century gave us important works in the form, some of them masterpieces.

Nevertheless, the piano concerto was king. For one thing, the piano could better cope with gradually expanding 19th century orchestra, match its own quest for added power and brilliance. And the outstanding

piano concertos of the 1800's and early 1900's make a truly impressive list. Consider the last three of Beethoven, the two each by Liszt and Chopin, the poetic creation of Schumann, the two of Brahms, Saint-Saens' Second and Fourth, Rubinstein's Fifth, Tchaikovsky's First ("Tonight We Love"), the Grieg and the Second and Third of Rachmaninoff. Most of these are still very much in evidence, both in the concert hall and over the air. They have been recorded and re-recorded, and the end is not yet.

However, this quest for bigness and power yielded to a return to relative intimacy, to something nearer the ideal of chamber music, with the violin supplanting the piano as the favored solo instrument. I am not aware that anyone has made this point before, but it seems to me a fairly obvious one. We now find several composers, who are not or were not themselves violinists, writing concertos for that instrument and ignoring its great rival. Take, for example, the English Elgar, the Americans Sessions, Hill and Barber, and the Austrian Berg, whose singular and arresting Concerto in the Schoenbergian 12-tone system was broadcast last Sunday by the NBC Symphony under Mitropoulos, with Joseph Szigeti successfully tackling the terrifically difficult solo part. And to continue, there are to date notable violin concertos, and none for piano, from the hands of Sibelius, Bloch and Hindemith, while our own Walter Piston, whose work in that form has proven one of his most ingratifying efforts, has written only a Piano Concertino. Stravinsky and Schoenberg have given us one of each; Prokofieff, five for the piano and two for the fiddle; and Bartok, three for piano and one, apparently of far greater import, for the violin. Finally, Shostakovich, along with the aged Strauss and the departed Rachmaninoff, can be cited as having written concerted works for piano and none for a stringed instrument.

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In the London Sunday Times Ernest Newman lately referred to Bartok's Violin Concerto as the work with which "he seemed to be becoming approachable by the ordinary practised listener." The Concerto for Orchestra, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and played here twice last season, has not reached London, or Mr. Newman could have included that, too. There is much and justifiable resentment over the fact that Bartok virtually died of neglect in our own New York city, but had he sooner abandoned his theories and made use of his very evident powers to charm and excite us there might have been a different story to tell. . . . And may we have both works again before too many months have passed.

Sir Adrian Boult in Boston to Lead Symphony 3 Weeks

By CYRUS DURGIN

Sir Adrian Boult is here again as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He will spend three weeks on the stand at Symphony Hall during the usual Winter vacation of its regular occupant, Serge Koussevitzky. 1-5-46

The distinguished conductor of London's BBC Orchestra is the same ruddy and hearty English gentleman he was when he last appeared in Boston, in 1935. Over those 11 intervening years he has become somewhat balder and grayer, but his figure is just as athletic as ever and he is just as amiable.

He was here privately as a guest of Harvard's eminent Dr. Archibald



SIR ADRIAN BOULT

T. Davison in 1939. Since that last visit the Summer World War II began, Sir Adrian has seen his orchestra through the difficult war years in England.

"Just as soon as hostilities began, we of the BBC immediately left London for Bristol, according to the plan which had been arranged. We stayed two years in Bristol and then had to pack off to a little town called Bedford. There we stayed for four years. We got back to London just last September.

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"In 1939 there were 120 members of the BBC Orchestra. It had been arranged that the 30 youngest would go into the service as soon as needed. That got us down to 90 and eventually some of the 90 volunteered for military duty. Now we are back to 90 again and as soon as we can we shall return to the original number of 120. Today we have 10 women in the orchestra. Before the war there were about 15, so, you see, the war didn't make much difference to us in that respect. *SM*

"We lost a few men. One of our double-basses, for example, went home just after a broadcast concert one night, and within an hour was killed by a bomb. Our leader (concertmaster in American usage) was tossed off his bicycle into a field one afternoon when a bomb landed too near the country road he was riding down. Another man had a narrow escape when the war garden he tended faithfully was obliterated. It just happened that he wasn't there."

Sir Adrian will give first American performances this week to a Threnody for a "Soldier Killed in Action." The music was sketched by Michael Heming, a talented young English student who was killed at the age of 22 in the battle of El Alamein in 1942. The score has been orchestrated and put together by a composer named Anthony Collins.

"England fortunately lost only a few of her talented and prominent musicians in the war," said Sir Adrian. One was Walter Leigh, a gifted composer. Rudolf Dolmetsch was another. He was one of the best harpsichord players in the country, and the son of Arnold Dolmetsch, the famous authority on old music and instruments.

Played for Fighting Men

"The leading young English composers today probably are Benjamin Britten and Alan Rawsthorne. I believe you know some of Britten's music in Boston. Rawsthorne is about 40, a few years older than Britten. Rawsthorne has done a very clever Piano Concerto and a couple of other symphonic pieces which I haven't seen.

"Rawsthorne was bombed out during the blitz and some of his manuscripts were lost. I said to him: 'You probably can remember enough of those compositions to write them down again, can't you?'

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
 By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky returned to the conductor's stand of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon, bringing with him a Cello Concerto by Vladimir Dukelsky, with Gregor Piatigorsky as soloist. The remainder of the program represented Bach of the Second Brandenburg Concerto and the Suite No. 3, in D major, and Sibelius of the Fifth Symphony.

When he is writing "serious" music he is known as Vladimir Dukelsky; when he writes popular tunes he calls himself Vernon Duke. In the Cello Concerto, composed in 1942 but played for the first time yesterday, Messrs. Dukelsky and Duke seem to have collaborated. It is a virtuoso piece, with fearsomely difficult places for the soloist, but it is not particularly "serious."

Neither is it dry, for there are tunes, bright colors in the orchestra, a really beautiful slow movement and a rousing finale. Call the first movement a warming-up interlude and you'll not be far wrong. Yet I doubt that the Concerto will add much fame to either soloist or composer, for the substance is slight and the structure seems rambling.

Nevertheless, the Concerto is undeniably effective for an astonishing magician of the cello like Mr. Piatigorsky, and for a virtuoso orchestra like the Boston Symphony. All hands received a cordial demonstration when the piece was finished. It is a good thing, this rapprochement between Mr. Dukelsky and Mr. Duke. Each has something to offer the other. Were they to pool all their resources, there is no telling what brilliant results might come about.

1-5-46 *gch*
 With the Second Brandenburg Concerto and the Suite No. 3, the Friday subscribers had practically a banquet of Bach. For the Second Brandenburg, Mr. Koussevitzky used a reduced yet sizable body of strings, with the violin, flute, oboe and trumpet of the "concertino" before him in semicircle, and the piano of the "continuo" in the middle of the whole body. That excruciatingly high trumpet part was bravely—and admirably—played by Roger Voisin, who was said to be using a special French instrument, long and of small bore, reaching an octave above the usual B-flat trumpet. Both works of Bach were done with the utmost transparency and

beauty of tone, and with a precision that fairly sparkled.

In point of eloquence and breathtaking orchestral finesse, however, the high point of the concert was reached in the Fifth Symphony of Sibelius. The prevaillingly dark colors of this work make it seem deceptively simple; but there are hundreds of subtle details that must be dealt with accurately.

The Sibelius Fifth of late years has been quoted low on the symphonic market, which is a mistake, for every performance yields something unperceived before. Any work that continues to reveal itself is undeniably a masterpiece.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

The problem of Bach's impossibly high trumpet parts—for what sort of instrument were they written and what are you going to do about them today?—was given an airing at yesterday's Symphony Concert. The current program begins with the Second Brandenburg Concerto, and the thankless task of playing the solo trumpet has fallen to Roger Voisin, while the more grateful roles of solo violin, flute and oboe have been assigned as usual to Messrs. Burgin, Laurent and Gillet, respectively. Had it been possible to solve this trumpet difficulty in a wholly satisfactory fashion, all would not have been well. These Brandenburg Concertos are chamber works, unsuited to a large hall and a large body of players, and a piano is a poor substitute for the rightful harpsichord. The other Bach number, the D major Suite, of the celebrated Air, fared better but there was still more weight of tone than Bach's orchestra will really stand.

Besides further honoring the 80-year-old Sibelius with a performance of his Fifth Symphony, Dr. Koussevitzky chose this occasion to present to the world the Violoncello Concerto of Vladimir Dukelsky, with Gregor Piatigorsky as the soloist. While agreeable in many respects, the work serves to strengthen a growing conviction that Mr. Dukelsky is happier as his alterego, Vernon Duke, the composer of music for the films and for the lighter musical stage. This Concerto has a dreamy slow movement to which no one could very well object and a bright finale that suggests both Shostakovich and Prokofiev. The first movement seemed rather confused, a mingling of sweet tunes and sour harmonies, with an irrelevant episode taking the place of the customary development section; also, the balance between solo instrument and orchestra is not too well adjusted. However, the real trouble with Mr. Dukelsky's serious music is its lack of personality. You can occasionally find Vernon Duke in it but you can't identify Dukelsky.



By a Staff Artist

Julius Theodorowicz

To come from there down to the moment, Mr. Theodorowicz, talking the other day with a visitor at his present residence in Newton, Mass., said:

"I haven't played the viola since those days with Brahms."

Member of Orchestra

No. But he has played the violin steadily as a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra from the day of his arrival in town by the New York boat 48 years ago; and as concertmaster of the Boston Pops Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, conductor, he will continue playing for another month. Then he retires, whatever retiring may mean to an artist who performs the Bach-Gounod and the Schubert Ave Maria and the Meditation from "Thais" with brilliancy and charm that get the applause of a popular audience as of old.

In the early years of the Pops Concerts, Mr. Theodorowicz was just one of the members of the violin section, responsible only to himself and the conductor. "Those were informal occasions," he said. "We received pretty small pay, and exactions in the way of dress were not what they are now. We went on the platform in Music Hall down town just as we happened to be—perhaps back from an afternoon fishing party in the harbor."

That, we may remind ourselves, was the last of 19th century Boston. With the building of Symphony Hall and its occupation for musical presentations at the opening of the 20th century, modern Boston and a more stately scheme of public manners came in.

Status of 'Position'

The post from which Mr. Theodorowicz retires, as far as the institution known as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, goes, is that of assistant concertmaster; though in the regularly published list of Personnel, his name is merely paired with that of Richard Burgin, Concertmaster. Under this arrangement, he simply moves from chair No. 2 to chair No. 1 when Mr. Burgin, in the season's course, vacates for duty as associate conductor to Dr. Koussevitzky.

What Mr. Theodorowicz actually withdraws from, then, is chair No. 2 of the first violins; a highly honorable position, too, and wanting a good man to fill it in succession.

First and last, Mr. Theodorowicz has had every chance in the world to study conductors. He was asked how he found certain of them. When, in the 90's, he served in the Berlin Philharmonic, he played once a month under Nikisch, visiting conductor from Leipzig. In those years, again, he played some under Mahler. He came to Boston with Gericke, and he has played here under every director of the Boston Symphony Concerts since. The question was put thus:

Do conductors make orchestras, or do orchestras make conductors?

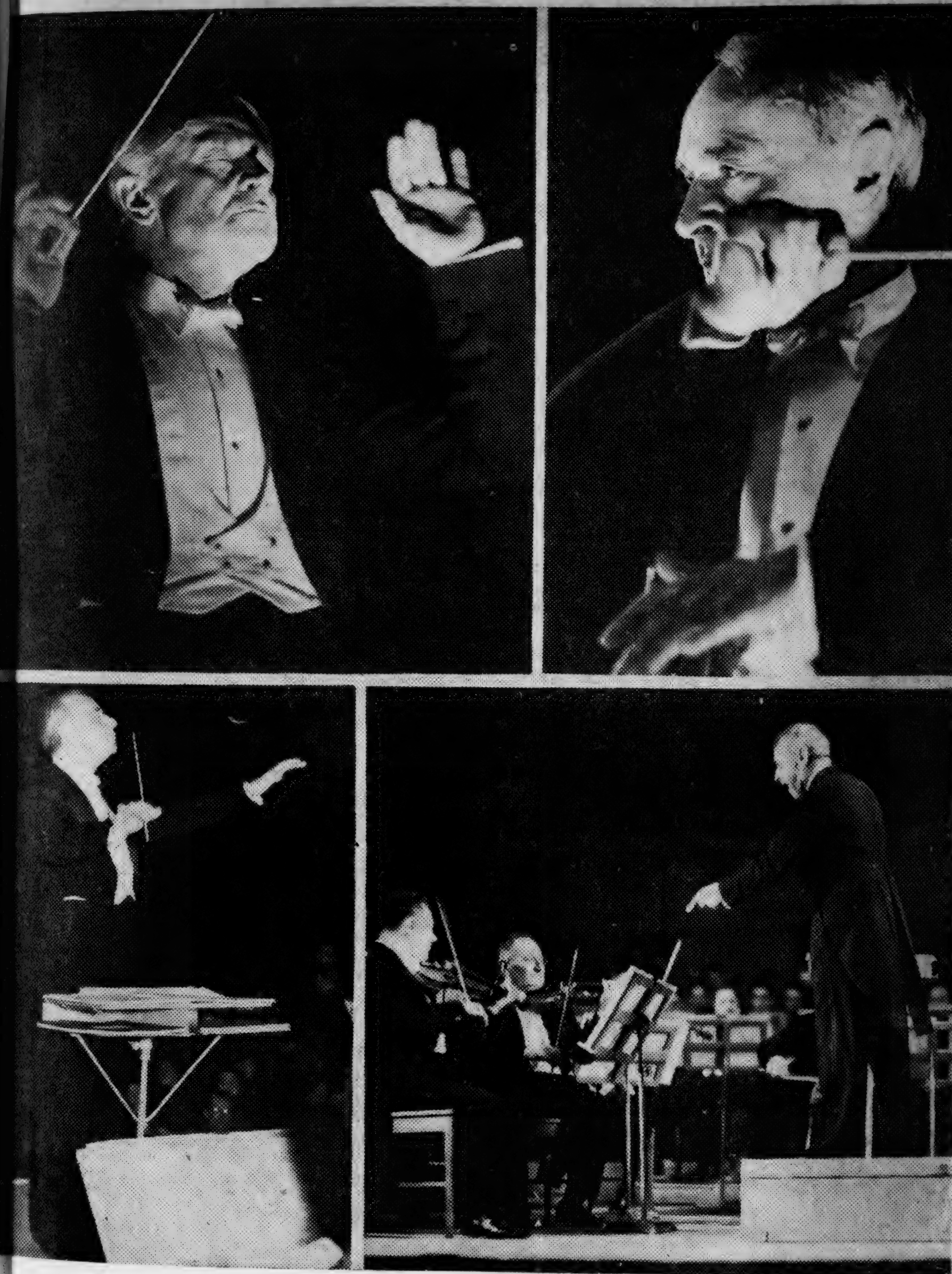
Speaks of Conductors

"You've hit it," he replied. "Two natural born conductors were Arthur Nikisch and Karl Muck. They did not require to learn by experience. They knew the art to begin with. Nikisch was a poet of the orchestra, as Paderewski was a poet of the piano. Muck, in his prime, when in Boston, was a great leader. He could do the whole thing with very small motion of the baton, aided by his eye."

"Of Gericke, when they say he was the builder of the Boston Symphony and that he was a remarkable drillmaster, they have told the story. Mahler, for another, was masterful, though erratic. Gericke and Mahler both belonged to a wonderful Vienna era. Gericke's idea was to make an orchestra sing, and in Boston he put his idea through."

Of concertmasters—they are more restrained now and less dominating than in the old days, he observed. Their very name was applied to them in a day when they tended to individualize themselves and overshadow their colleagues. The last example of the type was Willy Hess, concertmaster for a period in Boston. For himself, the violins seated in the chairs behind him on the platform no doubt know pretty well what he is doing, and he comprehends pretty well what they are doing; but as for leading, that comes today altogether from the conductor's stand.

A Great Conductor Breaks Tradition



To come from there down to the moment, Mr. Theodorowicz, talking the other day with a visitor at his present residence in Newton, Mass., said:

"I haven't played the viola since those days with Brahms."

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A Great Conductor Breaks Tradition





Dr. Serge Koussevitzky,



Igor Stravinsky,



Drawn by Martha Burnham

Igor Stravinsky

Who will conduct the Boston Symphony tonight in Cambridge
and Friday and Saturday in Symphony Hall. **2-20-46** *monet*



Ruth Posselt



Gregor Piatigorsky at Rehearsal

As an artist sees him seated under Dr. Koussevitzky's baton, and hurrying into the hall.





Geoffrey Landesman

Fritz Reiner

Unusual Hobbies of Symphony Players

BY FRANK G. JASON

What do artists do for hobbies? Or don't they bother with any interests outside of their art? Well, the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra indulge in an amazing assortment of hobbies.

Name almost any subject that comes to mind and someone of the 110 musicians, who make up one of the country's outstanding musical organizations, will be able to elaborate upon it, not sketchily either but at great length.

As a release for their over-wrought nerves they have sought comfort in things in direct contrast to their art.

Who would ever suspect for instance, that concert-master Julius Theodorowicz was an ardent mycologist? He is however and is considered one of the few experts in the country.

Mycology, in case the word intrigues you, is the study of mushrooms and whenever he is not attending rehearsals or performances, J. Theodorowicz buries himself in books on the subject and delves deep into the mysteries of sporeprints.

He revealed the other day a number of interesting bits about the lowly mushroom that most people don't know. Every thing that grows umbrella shaped is a mushroom and they are not all poisonous as many of us believe.

1-13-46 Pox

Breakfast on Puff Balls

He will tell you that only five out of every 1000 varieties are poisonous and only five out of 200,000 are deadly poisonous.

Those white puff balls you see in fields and meadows on golf courses or in your own backyard are a variety of mushroom and if you want to try something really tasty pick them and stew them in milk, then

smack your lips and go out and look for more. You'll never again kick them while out walking for the mere pleasure of seeing them splatter all over the lot or take a practice swing at them with your number five iron.

Mr. Theodorowicz, who has been playing violin for the Boston Symphony since 1897, began his study of mushrooms while a youngster in his native Poland. Since then he has gathered them from all parts of the world but he says that none can compare in flavor than those found in European countries. Atmospheric conditions over there, he says, is more suitable to them.

Feast for Players

Don't misunderstand, however, that American grown mushrooms are not good, for they certainly are, and unless you were a connoisseur like Mr.

Theodorowicz you'd never know the difference.

"The most delicious of all mushrooms," said Mr. Theodorowicz, "is the *Bolitus edulis*. It is much more meatier than the ordinary mushroom and has a distinctive flavor of its own."

Mr. Theodorowicz has an extreme passion for mushrooms and scarcely a day passes but what they turn up on his table, and he does all the preparing of them. Because he is so fond of them he keeps a number of jars of dehydrated mushrooms on his pantry shelves. He began dehydrating them long before that process became popular. In fact he displayed some he gathered at Lake Placid 27 years ago. They are still in good condition and he uses them only when he wants to add a special flavor to a dish.

Often he makes a complete meal of mushrooms alone. He'll make himself some mushroom soup and then whip up a batter of egg and flour,

add more mushrooms and fry it like a pancake. When it's done he says you can't tell it from a Wiener Schnitzel.

A couple of summers ago when the orchestra was playing at Tanglewood Mr. Theodorowicz went off between rehearsals and gathered a couple of bushels of mushrooms and prepared them for members of the orchestra. They gorged themselves on them and after the feast was over he had converted several players to the mushroom lovers' group.

Woodcarver on the Side

Mingling with the musicians before a Friday concert we found Carlos Pinfield, another violinist, who revealed he finds his recreation in woodcarving. In his desire to become expert in it as he is with the violin he studied under a famed English ecclesiastical woodcarver who specializes in doing altars for churches all over the world. Pinfield hasn't attempted these larger works, but his home is filled with his carvings, which are truly works of art.

Boaz Piller, contra bassoonist, who keeps bachelor apartments on Westland ave., adjacent to Symphony Hall, specializes in collecting miniature statuettes of complete orchestras. He prizes mostly his nine-piece, frog band. These are small figures made to resemble frogs and each is playing a different instrument. They are made of porcelain, and perfect in detail.

Included in his miniature orchestra collection is also one complete with 10 monkeys; another of 16 Mexican figures, only an inch high; a cat orchestra of 10 pieces, six of which have their heads attached to hair springs and sway at the slightest jar or blowing of breath upon them; a seven-piece cherub band which he likes to refer to as his "angel orchestra"; a minstrel band of 10 pieces, four of which are large figures about six inches tall and the other six a scant two inches high. Another orchestra is composed of six ivory figurines, made in France.

As his collection stands today, prices being what they are, it is valued at several thousands of dollars. It has grown so far ahead of his expectations that it no longer belongs in his apartment.

"It is an historical collection and each piece is a work of art," says

He has also studied the whole history of the clarinet. Once with the aid of an instrument maker he constructed a clarinet for the special purpose of playing the bass notes in one of Shostakovich's symphonies. The Russians, it seems, go in for low notes and have instruments made accordingly. Mazzeo went them one better in his instrument and added several more low notes just in case the famed composer writes another symphony with sub bass notes.

Painters and Cat Breeders

Jacob Raichman, trombonist from Brookline, is a gifted impersonator, which he does entirely in pantomime. He's a short, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, bald-headed, moon-faced little man. After his first contact with a person he can impersonate him to perfection. He has a quick eye for picking up mannerisms of walking, use of hands, tilting of head which his subjects generally use and there's no difficulty in identifying the person when Mr. Raichman takes him off.

Rolland Tapley, violinist of Wellesly is a master of woodcraft. Some summers he has been an instructor at boys' camps. He also goes in for raising cats for exhibition purposes.

Painting with water colors is the hobby of Karl Zeise of Needham, when his time isn't consumed playing the cello. He specializes in landscapes and has the reputation of being better than the average amateur.

D. Eisler, another violinist, restores old paintings. Working with wads of cotton and strange chemicals he has been able to achieve what most people would think impossible. Like the few men who indulge in this painstaking work for a living, he too has his own secrets of the trade which he will not divulge.

You can almost always find Enrico Fabrizio in his cellar workshop in his Arlington home busily occupied. For years he has attempted to make a fine cello, the instrument of which he is a master. Eventually he produced one so good, he knew he could never make a better one and gave up the project. His reputation of a craftsman has spread far and wide.

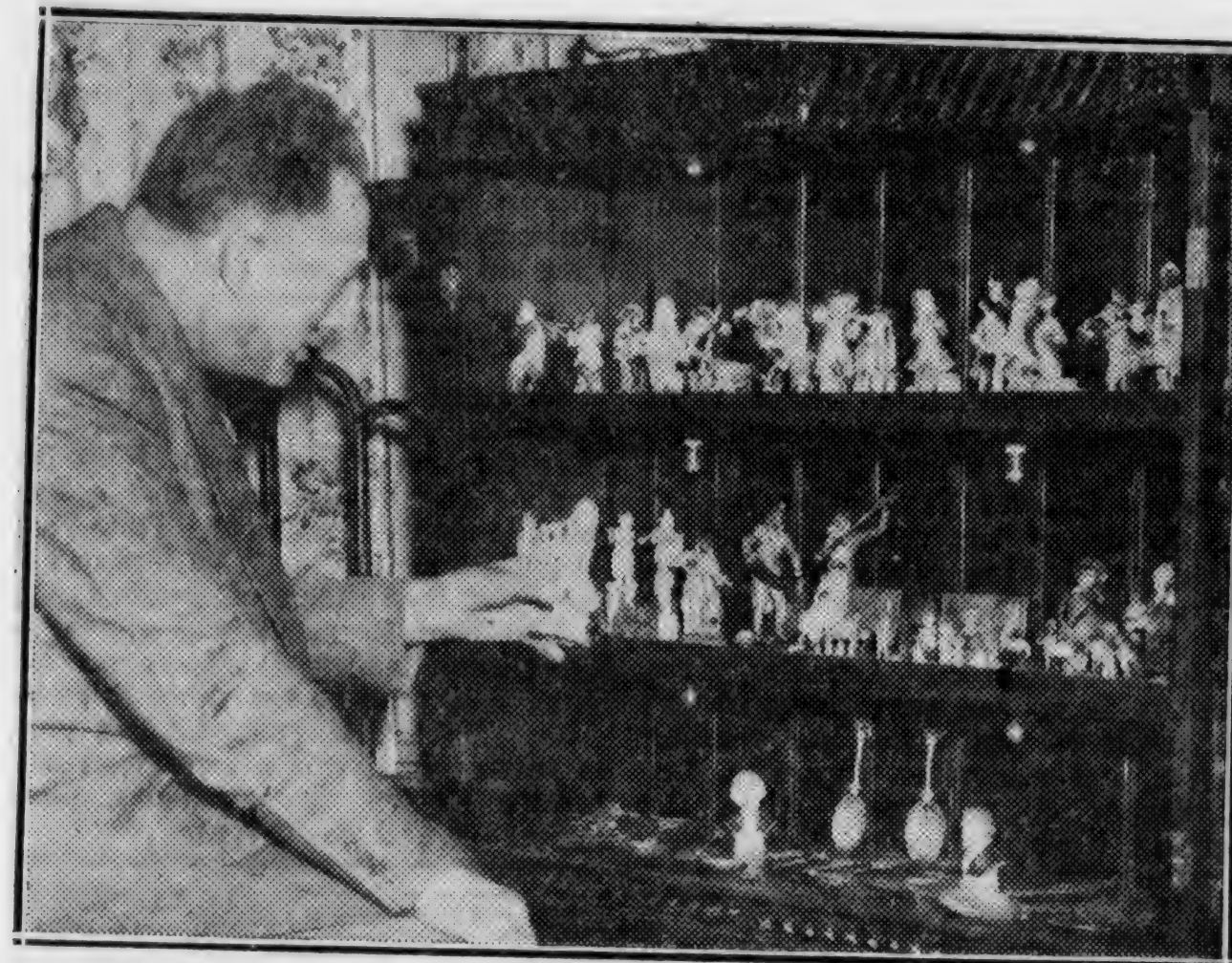
When the renowned cello virtuoso Piatigorsky heard one of Fabrizio's cellos he was amazed at its excellent qualities and immediately commissioned the Arlington man to produce a similar one for him.



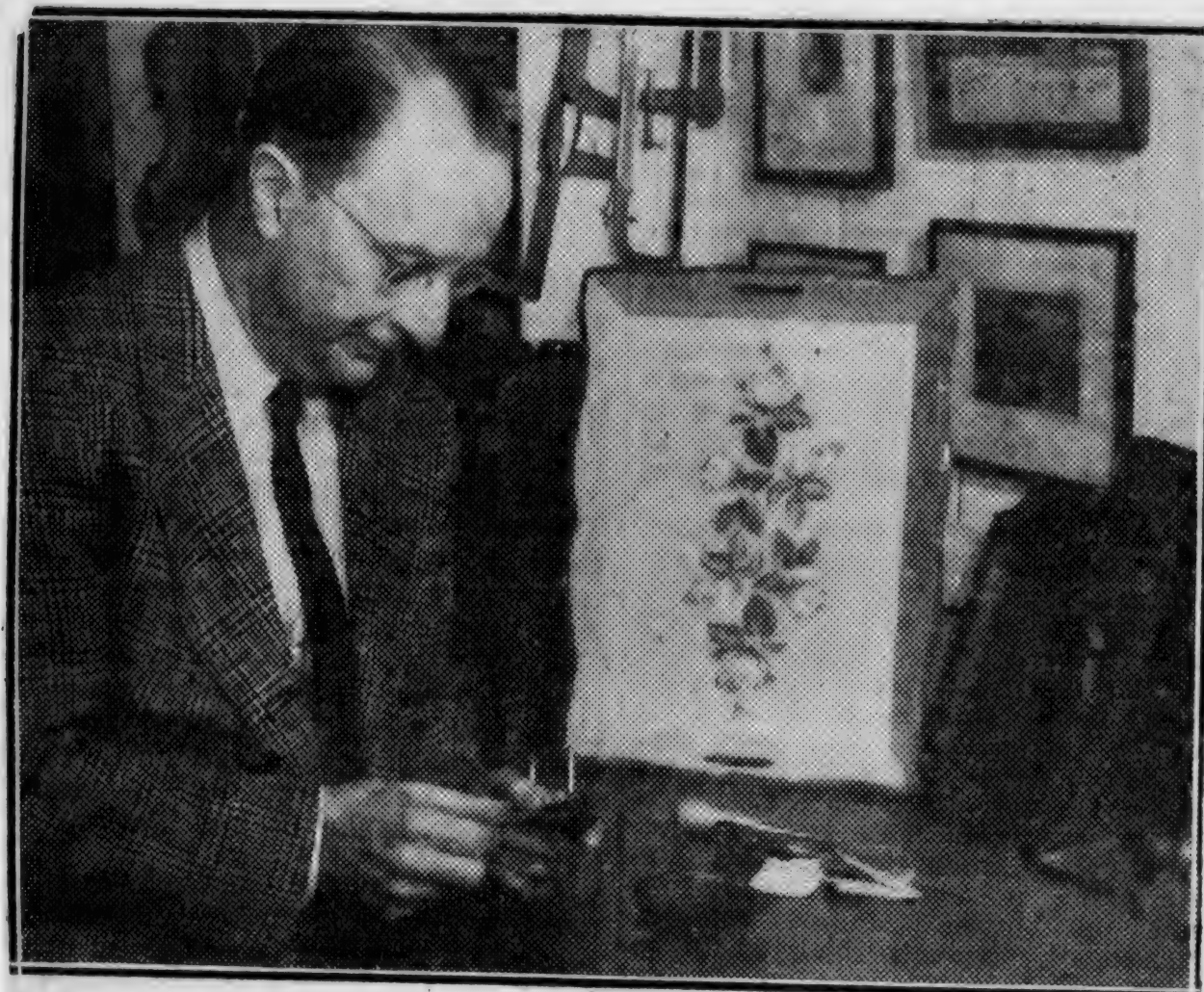
Roger Voisin displays his special trumpet which he had made to play certain high notes in Bach's Brandenburg Concerto. Note extraordinary length of bell as compared to ordinary trumpet. For his hobby young Voisin is trying to solve the mystery why Bach wrote such high music for the trumpet.



When not on the stage at Boston Symphony Hall, Julius Theodorowicz pursues his unique hobby—mycology, or the study of mushrooms. Here he is in his Newton Centre home viewing a sporeprint of an unusual specimen.



Boaz Piller, contra bassoonist for the Boston Symphony, spends his spare time and cash searching for miniature statues of complete orchestras, of men and animals. The collection which he started as a hobby is now valued at thousands of dollars.



Carlos Pinfield, violinist in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, finds complete relaxation in his hobby, wood-carving.

Piller. "It is my ambition now to find a good and appreciative home for it where it may continue to live through the centuries to come."

Being of musical mind Piller has extended his hobby to collecting miniature musical instruments. He has hanging on his wall a miniature violin that once belonged to the brother of the famed violinist Franz Kneisel. It is more than 100 years old. Beside it hang tiny replicas of guitars and mandolins complete in detail right down to the ivory inlays.

Prying further into the idle hours of Symphony orchestra musicians we learned that cellist Jacobus Langendoen amuses himself by making cartoons of his colleagues. Rather than drawing with pencil or pen he works directly from halftone pictures printed in programs or on fliers.

By rubbing the printed picture he smudges it in such a manner as to change the entire facial expression of the subject. Recently he did one of Jesus Maria Sanroma. The portrait he worked from showed the noted pianist artfully posed over the piano, his hand resting near his cheek. When Langendoen finished it looked as if Sanroma was groaning over a severe toothache.

Raises Rabbits

Rene Voisin, trumpet player, occupies his idle hours raising rabbits and chickens. His son, Roger, who also plays trumpet, sticks to music for his off duty pleasures. For a number of years Roger has been attempting to track down the mystery of the high trumpet notes in Johann Sebastian Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F major.

It seems that there never has been a trumpet constructed in modern days capable of reaching those high notes and if there was such an instrument during Bach's time he wants to find out what it was like. So far he has never been able to locate anything which might accomplish what Bach wrote. But he is still trying.

In order to play those notes, however, he has a specially constructed trumpet which has an elongated bell of 18 inches built on to it. It serves the purpose extremely well but he is not satisfied that it was the instrument Bach's music was written for.

If the mystery which is now several centuries old is ever solved much

credit will be given to this youngest Symphony musician for his efforts in breaking it.

Minot Beale, violinist, who lives in Rockland and by the way, one of the few Yankees in the orchestra, goes in for raising rare pheasants. He has coops surrounding the side and back of his family homestead which contain such rare specimens as the Impayan, Golden and Windsor pheasants, all of which originated in Asia.

He belongs to that rare group of poultry fanciers who exchange information on the habits of these unique and beautiful birds which entails a great deal of correspondence.

Melvin Bryant of Belmont, who also plays violin, specializes in raising apples.

Oboe Player Jean Devergie of Brighton has gained quite a reputation for himself as a culinary expert. He has a very special way of concocting spaghetti, Marseilles style, which has made many of the "long hairs" drool while he speaks of it. It contains an extraordinary amount of ingredients most of which he retains as his personal secret.

A Fine Hobo

Once he made a batch of it at the Tanglewood camp for some of the men of the orchestra. It was an open air feast for while there he always camps out. The boss, Koussevitzky, happened upon the scene that day and was invited to partake of Devergie's specialty. None of the men had shaved and looked like a bunch of tramps compared to Koussevitzky who arrived in his usual immaculate attire.

After the noted conductor ate his fill he leaned back and came forth with one of his rare bits of humor.

Addressing the oboe player, he said: "You are not only a vunderful cook, but also a fine hobo."

A number of musicians enjoy sleeping and living in tents while at the summer concert site. Among them are Siegfried Gerhardt and Jean Cauhape, both viola players, and Rene Voisin, who has a very elaborate camping outfit.

Harry Grover, who also plays viola and hails from Watertown, has a passion for long distance running. On several occasions he has been an entry in the Boston Marathon, which is held on April 19. He has never come in for any of the top prizes but you

can always find him in the list among those who finished the grind.

An L Street Brownie

Violinist Einar Hansen of Boston goes in for the more rugged sport of winter bathing. He is a member of the exclusive "L Street Brownie Club." The colder the weather is the more he enjoys his icy dip. You can easily pick out this musician in the orchestra by his shock of very light yellow hair.

Raphael Hiller of Boston when not taken up with his violin keeps busy in attempting to master KUO YU, which is China's national language. He is pretty well advanced in it too.

George Humphrey, viola player of Arlington, makes violas in his leisure hours but what is unusual about such a craftsman is that he also makes bows. This is a bit of tricky business, for the wood selected in the manufacture of them must be chosen for its ability to respond to tension. It must be of certain weight and of accurate length down to the fraction of an inch.

The best wood, or perhaps the only kind of wood which can be used for making bows in Pernambuco wood which comes only from Brazil. Because it is a knotty and crooked wood, sometimes a piece suitable for a bow cannot be found in eight to 10 tons of it.

Marcel Lafosse, trumpeter, is able to get off a perfectly side-splitting bit of comedy imitating passe opera stars. He performs these vocal acrobatics at parties only. He knows all the collaturo tricks inside out. In order to do his stint to perfection he must know his operas and it is said that he has an extraordinary knowledge of the subject.

Rosario Mazzeo of Somerville, the only bass clarinetist in the orchestra, turns to ornithology for his hobby. With friends who also lean to this subject he spends a great many hours observing birds. When they receive word that a certain type of bird is migrating they head for blinds such as used by duck hunters and sit for hours in the bitter cold and dampness merely to watch the activities of their feathered friends.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON . . . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Thirteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 18, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 19, at 8:30 o'clock

SIR ADRIAN BOULT *Conducting*

IRELAND "The Forgotten Rite"
(First performance in Boston)

ELGAR Variations on a Original Theme, *Op. 36*

Enigma: Andante
Variations:

- | | |
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| II. "H. D. S. - P." Allegro | IX. "Nimrod" Moderato |
| III. "R. B. T." Allegretto | X. "Dorabella - Intermezzo" |
| IV. "W. M. B." Allegro di molto | XI. "G. R. S." Allegro di molto |
| V. "R. P. A." Moderato | XII. "B. G. N." Andante |
| VI. "Ysobel" Andantino | XIII. " * * * - Romanza" Moderato |
| VII. "Troyte" Presto | XIV. "E. D. U. - Finale" |

INTERMISSION

COLLINS A Threnody for a Soldier Killed in Action;
based on fragments left by Michael Hem-
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Alamein
(First performance in Boston)

BRAHMS Symphony No. 1 in C minor, *Op. 68*

- I. Un poco sostenuto
- II. Andante sostenuto
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Symphony Concert

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The 13th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Ireland....."The Forgotten Rite"
Elgar...Variations on an original theme, Op. 36
Collins...A Threnody for a soldier killed in action: based on fragments left by Michael Heming (1920-42), killed in action at El Alamein
Brahms...Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68

After more than a decade's absence from this platform Sir Adrian Boult returned to Symphony Hall and the Boston Symphony yesterday afternoon to be warmly welcomed by a public which remembered with pleasure his conducting in the 1934-35 season. It must be admitted that yesterday's concert left something to be desired both as to the liveliness of the program and the performance of it. Actually Sir Adrian seemed to me more in the vein two summers ago when he was conducting the BBC in the Albert Hall. But he will be here two more weeks and doubtless will find himself more at home soon.

Elgar's "Enigma" Variations are a stock part of the English repertoire, just as no London season can pass without a performance of his oratorio, "Gerontius." War or no war "Gerontius" receives its annual solemn performance and is attended by a faithful and rapt public armed with well thumbed scores of the work. In May 1944 I felt it my duty to go, but a duty it remained when I left the hall. It must be said that the "Enigma" Variations, a much less formidable work, affect most non-English audiences in similar fashion. We all admire the fine workmanship and the several felicitous passages, such as the whimsical "Dorabella" Intermezzo. But it remains rather a bore. Perhaps the Boston Symphony does not know how to get inside it and communicate its spiritual message to us, but if it cannot do so under the tutelage of Sir Adrian then Elgar is a more recondite composer than I, for one, am willing to concede.

Two works new to Boston figured on the program. The Threnody for the young composer killed at El Alamein is conventional but moving for the associations it evokes.

There was at any rate some vital reason to play Mr. Collins' piece, which is more than can be said for the Ireland tone poem. "The Forgotten Rite" dates back to 1913 and has very little of interest to say to an audience in 1946. It is a banal piece of writing of the sort that many composers were doing at that period under the general and rather loose term of "impressionism" and more or less in imitation of the French. There must be dozens of these tone poems lying on the shelves, and why Sir Adrian elected to take down this Ireland work and dust it off is a mystery.

The familiar Brahms Symphony somewhat retrieved the afternoon, but not quite. The interpretation was on the solemn and stately side. The third movement was taken at the most deliberate pace I have ever heard it. It may be, of course, that we have all been living symphonically at too fevered a rate and that it is good for our health that Sir Adrian should come and sober us down. He is always a fine and serious musician. But I must own that I look forward to his next concerts with keener pleasure than I shall recollect this.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Sir Adrian Boult will conduct Walton's "Scapino" Overture, Haydn's D major Symphony No. 86, Purcell's Trumpet Tune and Air and Vaughn Williams' "Job."

Beethoven's Fifth Is Main Item of Bill

As a jeweler takes a watch to pieces, Mr. Beckett, conductor of the Youth Concerts of the Boston Symphony, showed up the mechanism of the orchestra for his audience of young folks at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, explaining two particularly important elements—the bassoon and the French horn. That was all. Other wheels out of the works another time. The bassoon and the horn have medium notes

which are remarkably similar in sound, so that one may easily be mistaken for the other; but they have high and low tones that are unmistakably individual. Somewhere along in their middle registers they make a remarkably pleasing blend.

Educational illustrations and discussions form a part of the Youth Concerts scheme of things; and then, questions arise around a concert hall and come up for answer, just as they do in school. Take the showbill on the outside of the Symphony Hall portal, detailing in big letters what will be performed on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Here is a strange composer, named Enigma, whose Andante Variations stand announced, to give pause to passers-by. The older of such youths as had their attention caught by the advertisement no doubt quickly figured out what was the matter. Younger ones perhaps waited for their teacher to tell them tomorrow.

At any rate, we want to be at home with music; and there are musicians who make us feel that way, we hardly know how. One of the sort seems to be Jacobus Langendoen, the cello player, who was soloist yesterday, taking part in a presentation of music that Saint-Saëns in his fluent way wrote for violoncello and orchestra. Possibly it was the composer as much as the interpreter that excited the applause. But certainly the impression made was a friendly one and Mr. Langendoen had to come out a couple of times or more from backstage and make a bow.

The big work of the day was the Beethoven Fifth Symphony, at the opening; and the little one the Ponchielli "Dance of the Hours," at the closing. As seems so often to happen, the little one excelled in charm.

W. P. T.

Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra again is host to Sir Adrian Boult. The distinguished conductor of London's BBC Orchestra, who had been guest here in 1935, made the first Symphony Hall appearance of his present visit yesterday afternoon. He was cordially received by the

Friday audience who took evident pleasure in his prevailingly English program and the performance of it.

There were two items new to Boston: John Ireland's "The Forgotten Rite" and A Threnody for a Soldier Killed in Action, assembled and orchestrated by Anthony Collins from sketches and notes left by Michael Heming. The other music was Elgar's "Enigma" Variations and the First Symphony of Brahms.

Although neither of the new pieces was exceptional, it was pleasant to hear them. The music of Ireland, composed in 1913, is in idiom and spirit completely identified with that lush period in the art that preceded the first World War. "The Forgotten Rite" is minor in all respects, in its heavy indebtedness to French Impressionism, in its dependence upon the device known as the sequence, and in its journeyman orchestration. It is all very pleasant and it has color, but it is diffuse and obscure.

No one knows what Michael Heming might have contributed to music had he not been killed, at the age of 22, in the decisive battle of El Alamein in 1942. He had studied music in England just before the war and he evidently wanted to be both composer and conductor. It is ironic that his own sketches should prove to be his memorial. How much of the music is Heming and how much Collins I do not know. But it is evident that the work is solid, of definite and sustained mood and is neither radical nor conservative.

Elgar's "Enigma" Variations once again were absorbing, and in the "Ysobel," "Nimrod" and "Dorabella" variations, of tender sentiment. Sir Adrian, who is a sound and discerning rather than an exciting interpreter, read them well. It was an orderly, clear and balanced performance, not overdone in polish and refinement and certainly not given to exaggeration in any respect. And yet, in such variations as "Troyte," "R. P. A." and "E. D. U."—the one that characterizes Edgar himself—there was effective tension.

Brahms' First Symphony has been played so often by Mr. Koussevitzky as closing piece in the Spring, that I almost expected to find green the first movement without diminishing either its power or momentum. The andante "sang" beautifully, and the little allegretto that fills the place of a scherzo, was charming. The finale, I thought, could have been broadened in such climactic measures as the final statement of the chorale-like tune, and elsewhere. This movement was not read so forcefully as the first.

It is good to have Sir Adrian with us again. He will preside at Symphony Hall through the coming two weeks.

Sir Adrian Boult Discusses Some Works He Will Present

By Winthrop P. Tryon

"We can't give an orchestral concert in London but it is sold out, no matter how big the hall," said Sir Adrian Boult, who is conducting the Boston Symphony for a short winter term in place of Dr. Koussevitzky. "We kept going through the war, too, though on a reduced plan of manpower. The British Broadcasting Corporation Orchestra, for example, which had 120 men before the war, shrank to 90 at once, when the 30 youngest went. It still numbers 90, though only 49 of the original membership remain."

1-17-46 *monit*
"Is English composing active? Yes, indeed; and not staying in the past either. The D major Symphony of Vaughan Williams is something prophetic. It looks ahead to what the world will be. The music, I regret to say, is not in shape to be carried around. It is in manuscript and is being printed now, though tardily. I wish I could have brought it with me."

If Sir Adrian cannot make his Boston audiences acquainted with the Vaughan Williams of today, or of tomorrow, as he prefers to say, he can give them a brushing up on the Vaughan Williams of yesterday in a work dating back some dozen years, yet new to Boston—the "Job" Masque for Dancing, based on the pictures of William Blake. "Job," consisting of nine orchestral scenes, is down on the programs of Jan. 25 and 26, and it will be the most like an important novelty, doubtless, of anything he will bring to Bostonian notice.

It may not be the British work, however, of chief distinction and acclaim that he carries in his present portfolio. That will perhaps be "The Planets" of Holst, down on the programs of Feb. 1 and 2. He is performing all seven of the pieces, moreover, that com-

prise the Suite, if that is how it should be denominated. "System" might be a fair inclusive term for them, comprising Mars, Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

As for the week at hand, concerts of tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, Sir Adrian is submitting to the attention of the Boston Symphony subscribers a couple of small works—one a two-year-old effort of the British composer, Anthony Collins, entitled "A Threnody for a Soldier Killed in Action"; and besides that, a piece which Sir Adrian said had been much performed before British audiences—late, however, getting heard in Boston. This is John Ireland's "The Forgotten Rite," dating just after World War I. There exists a well-remembered "Rite of Spring," by Stravinsky, dating immediately before that war. "Rite," it may be recalled, was something of a word back there in its decade.

Regarding the Threnody, it is a score of but 15 pages, which must mean, though in general it is an Andante, but a brief time for performance. In sentiment, it would seem to be much on the brooding, possibly mystic, order, as though the composer were following in the footsteps of Delius. There seem to be a number of instrumental effects that emphasize the mood of solemnity and that sustain the feeling of lament. It may prove on hearing to be a succession of sobs and outcries, rather than a continuous communication. Possibly music had as well be that way once in a while, instead of always being in some so-called form, with theme, counter-theme, development, and summary.

On the matter of "The Forgotten Rite," John Ireland, its composer, always speaks with a purpose; and as a rule some original

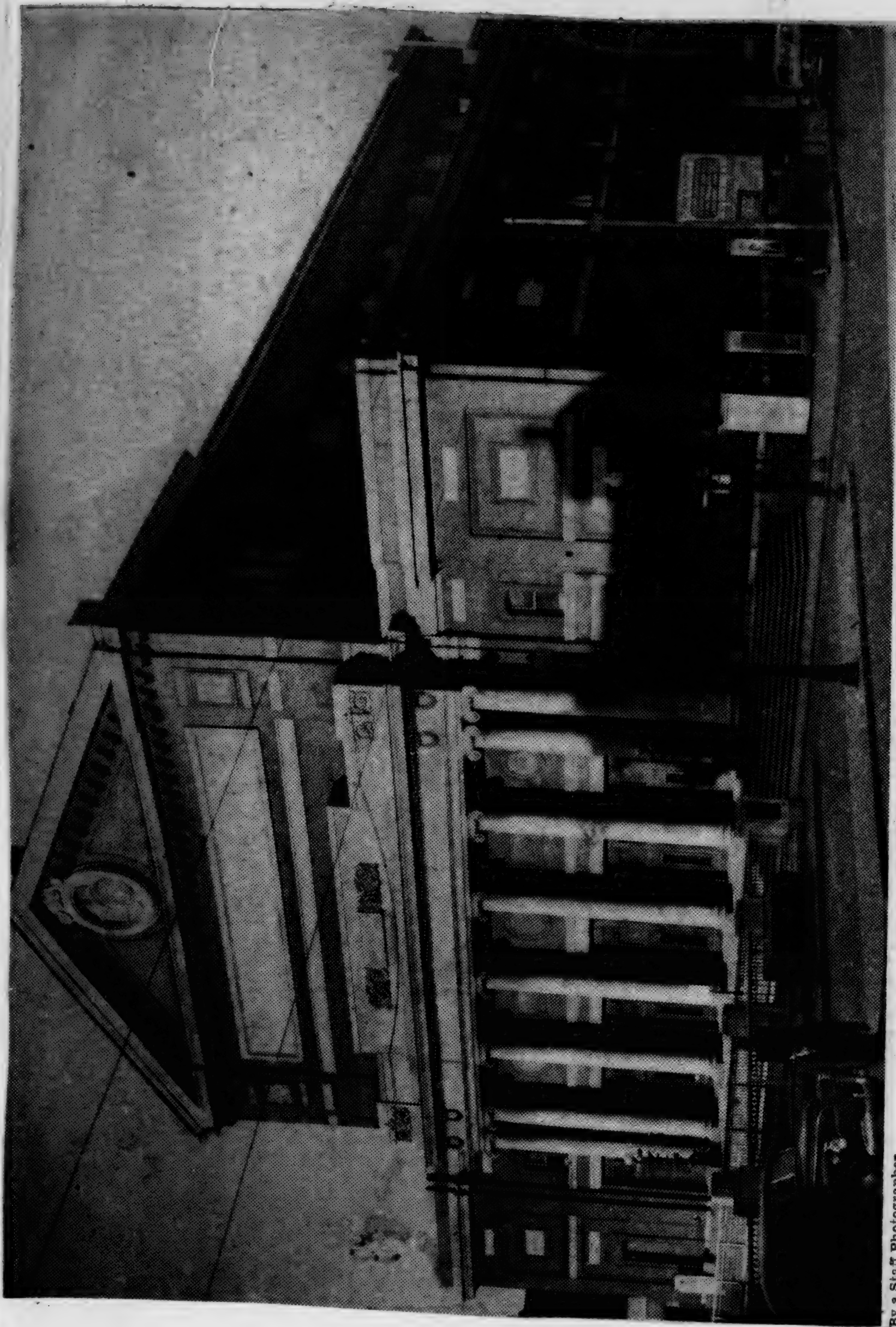
touch or other may be expected, whether the work be chamber music or something symphonic. There open out in the score 19 pages of lucid orchestration and along toward the close come a couple of distant and faraway momentary melodies for clarinet and for French horn. Both should be impressive, and that for the horn might be so memorable as to establish the piece in the repertory. The sound (as it reads) is unusual and is far over on the poetical side. You hear the same voice, or one like it, in the modulations and cadences of the stanzas of Edmund Spenser's "Faerie Queene" now and then. You hardly need to be told that you are listening to music of English descent.



Harold Stein

Sir Adrian Boult

Guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra



By a Staff Photographer

First stop in the United Nations Organization Inspection Group tour today of possible Boston sites for temporary housing of the UNO was Symphony Hall, home of the world-famous Boston Sym-

phony Orchestra. The city's interim facilities for the UNO are one of the strong points in Massachusetts' case as a prospective home for the UNO permanent headquarters.

Assembly Shift To Hub Looms In Two Months

By Donald O. J. Messenger

Staff Writer of
The Christian Science Monitor

Inspection of Boston's facilities for housing the United Nations Organization during the four to five years when permanent headquarters will be constructed began today when the seven-member UNO Inspection Group, headed by Dr. Stoyan Gavrilovic of Yugoslavia, visited Symphony Hall.

The home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would be used for UNO assembly meetings during the interim period. Its availability has been one of the strong points in Massachusetts' case as a prospective site for the UNO headquarters.

Today's tour started from the Hotel Statler, with the Inspection Group and newspapermen being loaded into special busses for the trip which will include examination of hotel facilities and possible sites for housing the UNO Secretariat during the construction of permanent headquarters buildings.

The Inspection Group was met by George E. Judd, Manager of the Boston Symphony, who conducted the members through the building.

As the delegates arrived Sir Adrian Boult, conductor of the British Broadcasting Corporation Symphony Orchestra and present guest conductor of the B. S. O., was preparing to rehearse the Boston orchestra.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

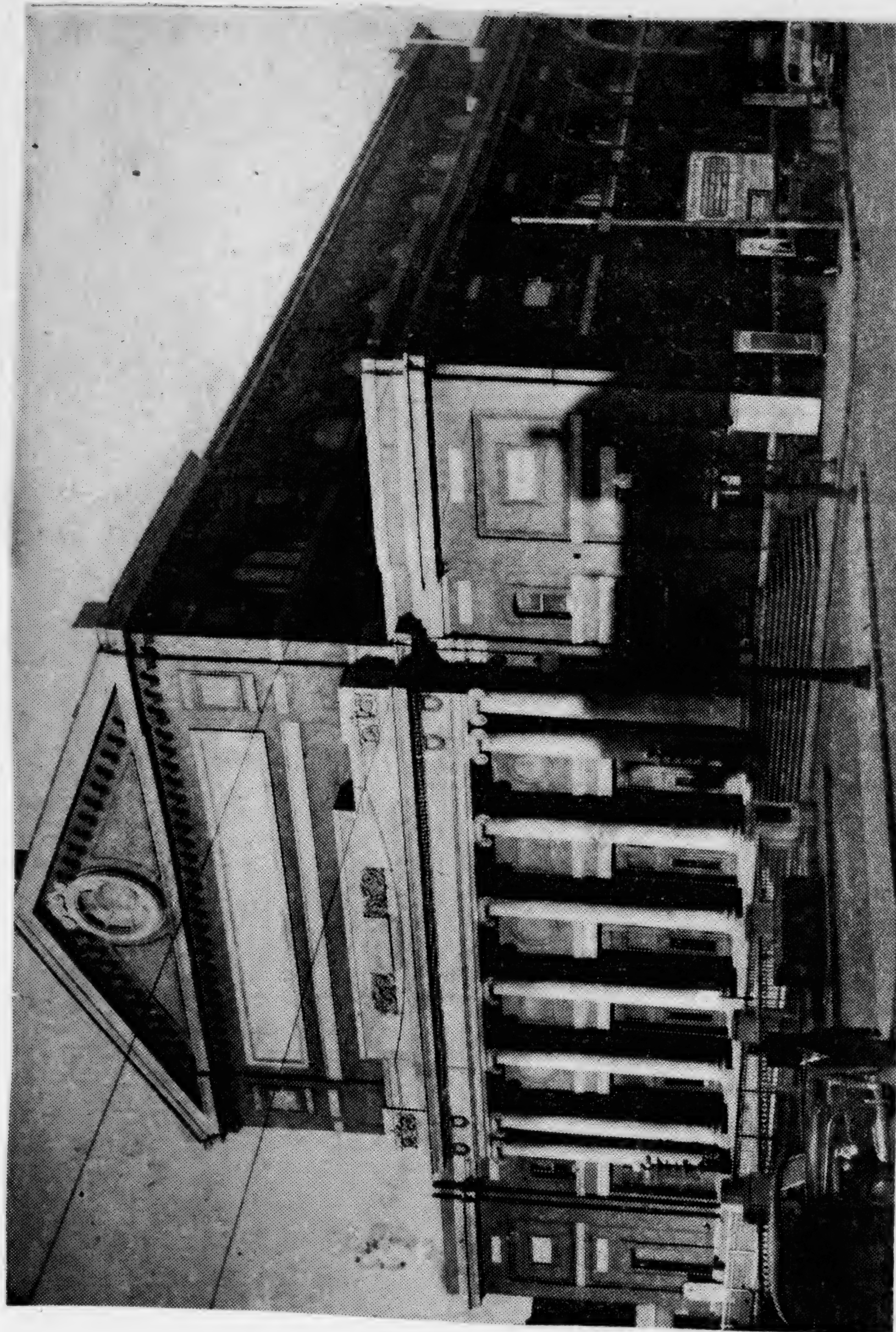
The Boston Symphony Orchestra's three weeks course in English music, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult, began yesterday afternoon. This first lesson was not especially profitable. Of the three items presented, John Ireland's "The Forgotten Rite," Elgar's "Enigma" Variations and Anthony Collins' "Threnody for a Soldier Killed in Action; based on fragments left by Michael Heming (1920-1942), killed in action at El Alamein," only the Elgar was known here, though the last previous performance, directed by Sir Henry Wood, took place 16 years ago. Among British composers, John Ireland is a distinctly minor figure and this particular work, composed in 1913, sounds today old-fashioned, outmoded and derivative. Far better to have heard something from contemporary England.

The Heming-Collins number is contemporary, of course, but however agreeable, these fragments left by a composer cut down at a tragically early age are slight and bear no clear impress of personality. Mr. Collins has put them together skilfully, and there was just enough of modernity about the piece to make it welcome after the amiable vagueness of Ireland and the prevailing stodginess of Elgar. 1-19-46

Ernest Newman is forever saying that only the English can conduct Elgar, only they can appreciate him. This reviewer has heard not only Wood's version of the "Enigma," but also Beecham's, and found them persuasive. And so was that of Dr. Koussevitzky, when he gave us the Variations in 1927. And so, for that matter, is Toscanini's. Sir Adrian, it seemed, was unduly prone to let the music speak for itself, and, for the most part, that is something that it can no longer do very eloquently. The 9th and 10th Variations "Nimrod" and "Dorabella," are good to hear always. The rest are up and down, while the end comes close to vulgarity. The masterly construction of the work, the effective orchestration no one, of course, can deny.

Some of us have long suspected that Dr. Koussevitzky makes the Brahms symphonies sound better than they are.

Sir Adrian let us know just how dull No. 1 really is. However, since we have to hear it every year, it was interesting to have a different approach. And now it is out of the way until another season!



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SIR ADRIAN BOULT

Conducting Boston Symphony Orchestra
Distinguished Englishman Wins Favor

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE answer is, of course, that they have been at it for centuries, but it occasionally seems very odd that the English can be so self-sufficient musically while we import, or have imported, most of our conductors and a large proportion of our orchestral players. Not only does England get along very well with the home-grown product, it is also in a position to export it. 1-20-46 P.S.

Consider the English conductors who have been here with recent years: Sir Thomas Beecham, the late Sir Henry Wood, the Irish-born Sir Hamilton Harty, also deceased, John Barbirolli and Sir Adrian Boult of the BBC orchestra, now officiating at Symphony Hall. Yet another Britisher, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, has been in New York this season as one of the conductors of the NBC symphony.

Well, Rome wasn't made in a day, and we are making progress in that direction. Karl Krueger, Howard Barlow, Ernst Hoffman, Leonard Bernstein and Werner Janssen have all made their mark and there are new men coming along all the time. We even have as much claim on Stokowski as does England, since he began his sensational career after he had become established in this country.

Of these Englishmen, we of Boston know best Sir Thomas Beecham, since we have heard him both in concert and in opera. Nevertheless, he

conducted only one pair of Symphony concerts, and the same is true of Henry Wood, while Harty made his sole local appearance at the Pops. Sir Adrian conducted two pairs of concerts when he was here in 1935 and now he is doing three.

No mere specialist in British music is Sir Adrian. We gratefully recall his performance of the Schubert C major Symphony, 11 years ago. At the concerts of last week he gave us the C minor Symphony of Brahms, a performance, however, that had not been heard at the time these comments were set down.

Speaking of Boult and Brahms, this department was the recipient not long ago of a handsome brochure entitled "Music in Our Town" (The Story of a Civic Hall). The author is L. B. Duckworth and the "town," Wolverhampton. In the chapter "Some Conductors" there occurs the following: "'Reliable' is the adjective which comes first into my mind when I think of Boult. One does not expect electrifying performances from orchestras he conducts, but one can safely anticipate sound ones, as faithful to the composer's intentions as he can make them, according to his lights. I hate speaking or writing of So-and-So's Beethoven or Such-and-Such's Wagner, but one may, without lauding the conductor at the expense of the composer, speak and write of Boult's Brahms, for he must rank among the world's best interpreters of that composer's works. Boult, if I may say so without disrespect, is somewhat stolidly English as Brahms was somewhat stolidly German, and the temperamental affinity between them seems to serve to bring out the best in the music."

English Novelties Offered By Distinguished Visitor

By L. A. Sloper

Sir Adrian Boult is the distinguished guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the last three weeks of January. He is no stranger to the town, for he was here in the same capacity 11 years ago, and his return is very welcome. He was received with the greatest cordiality at his first Symphony Hall concert, on Jan. 18. 1-19-46 Munit

As before, he appeared, and quite properly, as an ambassador of musical good will between the two largest English-speaking nations. In this capacity, he gave the first Boston performances of two contemporary English works, and revived Elgar's "Enigma" Variations. The novelties were John Ireland's Prelude, "The Forgotten Rite," and Anthony Collins' "Threnody for a Soldier Killed in Action." Brahms' First Symphony completed the program.

The British style in music, like the British foreign policy, is notable for its continuity. It is representative of the fine traits of the British character. It has a strong foundation, warmth with reserve, a controlled sentiment, a dignified lyricism, an Apollonian restraint. It does not lend itself readily to passionate expression, but it has sturdiness, charm, and a genuine emotional content without extravagance.

Consider, for example, the contrast between the "Rite" of John Ireland and that of Stravinsky. The Russian assails the ear with horrendous sounds and with violent rhythms. Although the Englishman is writing about the same subject, his form is simple, his

melodic line pure, his harmonic scheme conservative, his dynamics gentle. Regarded superficially, his score looks pale and even bloodless beside the noisy "Sacre." Edwin Evans was right when he said that Ireland lacks showmanship—a quality that no one will deny Stravinsky has.

But music does not consist of size and noise alone. For a listener with an ear attuned to the subtler beauties of the art, this score of Ireland's will have a strong appeal. Instead of frenzy, it evokes nostalgia, instead of violence, reflection. In the absence of any first-hand testimony about prehistoric times, we may perhaps assume that Stravinsky's record is the more realistic, so far as concerns the upheavals of nature and the delirium of primitive man. But there was something above the beast in man's nature, and Ireland has captured and revealed this human aspiration in exquisite form. This music will never cause rioting, but I think it has a good chance of survival, at least in the land of Purcell, Byrd and Morley.

Collins' "Threnody" is based on musical sketches left by Michael Heming, killed in action at El Alamein. A legend has already grown up about what happened. As the program book tells us, the fragments were shown by Michael Heming's father to John Barbirolli, who sent them to Mr. Collins, an orchestral player and conductor. Mr. Collins, however, was in the United States, in fact in Hollywood, writing for the films, and this score was first played over the radio, and its history described on the air in a "March of Time" sequence.

This background may perhaps

explain why the music lacks conviction. It sounds like the score of an orchestral musician whose memory is naturally filled with relative material, but who has not had the creative imagination to use the material to valid artistic purpose. This is technical manufacture without inspiration, and therefore it cannot communicate the grief or the hope inherent in the subject matter.

Elgar's "Enigma" Variations are regarded by many people in America as his best work. Certainly they have the Englishness that one expects of him. Those who do not know the subjects of his sketches can hardly appreciate the characterization, but fortunately for us the music is interesting as music. It is lyrical, it is humorous, and it is brilliantly orchestrated. Sir Adrian played it *con amore*.

On his previous visit Sir Adrian gave us the most delightfully songful performance of the Schubert C major Symphony that I have ever heard. With Brahms he was less successful. He was straightforward, competent, faithful to the letter of the score; and the result, except for the last half of the last movement when everything seemed to wake up, was dull. The interpretation was literal, and the director failed to penetrate below the surface of the score.



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Sir Adrian Boult

Guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the last three weeks of January.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Fourteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 25, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, at 8:30 o'clock

SIR ADRIAN BOULT *Conducting*

WALTON....."Scapino," A Comedy Overture
(First performance in Boston)

HAYDN.....Symphony in D major, No. 86

- I. Adagio: Allegro spiritoso
- II. Capriccio: Largo
- III. Minuetto
- IV. Finale

INTERMISSION

PURCELL.....Trumpet Tune and Air
(Arranged by Leslie Woodgate)

Trumpet Solo: GEORGES MAGER
(First performance in Boston)

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.....Job: A Masque for Dancing (in nine scenes), founded on Blake's Illustrations to The Book of Job

- Scene I. Introduction — Pastoral Dance — Saraband of the Sons of God
- Scene II. Satan's Dance of Triumph
- Scene III. Minuet of the Sons and Daughters of Job
- Scene IV. { Job's Dream — Dance of Plague, Pestilence, Famine and Battle
- Scene V. { Dance of the Messengers
- Scene VI. { Dance of Job's Comforters — Job's Curse — A Vision of Satan
- Scene VII. { Elihu's Dance of Youth and Beauty — Pavane of the Heavenly Host
- Scene VIII. { Galliard of the Sons of the Morning; Altar Dance and Heavenly Pavane
- Scene IX. { Epilogue

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Scene IX. { Epilogue
(First performance in Boston)

Symphony Concert

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The 14th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
 "Scapino," a Comedy Overture... Walton
 Symphony in D major No. 86... Haydn
 Trumpet Tune and Air, arranged by Leslie Woodgate Purcell
 "Job: A Masque for Dancing" Vaughan Williams

This concert began better than it ended. Walton's is probably the freshest and most vigorous talent in England today. His "Scapino" Overture is brisk, bustling and witty music. It is thoroughly alive and very easy to enjoy even at a first hearing. I should think it would make fairly regular appearances on orchestral programs. This attractive new piece was followed by one of those Haydn symphonies which abound in happy and original turns of invention. It was an unalloyed delight. Sir Adrian conducted it with reduced orchestra, a beautifully neat and clean performance.

Purcell's Trumpet Tune and Air turned out to be a short and cheerful piece arranged for orchestra from a book of harpsichord pieces. Mr. Mager, the veteran trumpeter of the Boston Symphony, acquitted himself admirably and was singled out by Sir Adrian for special applause.

Vaughan Williams as a composer has never greatly thrilled me, which I am free to admit is very possibly an aesthetic deficiency. I cannot bring myself to string along with the late Lawrence Gilman who went completely overboard over this "Job" music to the extent of writing two lengthy and ecstatic reviews in the daily Herald Tribune on it when it was played 10 years ago. On the other hand I have a higher opinion of Vaughan Williams than had A. E. Housman. An officious friend played him some records of Vaughan Williams' settings of some of his verses and was obliged to report: "I was oblivious of the effect until two of them had been played, and then turning in my chair I beheld a face wrought and flushed with torment, a figure tense and bolt upright as though in an extremity of controlling pain or anger, or both."

There are fine and imaginative passages in these depictions of the Blake illustrations to the Book of Job. There are many pages of evocative beauty. But equally there are monotonous pages. Some of the scenes seem to have been extended merely to fit the action on the stage. A little of the music sounds trite. It is in no sense a difficult score to grasp at a first hearing, for Vaughan Williams is no Berg or Bartok. In fact I found it hard to keep my attention from wandering. It is possible that the composer's lack of rhythmic vitality is the reason for this, for one expects that quality in music designed for the dance. Whatever the cause, I was disappointed in the work as a whole.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Sir Adrian will conduct Bax's "Tintagel," Mozart's Symphony in D major known as the "Prague" and Holst's "The Planets."

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Sir Adrian Boult introduced three English scores to this city at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. They are William Walton's Comedy Overture, "Scapino," a Trumpet Tune and Air of Henry Purcell as orchestrated by Leslie Woodgate and Vaughan Williams' "Job: A Masque for Dancing." Haydn's D major Symphony, No. 86, completed the program.

In general it must be confessed that this list offered more in prospect that it gave in actual performance. Somehow, the afternoon was dullish apart from Walton's turbulent and engrossing Overture. The orchestral tone oftentimes was dry.

While Sir Adrian's conducting exhibited its usual precise care and good taste, there was little in the way of high feeling or excitement. The Haydn Symphony, one of the Paris series, went very clearly and in admirable style, but here as elsewhere the performance was such as to make you listen analytically rather than be moved emotionally.

"Job: A Masque for Dancing," is a sort of allegorical ballet, composed in 1930. It is an earnest and well-wrought score whose delineative ideas were founded on the engravings that William Blake made as illustrations for the Old Testament Book of Job. It is, consequently, music of the theatre and yet music of faith and affirmation.

In a way, the "Job" music shows a somewhat different side of Williams than you find in the "London" or "Pastoral" symphonies or in the Thomas Tallis Fantasia. It means a good deal, the texture is alternately smooth and bristly with the penetrating harmonic effects derived from sophisticated counterpoint. And yet in its consistent use of modal cadences and other archaic effects, the "Job" music is unmistakably in the familiar manner of earlier scores by Vaughan Williams.

I suspect that "Job" would be much more effective with stage spectacle than it is as pure concert music. The score by itself seems long and diffuse and too much of the same thing. There are, nevertheless, memorable pages, such as Satan's ascent of God's Throne, the serene naivete of the Pavane of the Sons of the Morning and the contemplative epilogue.

As for Purcell's Trumpet Tune and Air—whose solo was excellently played by Georges Mager—it is amazing. Leslie Woodgate, choral director for the B. B. C., laid violent hands upon a pair of innocent harpsichord pieces, toggled them out in full orchestral dress, with organ added for extra measure, and set them adrift in the world. In this version they sound like a long fanfare for the opening of Parliament or a processional to Westminster Abbey.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The best thing to do is to forget all about last week's pair of Symphony Concerts, which suffered from both program and performance trouble. This week things are very different. Sir Adrian Boult has now become adjusted. On the current list is no hackneyed classic. The nearest approach to it is Haydn's delightful Symphony in D major, No. 86, which has had but three previous hearings at Symphony Hall. An even more venerable composer, Henry Purcell, is represented by a Trumpet Tune and Air, harpsichord pieces arranged for full orchestra by Leslie Woodgate.

Otherwise, Sir Adrian's second program offers music by two more English composers, both of them contemporary and likewise novelties hereabouts: Walton's Comedy Overture, "Scapino," and Vaughan Williams' "Job: A Masque for Dancing" (in nine scenes), founded on Blake's illustrations to The Book of Job.

On the whole, "Job" proved a rewarding experience, for which we are grateful to the guest conductor, who showed a bit of courage in offering it. Technically this music, first heard in 1930, is anything but formidable. However, it is one of those works that must be listened to with the program notes in hand, since the music is frankly illustrative of scene and action and might prove a bit incoherent if these are neither witnessed nor imagined. In the course of nearly 50 minutes the sonorities, often on the plushy side, become a little cloying, though there are relieving episodes more lightly scored. In the end, however, you feel that matters both weighty and mysterious have been quite adequately translated into tone and that the deed was no mean accomplishment.

To sum up the rest in a word or two, Walton's Overture is gay, saucy and tuneful. Set forth by only 40 players, the Haydn Symphony was a joy and greatly excited the audience. The hearty music of Purcell was good to hear and Mr. Mager handled the trumpet solo finely. All four performances were top-notch.

'Masque for Dancing' Has First Boston Performance

By L. A. Sloper

The British musical tradition was emphasized again in Sir Adrian Boult's program for the fourteenth pair of Boston Symphony concerts, the first of which was given in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Three British pieces were performed for the first time in Boston: Walton's "Scapino" Overture, Purcell's Trumpet Tune and Air as arranged by Leslie Woodgate, and Vaughan Williams' "Job: A Masque for Dancing," founded on Blake's Illustrations to The Book of Job. The other item on the list was Haydn's Symphony in D major, No. 86.

William Walton's Comedy Overture, "Scapino," was written about a character of the "Commedia dell'arte," but like his "Portsmouth Point" Overture it is Hogarthian in spirit and style; lively, noisy, and perhaps over-orchestrated. Purcell's Trumpet Tune and Air and Woodgate's arrangement of it are faithful to the memory of the seventeenth century and the pomp and circumstance of the Stuart period.

Vaughan Williams' "Job" is representative of other and simpler English traits which have their roots deep in English history, traits of the people themselves, their sturdiness of character and their devotional fervor. Ralph Vaughan Williams is the chief musical spokesman in modern times for this tradition. His use of the modal style is singularly suited to the expression of this spirit, and particularly to the tonal picturing of William Blake's Illustrations to The Book of Job.

This score was written to accompany a dance presentation, and such performances have been given in London and New York. Often, music written for use in

the theater loses its meaning and its appeal in the concert hall. Not so with this work, which makes a powerful impression both as a musical embodiment of Blake's engravings and as music. Not only the harmonies but the musical material and the contrapuntal texture engage and hold the attention.

Especially moving are the Introduction, with the Pastoral Dance and Saraband of the Sons of God; the Minuet of the Sons and Daughters of Job, Job's Dream, Elihu's Dance of Youth and Beauty, the Pavane of the Heavenly Host, the Galliard of the Sons of the Morning, the Altar Dance and Heavenly Pavane, and the Epilogue. The score is not of equal value throughout. Satan's Dance of Triumph, for example, and some of the other measures descriptive of violence, are theatrical. But the total effect is eloquent.

Since Dr. Koussevitzky, by report, feels little affinity to the music of Vaughan Williams, we are fortunate to hear this score from Sir Adrian, to whom the composer dedicated it. He secured a magnificent performance, making full

use of the willing co-operation of the superb orchestra.

Sir Adrian also gave great pleasure to his audience with the Haydn Symphony in D major, which he played with an orchestra reduced to chamber size, to the benefit of the music. Haydn differs from most composers in never having written anything that wasn't good, but this symphony taken as a whole is not one of his best efforts. The first movement is not of plenary inspiration, and the Capriccio could be more enchanting; but the Trio of the Minuetto has charm and the Finale is a swiftly variegated delight, Mozartean in flavor. Sir Adrian gave it the right style, and the orchestra played it with a marvelous unanimity and expressiveness.

Sir Adrian Boult to Present Bax's Tone Poem of Cornwall

By Winthrop P. Tryon

For the third week of British music at the Symphony Concerts, Sir Adrian Boult conducting, a novelty of overture dimensions, "Tintagel" (second syllable as if "taj," and stressed), by Arnold Bax, comes to town. Not that the piece is anything like new to the world; but, like several other things Sir Adrian has offered while incumbent in the Symphony directorship, it has been unheard hitherto at these concerts. A look at the score—open it anywhere—calls to perception a composer who knows a great deal about music; and one who has such mastery of it that he can express his thoughts and reveal his feelings in sound the same as a practiced versifier is able to express his in lines and stanzas, or a painter his through agency of colors.

Bax, accordingly, should be the very type to produce a tone picture, or as we more commonly say, a symphonic poem; and that is just what his "Tintagel," by a prefatory note of his own, happens to be. The work is not, indeed, divided into scenes and episodes; but in a general way it describes a view of land and sea and sky. Nor does it portray personages; yet it does associate itself with such figures of English legend as King Arthur and Tristan and Iseult.

Inasmuch, then, as the piece is an avowed description of a guide-book locality and a meditation on characters of ancient lore, perhaps the public will do well to ponder on any program annotations that may be provided for the concerts of tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. If, forsooth,

sound, there seems to be a considerable piling up of effect. The players at times seem over-busy. The music could imaginably get lost here and there in its own noise.

That, however, only hints at what conductors have to do with a work to bring it under control and to secure orchestral balance and proportion. It indicates, that is to say, what they have to do to tame a score and make it fit for company. Naturally enough, Sir Adrian for his part knows how he desires every page of the Bax work to go. He is obliged, however, to convey his ideas in very brief time to executants who are unaccustomed to the British style and most of whom know Cornwall only through Wagner and are acquainted with Tristram and Iseult only under the names of Tristan and Isolde.

When all is tallied up, listeners have much, if not almost everything, to do with outcomes; and possibly an audience of a particular susceptibility may hear better than performers play, and may catch the purpose of a composer even better than he himself puts it down on the ruled paper. In any event, to say the worst about

the score of "Tintagel," it does look somewhat overwritten, as though the composer knew more about music, if no contradiction is involved in the remark, than he knew about the operation of that 100-man ensemble we know as the modern orchestra.



Martha Burnham

Sir Adrian Boult

Rehearsal sketch of the guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who conducts his final concerts this week. 1-28-46

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Fifteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 1, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2, at 8:30 o'clock

SIR ADRIAN BOULT *Conducting*

BAX "Tintagel"
(First performance at these concerts)

MOZART.....Symphony in D major, "Prague,"
No. 38 (Köchel No. 504)
I. Adagio; Allegro
II. Andante
III. Finale: presto

INTERMISSION

HOLST....."The Planets"
I. Mars, the Bringer of War
II. Venus, the Bringer of Peace
III. Mercury, the Winged Messenger
IV. Jupiter, the Bringer of Jollity
V. Saturn, the Bringer of Old Age
VI. Uranus, the Magician
VII. Neptune, the Mystic
(Chorus of women's voices, trained by ARTHUR FIEDLER)



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SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
 By CYRUS DURGIN

The Boston Symphony concerts of yesterday afternoon and tonight are the last in the current visit of our distinguished guest conductor from England, Sir Adrian Boult. His program consists of the tone poem "Tintagel," by Sir Arnold Bax, which had not been done at these concerts before; the "Prague" Symphony (K. 504) of Mozart, and "The Planets" by Gustav Holst.

The performances yesterday were the finest I have heard from Sir Adrian Boult during this visit. The orchestra in the large scorings of Bax and Holst sounded richer, more luminous and with more freedom and poise. There was a clear, admirably styled and consistently maintained "line" in the rarely-done Symphony of Mozart which, as with the Haydn Symphony of last week, was played by a much reduced orchestra that had only two double-basses by way of foundation.

The "Prague" Symphony was vigorously performed, too, but with no loss of delicacy where that was required and without any broadening of the essential Mozart style. Sir Adrian had his own firm convictions about orchestral performance of Mozart and they are sound convictions, although it did seem that for this particular symphony there safely could have been more strings. That, however, is a matter of individual choice.

Arnold Bax no doubt is a minor figure among composers of this century, and the neo-Romantic bias of such music as "Tintagel" puts a certain curse of "old-fashioned" upon him in the minds of rigorously modern people. Yet we could hear more of Bax if only for the sake of the delectable sounds he produces. "Tintagel," a vague evocation of the "castle-crowned cliff of Tintagel" on the English coast of Cornwall, communicates no message beyond that of romantic musings upon a magnificent stretch of scenery. Its mood, however, is pleasant and its interplay of orchestral color highly attractive.

In "The Planets," that prodigious collection of seven tone poems about the astrological significance of seven of the eight major planets, are some of the finest and most imaginative pages of early 20th Century music. Holst's talent is not one to be taken lightly. His writing was at once bold and sensitive, and it had an uncommon power of characterization.

There is vivid differentiation between the ugly clamor of Mars, the analgesic beauty of Venus, the hearty fun of Jupiter, the winged scherzo rhythms of Mercury, the deep understanding—both sad and valorous—of Saturn, and the fantasy of Uranus, which might be an evocation of "The Tempest." Neptune, with its other-worldly chorus of women's voices and its enigmatic finish, is perhaps the most ambitious, imaginatively, and the most elusive to comprehend.

Yet "The Planets" does go on and on until, as my perceptive friend in O-32 remarked, one is inclined to beg "Holst! Enough!" But "The Planets" was written at a time when length commanded more respect than it does now. "The Planets," and "Tintagel" also, drew from Sir Adrian more fire and intensity than has been customary with him before. He is always, nevertheless, a conductor of excellent taste and high technical skill. It has been a pleasure to have him again as guest.

Symphony Concert

The 15th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Sir Adrian Boult conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

"Tintagel" Bax
 Symphony in D major, "Prague," K 504 Mozart

"The Planets" Holst

It is positively astonishing that Holst's "Planets" has been left on the shelf since 1932. I venture to say that those of us who heard it then when the composer himself conducted have ever since remembered it, not in detail perhaps, but have treasured the impression of a modern masterpiece. For some reason, even in England, Holst has never been granted the full meed of praise that his contemporaries, Elgar, Delius and Vaughan-Wil-

liams, have received. His is actually, though, the most original talent that Britain produced in the 20th century. (It may be that Walton is another, but I am not familiar enough with his larger works to say.)

At any rate it is good that Sir Adrian wound up his three weeks' visit with the Boston Symphony by reviving this splendid and remarkable score. From its title and descriptive sub-titles it might be thought that "The Planets" was an example of modern romanticism. Nothing could be further from the truth. The music has varied emotional impacts, but the prevailing mood is certainly not romantic. Nor does it stem from established schools of musical style. There is the folk-song element in "Jupiter," a touch of Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" in "Uranus" and a hint of Debussy's "Sirenes" in "Neptune." But by and large "The Planets" is an eminently original masterpiece.

The seven movements are deftly contrasted, so that the listener gets something of the conventional first movement allegro, adagio, scherzo and finale. But there the resemblance ceases for Holst has his own emotional scheme to work out. Thus the work begins with the violence of "Mars" and ends with the cold and mystical "Neptune." There is not a dull or banal page in the whole score. Sir Adrian has, of course, a special interest in "The Planets," for he introduced them to the world. He lavished affectionate care on the performance yesterday and secured what can only be described as a triumph.

The concert began with an outmoded and not very interesting tone poem by Arnold Bax, "Tintagel." It was meant to evoke Cornwall and the sea and the Arthurian legends which cling around that coast. But the power of evocation which the music may once have had, has departed, very likely forever. The tone poem starts well, but soon loses itself in a succession of clichés of the so-called impressionist period.

Mozart's enchanting Prague Symphony brought us happily out of the Bax doldrums. The slow movement is one of those curiously "modern"

pieces that Mozart occasionally produced. I have always also suspected that Prokofiev got some of the ideas for his Classical Symphony out of the finale. Sir Adrian chose to perform the Symphony with a greatly reduced orchestra. This worked admirably in the finale, but the first two movements are not such delicate flowers that they cannot stand a bit larger orchestra. Perhaps this is to cavil too much, for the Symphony was beautifully played and utterly captivating to hear.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky returns to his post and will offer us Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and Tchaikovsky's Pathe-

Bax's 'Tintagel,' Holst's 'Planets'

By L. A. Sloper

Sir Adrian Boult brings to a close his guest tenancy of the Boston Symphony podium with this week's concert, the fifteenth pair of the season. His program consists of Bax's tone poem, "Tintagel," Mozart's Symphony in D major, No. 38 (Prague), and Holst's "The Planets."

In his three weeks in Boston Sir Adrian has played eight English works, of which six are frankly programmatic, and the other two are a Trumpet Air and a Threnody. His "absolute" symphonic works have come from Brahms, Haydn and Mozart. The English genius lends itself to "literary" music, but is not confined by it, and I think British music would have been more justly represented if at least one symphony or concerto had been included.

Nevertheless, Sir Adrian has given us some interesting programs and some fine performances. His mastery of the orchestra and of his scores is complete, he is a sound musician and an able interpreter, clearly more concerned with the musical results than with any personal success. He has been especially happy in his readings of Haydn and Mozart. Yesterday he again reduced his orchestra to a chamber ensemble for the "Prague" Symphony, and gave it a reading of unsurpassed clarity, with a particularly vivid delivery of the lively, varied and so Mozartean Finale.

Bax's "Tintagel" was played yesterday for the first time "at these concerts." Here the "unreformed poet," as Lawrence Gilman called him, is in his Celtic twi-

light mood. Yet after a beginning of delicate tone painting he comes out of the mists with some very realistic-sounding and rather noisy passages. Unfortunately for him, the Tristan legend has been much better told in music, and if we needed a less Teutonic account we have already had it, or its Latin equivalent, from Debussy.

Holst's "Planets" had been performed twice before by the Boston orchestra, once under Mr. Monteux and then, 14 years ago, under the baton of the composer himself. The piece has not worn well in the last decade and a half. It is well made and brilliantly orchestrated, but it suffers from the same circumstances which affect "Tintagel" adversely. When it was written, Stravinsky had already surpassed the rhythmic shock of the Mars section, and Dukas the wit of "Uranus the Magician," and Prokofiev was soon to make Holst's dissonances sound like diatonic chords.

The years that have passed have accentuated these discrepancies. The parts that sound best now are those of gentler mien, like "Venus, the Bringer of Peace," "Saturn, the Bringer of Old Age," and "Neptune, the Mystic," although even here one is increasingly aware of prolixity. There is still a hearty, folkish flavor to "Jupiter, the Bringer of Jollity." But the ending of "Neptune," with women's voices fading out off-stage (yesterday in dubious intonation) does not now achieve the effect intended. *2:24 2:46 mm!*

The applause of the audience could have left Sir Adrian in no doubt of the regard in which he is held in Boston.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON

NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Sixteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 8, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 9, at 8:30 o'clock

- BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 6, in F major, *Op. 68*, "Pastoral"
- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country: Allegro ma non troppo
 - II. Scene by the brookside: Andante molto moto
 - III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro; in tempo d'allegro; Thunderstorm; Tempest: Allegro
 - IV. Shepherd's Song: Gladsome and thankful feelings after the storm: Allegretto

INTERMISSION

- TCHAIKOVSKY.....Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathétique," *Op. 74*
- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
 - II. Allegro con grazia
 - III. Allegro molto vivace
 - IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

Bax's 'Tintagel,' Holst's 'Planets'

By L. A. Sloper

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INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathétique," *Op. 74*

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro con grazia
- III. Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

Dr. Koussevitzky Conducts Beethoven and Tchaikovsky

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky, back from his midwinter vacation of three weeks, received the customary warm welcome from the Friday subscribers yesterday afternoon. For the sixteenth program of the season he chose to present the "Pastorale" Symphony of Beethoven and the "Pathétique" of Tchaikovsky. 2-9-46 *omit*

On paper, of course, such a program does not look very stimulating to the habitual concertgoer. But in this matter of repertory symphonic masterpieces, as in the operatic repertory, all depends upon the performance. In the case of the "Pathétique," success is assured as soon as it is announced that Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct it, for there you have a work and an interpreter made for each other.

The case of the "Pastorale" is somewhat different. It does not automatically come to perfect life at the touch of the Boston conductor; but it has happened so. Of all the performances of this

work that I have heard, two stand out sharply in memory. One was by Toscanini, in New York, years ago. The other was by Koussevitzky, two seasons ago.

Yesterday's performance, I regret to say, did not leave quite the same impression. It was less lyrical, less unaffected, rather too much interpreted; a little too much was made of dynamic contrasts, and in the loud passages the tone was forced and unlovely.

Probably this was nobody's fault, neither conductor's nor players'. Those magnificent performances, such as that of October, 1943, are hardly more common than an entirely satisfactory presentation of your favorite opera. We have to be grateful for them when they come, and not repine too much when they are just missed. For they are never missed by much, not with such a conductor and such an orchestra as ours. The trouble is, once we've had them, we can't be satisfied with anything less good.

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Symphony Concert

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The 16th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 6 in F major, Op. 68, Beethoven
"Pastoral"
Symphony No. 6 in B minor, Op. 74, Tchaikovsky
"Pathétique"

Mr. Koussevitzky returned to his post in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon to conduct a program of music which has certainly not been gathering dust on the shelves in recent years. I don't know that it was quite cricket to our recollections of Sir Adrian Boult for Mr. Koussevitzky to come back full of zest and trot out two of the greatest war-horses in the symphonic repertoire. But at any rate that is what he did and naturally he reaped the full measure of applause from a delighted public.

The Beethoven Pastoral Symphony was most beautifully done. This it needs, for otherwise its discussion of country emotions can be long-winded. It must be played with the utmost freshness, as though it were being disclosed for the first time. Not every conductor can work this miracle, but it has always been one of Mr. Koussevitzky's virtues. Yesterday he recreated the Symphony in all its spring-like glory.

Having read Tchaikovsky's diaries it is easy to understand why he was so often in a mood of doleful dumps. In the French phrase he had a perpetual "cafard," or in the words of the British soldier he was continually "browned off." With the 6th Symphony he turned this melancholia to great artistic profit. The Symphony is, if you like, the ultimate in self-pity, but it is nonetheless a triumph of art. Tchaikovsky, it is safe to say at this distance, had enough of the scrupulous craftsman in him not to allow the intensity of the emotional feeling in his Symphony to get out of hand. 2-9-46 *omit*

The Pathetic Symphony yesterday was received with tremendous enthusiasm. We critics can sigh all we like about having to hear so much Tchaikovsky and Chopin, but there is no shadow of doubt of their

immense popular appeal. Nor is there as yet any sign that their vogue is waning. The symphony was given by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra a thoroughly dramatic reading. Here was no routine or humdrum performance but the "works," so to speak.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the Boston Symphony is out of town. The concerts of Feb. 22 and 23 will be conducted by Igor Stravinsky and will be devoted entirely to his works.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert was just what its three predecessors were not: a program made wholly of familiar music and brought to altogether remarkable performance. In other words, Dr. Koussevitzky was back on the job (he had already conducted last Monday) and for the occasion he had caparisoned two of his favorite war-horses, the "Pastoral" Symphony of Beethoven and Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique." 2-9-46 *omit*

This pairing of the two Sixth Symphonies was no new trick on Koussevitzky's part. It is an interesting study in symphonic contrasts. The two works are united by the number six and by the fact that each has a program. There all resemblance stops. With titles and subtitles, Beethoven told us just what was on his mind. The Russian admitted that there was plenty there, but never divulged a bit of it. And nine days after the first performance he was dead. Ernest Newman, by the way, has lately added the weight of his opinion to the old legend that the composer deliberately drank that glass of cholera-polluted water.

Nor are these the only differences. Supercharged with amiability, the "Pastoral" perfectly realizes the ideal of a sound mind in a healthy body. The "Pathétique," on the contrary, is more than pessimistic. It is positively pathological. Ernest Newman, to quote him again, once declared that what went on within its pages was something that should not be aired in public.

We had the "Pastoral" from Dr. Koussevitzky a matter of 28 months ago. He gave us the "Pathétique" last on Feb. 8 and 9, 1945; and that is getting it down pretty fine. There was no reason to be astonished, then, at the superlative fashion in which these so dissimilar works were interpreted and performed. There are some things, however, that you never really get used to, no matter how many times you are confronted with them. You are always

amazed to find it happening all over again and, if anything, just a little better than before. Quite obviously this was just the way yesterday's audience felt about it, and after three weeks of having its horizon broadened, it was probably entitled to that special satisfaction.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

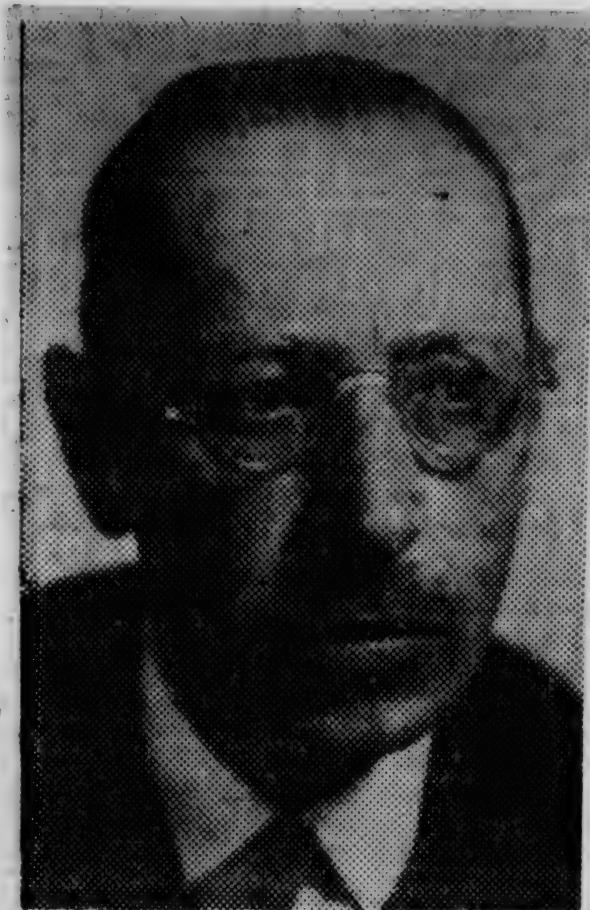
If there were a symphonic equivalent of a royal standard, one emblazoned with a large K should be flying this morning over the red-brick temple at Massachusetts and Huntington avs. For after a month's absence in the South, Serge Koussevitzky, the liege lord of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in residence again at Symphony Hall.

His return was observed yesterday afternoon by the Friday subscribers with that especial blend of respect, enthusiasm and affection mustered only for him. What was a warm reception at first became a fiery demonstration by the time Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra had traversed the program consisting of but two sixth symphonies: the "Pastoral" of Beethoven and the "Pathetic" of Tchaikovsky.

It is no miracle that the Boston Symphony responds to Mr. Koussevitzky as to no other gentleman, however gifted or amiable, who stands before it. Why should matters be otherwise? For 20 years and more, after all, Mr. Koussevitzky has moulded, drilled and ruled this orchestra until it has become unequalled. Therefore, yesterday, there were the familiar and treasurable richness and luminosity in the orchestra's tone, and what the late W. J. Henderson used to call its "oceanic depths."

Everything was delicate and precise, or robust and stirring. Everything proceeded according to carefully calculated effect, and yet gained by that indefinable artistic dividend caused when a great interpreter excites a great orchestra to spontaneous prodigies of execution.

Were you not used to the range and the details of Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretive powers, you could have gained a notion of them just from these magnificent performances of the "Pastoral" and "Pathetic".



IGOR STRAVINSKY, Russian composer and conductor, who will conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Sanders Theater, Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, and at Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

He takes Beethoven's evocation of peasant life amid a gentle nature delicately, but with no loss of essential vigor.

With Tchaikovsky it is a totally different matter: the "Pathetic" is made to sing its lamentations and its neurotic fears with heart-rending intensity and yet without making the expression seem forced or the texture coarse. That is true even of the third movement march which Mr. Koussevitzky takes as if the spirit of doom were closing in at a gallop.

Knowing the unstable psychic background of Tchaikovsky, you become, after a while, progressively less moved by the grave-side hysteria of the "Pathetic". But one could not fail to be moved by the sheer power and beauty of the sounds produced by Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra. That ability to create emotion from the outside in, so to speak, is one mark of genius.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Seventeenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 22, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, at 8:30 o'clock

IGOR STRAVINSKY Conducting

STRAVINSKY	{	"Scènes de Ballet" (First performance in Boston)
		Symphony in Three Movements I. Allegro II. Andante III. Con moto (First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

STRAVINSKY	{	Suite from "Petrouchka," Burlesque in Four Scenes (Scenes I and IV)
		Suite from "L'Oiseau de Feu" ("The Fire-Bird") A Danced Story (Third Version) I. Introduction and Dance of the Fire-Bird II. Pas de deux: Fire-Bird and Ivan Tsarevitch III. Scherzo: Dance of the Princesses IV. Round of the Princesses ("Khorovod") V. Infernal Dance of King Kastchei VI. Lullaby and Finale

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amazed to find it happening all over again and, if anything, just a little better than before. Quite obviously this was just the way yesterday's audience felt about it, and after three weeks of having its horizon broadened, it was probably entitled to that special satisfaction.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

If there were a symphonic equivalent of a royal standard, one emblazoned with a large K should be flying this morning over the red-brick temple at Massachusetts and Huntington avs. For after a month's absence in the South, Serge Koussevitzky, the liege lord of the Boston Symphony Orchestra is in residence again at Symphony Hall.

His return was observed yesterday afternoon by the Friday subscribers with that especial blend of respect, enthusiasm and affection mustered only for him. What was a warm reception at first became a fiery demonstration by the time Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra had traversed the program consisting of but two sixth symphonies: the "Pastoral" of Beethoven and the "Pathetic" of Tchaikovsky.

It is no miracle that the Boston Symphony responds to Mr. Koussevitzky as to no other gentleman, however gifted or amiable, who stands before it. Why should matters be otherwise? For 20 years and more, after all, Mr. Koussevitzky has moulded, drilled and ruled this orchestra until it has become unequalled. Therefore, yesterday, there were the familiar and treasurable richness and luminosity in the orchestra's tone, and what the late W. J. Henderson used to call its "oceanic depths."

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By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Symphony Concert

The 17th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

"Scenes de Ballet"	Stravinsky
Symphony in Three Movements	Stravinsky
Four Scenes from "Petrouchka"	Stravinsky
Suite (complete) from "L'Oiseau de Feu"	Stravinsky

It can hardly be denied that the popular approval was reserved for the last half of Mr. Stravinsky's program yesterday and only tentatively manifested itself for the first two numbers. Coming upon "Petrouchka" and "The Fire Bird" after the astringency of the new Symphony was almost like a dose of Tchaikovsky, for the pre-World War I ballets are established and welcome old friends in the concert hall.

But who is to say that Stravinsky's latest works will not similarly find a place for themselves? His Symphony of Psalms is not an early work and yet has won wide esteem. It is only that his Symphony in C major, which he conducted here in 1941, is vastly to be preferred to the new Symphony. The new work, which was performed for the first time in Boston, is also wry and austere, with an occasional touch of archaism. But it is less of a symphonic monument. It has many strange and fascinating things about it, curiosities of orchestration and the handling of the material. But there is too much of the laboratory about it. It lacks the bold imagination, for which Stravinsky has justly been celebrated, and it has none of the wit with which the composer imbued so much of his ballet music.

The "Scenes de Ballet," also heard for the first time here, is a singularly disappointing suite. It is a string of rather thin pieces, and now and then fleetingly interesting

but for the most part still-born. Written on order for that versatile impresario Mr. Billy Rose, we might have expected a wittier and more charming score, something on the order of the composer's own "Apollon Musagete," "Le Baiser de la Fee" or "Jeu de Cartes." The last named was not well received critically in New York, but it turned out when heard here to be a deft and amusing work. The "Scenes de Ballet" is a falling-off from that.

I do not mean, as perhaps the subscribers to the view that Stravinsky's art has gone sterile, an adjective with which he has been often belabored. Setting aside the "Scenes de Ballet," there is certainly much more to the new Symphony than sterile re-workings of old material or futile groping after the original. Set it down merely that the Symphony is an interesting failure.

After the intermission the customers were treated to a generous helping of the ballet music from "Petrouchka" and "The Fire Bird." The former had the first tableau added to the suite that is usually played in the concert hall, and a most attractive addition it is. "The Fire Bird" was performed in a new version whereby the scenes are linked together, making for a closer knit work. The performance of both ballets was, as always with Mr. Stravinsky's conducting his own works, very precise and unromantic. The music nevertheless sounded fine and sent the audience out of the hall in a much better mood than that with which they enjoyed the intermission.

The concert will be repeated to-

also night. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct music from Benjamin Britten's opera, "Peter Grimes," and devote the last half of the program to Wagner.

By L. A. Sloper

Igor Stravinsky, conducting as guest the seventeenth program of the Boston Symphony season, presented a program of his own works in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Two of the pieces had their first hearing in Boston: the "Scènes de Ballet" and the Symphony in Three Movements. The other items were the first and fourth scenes from the "Petrouchka" Suite and the third version of the "Fire-Bird" Suite.

The new symphony is dedicated to the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York, and it was first played at a concert of that organization on Jan. 24. In a note on that occasion, the composer disowned any program, but at the same time admitted that perhaps the world's experiences in the last few years may have left traces in the score.

Ingolf Dahl, in an analysis contributed to the Philharmonic's program book, explained that in this work Stravinsky "has moved on to the exact opposite of traditional symphonic form." The symphony is an example of the "additive construction," based on "a formal principle which conceives of music as the succession of clearly outlined blocks, or planes, which are unified and related through the continuity of a steadily and logically evolving organic force."

Fortunately the music is clearer than the explanation. It is true that the form is not symphonic, but it is perfectly transparent, and, like the rhythms and the melodies and the orchestral colors, very Stravinskian. I detected nothing new in it. The work constantly recalls "Petrouchka," the "Fire-Bird" and the "Sacre." There is nothing wrong in that, and there is no need for the composer to fear repeating himself. There is a Stravinskian

idiom, and what more natural than that Stravinsky should write in that idiom, even though he has been complimented by the imitation of a whole generation of composers?

Moreover, in spite of the absence of a program, this symphony contains the usual Stravinskian ingredient of emotion, even though it is mechanical in construction. There was sentiment in the earlier works, and there is sentiment in this one, however the composer may have tried to keep it out. There is also a great deal of drama. In fact, the orchestral violence of the first and last movements, and the sweetness of the second, are almost Tchaikovskian. The composer as conductor attempts in vain to conceal these emotional disturbances. He won fame with music of the theater, and the thrill of the theater clings to the music that he intends to be abstract. If Koussevitzky conducted this symphony, you may be sure it would be an intensely dramatic experience. And if Stravinsky complained, Koussevitzky could reply, as he once did to such a complaint from the composer at a public performance in London, "I only played what is in the score."

The "Scènes de Ballet" were written for Billy Rose's "Seven Lively Arts." The Suite had its first performance by the New York Philharmonic a year ago. This of course is frankly theater music, and the kind of theater music that suffers from the absence of the stage representation, as "Petrouchka" and the "Fire-Bird" do not.

The new version of the "Fire-Bird" contains two numbers not included in the second version: the Pas de Deux of the Fire-Bird and Ivan Tsarevitch, and the

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Scherzo originally entitled "The Princesses Play with Golden Apples." Stravinsky has also written "short pantomimic episodes" to link the six movements. Both these works were played excellently, and also effectively—and if not so effectively as under other conductors, that no doubt was the composer's intention.

The audience received the visitor warmly, and rewarded him with prolonged applause after the symphony and at the end of the concert.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Igor Stravinsky, no stranger to Symphony Hall, is this week again conducting the orchestra in a program of his own compositions. With an entirely suitable disregard for the proper chronology, the first part of this list consists of two of his latest works, the "Scenes de Ballet" and the Symphony in Three Movements, while the early "Firebird" and "Petrouchka" Suites bring up the rear.

Mr. Stravinsky is very much on the job. Nevertheless, the "Firebird" and "Petrouchka" already belong to music's past. Which does not mean that they are not very much alive today. To hear them yesterday, after the recently-completed pieces, was to wonder whether the latter would seem as fresh some 35 years from now, or whether indeed they would be played at all.

The later Stravinsky as we all know, is not always approachable. He is accused by many of dealing with dry tonal abstractions, reproached with his indifference to the sensuous side of music. Pathos, to be sure, has never been his strong point, but there are other ways in which music can appeal and Mr. Stravinsky is master of some of them.

The Ballet Scenes, which were commissioned by Billy Rose and which figured in the latter's "The Seven Lively Arts," make very easy listening. Collectively, these 11 numbers may be described as brilliant, deft, enticing. There is even a "big tune" to silence those who say that Mr. Stravinsky has no melodic gift. Altogether pleasant, too, is the middle movement of the Symphony. Here there is not the conventional sentiment, but an intermezzo with enough rhythmic interest to ally it with the Ballet Scenes aforesaid. The first and last movements reveal the Stravinsky that appeals so strongly to

some and leaves others cold. There is no real dearth of thematic interest, but the rhythm element is of far more importance. This is music for the mind rather than the emotions.

The familiar "Firebird" and "Petrouchka" excerpts are each presented in new guise. This is a third version of the "Firebird" Suite and it ends, like the first, with the charming Berceuse and the plangent Finale. The first scene of "Petrouchka" has been rearranged for smaller orchestra and is now presented in its entirety. It and the fourth were heard yesterday.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Once again it is Igor Stravinsky Week at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts in Symphony Hall. The diminutive Russian composer, who now is a naturalized American citizen, is guest conductor in a program of his own music.

This program begins with the "Scenes de Ballet," parts of which were incorporated in Billy Rose's

Broadway production of 1945, "The Seven Lively Arts." This, like the Symphony in Three Movements, which follows, is new to Boston. The other pieces are excerpts from the ballet scores "Petrouchka" and "The Firebird."

As the aforementioned Mr. Rose has been called "The Mighty Atom of Show Business," Mr. Stravinsky might be called "The Mighty Atom of Music." Certainly he has one of the great brains, if not one of the great hearts, of modern music. His has been without doubt the most far-reaching influence in music after that of Richard Wagner. "The Firebird," "Petrouchka" and "Le Sacre du Printemps" unquestionably are among the highest masterpieces of the art in just about the first half of the 20th Century.

Yet, listening to the "Scenes de Ballet" and the new Symphony, it is possible to wonder if Stravinsky has not passed his creative peak. "The Scenes de Ballet" are rhythm and action music of no great imagination or distinction and written in a strange mixture of styles, ranging from characteristic strong dissonance to the most innocuous sort of arpeggios and string passages.

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I simply couldn't find a tune anywhere.

The total effect, however, is pleasantly trivial and you can listen without the slightest exertion of mental effort.

There is more juice in the Symphony in Three Movements than in Stravinsky's last Symphony, the one in C major that he introduced here in 1941 and repeated two seasons ago. The new one is not founded on conventional symphonic prin-

ciples but, says Ingolf Dahl in his program book analysis: "It is a formal principle which conceives of music as the succession of clearly outlined blocks, or planes, which are unified and related through the continuity of a steadily and logically evolving organic force."

"This, of course, is the exact opposite of classic and romantic symphonic thought, just as the comparable additive principle of romanesque architecture is differentiated from the interlacing connectivity of the gothic or baroque." There, now, isn't that clear and simple?

Well, anyway, the new Symphony is strong and vigorous, rhythmic from start to finish, mostly of a rough-woolen texture in regard to dissonance. In the second movement is a melodic fragment associated with the impersonation of Don Basilio by Almaviva in Rossini's "The Barber of Seville." But what the whole work signifies, at least on one hearing, is more than this reviewer is prepared to state.

At these concerts the first and fourth scenes of "Petrouchka" are performed, and "The Firebird" is heard in the re-orchestration of 1919, with a couple of scenes added, together with connecting passages. Mr. Stravinsky's conducting is smoother than it used to be, but it still concentrates on rhythm rather than on the quality of sonorities.

Composer as Conductor To Present His Own Work

By Winthrop P. Tryon

"I am never the old Stravinsky," said Igor Stravinsky, composer of the Symphony in Three Movements, which he is introducing to the town this week in his character of visiting conductor at the Boston Symphony concerts. He wanted to know what led his inquirer to think that he had returned to his former ways in the work he is having the men of the Boston Symphony Orchestra exercise their skill upon in his brief incumbency as their director. "Tell me frankly," he encouraged.

It was easier to be frank than it was to tell, with only a couple of minutes look at the manuscript of his work. But if the notes on those neatly written pages do not bear a striking family likeness to those of the printed scores of the Stravinsky music of Diaghilev Russian Ballet days, then there is no trusting hurried glances and first impressions. 2-21-46

Perhaps Mr. Stravinsky is the only instance in musical history of a composer turning against and repudiating his early self. But then, it may be just a matter of philosophical outlook. He may entertain very strongly the notion that composers, poets, and artists of whatever sort progress constantly away from their past. In brief, they develop; and for them there exists no such thing as a backward light. admit

Be that so or not, here we have the symphony in Three Movements; and No. 1, to make a quick judgment by the metronome mark, stands as a regular Allegro, though no such designation happens to appear on the beginning page. Close and careful perusal, granted, might reveal a craftsman quite different from the one of

back in 1910 and 1913; for between those years and the present time Mr. Stravinsky has practised himself enormously in ancient procedures.

The question, in truth, is merely one of technical system. Now whatever the original impulse, Mr. Stravinsky came to the United States 21 years ago last month totally converted to the methods, as he in interview averred at the time, of Palestrina and Bach. Along with him, the whole composing world, we might fairly say, went contrapuntal; or, in a dressed-up way of expressing it, neo-classic.

As far as composers native to the United States are concerned, we might refer to the period as that of passacaglia. But discussion at the moment has to do with a composer native to Russia, albeit very lately having become an American citizen. Mr. Stravinsky began his career, understood then, as a Russian; and doubtless of more elemental importance, he began as himself. It seems quite reasonable to assume, in the light of the careers of predecessors of his in the musical art, such as Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Wagner, Debussy, and whoever else you will, that he has remained himself. While in a biographical way, accordingly, we may talk of the former and the latter Stravinsky, we are talking, nevertheless, of one and the same man, and of one and the same composer as well.

Delving into counterpoint and mechanizing with its curious devices have naturally enough brought into evidence new traits of style. Have they, however, changed essential expression? The humor of Stravinsky, with ever

so slight a sad slant to it—has that changed from study of the fugues of Bach and the motets of Palestrina? If so, let's give up hope for this Symphony in Three Movements (No. 2 marked Andante; brief Interlude; then the finale, marked Con Moto—under 25 minutes in performance). Unless it is Stravinsky, back on the shelf with it!

We may be sure, probably, of one thing. Let it be as classic in framework as it may, it will represent modern notions of rhythm; and who should be the chosen person to lead an orchestra through its rhythmic mazes but the one who wrote it? Mr. Stravinsky, a man of middle stature, has precisely the arm for the sudden and constant shifts of time occurring in his scores; an arm for a quick, sharp beat that players can unerringly follow. Right hand to mark out the changing measures and left for signalling off-beat entrances of brass, wood, or strings.

Commanding hands, too, when Mr. Stravinsky, in action on the platform, raises them over the ensemble of executants. Moreover, off the platform, when Mr. Stravinsky is disclaiming relationship with the Stravinsky of former days, those hands are powerful. Let him clap them on your shoulders as he laughs off the idea of his returning, in the Symphony, to the "old Stravinsky," you might think the Russian bear of folklore and legend had caught hold of you.

Stravinsky as Our Guest; Still a Controversial Figure?

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Igor Stravinsky will be with us again this week when he conducts the Boston Symphony at the next regular pair of concerts and also that in Cambridge Wednesday night. As in New York a few weeks ago he will perform two of his latest works, his new Symphony and the Scenes de Ballet, for the first time in Boston. To me this is very good news indeed, not only because I have not heard any of Stravinsky's music for four years (except a performance of the "Sacre" in Brussels), but also because I have always liked his later scores.

This is not an opinion that is by any means universally held. The old controversy arose after the performance of the new Symphony, with the Herald-Tribune going to bat for Mr. Stravinsky and the Times battling him. Mr. Downes of the latter paper paid the customary tribute to the early Stravinsky and then added: "But it is impossible for this observer to say as much for his late music and especially of the new symphony. It is sterile stuff, at best a reworking of the ideas expressed much more vitally in preceding scores."

Some such criticism has invariably appeared after almost every one of the post-Petrouchka ballets, after the Symphony of Psalms and again after the Symphony in C major. I do not know Mr. Downes' opinion today of the Symphony of Psalms, but I remember the cry that the hostile critics raised when it was first performed back in 1930. "Meretricious" was the watchword then, and I have no doubt but that "sterile" was also freely bandied about. Now, wherever the Symphony of Psalms has been heard with reasonable frequency it has established itself. The emotion does not appear to many contemporaries as false nor the inspiration dried up. I also recall both the later Symphony in C major and the "Persephone" (to Gide's lovely verses) with a great deal of interest and pleasure.

Since I do not feel that Stravinsky's genius was sterile in those works, I refuse to worry about the possibility of its appearing in the new Symphony. But I shall be prepared for a change, for a different approach. That is one of the things that has irritated critical listeners about Stravinsky. He won't stay put; he won't be labelled with a ticket which describes him stylistically till the end of his life.

With contemporary artists it is for some reason resented when they change the manner of their expression or their thought itself. Yet, when an artist is dead, he is not approached with this prejudice. Verdi is not today condemned because he so radically changed his style in his last operas. The implied reproach with Stravinsky is that the austerity of the Symphony of Psalms is not consistent with the physical violence of the Sacre du Printemps or the flippancy of "Le Baiser de la Fee." Well, we all know what Emerson thought of consistency!

Stravinsky has always been in hot water critically since the performance of the Sacre in 1913, possibly since "Petrouchka" two years earlier; and he has always been in the public eye. His later works have in their own way found favor, but it has been common critical practice to belabor these with the early ballets as cudgel. I imagine in this case that the public which listens without too much advanced bias is wiser than the man who has a theory he wants to air in tomorrow's newspaper. I do not think that the later Stravinsky should be scrapped in favor of his first three masterpieces.

The cases of composers whose art has degenerated are rare, unless they are one-work men. And even when they do so deteriorate it is because they are written out and have gone on too long saying the same thing. This cannot be said of Stravinsky. He has sometimes written inferior or not very important scores, but by and large his standards have been high and his fertility and ingenuity remarkable. Perhaps with the idea of letting the public judge for itself on this issue, he has placed on the last half of the program the first and last tableaux from "Petrouchka" and the complete "First Bird" Suite. Both the theorists and the public should have an entertaining time!

Symphony Hall has kindly sent down a few notes on next week's program which the public ought to know in advance. The "Scenes de Ballet" was composed for that lively impresario, Bill Rose, who included portions of it in a ballet inserted in his show, "The Seven Lively Arts." The "Fire Bird" includes two numbers omitted in the first revision and integrates the whole with connecting passages. From "Petrouchka" the entire first scene will be heard, which has never been done here as a concert piece in its entirety, in addition to the final scene.



Igor Stravinsky, composer and conductor, who will be the guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week at the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening concerts at Symphony Hall and at the Thursday night concert at Sanders Theater. His Symphony in C Major will have its first local performances at these concerts.

Dr. Koussevitzky Would Tax Us All; So Would Mr. Goldovsky---Are They Justified?

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

BOSTON'S Serge Koussevitzky never wearies of making suggestions for improving the lot of music-makers and music lovers. First it was a scheme to subsidize composers—just which composers was never made very clear—by means of an annual tax of \$1 laid upon all performing musicians. Next, a similar levy imposed on every member of every labor union would result in a widespread diffusion of symphony orchestras, opera houses, art galleries and other cultural institutions. No action has been taken on either of these projects, so last week the Boston Symphony conductor came forward with another idea: each of the 3,500,000 taxpayers in Massachusetts, by paying an additional 50 cents on his or her tax, would make possible the establishment and maintenance of opera houses and orchestras throughout the State.

The obvious objection to the composer scheme were stated in these columns. Like the coveted posts in the old days, the money might so easily go to the Salieris and Weigls rather than to the Mozarts and the Schuberts. The other two proposals would seem to ignore the deaf, the tone-deaf, the jazz-hounds and those living in districts too remote or too sparsely populated to receive any tangible benefit from their small contribution. In this latest interview, released by the Associated Press, Dr. Koussevitzky spoke glibly about a symphony orchestra in Milton. But how about some of the little towns in the Berkshires? And if every hamlet were to have an orchestra, where would the players come from?

As a matter of fact, Dr. Koussevitzky is not the first nor the only one to feel that this country might adopt what has long been a common practice in continental Europe. Moreover, such steps have already been taken. The city of Baltimore makes a yearly contribution to the support of its symphony orchestra, and what is most important, there are no strings to it. Imagine what would happen if there were! Under the same admirable conditions, the city of San Francisco partly supports a season of opera and New York's Civic Centre Opera Company is flourishing.

For some time Boris Goldovsky has

been making a plea for municipally-supported opera in this, the city of his adoption. His argument is that only a small percentage of the citizens use the Public Library, yet all are taxed for its support. Why then, should not opera be assisted in the same way. Unlike the library, it would pay a considerable share of its own expense. Only by having the price of tickets unreasonably high can opera even pretend to make its way unaided. Opera, that is, with all the fixin's, and there are many who are not satisfied with anything else. In Stockholm, as I discovered several years ago, you could hear opera of Metropolitan quality at a top price of about \$2.50. The answer there was that bugaboo of right-minded Americans, a state lottery, which brought in \$500,000 per annum and kept both state opera and the state theatre on their feet.

Mr. Goldovsky has another and quite different operatic dream which he disclosed in conversation a few days ago. He would rid the lyric theatre of those eyesores, the overweight Wagnerian tenors and sopranos who apparently must have physical bulk in order to sustain their arduous roles, and substitute for them singers who would come nearer to looking their respective parts. How? Merely by slightly amplifying the sounds that issue from the stage. To the not-too-serious suggestion that we could then have Patrice Munsel as Isolde, he replied, "No, but Eleanor Steber." When you come to think of it, that would be rather nice.

Heitor Villa-Lobos, the most eminent composer not only of Brazil but of all Latin America, will take over the Symphony Concerts this week. One number on the program, his Choros No. 12, will receive its world premiere. The other two, a pair of movements from his "Bachianas Brasileiras," No. 7, and a transcription of his inordinately difficult "Rudepoema" for piano, will be heard for the first time in Boston. Sixty-four next month, Villa-Lobos is both picturesque and a dynamic figure, with over a thousand compositions to his credit. He avoided European influences until he had acquired a native and individual idiom. He has devoted 30 years to the developing of musical education in Brazil.

Will Conduct 13 Programs Next Season

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, continues in his position next season, his contract having been renewed for 1946-47, and his service to cover 13 weeks, according to announcement made yesterday afternoon by Henry B. Cabot, president of the Trustees. Dr. Koussevitzky will also direct concerts on tour.

Concerts of the remaining weeks of the season will be under the direction of visiting conductors, among whom Mr. Cabot named Bruno Walter. Mr. Walter will have four weeks in all, divided into two engagements of a fortnight each. Other conductors are to have brief visiting tenure, but none of them was named by Mr. Cabot, who gave the information at the annual meeting in Symphony Hall of the Society of Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Oliver Wolcott, reporting on the financial condition of the Orchestra, spoke of a surplus, which will be assigned to the emergency fund. He told the members of the Society, who formed an audience of considerable size in the Hall, that they had contributed some \$48,000 in the year gone, which represented an advance over the year before. At a brief voting session, Mr. Wolcott was nominated for chairman the coming year and was chosen to the honor by general assenting voice.

After the business meeting of the Friends, Dr. Koussevitzky directed the orchestra in Mozart's early Symphony in E flat and the Berlioz "Roman Carnival" Overture. He then introduced a new Negro contralto, Carol Brice, winner of the 1944 Naumberg Prize. She sang two Handel arias, some German Lieder and other songs, to the accompaniment of her brother, Jonathan Brice.

Koussevitzky Cuts His New Contract to Only 13 Weeks

By his own request, the contract of Serge Koussevitzky as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been renewed for only 13 weeks of the regular Friday-Saturday concerts in Boston next season. He will also make some appearances with the orchestra on tour.

This was announced by Henry B. Cabot, president of the orchestra's trustees, at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon during the annual meeting of the Society of the Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Koussevitzky, who was 71 last July, has been reducing his activity with the orchestra over the past two seasons, and there has been speculation over his possible voluntary retirement.

Koussevitzky's decision will bring more guest conductors. Among them will be Bruno Walter for two periods of two weeks each. Walter last appeared here with the Boston Symphony in 1923.

Wolcott Elected Chairman

Oliver Wolcott, trustee of the orchestra, was unanimously elected chairman of the Society of Friends for the ensuing year. Wolcott, in his financial report, revealed that in the season of 1944-45, at a comparable date, 2115 members of the society had contributed \$48,000 toward the annual operating deficit. This year 2214 members have contributed \$47,294.

The total expense for 1944-45, printed in the program books earlier in the season, was \$1,148,347.75. Total income was \$1,107,843.53, which left a deficit of \$40,504.22. Contributions from the Society of Friends and income from the endowment fund, however, wiped out this deficit and left a

surplus of \$34,234.49, which has been transferred to the emergency fund.

The business meeting was followed by a concert in which Koussevitzky led the orchestra in Mozart's little E-flat Symphony (K. 184), by Mozart, and the "Roman Carnival" Overture by Berlioz.

Then Koussevitzky led upon the stage the "surprise" of the afternoon: Negro contralto Carol Brice, who, the conductor said, was a discovery of Pres. Cabot.

Miss Brice, a winner of the 1944 Walter W. Naumberg Prize, made her professional debut in New York nearly a year ago, but yesterday was her first appearance in Boston. She displayed a lustrous voice and sound musicianship in two airs, "My Father" and "How Shall I Fly?" from an obscure opera of Handel, "Hercules"; Schubert's "Litany for the Feast of All Souls" and "Seligkeit," and pieces by Dunhill, Carpenter and Hall Johnson. She was accompanied by her brother, Jonathan Brice.



Alexander Bender
Benjamin Britten

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Eighteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 1, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 1 in C major, *Op. 21*

- I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio
- II. Andante cantabile con moto
- III. Menuetto: Allegro molto e vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio; Allegro molto e vivace

BRITTEN.....Passacaglia and Four Sea Interludes from the Opera,
"Peter Grimes," *Op. 33*

- Passacaglia — Andante moderato
Dawn — Lento e tranquillo
Sunday Morning — Allegro spiritoso
Moonlight — Andante comodo e rubato
Storm — Presto con fuoco

(First performance in the United States)

INTERMISSION

WAGNER.....

- Prelude to "Lohengrin"
- Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried"
- Death Music of Siegfried from "Götterdämmerung"
- Introduction to Act III, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"
- Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"

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Excerpts From 'Peter Grimes' To Have American Premiere

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Benjamin Britten's Passacaglia, op. 33b, and Four Sea Interludes, op. 33a, compiled into a Suite from the opera, "Peter Grimes," figure as a novelty on the program of this week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. But they signify more than something new introduced into the repertory of the Boston Symphony and more than something offered for the momentary favor of the Friday afternoon and Saturday evening subscribers. They represent that enterprise dear to the heart of Dr. Koussevitzky, Tanglewood in the Berkshire Hills, being a set of pieces drawn from a music drama billed to be performed there in the summer.

Success, in the nature of things, is preciously desired for the Passacaglia and Four Sea Interludes as an encouragement to Dr. Koussevitzky's associates in their production of the original opera out in Lenox, Mass., come August. But even so, the pieces have to be considered for the time being as concert material; and if it should chance that they fail to make a profound impression in that character, there is no telling but that in their true context as orchestral episodes in the stage work, "Peter Grimes," they may be perfectly appropriate and effective.

In regard to promise, the music of Britten looks indeed good; for the showing of the opera in the United States has been anticipated by a showing in England, where decided commendation has been expressed. Let us take a glance, however, inside the published folios containing the Passacaglia and the Interludes from which Dr. Koussevitzky has been rehearsing the Symphony players for tomorrow and next day.

As for the movement entitled Passacaglia, a rapid turning over of the leaves of the score furnishes unquestionable evidence that

listeners who confess to ignorance as to just what that form is, will suffer disadvantage no longer. For definition inheres in every page. A brief theme in the bass, sharply accented, runs through the whole thing; and, the duration of the Passacaglia being 17 minutes, the jerky melody becomes so many times repeated that it cannot, fair attentiveness presumed, miss its point.

Over the steady, uninterrupted pulse of the theme of a half-dozen notes, all sorts of tunes and decorative passages move along at a generally moderate pace. As for the instruments that carry the ground theme, they are necessarily those of low voice—now the doublebasses and the violoncellos, now the big brass, and now the harp. Any passacaglia, from its very construction, is pretty sure to possess dignity; and here is one that seems to border on the pompous. At the close, a little device of perspective in sound is worked in, by employment of front and rear desks of strings, the intermediate ones remaining silent—an interesting idea, if it comes through.

Now the Interludes, though they are four, while the Passacaglia is one, have shorter duration in performance, requiring, by the editor's calculation, but 15 minutes. Movement No. 1, "Dawn," holds a slow course, Lento, and maintains for the most part a subdued sonority; the picture, obviously, being of daylight growing, and of creatures awakening.

Movement No. 2 carries the caption, "Sunday Morning," and the tempo designation, Allegro Spiritoso. Evidently a bright day is here ushering in, the wind instruments telling it at first and the strings presently joining to elaborate the description. The trumpets cut a bright glitter of sound into the midst of string and wood, vibrancy and palpitation. Bell and gong bring to view the church tower. Without pause, the

"Moonlight." The somber tones of the double bassoon help the illusion, apparently, of mystery and dimness, and the harp contributes to the shadowiness of the scene. All the while, the strings keep up a low murmur, giving an illusion, without doubt, of eeriness.

No. 4, "Storm," represents, supposedly, the seashore lashed by whatever gale it is that the libretto of "Peter Grimes" wants imagined. Like Wagnerian and Verdian tempests, it rages impressively and keeps up its fury to the finish. A hint of tragedy is caught from the very aspect of the notes in the long column of staves. Someone once said that what the American opera public hopes for in the way of something new is something indeed quite old. It yearns for another "Pagliacci." Britten's music right here prompts the surmise that "Peter Grimes" may be just the bill.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Save for Beethoven's First, and it was not on the original list, this week's Symphony program was made up entirely of operatic excerpts and from two composers, Benjamin Britten and Richard Wagner.

It looks as though there was again an important opera in the world and, moreover, one written to an English text. Britten's "Peter Grimes," which was brought out in London last July and will be heard at Tanglewood next summer, is the work in question. By evidence of the Passacaglia and Four Sea Interludes, played yesterday for the first time in this country, this young Englishman has what seems to be the rarest of musical gifts, a true sense of the theatre.

Mr. Britten has pretty much his own musical speech. Yet everything must have an ancestry and it is quite obvious that this music does not stem from Wagner or Strauss or the later Italians but from the "Boris" of Moussorgsky and the "Otello" of Verdi. The music is stark, spare, vivid, incisive, abundantly pictorial. "Peter Grimes," a very somber tale, by the way, and a truly dramatic one, is by report and indication an "orchestral" opera. But it is not a symphonic one, and there is a deal of difference.

With the Wagner of the "Lohengrin" Prelude, the "Forest Murmurs" from "Siegfried," the Funeral Music from "Goetterdaemmerung" and the Introduction to Act III and Prelude to Act I of "Die Meistersinger" we were ushered yesterday into another operatic

world entirely. With rare exceptions the dramas of Wagner live not so much upon the stage as in the orchestra. In the Funeral music of Siegfried you come close to getting the "Ring" in a nutshell, while the essence of "Siegfried" resides in the rather arbitrary synopsis known as the "Forest Murmurs." Not so much a man of the theatre was Wagner as an orchestral poet who found himself in opera house. Anyway, these numbers most of which had not been at the Symphony Concerts in a while, were eloquently played and heard to have again. They do not at way in the theatre, or over the radio or from a phonograph. So thanks to Dr. Koussevitzky. The orchestra seems to have grasped the essence of Britten's music also.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Interludes from Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes," an opera commissioned by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, came home to Boston for its first American performance. The opera, which makes its stage debut at Tanglewood in August, is represented in its concert version by a "Passacaglia" and "Four Sea Interludes." The young English composer made the arrangements himself.

The first reaction to yesterday afternoon's performance by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra was a compelling desire to hear the entire opera. That is precisely what interlude music should do, but it was as tantalizing to hear snatches from a dramatic score followed by intermission instead of a rising curtain, as to stop at the end of a George Bernard Shaw preface.

Mr. Britten's music has a shrewd, angular quality. Lively invention and a keen ear for contrasting rhythmical motions give the second act, "Passacaglia," a propulsive force which the more obvious storm music from the first act misses.

Given the problem of setting the stage for "a cold, gray morning" in a Suffolk fishing village, suggested by tightly compact string passages in a thin, high register, Mr. Britten finds adroit solution with sparse effects. When he is working in hard textures his music suggests Aaron Copeland's. When he reaches out for rich instrumental effects his technique is less secure.

The fullsome Sunday morning episode subsides with a kind of relief into the night music of the second act. It is difficult to get at

the essentials of the fragments performed by an orchestra amplified to double the size of the 56 pieces specified in the acting score. Ernest Newman, whose London Times report on the opera and concert arrangement is reprinted in the program, credits the interludes with summing up, "the emotional significance of what has gone before" and preparing "us for what is to come." Apart from "rare lyrical outpourings, Mr. Newman maintains that, "the main burden of intense emotional expression is laid on the orchestra."

After the condensed music of Britten, Wagner's Prelude to "Lohengrin," Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried," Death Music from "Götterdämmerung," and Prelude and Introduction to Act III of "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," seemed to take a long time saying things. The motion was there, but it proceeded in measured fashion with time for analysis on the way.

Beethoven's First Symphony in C major with its 18th Century good manners was the curtain raising comedy for the tragic material of Britten and Wagner. Dr. Koussevitzky made the most of the clearly themes, the wind instruments full sail, the brisk progress of scherzo-like minuet, and the in-coming finale. So doing, he prepared his contrasts in the opera. If of the program with the a first-rate dramatist.—P. W.

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The 18th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 1 in C major Beethoven
Op. 21 Beethoven
Passacaglia and Four Sea Interludes from the Opera "Peter Grimes" Britten
Op. 33 Britten
Prelude to "Lohengrin," Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried," Death Music of Siegfried from "Götterdämmerung," introduction to Act III of and Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" Wagner

This was a curiously lumped together program and only completely acceptable if you are prepared to swallow large doses of Wagner in the concert hall. People wise in the ways of conductors would eye such a program with grave suspicion. I am not prepared to back it up with book and verse, but I would wager that Mr. Koussevitzky has used the charming First Symphony of Beethoven more often to introduce dubious moderns than any other familiar classic.

If anyone looked askance before-

hand, then, on the evidence at Mr. Britten's music, sandwiched as it was between early Beethoven and a half program of Wagner, the excerpts from his opera, "Peter Grimes", proved in the hearing to be thoroughly rewarding. The Passacaglia is an interesting piece, the theme of which was announced so softly that it was some time before I, at least, could catch on to what it was all about. But once the scheme is grasped there is no difficulty about following Mr. Britten's interesting variations.

The Four Sea Interludes are also music of considerable originality and interest and certainly lead to a lively curiosity as to what the opera as a whole is like, something we shall know next summer in Tanglewood. Mr. Britten's Sunday Morning sketch is far more cheerful than any British Sabbath that I ever experienced. His Storm is realistic and imaginative without having recourse to such aids as the wind machine which Strauss used in his "Don Quixote." All in all Mr. Britten's music has a freshness and a novelty that were most welcome on yesterday's program.

I am not one of those who like to hear large chunks of Wagner in the concert hall, unless singers are engaged and something like Act I of "Die Walküre" is produced. Many of the numbers, such as the Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried" and the funeral music from "Götterdämmerung" are either travesties or suffer frightfully from being wrenched out of their context. Only over base wages paid in 1941, and two of the selections yesterday, the Preludes to "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger," properly belong on a symphony program. And I am afraid I am not yet in the mood to appreciate the second of these with its celebration of the center of Teutonism and the amiable qualities of the jolly Germans. B-2-46

Sir Donald Tovey referred, in a most penetrating essay on Wagner in the Concert-room, to the Forest Murmurs as a piece of "grovelling imbecility". He also resented the "Götterdämmerung" funeral music out of its context as "nonsense". I would add that the bare introduction to Act III of "Die Meistersinger" is also unsatisfactory out of the opera. I have always wondered why dyed-in-the-wool Wagnerians did not more actively remonstrate with conductors for thus abusing

the master. But they don't, and here am I, of all people, taking up the cudgels for them. So I shall call a halt and hold my fire until I find something that I myself consider a worthier cause.

The concert will be repeated to-night. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct music by David Diamond, Henry Cowell, Howard Hanson (4th Symphony), Sibelius (6th Symphony) and Dmitri Kabalevsky (2nd Symphony). Herald

Excerpts From Opera Heard For First Time in America

By L. A. Sloper

The Passacaglia and Four Sea Interludes from Benjamin Britten's opera, "Peter Grimes," had their first American performance at yesterday afternoon's Boston Symphony concert, under the direction of Dr. Koussevitzky. These excerpts constitute the central number of the eighteenth program of the season. The other items listed are Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, in C major, and these gleanings from Wagner's music dramas: the Prelude to "Lohengrin," Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried," Siegfried's Death Music from "Götterdämmerung," the Introduction to Act II and the Prelude from "Meistersinger."

Britten's opera, commissioned by Dr. Koussevitzky, will have its first American performance at the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood next August. Its premiere was given at the Sadler's Wells Theater in London, June 7, 1945, and that performance was reviewed by two articles in this newspaper. The opera has been heard 24 times in London and four European productions are scheduled. B-2-46

In listening to these interludes, it is necessary to remember that they were written for the theater. That no doubt is why the Dawn and the Moonlight sections seem rather heavily orchestrated. It is also why the suite, although descriptive, is not narrative. But remembering its purpose, it is easy to believe that the music would have a powerful impact in the theater.

Indeed, it made a strong impression on me yesterday in Sym-

phony Hall. It is an intense score, closely knit, beautifully organized and built, alive with the atmosphere of an English fishing town in the early nineteenth century, with the harsh and the gentle manifestations of nature, and with the violence and the boisterousness and the passion and the tenderness of the people.

Britten's style is his own. He has learned from the old masters of the lyric theater, but there is no place in the score of this suite on which one could place a finger and say with confidence, "This is from Mozart, or Verdi, or Wagner, or Debussy." He employs the resources of the thorough musician to depict, to characterize, and to suggest dramatic conflict.

One recognizes here the elements of music drama, and the hearing whets the appetite to see and hear the stage production. With so rich an orchestral score, one feels certain that full advantage has been taken of Wagner's teachings, but Britten has supplied his own type of melodic lines, his own rhythmic patterns, his own harmonic scheme.

The performance was eloquent. The conductor was recalled twice.



DR. HOWARD HANSON

Dr. Howard Hanson, Director of the Eastman School of Music, who returns to the Bowl as guest-conductor Friday evening.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Nineteenth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 8, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, at 8:30 o'clock

BACH.....Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G major, for
Violin, Two Flutes, and String Orchestra

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Presto

Violin: RICHARD BURGIN
Flutes: GEORGES LAURENT
JAMES PAPPOTSAKIS

HANSON.....Symphony No. 4, Op. 34

- I. Kyrie: Andante inquieto; piu mosso
- II. Requiescat: Largo
- III. Dies Irae: Presto
- IV. Lux Aeterna: Largo pastorale; piu animato ed agitato; molto espres-
sivo, tranquillo

INTERMISSION

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 6, Op. 104

- I. Allegro molto moderato
- II. Allegretto moderato
- III. Poco vivace
- IV. Allegro molto

KABALEVSKY.....Symphony No. 2, Op. 19

- I. Allegro quasi presto
- II. Andante non troppo
- III. Prestissimo scherzando; Allegro
(First performance in Boston)



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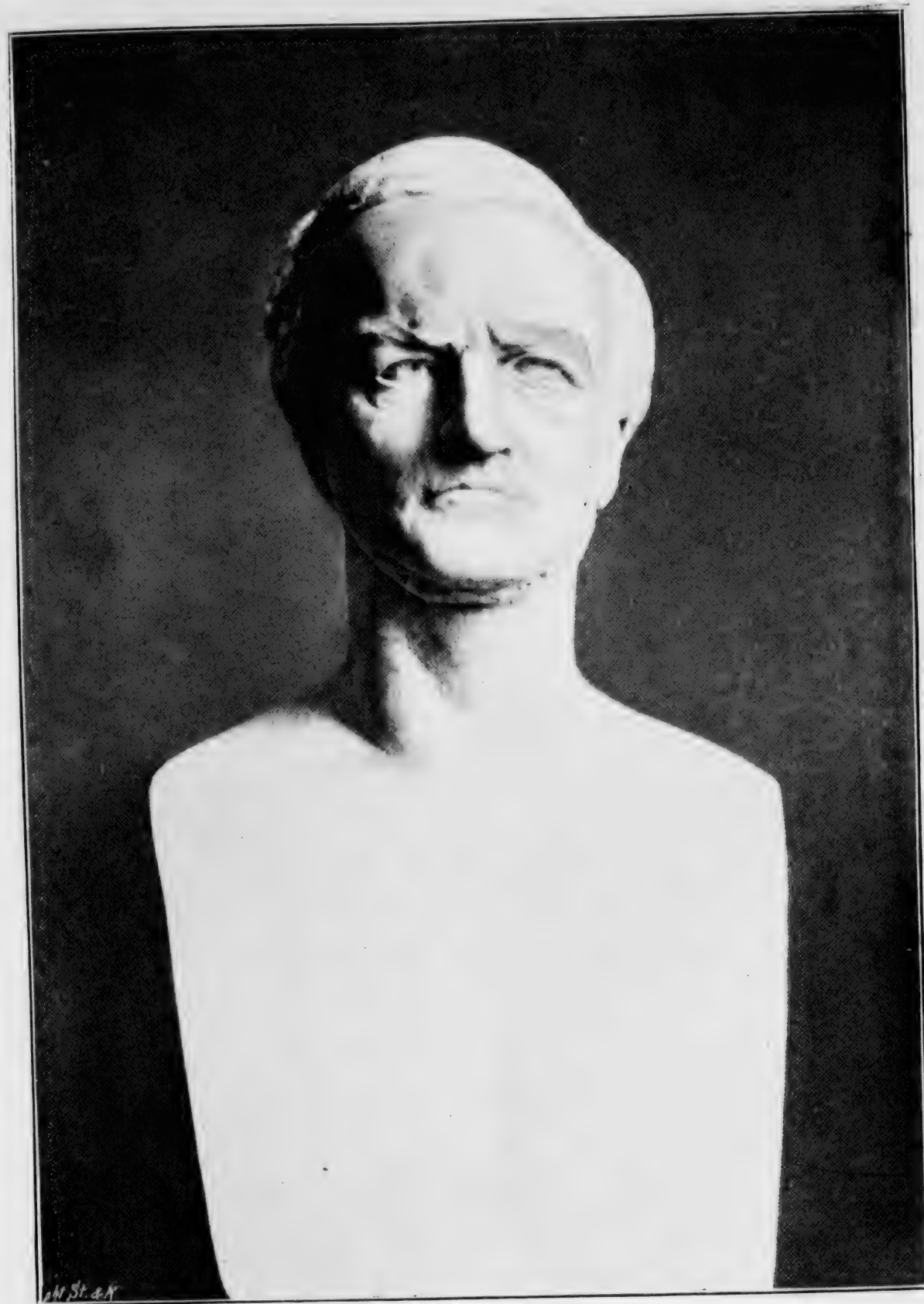
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- II. Andante non troppo
- III. Prestissimo scherzando; Allegro
(First performance in Boston)



RICHARD WAGNER
NACH MAX KLINGERS MARMORBÜSTE

Kabalevsky Work to Be Heard For First Time in Boston

By Winthrop P. Tryon.

On the program of the Boston Symphony Concerts this week stands a work of the modern Russian School, Symphony No. 2, op. 19, by Dmitri Kabalevsky, which the conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, is introducing to the town, whether on its own merits or on the reputation it has won from performances in the last half-dozen years by a number of American orchestras. The work, by note of John Burk, prepared for the program book of March 8 and 9, was composed in 1934 and was first produced in that year in Moscow, under Albert Coates. Listeners tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening, then, will find themselves back in a time before World War II, suppose the style or the mood of a piece of music feels the influence of the period when written.

The score has been published in the United States; and therefore nothing can be told about it that anybody might not find out by inquiry at right places; for presumably a composition issued under United States copyright is available through one agency or another.

The book opens out to 171 pages, of which 96 carry the first two movements, Allegro quasi presto, and Andante non troppo; and of which 75 take care of the third and final movement, Prestissimo scherzando. A little general examination is enough to make us ask why the composer does not employ an old-fashioned title, acknowledging a key. Assuredly, he might have gone completely nineteenth-century and catalogued his structure as Symphony No. 2 in E flat.

Such procedure, however, might have led us to suppose that he had cast his study in the old strict forms, which would be a mistake. The Symphony No. 2 does, indeed, possess something like a general key; or as the theorists

call it, tonality; but a closer look reveals that we have here a closely associated group of keys rather than a prevailing and a dominating key.

That makes quite a difference; and still, the composer is pretty conservative in the matter and he does incline us to surmise that he was somewhat caught in the neo-classic fashion of the era between the wars.

Quite as noticeable as his logical behavior in regard to key is his rationality of rhythm. On his pages is little of that sudden, frequent, and unaccountable shift of tempo (to use the word in a special way) from 3's to 2's, to 5's, and whatever else, as if music were interesting in proportion as it distracts and disconcerts performers and interpreters. Surely Kabalevsky's Symphony No. 2 is something very playable, and conductible as well. To instance a passage or two in the fast-going Finale, six 8's run along against two 4's, affording irregularity of rhythm without causing complexity of execution.

Briefly said, an idea once started stays a while. Quite characteristic of Kabalevsky is a tendency to write in complete sentences instead of in jerky phrases. A rhetorician might speak of his rounded periods. In regard to the Finale, some hearers may feel that here the composer is at his freest and his most expressive style, whereas in the two preceding movements he is at his most considered and most elaborated. Whatever the decision, the music comes to an impressive conclusion in the last pages of the Prestissimo, and no doubt a fairly sonorous one, though much depends on the conductor's fancy and desire.

Take the work as a whole, the grand instrumental ensemble seems competently handled, and passages in full orchestral cry are varied with solo moments, now

in the high range of some piping voice and now in the low. In the first movement, the modern device of a stately chromatic bass overlaid with florid action in strings and woods comes to evidence. In the slow movement, one note of the scale is regarded as just as good as another for purposes of melody, and yet a traditional feeling of key is all the while maintained.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra introduced the Second Symphony of Dmitri Kabalevsky to Boston at the concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The amended program began with Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, and included the Fourth Symphony of Howard Hanson and the Sixth Symphony by Jean Sibelius.

There is no pleasure in having to assume the role of grouch in this corner of a Saturday morning, nevertheless, apart from the Bach, yesterday's was one of the least interesting Symphony concerts within memory. Except for Bach, the music was all of second rank, even the Sibelius, which does not share the great qualities of his other symphonies. *3-9-46 S.H.*

The failure of this curiously monotonous work of Sibelius is good, the opposition of conflicting rhythms is clever. But throughout the four movements one mood prevails, determinedly gray. It seems almost as if the entire work were a tentative sort of what used to be called "preluding," to something that never appears.

The agile wheelings of the strings, the flutes in thirds and the intermittent anticipatory bursts from the brass and drums put you in expectation of important things to come, but leave you waiting at the symphonic church.

Kabalevsky's Second Symphony is a spirited and rather noisy affair done more or less with the orchestral resources of Tchaikovsky with a suggestion or two derived from Sibelius. There are tunes and strong rhythms, and they make the Symphony easy to listen to. But over all hangs the smoky brown cloud of commonplace ideas.

Howard Hanson himself conducted the first performances of his Fourth Symphony with this orchestra two years ago last December. At that time were duly detailed the facts of its dedication to the composer's late father, and of Howard Hanson's titling the four movements after sections of the mass for the repose of the dead: Kyrie, Requiescat, Dies Irae and Lux Aeterna.

For such purpose the Fourth Symphony is curiously out of key with the feelings aroused by the liturgical words. It is rasping and bellicose, full of sound and brazen fury that clothes, like the crimson robes of the Red Death, only an inward emptiness.

In contrast, Bach's Brandenburg Concerto was music of the utmost distinction, health and sunshine. At its conclusion Mr. Koussevitzky singled out for applause—including his own—the three gentlemen of the concertino: Richard Burgin, violin, and flutists Georges Laurent and James Pappoutsakis.

The 19th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G for violin, 2 flutes and strings.... Bach
Symphony No. 4, Op. 34..... Hanson
Symphony No. 6 in D minor Op. 104..... Sibelius
Symphony No. 2 Op. 19..... Kabalevsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Had it not been for good old Bach some of us in the audience, at least, would have found little cause for rejoicing yesterday afternoon. Since the 4th Brandenburg Concerto came first on the program we did our rejoicing early and remained to pray that the rest of the concert might be better than anticipated. For my part it was not. *3-9-46 Herald*

Bach's Brandenburg Concertos are an everlasting joy in the concert hall. The 4th, for some reason, is infrequently heard. Yet it is a thoroughly fresh and ingenious work. The contrast of the solo instruments, the two flutes and the violin, with the strings is of technical interest, and the invention is so bubbling and lucid as to enchant the listener. The performance was delightful, with special honors to Messrs. Burgin, Laurent and Pappoutsakis.

It is always irritating when we are told about a contemporary work of art that "it is a highly personal and emotional expression," to which the obvious retort is "what decent work of art isn't?" The commentator for Dr. Hanson's 4th Symphony, for he it was who introduced the work with this piece of banality, then went on to admire its conciseness, "taking barely twenty minutes to perform." Since Dr. Hanson, moreover, wrote the 4th Symphony in memory of his father, all critical guns would seem to be spiked.

But there are some twenty minutes that are longer than the average hour, and Dr. Hanson has provided an instance of this phenomenon. I recall his 3d Symphony as being excruciatingly dull. This one is gloomy into the bargain. In the big forms Dr. Hanson has never written anything that is not imitative and labored. The 4th Symphony is no exception.

It was hardly a compliment to Dr. Hanson to follow his Symphony with one of Sibelius, with whose music the professor's has such surprising affinity. But Sibelius' 6th is not one of his most powerful or attractive works. It has its points, doubtless, particularly for a student of Sibelius' development. It is a dry work, revealing most of those typically Sibelian characteristics which, with constant repetition of his music, are beginning to grow tedious.

Finally, there was the Symphony No. 2 of Dimitri Kabalevsky. At first its forthright rhythms and noisy climaxes came as something of a relief, but in the end they too began to pall. His slow movement gets nowhere and the two fast movements are obvious, if reasonably effective, banging and slashing. At a first hearing Kabalevsky is not even up to Shostakovich among the younger Soviets. And they all have a long way to go before they can compete with Prokofiev on equal terms.

Mr. Koussevitzky lavished his utmost care and an intensity of devotion on this ill-fitting program. The performances, regarded merely as orchestral playing, had little that could be criticized. But, save

for Bach, both old music or adding interest and new works with stimulating and arresting qualities were absent yesterday from Symphony Hall. Next week the Boston Symphony is out of town. The 20th concert will be conducted by Leonard Bernstein and will offer music by Hindemith, Copland and Schumann.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

As heard yesterday afternoon, the current Symphony program failed to find much favor, though this or that work undoubtedly appealed to one or the other listener. An exception should be made in the case of the first number, Bach's Brandenburg Concerto, No. 4, for violin, two flutes and strings, with Messrs. Burgin, Laurent and Pappoutsakis to carry the solo parts. Yet another legacy from last summer's Bach-Mozart festival at Tanglewood, it had not been heard at the regular concerts since 1929. The program book, by the way, still contained notes on two new pieces, Henry Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune and David Diamond's Rounds for Strings, which at the last moment gave way to the Concerto aforesaid. Will they still be done, or are they to be dropped for this season? The rest comprised three symphonies, the elegiac Fourth of Howard Hanson, which the composer conducted here in December, '43, the rarely-performed Sixth of Sibelius and, as the one novelty on the revised list, the Second of Kabalevsky.

There seemed little excuse for the Hanson Symphony in the first place and still less for its repetition this week. It is a sincere and earnest piece, to be sure, and the work of an experienced draftsman, but it is so pre-vaillingly undistinguished, so derivative, particularly in its constant suggestion of Sibelius. As for that master's Sixth, while the rabid Sibelians prize it, for others it is the dreariest, emptiest, most perfunctory of the lot. Dr. Koussevitzky has abandoned his intention of playing them all this year, in honor of the composer's 80th birthday, but either No. 3 or No. 4, which he skipped, is worth a dozen of this one. *3-9-46 S.H.*

And as for Kabalevsky, this particular Soviet composer appears to be a vendor of musical commonplaces. The Overture to the opera "Colas Bruegnon," presented here two years ago, had verve and sparkle but the Piano Concerto heard at the Pops last season and the Symphony of yesterday are both very ordinary works. There is, however, a certain surface excitement in the Symphony's finale that won for it a fairly good hand from yesterday's generally listless audience.

Dr. Koussevitzky Introduces Russian Composer to Boston

By L. A. Sloper

Dmitri Kabalevsky's Second Symphony, op. 19, was introduced to Boston by Dr. Koussevitzky as the concluding number of the nineteenth Friday concert of the Symphony season. The program otherwise read: Bach, Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 in G, for violin, two flutes and string orchestra; Hanson's Symphony No. 4, and the Sixth Symphony of Sibelius. Three symphonies on a single program; an unusual arrangement.

Kabalevsky's symphony was well received, and may become popular, for it has the qualities which make an immediate appeal to listeners. The composer is an artistic descendant of Tchaikovsky. With the addition of some modern rhythms, his style is that of the master. He has the robust lyricism, the sentiment, the exuberance, the lush orchestration.

This symphony recalls again and again the characteristics which have endeared Tchaikovsky to a large public. It displays also something of the structural power of the older master, and this may help to prolong its life. It is very Russian, very emotional, very resounding, and Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave it everything.

The Sibelius Sixth is the favorite of the composer's most faithful disciples. Compared with some of his other works, it is perhaps somewhat austere. Yet it is not essentially different, merely more restrained. The grim emotion is still in evidence, though sternly held in hand. The material is odd but characteristic. The handling of it is equally typical.

The work consists of fragments, treated episodically and spasmodi-

cally. It is like a conversation conducted in gasps. Themes of folk nature are employed, and dance rhythms are often relied on. Crescendos are recurrent, and sequences are interrupted by dramatic pauses, abrupt transitions, and sudden dynamic contrasts. These devices are not without effectiveness, and it is quite possible that they may lead eventually to a wider acceptance of this rather forbidding work. The symphony was brilliantly played yesterday, and was received with moderate warmth. *3-9-46 Monit*

SEES SYMPHONY AS 'TOO STUFFY'

Composer Hits Out at "Snobbishness"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 10 (AP)—If you fidget through a Symphony concert it doesn't mean you're a musical moron—the concerts are "too stuffy," says Doctor Howard Hanson, director of the Eastman School of Music.

"In the average audience there aren't more than five in a thousand who have a competent understanding of what it is all about," he told the City Club yesterday. *3-11-46 Post*

"We are breeding a sort of stuffy culture in this country—an artistic cultural snobbishness," he declared. "We support orchestras out of civic pride, but we don't get any joy out of it."

The solution, he suggested, might be "a series of 60 concerts for beginners and six for the full-dress audience."

More Than Baton-Waving

There are few among us who have not dreamed of some day conducting a large orchestra. It looks so easy. You simply wave your baton imperiously, music pours forth, and you turn around to accept the applause of your amazed and delighted friends. It is easy, if the orchestra is well-trained and the music is simple and familiar. It plays, and you simply wave your stick in time with it.

Conducting an orchestra of the size and prestige of the Boston Symphony is something else again. It requires long hours of private study, considerable physical stamina, and a vast amount of nervous, or, should we call it, artistic, energy. That is why the trustees of the Boston Symphony have felt obliged to persuade Dr. Koussevitzky, who is now in his early 70's, not to do so much conducting next season. This, both for Dr. Koussevitzky's sake and for the orchestra's. *3-11-46 Herald*

Dr. Koussevitzky is justly proud of introducing new works by young composers. This means that he must study a long, highly complex score, containing 20 or more parts, until he knows each part almost as intimately as the man or men who will play it. Then come the rehearsals, usually about three hours each day that the orchestra does not have a concert, but sometimes when it does. Finally the performance itself, with all the dramatic tension that such an occasion produces. Just try merely waving a stick for two hours and see how tired you become. But beyond that, in the conscientious conductor's case, is the obligation of seeing that the orchestra always plays at its artistic best—accurately, harmoniously and in accord with the composer's highest purpose. If you occasionally think that modern orchestral works are difficult to listen to, think how much more difficult they must be to play!

OPERA BY BRITTEN HEARD AT CONCERT

Excerpts From 'Peter Grimes' Played by Boston Symphony in Carnegie Hall Program

By OLIN DOWNES

For one listening to new music from Benjamin Britten's opera, "Peter Grimes," at the Boston Symphony concert conducted by Serge Koussevitzky last night in Carnegie Hall, it was not always easy to tell where a surpassingly vivid performance of the music ended and the power of the music itself began. Almost anything so performed would have given pause. But the impression the music made was a strong one. *3-12-46*

The score has a pervasive and tragical mood, and a genuinely individual utterance. The fact that the composer uses with complete readiness and ease the modern vocabulary of his art is not in itself conclusive; what moves us here is not merely the sounds but their emotional significance. Here is music which represents nature as she appears to a fated man. In the quiet of the dawn, or the vistas of the sea, or the turmoil of the storms, she wears a tragical mask. Man—or the man, to be more explicit of the music drama—is confronted with a bitter, complex and ironical fate. To what extent such an interpretation of the music is influenced by the story of the drama itself, as told in the program, may not be estimated here. Visions, frustrations, inner terrors, seem to us to inhabit this music.

May Be Weak for Theatre

How the opera, when it is performed, stands as a work for the

theatre cannot be told. It could easily prove that in its symphonic pages the composer had delivered the essence of his message. There may be theatrical weaknesses in his work. Enough that last night one was aware of music of uncommon tension and psychological suggestion; music by a composer who may not himself be a simple man.

The remainder of the program was curiously variegated, and the program was too long. It began with a performance of the most exemplary clarity and grace of Beethoven's First Symphony. The first movement was taken a little quicker than we have heard it before; it did not suffer in precision or transparency from this, but it is not certain that the firm and Beethovenish opening theme of the allegro gained in potency by this pace. In fact, a retard proved necessary when an ensuing phrase came round. The chords of the introduction amazed Beethoven's generation by their bold and original approach to the main key. Last night they occasioned astonishment by the cleanness of their attack and release.

Solo Trio Heard

The Fifth Bach Brandenburg Concerto was performed by the ensemble with the solo trio of Lukas Foss, piano; Richard Burgin, first violin, and Georges Laurent, flute. It was a painstaking performance. The beauty of Mr. Foss' tone was conspicuous, though neither of his companions could rival the peerless quality of Mr. Laurent's flute. Mr. Burgin played with the most accomplished musicianship. Mr. Foss had not the firmness of tempo or the maturity of style of his collaborators. It is, however, due to state that all three performers were long and loudly applauded.

In point of time consumed this was enough for a full control program, but there was still to come the short Second Symphony of Dmitri Kabalevsky. It is a score of excellent if conventionally effective workmanship, and it can serve perfectly as a vehicle for a virtuoso conductor and orchestra. So it was played, played with immense gusto, tonal splendor and rhetoric, to a resounding conclusion.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A young conductor, Leonard Bernstein, and a century-old symphony; the

Second of Robert Schumann, shared chief honors at yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. We have heard Mr. Bernstein before in his own music, in that of Tchaikovsky, Aaron Copland, Brahms and Shostakovich—there were two Copland pieces yesterday, "Quiet City" and the new "Danzon Cubano." But in Schumann he met a real test and passed it triumphantly. There was applause after the first and second movements, a deeply appreciative hush after the beautiful adagio, and cheers, stamping and three recalls at the end.

This Second Symphony is far and away Schumann's greatest, though you may read in more than one place that it is the least of the four. But it is not a piece that plays itself. Schumann was a much abler orchestrator than he is generally given credit for. But his scores need discernment, sympathy and communicative ardor on the part of the conductor, and Mr. Bernstein, modernist though he is, brought these things to the masterpiece of the great romanticist, and brought them in such measure that the audience's reaction, already chronicled, was forthcoming. Thus Schumann, rather than Copland, who was present, or Hindemith, whose "Konzertmusik" for string and brass made the beginning, emerged the composer of the afternoon.

The "Konzertmusik" of Hindemith was written for the Symphony Orchestra's 50th anniversary, and at the time it seemed one of the very best of the pieces so commissioned from the leading composers of the day. Only very rarely does a work of Hindemith escape its measures of dryness, of mere cerebration, of musical mechanics; and this "Konzertmusik" is not one of the happy exceptions. For the most part, though, it is good to hear. The combination of strings and brass produces some striking sonorities. Nor is the music notable only for its vigor and energy. Hindemith has not altogether disdained his Teutonic heritage of songful beauty.

We have now heard "Quiet City" four times and it is beginning to wear thin. There is not much here but mood and a pleasant texture. The parts for solo trumpet and English horn were ably played by Roger Voisin and Louis Spreyer. The new "Danzon Cubano" is mostly nervous and convulsive rhythms, with little of the intoxication and allure that we associate with Latin-American music. If you can subsist on rhythm alone the piece is your dish.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON

NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Twentieth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 22, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 23, at 8:30 o'clock

LEONARD BERNSTEIN Conducting

HINDEMITH.....Konzertmusik for String and Brass Instruments,
Op. 50

- I. Mässig schnell, mit Kraft
- II. Lebhaft; langsam; lebhaft

COPLAND....."Quiet City," for Trumpet, English Horn and Strings
Trumpet: ROGER VOISIN
English Horn: LOUIS SPEYER

COPLAND.....Danzón Cubano
(First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

SCHUMANN.....Symphony No. 2 in C major *Op. 61*

- I. Sostenuto assai; allegro ma non troppo
- II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio (I); Trio (II)
- III. Adagio espressivo
- IV. Allegro molto vivace

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Program Presented Ranging From Schumann to Copland

By L. A. Sloper

Leonard Bernstein, guest conductor for the twentieth pair of concerts in the Boston Symphony season, presented this program yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall: Hindemith's *Konzertmusik*, Copland's "Quiet City" and Danzón Cubano, and Schumann's Second Symphony. **3-23-46**

Except for the Danzón Cubano, all this music was familiar, and not only familiar but well established in the repertory. The Danzón of course is not to be classed as "serious" music. It is merely a potpourri of popular dance tunes; surely an odd piece to occupy the place of honor just before the intermission. Yet it made its effect, even as played by an orchestra which could hardly be expected to feel and express its

essential nature. The men played it, you might say, exactly right, and completely missed the quiddity which a good dance band would bring out. *monik*

The Danzón Cubano was interesting for one reason: it emphasized again the monotony which seems to be the chief characteristic of jazz or swing or jive or whatever it is called. A few thematic scraps are repeated without end, some off-beat rhythmic patterns are equally insisted upon. Both are designed to inspire frenzied dancing, but when they are adapted for the concert hall they never seem to be handled with enough musical inventiveness to justify their presence on a program.

With the rest of his program Mr. Bernstein proved again that he is a master of the technique of conducting, and convinced us too

that he is at heart a romantic. Probably he played the Schumann symphony to show that his talents are not restricted to twentieth-century music. But his Hindemith and his Copland (of "Quiet City") are no less romantic than his Schumann. He is a very intense young man, full of nervous energy, which he communicates dramatically and even frenetically, in the Koussevitzkyan tradition. Even more than his master, he tends at present to exaggeration and distortion, to frivolous tempi, to willful dynamics. His interpretations are too faithful to the Sturm und Drang of the period of Schumann, Byron and Jean Paul.

Nevertheless, in following this style, he overlooks the essential element of lyricism. If romantic art is not to become utterly absurd, it must have purity of line. When that is destroyed or marred by

angular manifestations of emotion in the music, nothing is left but sensationalism. There is no doubt that Mr. Bernstein got exactly what he wanted from the orchestra in the Hindemith and in the Schumann, but he did not want quite the right things.

His best performance was in "Quiet City." Here he evidently found it necessary to restrain his exuberance, he must have realized that too much stress would ruin the delicate atmosphere of the work. If he would exercise similar self-control in larger compositions, if he would make up his mind for example to forgo the applause which not unexpectedly broke out at each pause in the symphony, and to devote himself to the search for deeper values and higher aspirations in the scores he interprets, his artistic, if not his popular, success would be greater.

Igor Stravinsky



Who will conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in four concerts of his own music

Symphony Concert

The 20th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Konzertmusik for string and brass instruments, Op. 50.....Hindemith
"Quiet City" for trumpet, English horn and strings.....Copland
"Danzon Cubano".....Copland
Symphony No. 2 in C major, Op. 61.....Schumann

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Yesterday's was one of the best concerts that I, at least, have heard. The program was well chosen and the interpretations were alive and invigorating. This is the first time that I have seen Mr. Bernstein conduct and I am glad to add my bit to the weight of evidence which finds him a stimulating leader. There may be some who would quarrel with his tempi in the Schumann, but at least he brought that unequal score very much to life.

Hindemith's *Konzertmusik* has become reasonably well known at Boston Symphony concerts. It is a work fully deserving of many revivals, for it is gloriously robust music. It is necessary to get to know Hindemith's particular idiom, from which point on there is no difficulty whatever in enjoying the vigorous counterpoint of most of his music. The *Konzertmusik* is a typical example of his style and is probably one of his most successful works. The performance yesterday was fine, with the exception of a wrong entry by some of the violins in the fugue. (I would not mention this if it were not such fun for once in a way to catch the Boston Symphony tripping.)

I looked up with some curiosity to see what I had said of Copland's "Quiet City" in past performances and was dismayed to note that I had not liked it and had called it "amorphous." Like Disko Troop, I have been "mistook in my judgments" and must hasten to make amends to Mr. Copland. Yester-

day "Quiet City" seemed to me an effective tone poem of considerable dignity and beauty. The strange combination of trumpet (Roger Voisin), English horn (Louis Speyer) and strings is handled very ably by the composer to further his artistic aims.

Next on the list was another work by Mr. Copland of a very different character. "Danzon Cubano" is a brilliant, engaging and rhythmically vital work. Its orchestration is one of the most interesting things about it, for Mr. Copland has employed a wide variety of instruments to great effect. The piece is, in short, great fun and should be immediately popular. It requires a precise performance, so that the sudden fortissimo attacks will have bite, and it must also have the dance rhythm clearly suggested. Mr. Bernstein got it, appeared, just what he wanted from the orchestra. Mr. Copland was in the audience and modestly acknowledged the applause from the floor.

As I have indicated, the Schumann Symphony had a dynamic interpretation, if not always one that purists might agree to. Nevertheless the whole work was alive and not, as so often, just the two middle movements. I wish we could have had the "Manfred" Overture as well, for the concert was not long and it had been originally scheduled. The explanation is that the President's speech tomorrow night makes it impractical to keep the Overture on the program, so poor "Manfred" is hustled away to the shelf. This radio business, as a matter of fact, has played hob with the programs too often. I, for one, resent having my musical feast cut short because it doesn't suit the radio.

The program will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky will lead Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune, Berezowsky's Symphony No. 3, Gretchaninoff's Elegy and Brahms' Violin Concerto (Zimbalist, soloist).

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Leonard Bernstein again is guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall this week. His program brings the *Konzertmusik* for strings and brass, by Hindemith; two pieces by Aaron Copland—"Quiet City" and "Danzon Cubano," the latter new to Boston, and the Second Symphony of Robert Schumann.

Since we last had the pleasure of hearing him, dark and slim young Mr. Bernstein has matured greatly, both as orchestral technician and interpreter. His performances yesterday would have done credit to one older and more experienced.

That is no matter of faint praise, either. On the contrary, it is the simplest way of saying that, at 27, Mr. Bernstein is a formidable conductor whose innate talent has considerably ripened.

He still prefers to use his hands rather than a baton. But his gestures have lost most of the feverish motion that, a couple of years ago, seemed occasionally to verge on confusion. His conducting is sharper, simpler, more exact. Although he still has dynamism to spare, his reading now has a better sense of proportion, the orchestral textures are clearer and better balanced.

His readings have gained individuality, as well. Take the Schumann Symphony, for example, a tricky if lovely work. Mr. Bernstein performed it beautifully, with good broad style, a well-calculated range of dynamics that put everything in the right light, without either understatement or exaggeration. Once or twice the fast tempi did seem to get a bit out of hand, but only momentarily. The slow movement had a well-sustained line; it "sang" and was deeply moving, but there was no overstress of sentiment. The finale purred and bubbled, and the brass were strong but not overdriven.

Hindemith's *Konzertmusik*, composed for the 50th anniversary of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is music of durable materials. It is just as vital today as in 1930-31. The idiom remains contemporary, hence

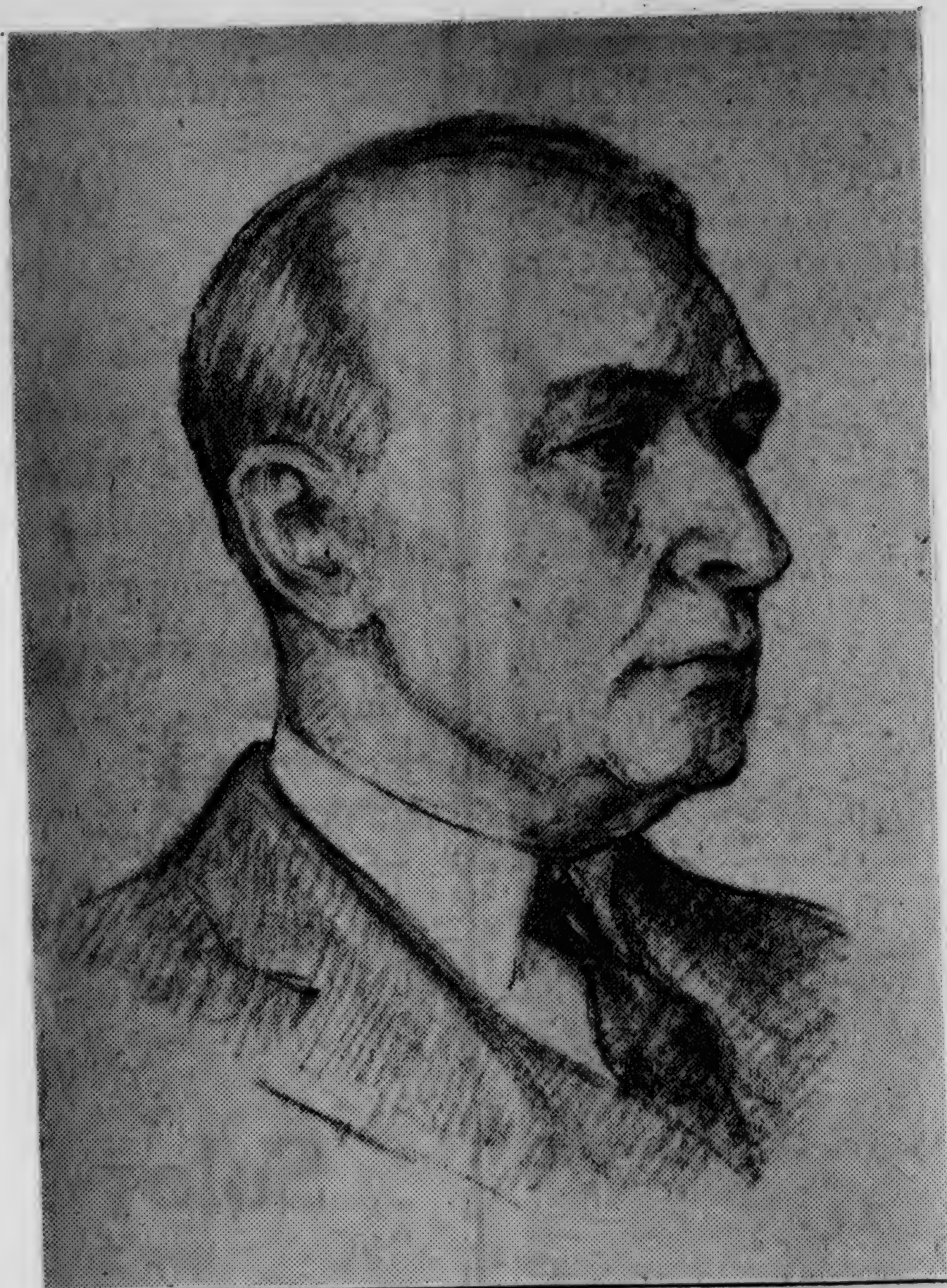
the work has not "dated." It was good to hear again Hindemith's purposefully rough and vigorous counterpoint, the succinct statement of ideas, the masterly contrast between wind and string sonorities. The *Konzertmusik*, I am convinced, is going to remain with us quite a while. It still looks like a masterpiece.

Of Mr. Copland's "Danzon Cubano," described as "only an American tourist's impression" of a Latin American dance form, one can say that it is forceful, occasionally bouncy. Somehow it does not seem to have either the high spirits or the abundance of tunes possessed by that similar work of Copland, "El Salon Mexico."

"Quiet City," the demanding trumpet part admirably played by Roger Voisin, and the effective English horn solo superbly taken by Louis Speyer, once again impressed as mood music of high skill and exceptional persuasion. Through the afternoon the audience seemed to enjoy both program and performance. Mr. Bernstein clearly was given a very big hand.



Rudolph Hindemith



Serge Koussevitzky

In a New Sketch Drawn by Janet Dexter

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON . NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Twenty-first Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 29, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 30, at 8:30 o'clock

GRETCHANINOFF.....Elegy, Op. 175
(First performance)

BEREZOWSKY.....Symphony No. 3, Op. 21
I. Adagio; allegro con fuoco
II. Allegro
III. Lento; maestoso

INTERMISSION

COWELL.....Hymn and Fuguing Tune
(First performance in Boston)

BRAHMS.....Concerto for Violin and Orchestra, in D major, Op. 77
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio
III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace

Soloist:

EFREM ZIMBALIST



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Russian Composer's 'Elegy' To Have First Performance

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Pick up the manuscript score of Alexander Gretchaninov's "Elegy," op. 175, which is to be brought out at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor this week; take in hand the thin folio volume, bound in a black leather cover, and just look inside. Instantly you get an impression of something written by a master of composition. The quickest and briefest possible sight of a picture is all the acquaintance, in some cases, you need, or ask for, to be assuredly aware that it is the work of a master of painting.

Certain other examples of the composing craft give no such quick and positive conviction when thus summarily viewed. You must see further, you must examine, you must investigate. Even so, the evidence of the eye is often not enough. There must be trial by hearing also.

There was once a diligent and well-schooled writer of music, a man tried in forms the size of the overture and found acceptable to audiences, who declared that little could be told about an orchestral score even upon close and prolonged study, and that no test sufficed but actual performance. He was the kind that ought, from hard discipline and downright experience, to know; and for his very professional and technical purposes—trying everything before decision and taking nothing for granted—he was right.

He could not be disputed; but all the same, no one with half an eye to musical appearances on paper can look even superficially into this book of the new-made orchestral "Elegy" without gaining an instantaneous impression of clean, proper workmanship.

Nothing less is to be expected, perhaps, of Gretchaninov, a poet, in tone—symphonist, idyllist, liturgist, and what not else—who has tallied up 175 enterprises with the musical publishers; and yet there have been composers, and a number of distinguished ones, we may add, who never learned the trade of instrumentation thoroughly and

down to the ground. Indeed, that is largely the trouble with many a modern composer whose music confuses us, while causing us some pleasurable excitement.

To bring in that word, "modern," unhappily, is to start trouble. For Gretchaninov, with all his capacity for pure and correct handling of the big instrumental ensemble we know as today's orchestra, has never caught up to the age in which he now lives and in which, now residing in America, he writes. A glance at the long-page scoring of the "Elegy" reveals on the dot a melodist and a harmonist of the nineteenth century. Gretchaninov withdrew, geographically speaking, from Russia long ago; and still, as composer, he remains there. Extended abode in Paris did not make him French; sojourn in cities of the United States does not in the least Americanize him.

They knew, however, back in that end-of-the-century Russia in which Gretchaninov was brought up, how to compose expressive music—music with humanity in it, and music with a heart in it. The sound fairly outpours from these pages of the "Elegy," again it subsides and shrinks to hardly more than a tinkle. It has tune, it has color. The orchestral picture has distinct foreground of violins, a middleground of woods and brasses, and background of percussion.

Doubtless, too, the music has its elegiac qualities. But ah! it will take interpretation to prove that. Casual sight from outside does not suffice here. We must have the sound of the playing; we must wait on the morrow and the next day for the rhythm, the passion, and the discernment of the conducting.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 21st regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The soloist was Efrem Zimbalist, violinist. The program was as follows:
Elegy Op. 175 Gretchaninov
Symphony No. 3 Op. 21 Berezowsky
Hymn and Fuguing Tune Cowell
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D major Op. 77 Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Yesterday's concert was a peculiar one, with definite ups and downs. I doubt if any two people would agree throughout on it. It opened with the first performance of the 82-year-old Gretchaninov's Elegy "in memory of those who gave their lives for freedom." The Elegy was written last summer, but it might equally well have been written in 1890. It is conventional reasonably impressive music, realizing the effects and climaxes that you would expect of music on such a theme. Mr. Gretchaninov was in the audience and twice acknowledged the applause.

Mr. Berezowsky's Symphony, which has been played twice before here, is an intellectually interesting work. At the earlier performances I thought it had more to it than that, but after yesterday I am not so sure. It is all skillfully put together, but is the second movement, for example, more than just cleverness? The third movement gains in strength and eloquence on repeated hearings, but for the Symphony as a whole I am inclined to think it has receded in stature while retaining much of its fascination for the intellect. Mr. Berezowsky was also in the audience and came out on the platform to acknowledge the applause in his turn.

After the intermission we had Henry Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune for its first performance in Boston. It apparently owes much, if not all, of its inspiration to an 18th century New England musician, William Billings. I found it yesterday no more than a mildly interesting experiment in writing music in the modes. Lots of English composers have been doing this sort of thing for a long time, and I refuse to get very excited about it at this date.

Finally we had the greatest of all violin concertos, that by Brahms. I am sorry to say that I thought Mr. Zimbalist's performance of it with the orchestra rather dry and stolid. His tone, while usually quite lovely, was often not full enough until he let himself out a bit in the finale.

The slow movement found him at his best. The orchestral part under Mr. Koussevitzky was beautiful as always, but the interpretation as a whole fell far short of that memorable performance with Heifetz some years ago, which has fortunately been recorded. There would be no point in criticizing the Concerto yesterday as being not much more than adequately played, if there were not such an amazing list of first-rate violinists in the country who would jump at the chance to achieve more than mere competence in it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Raya Garbousova, cellist, will be soloist in a new Concerto by Samuel Barber. Also on the program, which Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct, are David Diamond's Rounds for string orchestra, Strauss' "Don Juan," Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovanstchina" and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini."



Maurice Goldberg

Nicolai Berezowsky

Who will direct the first performances of his Fourth Symphony by the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

BY CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitsky returned to the conductor's stand at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and introduced the new pieces. The first was the Elegy by Alexander Gretchaninoff, performed for the first time anywhere; the other was Henry Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune, for strings, which was new to Boston. The program otherwise consisted of the Third Symphony by Nicolai Berezhowsky, and the Brahms Violin Concerto with Efrem Zimbalist taking the solo part.

Of course it must have been the weather, at least in part, but whatever the reason, yesterday's Symphony concert was decidedly on the soporific side. There was only one really first-rate piece of music, and that was the Concerto. But even here, although Mr. Koussevitsky worked up an orchestral accompaniment of considerable heat and tension, the total performance was not one to generate excitement. The air was getting humid, which is bad for stringed instruments and, further, Mr. Zimbalist, suave and authoritative though he is, is not a musician of strong temperament.

Gretchaninoff, now approaching 82, wrote his Elegy last year, "in memory of those who gave their lives for freedom." The scoring is big; the Elegy makes impressive sounds. But at first hearing it does not seem, on the whole, notably elegiac or moving. The idiom is romantic and derivative, which in a young composer would be harking back to times past, but in a composer of Mr. Gretchaninoff's chronological position, quite natural.

Mr. Koussevitsky directed the Berezhowsky Symphony in place of its composer, who originally had been announced to conduct. In the more than five years since it last was heard here, the work has not grown any younger or more persuasive. It is curiously mixed in style, a little romanticism, a little conservatism, two jiggers of modernism and the whole shaken up in expert orchestration. *3-30-46*

The most pronounced shortcoming of the Third Symphony is its lack of motion and its failure to get

anywhere. It might have been titled, after the Southern folk ballad, "I Wonder as I Wander." Both composers were present and acknowledged applause, Mr. Gretchaninoff from his seat, Mr. Berezhowsky from the stage. *3-30-46*

By comparison the stark melody and the sprightly motion of the Fuguing Tune made Mr. Cowell's music seem almost of masterpiece dimensions. It is well written, fully but transparently scored for the strings. The treatment of the tune is a sort of flowing contrapuntal imitation analogous to the "fuguing" style of Boston's 18th century William Billings, who was the leader in developing this home-made kind of polyphony.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert might be described as a friendly little Russo-American affair. Three of Dr. Koussevitsky's former compatriots, now as firmly established here as himself, figured on the program in various capacities. Two members of the trio, Alexander Gretchaninoff and Nicolai Berezhowsky, were on hand to hear their music played, and the third, Efrem Zimbalist, was the soloist of the afternoon. *3-30-46*

Mr. Gretchaninoff, whose appearance utterly belies the 81 years with which he is credited, has composed a sincerely felt but hardly original Elegy "in memory of those who gave their lives for freedom." It is receiving this week its first performances. Cut down

by half, the piece would make a stronger impression, since the not too distinguished material is spread pretty thin.

Mr. Berezhowsky's Third Symphony had now been heard at these concerts three times, and by all means it should be three times and out. It might have been all right to play it once, but the first repetition seemed superfluous and that of yesterday doubly so. While displaying some craftsmanship and constructive skill, the piece simply does not say anything worth listening to.

The third number on the program, Henry Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune, was yesterday accorded its first performance in Boston, nor had Mr. Cowell's name previously appeared on any Boston Symphony list. Moved to write something in the style of William Billings, who published four collections of songs in this city between 1770-94, Mr. Cowell has turned out an unassuming but wholly grateful composition for string orchestra. Its straightforwardness and sturdiness com-

mend it, and in the particular company in which it found itself yesterday, it sounded very well indeed.

The only important music of the afternoon came at the end, in the shape of the Violin Concerto of Brahms. It needs, however, a more convincing interpreter than the punctilious Mr. Zimbalist. The impassivity which marks this estimable musician in recital yielded slightly to Dr. Koussevitsky's ardor, but the total result was hardly inspiring.

Gretchaninov Elegy, Cowell Hymn Introduced

By L. A. SLODER

Two novelties adorn the twenty-first program of the Boston Symphony season, played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall under the direction of Dr. Serge Koussevitsky. Alexander Gretchaninoff's Elegy had its first performance anywhere. Henry Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune was heard for the first time in Boston. The other items were Nicolai Berezhowsky's Third Symphony and the Brahms Violin Concerto, with Efrem Zimbalist as soloist. *3-30-46*

A serious mood pervades this program. The only light touches are in Mr. Berezhowsky's pleasant Scherzo movement, and in the amusing excerpts from Mrs. Berezhowsky's book, "Duet With Nicky," reprinted in the program book.

Mr. Gretchaninoff's Elegy is dedicated "in memory of those who gave their lives for freedom." It is an impressive score, conservative in its idiom and evidently deeply felt. If there are passages reminiscent of earlier Russian composers, there is also an individual quality that negates any thought of imitation. Dr. Koussevitsky and the orchestra gave the piece eloquent utterance, and the distinguished composer acknowledged from the floor the cordial applause of the audience.

Mr. Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune carries us a long way from the tone clusters and piano-wire-plucking of his salad days. This evocation of early Puritan Psalmody is straightforward in its tunefulness, in the harmonic scheme of the Hymn and in the contrapuntal texture of the Fuguing Tune. Using a string orchestra, the composer speaks understandingly of the stern faith and firm character of the Founders. This work, too, was well performed and well received.

A third hearing of Mr. Berezhowsky's Symphony No. 3 confirms an earlier impression that he is at his best as a musical humorist. His rhythms are clever, but his melodic invention is weak,

and there is more bombast than power in his climaxes.

We do not think of the Brahms D major nowadays as a concerto "against the violin" in Bülow's phrase, nor do we necessarily regard it as "a concerto for violin against the orchestra," in Huberman's. We look upon it rather as a great symphonic work in which the solo violin plays a major role. Huberman says that "the violin wins." But that is not always so, and it was not so yesterday. Mr. Zimbalist is a fine violinist and a fine musician, but on this occasion his tone was not big enough nor his articulation acute enough to enable him to stand up against the orchestra. Nevertheless, there was an ovation for him, and for the conductor and orchestra.

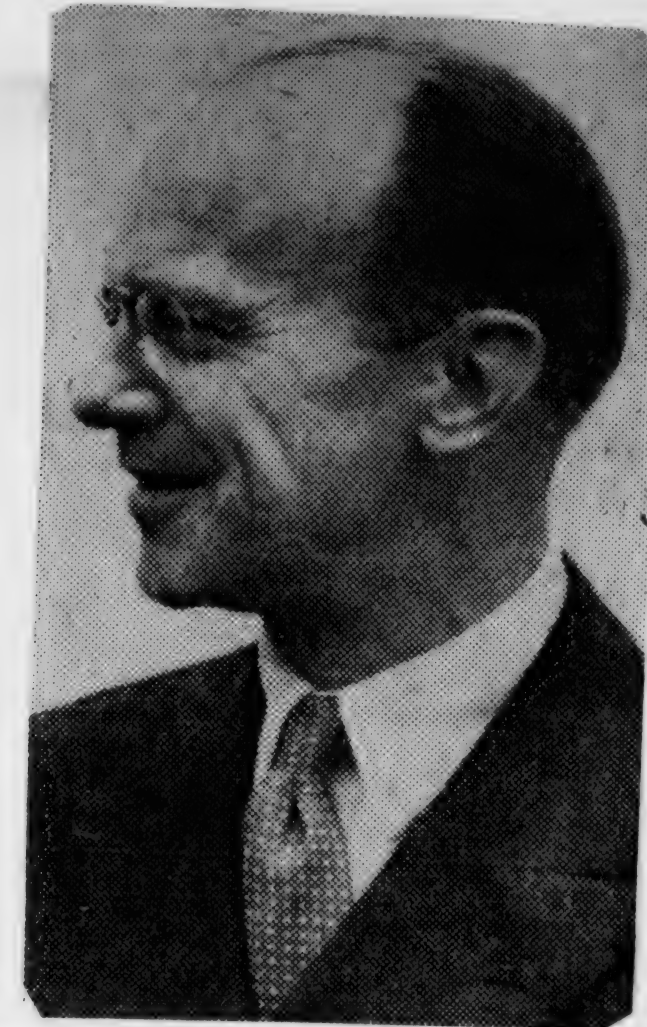


Efrem Zimbalist

Soloist in the Brahms Concerto at this week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.



Gregor Piatigorsky



American Composers for Symphony Concerts
 Top: (left to right) John Alden Carpenter, William Schuman, Deems Taylor.
 Below: (left) Randall Thompson, (right) Roy Harris.
 Their music is being played in the special pair of concerts arranged by Dr. Koussevitzky for last evening and tomorrow night.

Barber's Cello Concerto, Diamond's 'Rounds' Heard

By L. A. Sloper

Two more novelties were added to the season's list by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra at yesterday's concert in Symphony Hall, the twenty-second of the Friday subscription series. A first performance anywhere was accorded to Samuel Barber's Cello Concerto, with Raya Garbousova for the soloist. David Diamond's Rounds for String Orchestra was played for the first time at these concerts. These American works constituted the first half of the program. The second half was given over to Strauss' "Don Juan," Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovánstchina," and Tchaikovsky's orchestral fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini."

When Miss Garbousova played the Haydn Concerto in D here in 1935, it was remarked in this place that it would be pleasant to hear her in a work that gave greater scope to her individual quality. That comment was more than justified yesterday, for Miss Garbousova overshadowed Mr. Barber's concerto. This is not to suggest that she deliberately stole the show, for she seemed to be immersed in the music. But her personality, given play, is so vivid that not many compositions could stand against it.

In style she is a distaff version

of Piatigorsky. She has emotional fervidity as well as a wonderful technique, a pure tone, and a fine lyricism. Was it her Russian temperament that made Mr. Barber's music sound Russian, or had his score taken on a Russian flavor because she was to play it? An interesting question.

At a first hearing, and transmitted through this vivid temperament, the new concerto sounded spotty. The themes seemed fragmentary, and the structure vague. But there are some pleasant lyrical moments in the slow movement, and some lively goings-on in the other two, rather in the manners of both Prokofiev and Stravinsky. And in a form so badly supplied with original works of value, it is quite possible that this one will be welcomed, especially when Miss Garbousova plays it. There was warm applause for the soloist, and no doubt some of it was directed to Mr. Barber, who was present to take a bow.

Strange; but the other American work had Russian echoes, too. Mr. Diamond's canonic exercises were very busy, and very Stravinskian in their rhythmic design, and one had a feeling, especially in the Finale, that this might be Mr. Diamond's "Classical" symphonic work. After his Second Symphony, this piece seemed a little disappointing. Mr. Diamond was

also on hand to respond to a very cordial reception by the audience.

That brilliant piece of orchestral writing, quite possibly the best of Strauss' tone poems, "Don Juan," was played with matching virtuosity by the superb orchestra under the magisterial guidance of Dr. Koussevitzky. Moussorgsky's Prelude was exquisitely realized, and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" was performed with appropriate theatricalism.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Twenty-second Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 5, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 6, at 8:30 o'clock

DIAMOND.....Rounds for String Orchestra

- I. Allegro, molto vivace
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro vigoroso

(First performance at these concerts)

BARBER.....Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, *Op. 22*

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante molto sostenuto
- III. Molto allegro e appassionato

(First performance)

INTERMISSION

STRAUSS....."Don Juan," Tone Poem (after Lenau), *Op. 20*

MOUSSORGSKY.....Prelude to "Khovánstchina"

TCHAIKOVSKY "Francesca da Rimini," Orchestral Fantasia (after Dante), *Op. 32*

Soloist:

RAYA GARBOUSOVA

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Soloist:

RAYA GARBOUSOVA



Raya Garbousova 4-2-46 *mmil*
Soloist in Samuel Barber's new Cello Concerto at the Boston Symphony concerts of Friday and Saturday, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting.

Garbousova In Barber's New Concerto

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Samuel Barber, American composer, returns to notice at the Boston Symphony concerts this week, being represented on the program of tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening by his Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra, op. 22, a work new not only to Boston but to the world. Serge Koussevitzky will direct the performance, and Raya Garbousova will play the solo part. Thus the town becomes for a moment the center of a little original activity in art; and thus, besides, Symphony subscribers re-aver their championship of the native musical cause, as the season draws to its end.

To judge, as has been done before with whatever success, of a composition by its looks only and by no note of its sound, except as Mme. Garbousova hummed over a few themes in the course of a brief interview at Symphony Hall the other morning, the concerto bears correct title according to classic practice and it is a logical, well-wrought piece of music. Moreover, it is tuneful; otherwise Mme. Garbousova, notwithstanding her knowledge of it by way of her hands, could never in the world reproduce the melodies of it with her voice. For unless music is tuneful, it just will not sing for anybody.

In Mme. Garbousova's view, this construction lately completed of Barber's surpasses, for solo interest at least, any other attempt of the present period to combine the cello with orchestra in the three-movement cycle of Allegro, Andante, Allegro. In fine, it is the leader, as she ardently expressed herself, among modern violoncello concertos.

A somewhat similar opinion was elicited from another cellist appearing with the Boston Symphony not so long ago regarding an enterprise of the same type by another composer of the day. Like question, then, like answer. Yet there seems no way out of asking artists who have devoted themselves to mastering a given task how they regard the outcome.

As for the matter of time in Mme. Garbousova's study of the Barber Concerto, she has had two months with the music, and of course she knows it to the last note, swift passages and slow; cadenzas, too, or rather cadenza, since there is found in the work but one formal cadenza, and that as elaborate as could be desired, a little more than half way along in the first movement.

A characteristic of the beginning part of the cycle, and of the Finale also, which Mme. Garbousova mentioned with particular ardor is mischievousness. There are touches of humor which suit the genius of the big stringed instrument precisely. That quality she reckons as of great value, and evidently as something for the soloist to go after listeners with.

In pleasurable contrast with the beginning and the concluding divisions, the artist was zealous to observe, stands the slow movement—not many pages in the score, but some seven minutes in performing time. She calls it charming for the duet of cello and oboe at the start, passages of brief dialogue between the cello and other woodwind voices; and trumpets accompanying softly a sustained song for the cello. The Andante, in sum, she finds captivating at once for its expressive, occasionally almost bird-like, singing, and for echoings of the cello strains by English horn, French horn, violins, and whatever else.

The Finale, by indication of the Italian caption, *Molto Allegro e Appassionata*, is meant to be rapidly played and at the same time deeply felt. The feeling, moreover, is supposed to be emphatically expressed, especially by the soloist, and not merely imagined. For the cello is a plain speaker and when it gets into a serious mood it makes you know it. But the companion voices of the orchestra do not permit too much severity; for when things become excessively stern, the

clarinet or other instrument back there in the big accompanying ensemble imitates and mocks. The trumpet does the same, and the flute as well. The strings, perchance, respond more sympathetically and politely.

Still, unless the eye is deceived by the notes as they dance in calligraphic grace up and down and along the ruled lines of the manuscript, the cello, while ex-

pected to be impassioned, is not supposed to be sullen. Contrariwise, it persists much, as Mme. Garbousova gave assurance, in the comedy vein. Last of all, and by way of wind-up, a solo exploit in the manner of a cadenza, taking in about the whole of the cello's range, comes to evidence on the page; then is indited something brisk and brilliant for the entire platform of instruments, and that writes the coda.

CONCERTO HAS ITS DEBUT HERE

Mr. Barber's Work Played at Symphony

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The current Symphony program, conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky, consists of two immediately contemporary pieces, David Diamond's Rounds for String Orchestra and a 'Cello Concerto by Samuel Barber, and three works from the '70s and '80s of the last century, Strauss' "Don Juan," Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovanstchina" and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." The Diamond number was introduced here last December by the orchestra of the New England Conservatory. Barber's concerto, with Raya Garbousova to play the extremely difficult solo part, received yesterday its first public performance.

Mr. Diamond's Rounds are definitely attractive, though the third and final movement is a bit too long for what it contains. The music is vigorous and expertly written, if not conspicuously original. There are reminders of two not entirely dissimilar fugatos in operatic music, namely, the Overture to "The Bartered Bride" and the Overture to "Mme. Butterfly." A contemplative Adagio set between two Allegros makes for admirable contrast. This would seem to be a piece that might remain in the repertory. Present in the audience, Mr. Diamond was invited to the edge of the platform by Dr. Koussevitzky and warmly applauded.

Not so palatable on first acquaintance is Mr. Barber's Concerto. The most agreeable portions are the second movement, which reveals more of lyric impulse than of real melodic invention, and a slow section in the finale, slightly reminiscent of Shostakovich. Much of the first movement is nervous and jittery. You are reminded of Bernard Shaw's comparison of a 'cello with a

bee buzzing in a stone jug. The most successful concertos for this instrument, which does not lend itself too well to the purpose anyway, have been essentially songful in character and it may be doubted whether many artists will find themselves drawn toward Mr. Barber's piece, since it places their instrument for the most part in a not too flattering light. The composer was brought to the stage and he and the much deserving Miss Garbousova were also applauded.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra accomplished a brilliant performance of "Don Juan," which stands up better than some of its composer's later creations, and they acquitted themselves well, as usual, in Moussorgsky's imaginative Prelude. "Francesca" is a curious mixture of genius, sheer twaddle and arrant vulgarity. Dr. Koussevitzky did full justice to the genius and, if anything, exaggerated the vulgarity. We have seen him rise to this dual occasion in other works of Tchaikovsky, notably the Fourth Symphony.

Symphony Concert

The 22nd concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Raya Garbousova, cellist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Rounds for String Orchestra... Diamond
Concerto for Cello and Orchestra... Barber
Op. 22... Strauss
"Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20... Strauss
Prelude to "Khovanstchina" Moussorgsky
"Francesca da Rimini," Orchestral Fantasy Op. 32... Tchaikovsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Yesterday's concert was notable for two first performances, David Diamond's Rounds for String Orchestra, which was played for the first time at these concerts, and Samuel Barber's Cello Concerto, which was played for the first time anywhere. Both composers were in the audience and were cordially received.

Mr. Diamond's Rounds are more or less what you would expect, brisk and bustling canons with nice writing for the strings. They sound fresh and exhilarating. They are readily grasped at a first hearing by anyone with a taste for modern counterpoint. The Boston Symphony's strings were heard to admirable advantage in them yesterday.

On the other hand, Mr. Barber's Concerto was not at all easy to take in at a single hearing. I have admired his Violin Concerto and other music and was fully prepared to like this new piece, but, except for the slow movement, I did not find myself in sympathy with it at all. The first movement seemed especially obscure. The finale started out with the high spirits of a concluding rondo and then wasted away in a series of recita-

tives, practically miniature cadenzas, for the solo instrument.

Cello concertos are notoriously hard to bring off, and I don't think Mr. Barber has turned the trick. His Concerto appealed to me far less than the Dukelsky Cello Concerto heard here earlier this season. I must say, though, that Miss Garbousova seemed to enjoy herself immensely and tossed off a bravura performance that brought much applause from the audience.

The second half of the program gave us Strauss' well known and exciting tone poem, "Don Juan," Moussorgsky's hauntingly lovely Prelude to "Khovanstchina" and Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini." No comment is needed on the first two, particularly as Mr. Koussevitzky read them with sympathetic fervor. "Francesca da Rimini" was not a good foil for "Don Juan." For all its noise and brilliant passages it dates and it will never equal Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet." Still I suppose it is as well to encourage the performance of the lesser known Tchaikovsky, since we hear so much of the war horses. The score has its merits, but I don't think it was heard to best advantage cheek by jowl with the tone poems of Strauss and Moussorgsky.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will be out of town. For the following week the concerts will be held on Thursday afternoon, instead of on Good Friday, and Saturday night. Rachmaninoff's 3rd Piano Concerto, with Horowitz, will be played, as well as works by Sibelius, Wagner and Brahms.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra
By CYRUS DURGIN

Two new pieces stand at the head of this week's program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra: Rounds for String Orchestra, by David Diamond, and Samuel Barber's Cello Concerto, in which the soloist is Miss Raya Garbousova. The second half is given over to three familiar items: the tone poem, "Don Juan," by Richard Strauss; the Prelude to Moussorgsky's opera, "Khovanstchina," and the orchestral fantasy by Tchaikovsky, "Francesca da Rimini."

Diamond's work is new to these concerts. The Barber Concerto had its first performances anywhere. Though quite unlike in purpose and idiom, the two scores have something in common. They are both light in weight and they are both strictly contemporary and very nervous music.

Even the slow movement of Barber's Concerto—by far the best of the three movements—is of a troubled lyricism. What seems to be troubling it is the same thing that troubles Diamond: pre-occupation with intellectual concepts of music. No doubt both works look simply beautiful on paper—and to be sure, Diamond's Rounds have a certain astringent vigor.

But in actual performance, the Rounds have only their restless vitality and their keen-witted facture to recommend them, while Barber's Concerto has practically nothing discernible to say. Where Barber triumphs, however, is in his brilliant and probably idiomatic treatment of the solo instrument.

He has provided Miss Garbousova with a showy but an exacting role which she carries off with victorious brilliance. If opportunity for technical virtuosity were everything, the Barber Concerto would be a world-beater. Miss Garbousova received what amounted to a full-sized "ovation." Both Diamond and Barber were present and bowed to applause.

If "Don Juan" had continued as it began, yesterday afternoon, this performance by Serge Koussevitzky would have been one never to be forgotten. As it was, Strauss' youthful and striding counterpoint was thrilling, but after the first few pages some of the voices just disappeared into the polyphonic void.

"Francesca da Rimini," however, emerged in a reading that made your hair stand on end—and almost made you forget that if Tchaikovsky hadn't been so fussy about repetition and bridge passages, "Francesca" would have been shorter but an unflawed masterpiece.

Moussorgsky's mood-music also received superfine treatment, of which one notable detail was Valkenier's last horn phrases of incredible pianissimo.

BOSTONIANS PLAY 2 AMERICAN WORKS

Koussevitzky Is Acclaimed for
Diamond, Barber Numbers—
Raya Garbousova Soloist

By OLIN DOWNES

The concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall was the final concert of the season by that organization in this city, and it was an exceptionally significant conclusion of the series. Half the program was given to two compositions by Americans and both works were eminently worth hearing. One of them had been made known last season, David Diamond's "Rounds for Orchestra." But Samuel Barber's concerto for violoncello and orchestra, with Raya Garbousova as 'cellist, was heard for the first time in this city. The Brahms C minor symphony was manna for those with small taste for modernity, and the epic performance was followed by thunderous acclaim.

Mr. Diamond's music, admirably fashioned, is joyous and vernal. There is youth in it. The writing is refreshingly direct and brilliant. The piece could properly be called "Rondes de Printemps," although other composers have used that title. In this case it would be a singularly appropriate one, not only because of the mood of the music but because of its facture. The Rounds devices of imitations are used well and extensively, but freely, without academic insistence and with inventive vigor and fancy.

The technical procedure is not merely the vehicle but the springboard of the composer's imagination. He uses the system exuberantly, and there's laughter in the music. And no waste notes! The counterpoint is ingenious enough, sure in the manipulation of the material, but none of it superfluous, and all of it music. The centralization of the musical idea which is the supreme usefulness of the strict "canon," or "round" as the case may be, is preserved, so that the central ideas are driven home, but the writing is remarkably flexible, spontaneous, and unpedantic.

The hearing of this score emphasized anew how much an adequate interpretation means to a composer. Dr. Koussevitzky's performance revealed every detail and facet of the score, and this in the most transparent and glowing manner. All the finish and virtuosity of the magnificent orchestra was put at the composer's service, in the re-creation of the score, and the same thing held true of Mr. Barber's concerto.

Here too one was aware of a composer finding himself and speaking with an unprecedented directness and confidence of manner. A little preluding is followed by the 'cello's announcement of the principal theme, already anticipated by the oboe. The gay and piquant character of the opening and its spicy rhythm is presently given competition and melodic intensity by the solo instrument. The invaluable attribute of a genuinely lyrical vein is Mr. Barber's. Here it is combined with a structural capacity that had not always been in evidence. There is a good deal of cadenza in the first movement, but the cadenzas are continuations of the musical development and not separate display passages for the soloist. They link sections together and establish liaison between the accompanied solo passages and "tutti" developments of the orchestra.

The slow movement, indeed the whole concerto, is something to hear again—at least for this listener—before it is thoroughly grasped. At first this andante impresses as relying upon thematic figures rather than melodic themes—even as the classic "concerto grosso" of the Bach period does in another and stricter way. But this movement grows in melodic interest and in intensity of mood, and for its coda—a young modern American absolutely dares to express himself poetically.

The last movement is remarkable for its structure and also for the sudden emergence of measures more serious, even tragical, than the prevailing tenor of the composition. This is not artificial; it is felt and it bestows what was needed for the emotional completion of the work.

Fine Work by Soloist

Mr. Barber had also the benefit, like the audience, of the sensitive and authoritative playing of Miss Garbousova. She played with an authentically feminine warmth and in masterly style. She had a Guadagnini 'cello, recently acquired,

which should prove an excellent instrument for her use, because of its noble sonority and the fine balance of the strings. The concerto has passages of great difficulty, and not only the difficulties of some elaborate double-stopping. All the resources of the 'cello technique were called into play, and were put by a great artist at the service of sovereign interpretation. Then there was the enveloping interpretation of the work as a whole by Dr. Koussevitzky and his players.

Both composers were present yesterday and in turn the conductor led them to the stage, where they were long and warmly applauded. The effect of their music was one more testimony and vindication of the faith that D. Koussevitzky has shown, since his arrival in this country twenty-two seasons ago, in the gifts of our creative musicians of the rising generations. From the beginning of his conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra he has sought out native talent and insistently given it opportunities of a hearing and the benefit of his personal aid and counsel, and to composers he has won the reward for these labors. Two concert programs which have produced three scores of such merit as Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring," played Thursday night, and the Diamond and Barber compositions of yesterday afternoon, are among the proofs, not only of what Koussevitzky has done, beyond any other conductor this country has ever seen, for its composers, but also the way in which the composers are repaying in kind their championship by Sergei Koussevitzky.

MUSIC

= By VIRGIL THOMSON =

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, last New York concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Soloist, Raya Garbousova, 'cellist. The program: Round for String Orchestra. David Diamond Concerto for violoncello and orchestra. Op. 22. First Manhattan Performance. Symphony No. 1, in C minor. Brahms.

A Fine, Big Piece

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, who has somewhat neglected of late his own and the Boston Symphony Orchestra's ancient tradition of playing at least one new work on every program, returned to the path of virtue at yesterday afternoon's concert in Carnegie Hall by giving us two. David Diamond's Rounds for String Orchestra have been heard here only once before, when Howard Hanson conducted them last spring at Columbia University's Festival of American Music. Samuel Barber's Concerto for Cello and Orchestra, with Raya Garbousova as excellent soloist, was altogether new to New York.

Mr. Diamond's Rounds are pleasant of sound but a little low in both expressive and musical interest. Their first movement is based on a descending minor third, treated in the obsessive manner. The second, or slow movement, wanders contrapuntally (and agreeably) but not far. The third is a fugato of which the returning theme is treated, like the first movement's main motif, as if it were an *idée fixe*. Moment by moment the work is pretty. As a whole, it seems to lack both intensity of thought and a clear progression of feeling.

Mr. Barber's Cello Concerto is the most ample work this composer has yet produced. It lasts about thirty-five minutes, and it is full of thought. It is full of thought about musical expression in general and about the possibilities for musical expression of the violoncello in particular. It is full of ingenious orchestral devices for accompanying this instrument without drowning it. And it is full of reasonably good tunes.

The tunes are not really so satisfactory, however, as the flowing passage work that separates and joins them might lead one to believe. The main first-movement

and last-movement themes are based on obsessive rhythmic devices; the slow-movement melody is merely an arpeggio treated in the same monotonous fashion. But the working-up of these into a richly romantic, well-sustained structure is musical, masterful, thoughtful and not without a certain Brahms-like grandeur.

The work has the feel of serious repertory about it, and it is most advantageous for the cello, which has a lot to do all the time. Perhaps it has a little too much to do, because it keeps the more powerful orchestra sounds pretty constantly on leash. Perhaps if Mr. Barber had dramatized more the functional contrasts between orchestra and soloist, instead of letting these two always express the same sentiments, they might had together a little less than they do

the aspect of a lion lying down with a lamb. This outcome, as William Blake long ago pointed out, is not really a harmonious adjustment of characteristics, since it represents both physically and morally a complete victory for the lamb.

For all that, Mr. Barber's Cello Concerto, though not quite a masterpiece, is a fine, big work. It has depth of musical thought, as well as length and breadth. And for all its occasional modernity of texture, it has the formal solemnity of Late Romanticism and an expansive melancholy of mood that makes it both adequate and suitable to a permanent place on our standard symphony orchestra programs. The afternoon ended with the usual Brahms.

Raya Carbonsora



Solo cellist in yesterday afternoon's Boston Symphony concert

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON

NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Twenty-third Programme

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 18, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, at 8:30 o'clock

KHATCHATOURIAN.....Piano Concerto

- I. Allegro ma non troppo e maestoso
- II. Andante con anima
- III. Allegro brillante

INTERMISSION

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 7, Op. 105
(In one movement)

WAGNER....."Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal"

BRAHMS.....Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56A

SOLOIST

WILLIAM KAPPELL

Mr. Kapell uses the Steinway Piano

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'Boy Wonder' Flies Here to Substitute at Concert



SUBSTITUTES FOR ILL. PIANIST

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with William Kapell, 23, pianist, who was flown here from New York for today's concert.

Flown here from New York at the urgent appeal of Conductor Serge Koussevitzky, the "boy wonder" pianist, William Kapell, will face a critical Boston audience at Symphony Hall today, as substitute for stricken Vladimir Horowitz, one of the country's most famous concert artists. *4-18-46 Pub*

Mr. Horowitz was engaged long since to play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Rachmaninoff concerto in D Minor, at this afternoon's concert. A serious attack of influenza made it necessary for him to cancel the appearance on Tuesday. Dr. Koussevitzky, faced with the need of replacing him, remembered that two years ago Mr. Kapell, then only 21, had appeared at Symphony Hall with success. He phoned to New York, caught the young pianist at home. Just in from a concert tour

in the West, and invited him to step into the shoes of the famous artist.

Mr. Kapell dashed by taxi to a music store, picked up the score of the concerto he will play, raced to the airport and flew to Boston. Yesterday, he had one rehearsal with the Symphony orchestra. This afternoon he will face his test. He will play, by Koussevitzky's choice, the piano composition of Aram Khatchaturian, Russian composer. The Rachmaninoff concerta will be omitted.



Serge Koussevitzky

KAPELL PLAYS AT SYMPHONY

Pleases in Concerto by Khatchatourian

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

William Kapell found himself in a rather unenviable position when called upon to substitute for Vladimir Horowitz at this week's pair of Symphony Concerts, the first of which took place yesterday afternoon. By almost universal consent Mr. Horowitz is the most sensational, the most electrifying of contemporary pianists. He was to play the Third Concerto of Rachmaninoff, a work that he has made peculiarly his own and with which he generates a high degree of audience excitement.

Young Mr. Kapell, on the other hand, was asked by Dr. Koussevitzky to play

the Concerto of Aram Khatchatourian, which he has played here twice before and with which he achieved, as he did again yesterday, a considerable success. But Khatchatourian is no Rachmaninoff. His Concerto, an outwardly showy, if somewhat hollow affair, with pleasing exotic touches in the middle movement, might be described musically as a blend of Rachmaninoff, Prokofiev, and the Ippolitov-Ivanov of the "Caucasian Sketches." Anyway, Mr. Kapell plays it very brilliantly, and if the audience felt any disappointment in the last minute substitution, it concealed it admirably and applauded Mr. Kapell to the echo, with the orchestra joining in.

For the balance of the program, the part that will go on the air tomorrow evening, Dr. Koussevitzky, as was the case at the last pair of concerts two weeks ago, assembled three contrasted compositions, the Seventh Symphony of Sibelius, the "Good Friday Spell," from "Parsifal" and Brahms' Variations on a Theme of Haydn. With the Sibelius Seventh the conductor completed his observance of the Finnish composer's 80th birthday. At the regular concerts he has played the First, Fifth and Sixth Symphonies, while the Second turned up both at a Sunday afternoon concert and last Monday evening. "The Swan of Tuonela," was also heard. He had

planned to play all seven Symphonies, and this reviewer would gladly have seen Nos. 3 and 4 substituted for the over-played Fifth and the dry and barren Sixth.

No. 7, and not only because it is the shortest of the lot, is a great improve-

ment over its two predecessors. There is some of the aimless pattering around to be found in all the later Sibelius, the use of figures instead of themes. There is also beauty, nobility and exaltation of mood that cause the piece to make as a whole deep impression.

If all of "Parsifal" were as beautiful as the "Good Friday Spell," that music drama would be, in truth, everything that some people like to believe it to be. Its performance yesterday matched the music, and after it the Brahms seemed singularly drab, for the most part, a mere exercise in scholastic composition. The G minor variation, in the tempo of a Siciliana, is lovely, of course, and one or two of the livelier ones are engaging. And the work ends pleasantly, with a festive-sounding restatement of Haydn's theme. I for one, however, would as soon hear the piece in the two piano version as in its prevailing gray orchestral dress. With all the composers on the program, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were exceedingly eloquent.

Symphony Concert

The 23rd regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. William Kapell, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Piano Concerto, Khatchatourian
Symphony No. 7 Op. 105, Sibelius
"Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal," Wagner
Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56A, Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Some in yesterday's audience may have been disappointed that Mr. Horowitz could not appear in the Rachmaninoff Concerto, but after Mr. Kapell and the orchestra had finished Khatchatourian's Piano Concerto I am sure that the disappointment was mitigated and replaced by admiration for the soloist and pleasure in the new work. It is, of course, not exactly new, having been played twice at these concerts before. I heard it over the radio in an army camp in Texas in October, 1943, and even with truly execrable reception it then sounded to me like an attractive work.

Yesterday, with no such distortion, but on the contrary a magnificent performance by both Mr. Kapell and the orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky, it sounded brilliant. Except for a considerable use of the piano as a percussive instrument and greater dissonance, the Concerto bears striking resemblances to Rachmaninoff. Beneath its surface brilliance and occasional harshness

it is romantic and even nostalgic. It is also a great show piece for the solo instrument. Both these qualities are characteristic of Rachmaninoff. I do not say that Khatchatourian is not original, but merely that this Concerto is in the same line as an aspect of Rachmaninoff's piano and orchestra music and also bears comparison with Prokofiev.

A curious feature of the music is the use of long passages for the piano while the orchestra remains silent. These are not cadenzas, but part and parcel of the work's development. The second movement is undoubtedly the most appealing on a first hearing, but I found that in all three my attention was closely held. Mr. Kapell received something pretty near an ovation for his admirable playing. Pinch-hitting for Horowitz is no joke, but Mr. Kapell and the Khatchatourian Concerto carried the day.

After the intermission Mr. Koussevitzky turned his attention to music familiar for the most part and more in keeping with this solemn season. Many consider Sibelius' 7th Symphony his best. It is at any rate his most concise and interesting, if not as popular as the 2nd and 5th. I could hardly believe the program book when it stated that Wagner's Good Friday music has not been played at these concerts since 1933. The audience welcomed it back after all these years with enthusiasm.

Finally Mr. Koussevitzky led the orchestra in a fine performance of Brahms' ingenious and lovely variations on the theme of Haydn's St. Anthony chorale. We could all leave the hall with its gracious sonorities still ringing in our ears and pronounce the concert a most satisfactory one.

Koussevitzky and Symphony at Their Best; Kapell Brilliant as Soloist

By CYRUS DURGIN

Since today is Good Friday, the afternoon concert of the week by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was played at Symphony Hall yesterday. In honor of the season, Serge Koussevitzky performed in the second half of the program the "Good Friday Spell," from Richard Wagner's "Parsifal." This music was flanked by the Seventh Symphony of Sibelius and Brahms' Variation on a Theme by Haydn.

When Vladimir Horowitz was reported a victim of the flu, the opening portion of the list had to be changed. In Mr. Horowitz' place as piano soloist came William Kapell, and for the Third Concerto of Rachmaninoff was substituted the Concerto by Aram Khatchatourian.

Much as many of us would have liked to hear again Mr. Horowitz' hair-raising interpretation of the Rachmaninoff work, we were not let down by either Kapell or Khatchatourian. This is the third time that the young American pianist (he is still only 23) has played the Khatchatourian with the Boston Symphony. Each time performance and piece have seemed more substantial.

The Concerto is tricky, of course, and put together with a very shrewd eye to theatrical effort. It is not markedly original, for it owes a certain debt to Rachmaninoff, and it is not remarkable as musical structure. For all that, the Khatchatourian Concerto has a most agreeable Oriental flavor and it has its frequent "big" moments. The dissonance is spicy rather than sour, and the rhythms are decidedly fetching. As for the slow movement, that certainly is one of the best by a contemporary composer.

Having weighed merits and shortcomings, it is evident that the Concerto will give you a good time if you do not expect too much from it in the way of a cosmic masterpiece. Take it for what it is: clever and diverting, and it carries its own weight nicely. Mr. Kapell, with his strength and dexterity, plays it brilliantly, and Mr. Koussevitzky gives the orchestral part a spirited reading. All concerned were entitled to the applause they received yesterday.

Throughout the afternoon Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were at their best. The one-movement Symphony of Sibelius, which

has a certain out-of-this-world quality that reminds me a bit of Beethoven's last quartets, never sounded better. Nor did it ever sound—at least to me—clearer, more compact and understandable.

Brass, strings and woodwind—apart from a few errors that did not spoil the whole—were glorious both in their tone colors and precise execution in the "Good Friday Spell." "Parsifal" is not all of a piece, and it is very demanding upon listeners in the opera house, but the magical interlude from Act

3—for all its initial "pomposo" ostentation—is infinitely touching.

Brahms of the Chorale St. Antony Variations is among the best and most ingratiating Brahms, and the performance left nothing to be wanted. Yet it was a mistake to put plain Johannes after the anything-but-plain Richard the First.

New Text for Ninth

At the final concerts of the Boston Symphony season, April 26-27, and at the Pension Fund concert of April 28, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony will be performed under the direction of Dr. Koussevitzky and with the assistance of the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses and a quartet of soloists.

On this occasion a new translation by Theodore Spencer of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," made for the orchestra, will be used. By permission, the new text is here reprinted:

Baritone:
Oh friends, no longer these tones of sadness!
Rather sing a song of sharing and of gladness!
Oh Joy, we hail Thee!

Chorus:
Praise her! Praise her!
Joy, thou spark from heav'n immortal
Daughter of Elysium!
Drunk with fire, toward Heaven advancing
Goddess, to thy shrine we come.
Thy sweet magic brings together
What stern Custom spreads afar;
All mankind knows all men brothers
Where thy happy wing-beats are.

He whose luck has been so golden
Friend to have and friend to be,
He that's won a noble woman,
Join us in our jubilee.
Oh if there is any being
Who may call one heart his own
Let him join us, or else, weeping,
Steal away to weep alone.

Nature's milk of joy all creatures
Drink from that full breast of hers;
All things evil, all things lovely,
Rose-clad, are her followers.
Kisses are her gift, and vine-leaves,
Lasting friend on life's long road;
Joy the humblest worm is given,
Joy, the Seraph, dwells with God.

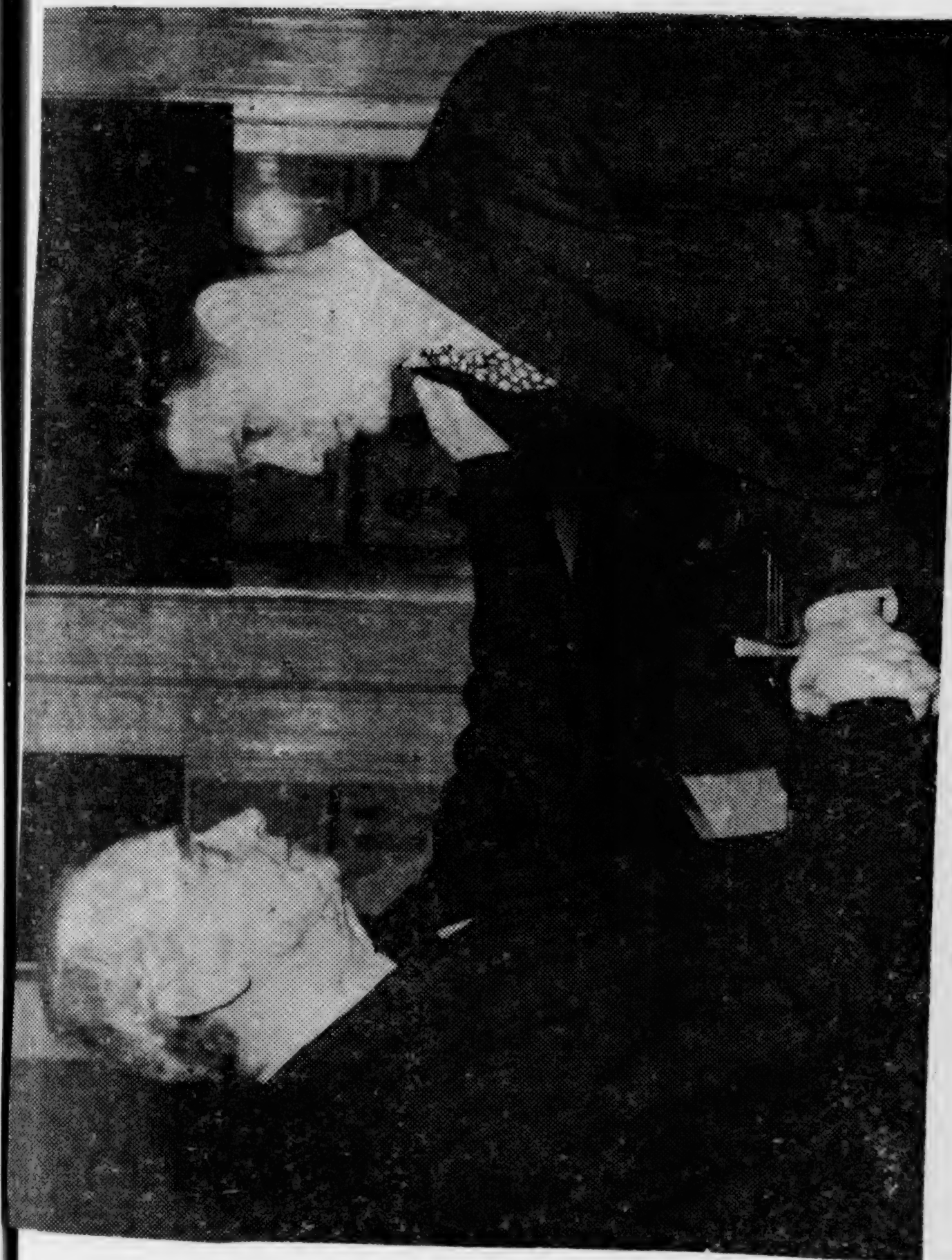
Glad as the suns that God sent flying
Down their paths of glorious space,
Brothers, now forget all sadness
Joyful run your hero's race.

O embrace now all you millions,
With one kiss for all the world.
Brothers, high beyond all stars
Surely dwells a loving Father.

Kneel before him, all you millions
Know your true Creator, man!
Seek him high beyond all stars,
High beyond all stars adore Him.



VLADIMIR HOROWITZ, soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at its concerts on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.



Dr. Koussevitzky Lends Encouragement

The conductor and William Kapell, who stepped into the breach at the last moment as a substitute for Vladimir Horowitz as piano soloist at the Symphony concerts this afternoon and Saturday night.

Arlington Concert

A Symphony Concert was given last evening in the Arlington Town Hall by 45 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jacob H. Strauss, for the benefit of the Arlington Symmes Hospital. Leo Litwin, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Pomp and Circumstance Elgar
March No. 1 in D major Weber
Overture to "Euryanthe" Grieg
Piano Concerto in A minor Strauss
Overture to "Die Fledermaus" Boccherini
Minuet Handel
Largo Tchaikovsky
Symphony No. 4 in F minor
(Scherzo and Finale) Tchaikovsky

You never know what the suburbs are up to culturally until you venture out into them and find out. What with the heavy Boston season this is not always possible, but usually when the trip is made it proves to be well worth while. The above concert is an example of this suburban enterprise. It seems to have been the idea of a philanthropic and enthusiastic amateur conductor, Mr. Jacob H. Strauss. At any rate he gathered together his band of Boston Symphony players, on the ground that Arlington might as well have the best, and last night conducted them himself in a varied and popular program. Yet further the concert benefited the Symmes Hospital.

The program began with Elgar's well-known march, the most familiar of the Pomp and Circumstance set and proceeded through the much less well-known Overture to "Euryanthe," Weber's opera that is never given nowadays even in Europe. The main item of the program was Grieg's famous Piano Concerto, in which the capable soloist was Boston's Leo Litwin (or perhaps he comes from Arlington, too?).

After the intermission Mr. Strauss conducted two short pieces which are well beloved in the Pops, Boccherini's Minuet and Handel's Largo. The concert concluded with the last two movements from Tchaikovsky's stirring 4th Symphony.

A. W. W.

ARLINGTON TOWN HALL

Hospital Benefit Concert

There are two sides to music: The professional and the amateur, and without both the art would not be what it is. Sometimes those points of view are gulfs apart; at other times they join in friendly association. Last night at Robbins Town Hall in Arlington they got together in a good cause—to benefit the Symmes Arlington Hospital.

The professional aspect was represented by 45 members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with Julius Theodorowicz as concertmaster. The amateur aspect was represented by Jacob H. Strauss, a Boston clothing merchant who is devoted to music, and who was the conductor of the evening. All told they attracted a sizable audience. The amount gained by the Symmes Hospital could not, it was claimed, be ascertained last night.

The evening was devoted to what is familiarly known as a "Pops" program, beginning with Elgar's D major "Pomp and Circumstance" March, and continuing with the "Euryanthe" Overture by Weber.

Then came the Grieg Piano Concerto in A minor, with a well-known Boston professional, Leo Litwin, as keyboard soloist. These pieces went off with spirit. There was no attempt at "interpretation." The music was played simply and with gusto and it was allowed to speak for itself. Mr. Strauss, for several years a pupil of Arthur Fiedler in conducting, contented himself with the larger outlines and tempi of the music at hand. This was music-making whose governing purpose was just to make music.

In the period following intermission came the "Fledermaus" Overture of Strauss, the Boccherini Minuet, Handel's so-called Largo with the violin solo taken by Mr. Theodorowicz, and the last two movements of the Fourth Symphony by Tchaikovsky. Since the program was offered for general enjoyment and for a worthy philanthropic object, there is no reason why it should be analyzed in detail as would be an undertaking for commercial gain and professional re-clame.

C. W. D.

Wins Ovation as Last-Minute Substitute

By L. A. Sloper

Substituting on 36 hours' notice for Vladimir Horowitz, who was unable to appear, William Kapell won an ovation at yesterday afternoon's Boston Symphony concert with his performance in Khatchaturian's Piano Concerto. He played this instead of Rachmaninov's Third, which had been scheduled for Mr. Horowitz.

Mr. Kapell deserved the plaudits, for he gave an extraordinary performance. It was he who introduced the Khatchaturian Concerto to the Symphony audience in 1943, and he was repeating his earlier success, but with the added interest that attaches to a rescue job. He played with no sign of tentativeness, and Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra co-operated beautifully.

A rehearsing of the concerto gave no reason to revise the opinion of it expressed here on former occasions. It is unquestionably a brilliant score, well suited for pianistic display, and it contains also some haunting Armenian melodies. Mr. Kapell's superb technique and his exquisite tone and phrasing made the most of the opportunities for both kinds of playing.

Dr. Koussevitzky did well to revive in this twenty-third program of the season the Sibelius Seventh Symphony, which had not been heard here for more than four years. It is one of the most compelling of the Finnish master's efforts. Its single movement lasts only 20 minutes, but into that brief time a full measure of musical excitement is packed. The characteristic emotional tension is fully realized in Dr. Koussevitzky's reading. There are occasional pages of dullness, but they are quickly forgotten in the intensity of expression in the rest of the score.

Sibelius is the essence of Wagner, and the Seventh Symphony is the essence of Sibelius. But there is more doubt today about the permanence of Sibelius' music than

there seemed to be 10 years ago. It has pattern, but is its structure strong enough to sustain its emotional impact over a long period?

That of Tchaikovsky's symphonies is. Time will have to decide the case of Sibelius.

The other items on the program were the "Good Friday Spell" from "Parsifal" and the Brahms Variations on a Theme by Haydn.

Boston Symphony Concertmaster Retires After Record 48 Years

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After tonight's concert, Theodorowicz will retire from the orchestra. He will, however, continue to sit as concertmaster of the coming season of Pops, a position he has held since 1916.

Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, felicitated Theodorowicz upon his long service.

Guests included colleagues, members of the Boston Symphony trustees and others.

Born in Poland, he won eminence as a violinist in Vienna, from where he was brought to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in 1898 by Wilhelm Gericke, the orchestra's conductor who then was serving his second tenure of office. Brilliant young Franz Kneisel, who was concertmaster, had found the string quartet, bearing his name, which became the top organization of its kind in this country. Theodorowicz became second violin in the quartet, of which the other members, besides Kneisel, were Louis Svencenski, viola; and Alwyn Schroeder, cellist—all members of the Boston Symphony.

In 1903, the Kneisel Quartet toured the country, quitting the orchestra for three years for that purpose. Theodorowicz rejoined the orchestra in 1907, and has been a member ever since. He retires with the orchestra's record of years served.

For many years he was leader and commentator of his own ensemble at the Lake Placid Club in New York state.

He is married to the former Hazel L'Africaine, who established herself as a foremost 'cello soloist. They have a daughter, Anne, and son, David. The latter fought with the Marines in the Pacific Theatre in the late war.

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-FIVE AND FORTY-SIX

Twenty-fourth Programme

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 26, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, at 8:30 o'clock

HAYDN..... Symphony in G major, No. 88

- I. Adagio; Allegro
- II. Largo
- III. Menuetto; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN..... Symphony No. 9 in D minor, with final chorus on Schiller's Ode to Joy, Op. 125

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso
- II. Molto vivace: Presto
- III. Adagio molto e cantabile
- IV. Presto; Allegro
Allegro assai
Presto
Baritone Recitative
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro assai
Tenor Solo and Chorus: Allegro assai vivace, alla marcia
Chorus: Andante maestoso
Adagio, ma non troppo, ma divoto
Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro ma non tanto
Chorus: Prestissimo

HARVARD GLEE CLUB and RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor

FRANCES YEEND, Soprano
ANDREW MCKINLEY, Tenor

Soloists

VIOLA SILVA, Contralto
ROBERT HALL COLLINS, Bass

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Symphony Concert

The 24th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday in Symphony Hall. Assisting were the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor; Frances Yeend, soprano; Viola Silva, contralto; Andrew McKinley, tenor; Robert Hall Collins, bass. The program was as follows:

Symphony in G major No. 88..... Haydn
Symphony No. 9 in D minor, with final chorus on Schiller's Ode to Joy.
Op. 125 Beethoven

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

A superbly fitting conclusion to the season was yesterday's glowing performance of the Ninth Symphony. Here in this symphonic masterpiece on a large scale Beethoven trumpeted for all the world to hear those ideals about which we have all been thinking during the past six years but which we have not often dared to express. Beethoven had none of our modern timidity in face of the commonplace truths. The brotherhood of man was a fine ideal and so he shouted forth its praise in a work of musical art that reaches the sublime. 4-27-46 Herald

I have never been so moved at a performance of the Ninth Symphony as I was yesterday. This was doubtless partly due to personal reflections which had nothing to do with the execution of the Symphony. But in any case it was a splendid performance. Credit should first go to Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra for the spirit and devotion with which they interpreted the score. Praise was also due the chorus from Harvard and Radcliffe, which had obviously been remarkably well coached by Mr. Woodworth. Finally the soloists sang their exceptionally difficult music with a fine semblance of ease.

The Ninth Symphony was preceded by Haydn's delightful Symphony in G major, No. 88, which has long been familiar to Boston Symphonic audiences. The performance seemed to me over-polished yesterday. The slow movement was as near to being static as it could be without falling off the perch. Mr. Koussevitzky made the finale go as fast as the Red Queen made Alice run. Of course, he brings it off, but sometimes I am tempted to wonder if it is worth the energy involved.

This concert, which will be repeated tonight and again on Sunday night (with a larger chorus) for the Pension Fund, officially ends the 65th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Fiedler and the Pops take over Tuesday

night. When the orchestra returns to Symphony Hall next October it will lack one long-familiar face. Mr. Theodorowicz, who has been with the Boston Symphony for 48 years, is retiring from his post at the second desk of the first violins. He will take the good wishes of all friends of the Boston Symphony with him.



FRANCES YEEND, soprano soloist with Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, at the regular concerts on Friday and Saturday and on Sunday evening for the benefit of the orchestra's pension fund.

SYMPHONY FINALE

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

Dr. Koussevitzky has a new formula for ending the Symphony season: The First Symphony of Brahms, long dedicated to that purpose, has given way to nothing less than the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, complete with chorus and soloists. A year ago the final pair of concerts offered the Ninth and nothing more. This year there is a curtain-raiser in the shape of Haydn's Symphony in G major, No. 88, to which the conductor is so greatly devoted. 4-27-46 Pat

This year, as before, the chorus is made up of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, as trained by G. Wallace Woodworth. Save for

Robert Hall Collins, the bass, the soloists are new. Frances Yeend is the soprano, Viola Silva the contralto and Andrew McKinley, the tenor. In addition to the performances of yesterday afternoon and this evening there will be one on Sunday evening in aid of the orchestra's pension fund, with the same soloists and with Haydn's Symphony again as prefatory number.

The performance yesterday was superb. Possibly a larger chorus will assist on Sunday evening, when the platform can be extended, but yesterday Mr. Woodworth's young men and young women did nobly, and upon the latter, at least, Beethoven lays a cruel task. And so trying is the role of the soloists that if they get by at all you say that they did very well indeed. The principal burden, since they are the only ones who sing alone, falls upon the bass and tenor. Mr. Collins was once more impressive in his delivery of the Recitative that introduces the choral portion and Mr. McKinley did well with his solo passage in march-rhythm.

The chorale finale is capable of engendering considerable audience excitement, as was the case yesterday, but the true glory of the Ninth Symphony lies in the three instrumental movements, and particularly in the first two of these. The portentous opening of the work fills the listener with awe no matter how many times it is heard and Dr. Koussevitzky has seen to it that we should be as familiar with the Ninth as we are with any other major work in the repertory. Sunday evening's performance will be the sixth at Symphony Hall in two years, something of a record for any city.

Naturally, Haydn was somewhat swamped by Beethoven yesterday. Dr. Koussevitzky has run this Symphony into the ground, but it stands high among that master's 104 by reason of its noble Largo and the decidedly pleasing nature of the other three movements. Possibly the conductor romanticizes the Largo in a way that Haydn never intended and plays the finale at a speed of which he did not dream, but times and tastes have changed. At the end of the concert yesterday there was great and deserved enthusiasm.

Following the concert there was a reception in the first balcony foyer for Julius Theodorowicz, assistant concertmaster of the orchestra, who is retiring after 48 years of service, the longest term to be served by any member of the organization. He will, however, fill his accustomed post as concertmaster of the Pop Concerts, which begin their 61st season next Tuesday evening.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Pension Fund Concert

By PHYLLIS WATTS

The loudest and longest cheering heard in years went up in Symphony Hall last night when a full-sized audience stood in the aisles to pay tribute to a vital performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

That cheering wasn't entirely a farewell gesture to Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, although yesterday's was the last concert of the season. Neither was the heartfelt approval the result of being bowled over by a work not often given, because the Ninth Symphony has been a steady diet at Pension Fund concerts for the past three years.

The demonstration was rather a spontaneous outburst from an audience which knew a life-giving performance when it heard one. Conductor, orchestra, soloists and several hundred singers working in closest collaboration made triumphant the final choral movement, which looks impossible for voices on paper and seems anti climatic in the light of cold musical logic.

Those who noticed such small imperfections as some tentative wind entrances and a certain amount of over roughness from the first violins found it hard to remain analytical in the face of the larger success of the Ninth Symphony which dwarfed the elaborately detailed performance of Haydn's 88th Symphony in G major. The soprano and alto soloists (Frances Yeend and Viola Silva) were particularly effective. Miss Yeend's voice is full and positive, well up to the trying, brief passages allotted her. Andrew McKinley's tenor was a shade too staccato in the section which he shared with the smoothly phrased bass of Robert Hall Collins.

The choruses, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth and his assistants Ethel Bernard and Elliot Forbes, were a credit to the occasion, and that is saying a great deal. The high A held for 10 bars was resolute in the striding double fugue. The new translation of Theodore Spencer is a welcome change from the turgid one used in previous years, but perhaps one day Schiller's original will be allowed to speak for itself. 4-29-46 Galt

THE SYMPHONY

Orchestra, Soloists and Chorus Superb
in Beethoven Ninth

By CYRUS DURGIN

Here we are again at the end of another Boston Symphony season. It doesn't seem possible, but unhappily it's true. The last Friday and Saturday concerts of yesterday and tonight will be followed by a pension fund performance at Symphony Hall Sunday night, and then all will be over.

Serge Koussevitzky's program for all three concerts is the same: Haydn's G major Symphony, No. 88, followed by the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven. The choruses for the finale of Beethoven's mighty work are those of the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth. The vocal soloists are Frances Yeend, soprano (Boston debut); Viola Silva, contralto; Andrew McKinley, tenor (Boston debut), and Robert Hall Collins, bass.

Fitting Final Production

Since the Beethoven Ninth is music of a definitely ceremonial—or at least, occasional—nature, the Symphony makes a fitting production for a season's end. Apart from the ethical aspects of the verses by Schiller which makes the text of the choral finale, this music is of exceptional weight and character. Somehow, in viewing the whole, Beethoven's overwhelming faith in the brotherhood of man, as expressed in those verses, seems of less importance than the grandeur of the entire work.

In all the history of the symphony, there has never been a single movement with the magnitude of the first in Beethoven's Ninth. Here is the apotheosis of his genius for thematic development and variation (although, Heaven knows, the variations of slow movement and finale also are prodigiously worked out). Here, too, is a musical conception of a deaf man whose ears and imagination all were inward; a conception that must have been visionary for its time and which still, more than 125 years later, is

gigantic in proportion and of a timeless appeal.

Of course, the Ninth is a flawed masterpiece, to the extent that Beethoven, ignoring the limitations of the human voice and the niceties of vocal writing, hearing inwardly only what he wished to express, demanded that the singers produce what he had set down. Many of the pages in this finale will never be sung with the full amount of tone and power that the composer wanted. They are simply impossible. For this reason, any performance of the finale is always more or less of a gamble, and when voices can be found which deal reasonably well with those difficulties—well, we are so much the luckier.

Choristers Splendid

In this production of the Ninth Symphony the singers on the whole are admirable. Miss Yeend has a high-ranging and crystal-clear soprano as well suited to the soprano part as most, and she sings it musically. Mr. McKinley coped reasonably well with the equally demanding tenor portion, while Miss Silva and Mr. Collins were no less superior in technic and style. The choristers were splendid.

Mr. Koussevitzky has never read the Ninth Symphony with finer style or clarity, or with greater intensity than he did yesterday. The first movement was monumental in every sense of the word. It was vast and heroic, which means that Beethoven's notes were re-created with complete fidelity. It also was something to be remembered as a model of how that movement can go. The orchestra, at the very top of its exalted form, responded superlatively well.

For the sake of the record, it may be added that Haydn's familiar little Symphony was a bit fussed over; a bit too juicy in the largo, a bit too rushed in the finale. Yet it made its undeniably pleasant effect.

So, here we are at the end of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 65th season.

ORCHESTRA'S YEAR

Symphony Season Established Record in
Number of Guest Conductors Employed

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE Symphony season, which ends tonight with a Pension Fund concert, repeating last week's program (Haydn's Symphony No. 88, Beethoven's Ninth), established a record in the matter of conductors. If we include Wheeler Beckett, who again led a considerable portion of the Orchestra in the six Youth Concerts, no less than nine men have directed it in these seven months. Three of these were native-born Americans: Mr. Beckett, Morton Gould, who took over a Sunday concert in mid-season, and Leonard Bernstein.

This last fact is of itself highly gratifying, and in the case of young Mr. Bernstein we can say that he not only held his own with the guesting Europeans, but eclipsed at least two of them. Outside a very few of Dr. Koussevitzky's own concerts, the most stimulating of the season were the pairs presided over by Mr. Bernstein and Hungarian-born Fritz Reiner, respectively. But whereas the latter scored his biggest success with the highly-colored music of Strauss, Salome's Dance and the "Symphonia Domestica," Mr. Bernstein brought down the house with the Second Symphony of Schumann, a work that in a hundred years of existence has failed to establish itself firmly in general critical estimation.

Two of the remaining guests, Paul Paray who, like Mr. Reiner, was on his first visit here, and Sir Adrian Boult, were responsible between them for five of the 24 pairs of "regular" concerts. Mr. Paray rather rashly relied chiefly upon the most familiar items of the French repertory, plus Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, and save in the case of Dukas' "Sorcerer's Apprentice" and possibly Ravel's "La Valse" added nothing to our understanding of them. An energetic and authoritative reader, he appeared to be lacking in poetry.

If Mr. Paray gave us no new or un-

familiar music, Sir Adrian contributed plenty. But outside Vaughan Williams' mystical "Job" and William Walton's saucy "Scapino" Overture, it was either insignificant, like Anthony Collins' "Threnody for a Soldier Killed in Action; based on fragments left by Michael Heming," or outmoded, as in the case of Bax's "Tintagel" and Ireland's "The Forgotten Rite." He also arrested Holst's ambitious "The Planets" and Elgar's "Enigma" Variations in their course toward local oblivion. A sound musician and able leader, Sir Adrian is not sufficiently electrifying for our jaded palates. One could discern a hint of malice in Dr. Koussevitzky's first program after the Englishman's departure: Beethoven's "Pastoral" and Tchaikovsky's "Pathetique." After three weeks of trying to go British, the audiences looked upon these symphonies, set forth in the best Koussevitzkian manner, as a sort of musical spree.

All of the guests have now been accounted for except Igor Stravinsky, who once more gave us a program of his own music, both old and new, the latter being the striking Symphony in Three Movements and the diverting "Scenes de Ballet."

Of the remaining 16 concerts, two fell to associate conductor, Richard Burgin, who gave us in the Violin Concerto of Bartok (Menuhin) perhaps the most important of the local novelties, as well as a Piano Concerto by Gian-Carlo Menotti (Firkusny), which proved superficially pleasing but no more. A newcomer to Symphony Hall, Menotti was earlier represented by two conventional Interludes from his opera, "The Island God."

Opera, by the way, loomed large this season. Having neglected Wagner for several years, Dr. Koussevitzky offered no less than six items from him, performances of great tonal beauty, as well as four provocative fragments from Benjamin Britten's "Peter Grimes," which will have its American premiere at Tanglewood next summer. Of Dr. Koussevitzky's other novelties the most ponderable was the Fifth Symphony of Proko-

Heff. While not of great originality, it is a work of substance and will probably be a fixture in the repertory for some time to come.

The most taking new piece, however, was Copeland's "Appalachian Spring." His "Danzon Cubano" (Bernstein) proved of much less account. Two new symphonies, Martinu's Third and Kabalevsky's Second and two 'Cello Concertos, those of Vladimir Dukelsky (Piatigorsky) and Samuel Barber (Garbousova), did not impress this observer as being particularly significant, though each had its points. That still leaves David Diamond's Rounds for Strings, Henry Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune, Morton Gould's "Harvest" and Concerto for Orchestra as variously interesting examples of young America at work. Mr. Diamond's Rounds, previously played here by the Conservatory Orchestra, seems the one most likely to remain with us. . . . The usual Mahler was omitted and Bruckner was overlooked for yet another season. But there was plenty of Sibelius: five symphonies and a tone poem, in honor of his 80th birthday.

A three-day Bach Festival, inaugurating a series of musical festivals to be sponsored annually by the Boston University College of Music, will be held in Jordan Hall on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. There will be choral, chamber and organ music and no admission charge.

Half-way Impressions; Symphony Season in Review

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

As I intimated last week, I have no real right to review the 65th season of the Boston Symphony, which ends tonight with the Pension Fund Concert. By virtue of being in Germany during October and November and on the ocean in December I missed the first third of the season. Nor do I think that I was sufficiently readjusted to take in properly the three concerts which I did hear in December. On one of these was the Prokofieff 5th Symphony, which luckily I heard later at a Monday concert and by which I was deeply impressed. But

that deep down Boston Symphony audiences are rather proud of their ability to "take it." In view of the somewhat unfavorable angle of publicity which played up the announcement that Mr. Koussevitzky would conduct next season a minimum of "only 13 weeks," it is interesting to note that he led the orchestra in just 14 of the regular pairs of concerts. For the other 10 we had Sir Adrian Boult for three, Paul Paray and Mr. Burgin for two each and Leonard Bernstein, Fritz Reiner and Igor Stravinsky for one each. In other words, it is hardly likely that



Wynn Richards

Robert Hall Collins

Bass soloist in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the Boston Symphony Orchestra's final concerts of the season, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

next season we shall have Mr. Koussevitzky any less than we had this.

There is one rather disconcerting aspect which has struck me particularly after nearly four years absence from the concerts. That is the distortion which the radio commitment inflicts upon the programs. In sum it seems to mean that we get far the longest part of the program after the intermission, which is at least debatable practice for an ideal program. Secondly we almost never get any modern music after the intermission. Thus, not only does the new music not get a chance to be heard by the radio audience but also those of us who would like to have a second crack at the new work at home are fobbed off with the good old standbys which we have heard so often. I submit that this knuckling to the radio may be good business, but that it is essentially inartistic, that it does a serious disservice to the cause of modern music and that anyway the customers in the seats in Symphony Hall are in the long run the first to be considered.

Rather than conclude this random survey on a sour note, I should like to express my personal gratification at once again being in a position to listen to and applaud the magnificent music which the Boston Symphony habitually makes.

such perfection is one of the wonders of the civilized modern world.

We may as well be candid. Just how long this Golden Age will endure is problematical. For two seasons past, Mr. Koussevitzky has conducted fewer concerts. Now he has announced officially that next season he will conduct only 13 weeks in Boston and those weeks when the orchestra is on tour. This means an ever-increasing number of guest conductors, and that in turn means the orchestra increasingly will be subjected to new ways.

This also means that Mr. Koussevitzky's regime no longer can be considered in terms of an indefinite future. Sooner or later a successor will appear. Indeed, there has been much public speculation about the when and the who of that occasion. When it does come about, the orchestra will have to undergo that natural change incident to a new leader.

Next Autumn will see some new faces upon the stage. Not only Julius Theodorowicz, but certain others are said to be retiring. Musical Boston, as well as his colleagues of the orchestra, joins spontaneously in saluting Mr. Theodorowicz, whose career goes back almost to the beginning of the Boston Symphony. He has been an able and valued member of the first violin section.

The New Music

I think the season past has been

Adding Up the Ledgers; the Symphony Season in Review

By CYRUS DURGIN

Almost before we know it, the time has arrived to add up the symphonic ledgers for the past seven months. For the 65th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra will be ended with tonight's performance, as a pension fund benefit, of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The sum total of the ledgers seems to have been another season of memorable performances of a by no means exceptional repertory.

The Boston Symphony is still at its apogee. In technic, in polish and suavity and depth of style, the orchestra continues to be Boston's glory. That, of course, is due to the master's hand of Serge Koussevitzky who, though his own conducting activity has necessarily diminished, continues to rule as the autocrat of Symphony Hall. That is all to our benefit, for the Boston Symphony which he brought to

one in which the level of consistently high performances is more important than the consideration of any outstanding events. It is true that Mr. Koussevitzky's repertory has been shrinking for a number of years. Ever more he tends to repeat, from season to season, a diminishing number of standard masterpieces. The flow of new music continues, but not spectacularly.

Of the season's new fare, the Fifth Symphony of Sergei Prokofieff certainly was the most rewarding. This remarkably skilled and moving work may very well turn out to be a masterpiece of the late war years. Only time can tell, but I suspect the Fifth will prove to be of enduring value.

The Bartok Violin Concerto, so ably performed by Yehudi Menuhin, stands high on the list of excellent newer music, along with the Interludes from Benjamin Britten's opera "Peter Grimes." The complete performance of the opera at "Tangle-

wood" during the Summer, will give us opportunity to assay the work as a whole.

The ballet music "Appalachian Spring" stands among the best of Aaron Copland's work, while his "Danzon Cubano" seemed second-rate. Henry Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune is slight enough, but the facture is solid, and the music has a healthy and honest vitality. The same is true of the Rounds by David Diamond, and the Third Symphony of Bohuslav Martinu.

Of less immediate appeal, but not without various good points were the curious Cello Concerto by Vladimir Dukelsky, Menotti's jingly Piano Concerto and the very long and very static "Job" of Vaughan Williams.

My list of outright failures would include the Cello Concerto by Samuel Barber, a musician who otherwise has written some admirable pieces; the Elegy by the venerable Mr. Gretchaninoff, and the Second Symphony of Kabalevsky.

The Revivals

The finest revival, by all odds, was the Konzertmusik of Hindemith, music of great vigor and point and style. Holst's "The Planets" still has appeal, and the Piano Concerto of Khatchaturian continues to grow with each hearing. Certainly the excerpts from the Prokofiev ballet, "Romeo and Juliet," were important as a revival.

Of the guest conductors the most striking was Leonard Bernstein, probably because he has done so much and matured so well before he has reached 30. I would not go so far as some of my friends who insist he has "arrived" as a first-rate conductor, because I have heard him only with a first-rate orchestra. But of his enormous talent and his promising future there is not a shred of doubt. His mastery of the Schumann style was splendid.

It was a great pleasure to hear the gifted Fritz Reiner, who, since he was here for but a week, ought to be invited to return. As I mentioned at the time, of all the guest conductors in 15 years he was the one who changed the tone of the orchestra least. That, considering his decided individuality, was a feat.

Sir Adrian Boult, that impeccable Briton, gave us restful pleasure, although his intentions seemed to be defeated by his programs. Paul Paray from France left only the impression of his own precise technique.

As for Mr. Stravinsky, he has improved as conductor, but I am of those who believe that an all-Stravinsky program is monotonous to the point of boredom. That, especially, because so much of his later music is very, very dry. Again, Richard Burgin, the orchestra's likeable concertmaster and assistant conductor, gave proof of his own prowess with the baton.

If we had too much Stravinsky all in one dose, we certainly had far too little Mozart and Mahler. There was no Bruckner at all. The 80th birthday of Sibelius was honored over the season, but for some unaccountable reason Mr. Koussevitsky did not venture one of his most remarkable works, the Fourth Symphony.

This was also the season of the Great-Rest-From-Shostakovich. We had that coming to us.

Veteran violinist to retire after long and colorful musical career—Played in Boston Symphony.

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Staff Writer of
The Christian Science Monitor

To go back to the beginning, Julius Theodorowicz, the violinist, arrived on the steamer Puritan, Fall River Line, in Boston on Oct. 1, 1898. That was just at the close of the war between the United States and Spain. But even so the real beginning was earlier still; six years earlier, when Mr. Theodorowicz was a young man graduating from the Conservatory at Vienna; in fine, July 4, 1892. Graduating with him was Georges Enesco, the composer. As part of the exercises they took their turns playing on the violin. Present from America listening were Franz Kneisel and Max Zach of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Farther back yet, and ever so much more interesting, the student, Mr. Theodorowicz, lived in Vienna with his father; and their residence was but a couple of houses or so away from that of Johannes Brahms; and being in the acquaintance of that master, young Theodorowicz served him as viola player in a chamber musical ensemble, Brahms being the pianist.

5-9-46 *monit*

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON ★ 1945-1946

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

SIX SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS at 3:30

IN SYMPHONY HALL

October 21, December 30, January 27, March 3,
March 31, April 21

IN THIS SERIES SIR ADRIAN BOULT will conduct a concert as guest, and MORTON GOULD (who will make his only appearance in Boston) will conduct another. Soloists will include RAYA GARBOUSOVA, 'Cellist, and EFREM ZIMBALIST, Violinist.

wood" during the Summer, will give us opportunity to assay the work as a whole.

The ballet music "Appalachian Spring" stands among the best of Aaron Copland's work, while his "Danzon Cubano" seemed second-rate. Henry Cowell's Hymn and Fuguing Tune is slight enough, but the facture is solid, and the music has a healthy and honest vitality. The same is true of the Rounds by David Diamond, and the Third Symphony of Bohuslav Martinu.

Of less immediate appeal, but not without various good points were the curious Cello Concerto by Vladimir Dukelsky, Menotti's jingly Piano Concerto and the very long and very static "Job" of Vaughan Williams.

My list of outright failures would include the Cello Concerto by Samuel Barber, a musician who otherwise has written some admirable pieces; the Elegy by the venerable Mr. Gretchaninoff, and the Second Symphony of Kabalevsky.

The Revivals

The finest revival, by all odds, was the Konzertmusik of Hindemith, music of great vigor and point and style. Holst's "The Planets" still has appeal, and the Piano Concerto of Khatchatourian continues to grow with each hearing. Certainly the excerpts from the Prokofieff ballet, "Romeo and Juliet," were important as a revival.

Of the guest conductors the most striking was Leonard Bernstein, probably because he has done so much and matured so well before he has reached 30. I would not go so far as some of my friends who insist he has "arrived" as a first-rate conductor, because I have heard him only with a first-rate orchestra. But of his enormous talent and his promising future there is not a shred of doubt. His mastery of the Schumann style was splendid.

It was a great pleasure to hear the gifted Fritz Reiner, who, since he was here for but a week, ought to be invited to return. As I mentioned at the time, of all the guest conductors in 15 years he was the one who changed the tone of the orchestra least. That, considering his decided individuality, was a feat.

Sir Adrian Boult, that impeccable Briton, gave us restful pleasure, although his intentions seemed to be defeated by his programs. Paul Paray from France left only the impression of his own precise technic.

As for Mr. Stravinsky, he has improved as conductor, but I am of those who believe that an all-Stravinsky program is monotonous to the point of boredom. That, especially, because so much of his later music is very, very dry. Again, Richard Burgin, the orchestra's likeable concertmaster and assistant conductor, gave proof of his own prowess with the baton.

If we had too much Stravinsky all in one dose, we certainly had far too little Mozart and Mahler. There was no Bruckner at all. The 80th birthday of Sibelius was honored over the season, but for some unaccountable reason Mr. Koussevitsky did not venture one of his most remarkable works, the Fourth Symphony.

This was also the season of the Great-Rest-From-Shostakovich. We had that coming to us.

Veteran violinist to retire after long and colorful musical career—Played in Boston Symphony.

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Staff Writer of
The Christian Science Monitor

To go back to the beginning, Julius Theodorowicz, the violinist, arrived on the steamer Puritan, Fall River Line, in Boston on Oct. 1, 1898. That was just at the close of the war between the United States and Spain. But even so the real beginning was earlier still; six years earlier, when Mr. Theodorowicz was a young man graduating from the Conservatory at Vienna; in fine, July 4, 1892. Graduating with him was Georges Enesco, the composer. As part of the exercises they took their turns playing on the violin. Present from America listening were Franz Kneisel and Max Zach of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Farther back yet, and ever so much more interesting, the student, Mr. Theodorowicz, lived in Vienna with his father; and their residence was but a couple of houses or so away from that of Johannes Brahms; and being in the acquaintance of that master, young Theodorowicz served him as viola player in a chamber musical ensemble, Brahms being the pianist.

5-9-46 *monit*

SIXTY-FIFTH SEASON ★ 1945-1946

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

SIX SUNDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS at 3:30

IN SYMPHONY HALL

October 21, December 30, January 27, March 3,
March 31, April 21

IN THIS SERIES SIR ADRIAN BOULT will conduct a concert as guest, and MORTON GOULD (who will make his only appearance in Boston) will conduct another. Soloists will include RAYA GARBOUSOVA, 'Cellist, and EFREM ZIMBALIST, Violinist.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Sibelius, Prokofieff, and Copland were excellent program companions at the opening of the Sunday afternoon series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday. The romantic fullness of the Sibelius Second Symphony, the urbanity of Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, and the taut simplicity of the Suite from the ballet, "Appalachian Spring" offered contrasts as sharp as yesterday's weather, which looked like Fall and felt like Spring.

Chronologically, Serge Koussevitzky's choices for yesterday covered little more than 43 years. Musically, the program owed something to three centuries, beginning with Prokofieff's slight bow to the formalities of the 18th. The concisely patterned "Classical" Symphony was taken at a formidable pace, but better an occasional squeak from a first violin than blurred phrases in the allegro or dragged out moments in the gavotte.

The Sibelius Second was admirably Koussevitzkian, which is to say that the introspective music was richly performed. Melodic themes emerging full grown from a sustained note or a fragmentary tune continue to seem unexpected no matter how familiar the symphony has become.

Begun during an Italian Spring the Second Symphony is full of the changes in atmosphere which G.I.'s have written about as the conditioning agent during the campaign in Italy. Abrupt changes from minor to major midway in the symphony, the quickening 6-8 rhythms, the dizzying figures executed by the strings, produce heady effects associated particularly with Sibelius.

Copland's sharply detailed "Appalachian Spring" improves with hearings at close intervals. The vitality of this music, written for Martha Graham's angular dance motions, seems to have an entirely appropriate affinity with the sensation of strength derived from being outdoors regardless of whether the listener follows the descriptive legend of the ballet furnished in the program, the drive of the music comes through. Folk and regional elements, including five variations on a Shaker theme interpreted by the oboe are strong, but the depth of imagination and the originality of the scoring lift it far above occasional music.—P. W.

Sunday Symphony

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the first of the series of Sunday concerts of the 65th season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, performing the following program:

"Classical" Symphony, Op. 25, Prokofieff
Suite from "Appalachian Spring", Copland
Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 43, Sibelius

By RUDOLPH ELIE, JR.

There is no question in my mind that Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" music is well on its way to becoming an American classic.

It has about everything that I can think of offhand that music should have: beauty in the melodic lines, sonority in the harmonic ideas, creative drive, emotional impact, form, proportion, style and taste. And on top of that it has what you might call wisdom for lack of a better term to convey the idea that the composer has learned and lived and has perhaps unconsciously conveyed to us through his music that his heart is in the right place.

Actually of course I don't know if it is or not as I've never met him, but I don't think anyone could write so warmly and tenderly of (as the program of the (suite puts it) presentiments of motherhood or of a husband and wife 'quiet and strong in their new house' if it weren't. Maybe I'm naive or something, but I think the composer really meant what he wrote.

Be that as it may, the composition stands near or on the top purely as American music, 1945. The scoring is exceedingly clever, in fact brilliant, as witness the incomparable texture of the long series of beautiful cadences finally ending on the unison which—except for touching the final chord—brings the work to a very remarkable conclusion. If he uses a melody not his own in the final section (and there's certainly plenty of precedent for that in any composer you can name), he proves time and again throughout that his own melodic inspiration is very superior. Well, here I am talking about Copland as if nobody had ever heard of him before when everybody knows he's one of our best. But to me his new Suite is his best, so I might as well shoot the works.

The Suite, incidentally, was marvelously well played by Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra in the top of their form, and Mr. Cop-

land was on hand to receive a fine welcome from the large and attentive audience. The program began with a really delightful performance of Prokofieff's well-liked "Classical" Symphony, and ended with a stormy and intense playing of Sibelius' Second Symphony, which, to judge by the audience response, is as popular as ever.

Sunday Symphony
Concerts Begun

Aaron Copland's Suite from his ballet, "Appalachian Spring," was the central item of the first program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Sunday series of concerts, given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The concert began with Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony and closed with the Sibelius Second.

Another hearing served to confirm and strengthen the excellent impression made by this music both as a chamber orchestra accompaniment to the ballet and as a suite for full orchestra. It has form, style and atmosphere, a beautiful lyric line, and fascinating rhythmic patterns. It evokes the folk spirit not only of America but of humanity. For me it is the most satisfying of Copland's works, both musically and emotionally. Dr. Koussevitzky again gave it a sympathetic reading yesterday, the audience received it gladly, and Mr. Copland was present to take another bow.

Prokofieff's delightful "Classical" Symphony was presented with awareness of its flavor and wit, if not always with absolute precision. There were ragged attacks too in the Sibelius symphony, which Dr. Koussevitzky projected with his usual fervor. This is music much to his taste, and he makes the most of its vehement theatricality, driving his reinforced brass choirs to a penetrant shrillness. It is possible to get too much of this kind of entertainment. Would it not perhaps be of greater musical value to use only the instrumentation called for by the composer, and to obtain the climactic effects through subtle dynamic gradations rather than through mere force? L. A. S.

SUNDAY SYMPHONY

The opening concert of the Sunday Symphony series took place yesterday afternoon under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. The program offered two-thirds delightful and one-third Sibelius.

"Some critics attach the label 'pastoral' to the Second Symphony of Sibelius because of what they refer to as a strong spirit of Finnish folk-music and the atmosphere of fjords and wasteland. But the same reasons would apply to so much of Sibelius' music that a large lump of it could be taken under the single title, 'Finlandia.' However, Dr. Koussevitzky was less interested in painting landscapes than in depicting terse and vital music in the most enormously exciting manner possible."

All this excitement was preceded by two less spectacular works: Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony and Aaron Copland's suite from the ballet, "Appalachian Spring." The performance of the first of these merits a criticism rarely directed at the Boston Symphony Orchestra—that is, squeaky strings. It is still a little hard to believe. But it was Copland's composition which must have been the biggest treat for veteran symphonites. Startling instrumental combinations with exciting rhythms and counterpoint had interest beyond that of just novelty. Mr. Copland was present to acknowledge the applause of the audience.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Variety is a boon to any musical season and there has been a generous measure of it provided by guest conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this Winter. Sir Adrian Boult, who conducted the third concert of the Sunday afternoon series yesterday, in the course of his three weeks' stay here, offers a variation to be valued on the theme of the Boston orchestra.

The visiting English conductor contributes an intelligent, orderly and subtly-detailed leadership, with no apparent superimposing of his personality on the material he presents. In his dealings with Brahms he is polite enough to let Brahms speak for himself.

Sir Adrian's Brahms is unhurried. It is literal in the sense that tempi and dynamics proceed strictly in accordance with the score. It is not colorful. The sonorities are balanced, but not rich. It is painstaking, but not pedestrian.

Conducting with an unopened score, Sir Adrian initiates and reg-

isters orchestral detail with precise hands. Facially neither condemns nor congratulates, but his fingers, particularly the left forefinger is quick to modify raggedness. A single motion of the wrist will indicate that a section of the orchestra is tending to be ahead of the beat.

1-28-46 *Stark*
A curious pair of symbolisms constituted the English portion of the program after the Purcell harpsichord air arranged as a pronouncement for trumpet by Leslie Woodgate, Ireland's mystical "The Forgotten Rite" and Elgar's solidly built "Enigma". Variations are both descriptive and deliberately obscure as to explanation, but their music is poles apart. Ireland's prelude deals diffusely with occult matters. Elgar's Variations concern people and are beguilingly melodic.

The Variations, which offer a full challenge to an orchestra whether they are dealing with Gloucester squires or artists in the absorption of an argument, were not evenly performed. There was a bad opening attack from the first violins and there were helter-skelter places which the musicians could have spared themselves by concentrating on their guest conductor's quiet, neat signals. P. W.

Brahms and Sir Adrian —A Dissenting Opinion

By Winthrop P. Tryon *Sunday*

Anyone in the audience at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon who may have asked himself how the Boston Symphony Orchestra sounded in the period of its early renown had authentic answer in Sir Adrian Boult's interpretation of the music of Brahms. Back in the years of international peace, there existed a clean and clear understanding between at least three great musical communities—Vienna, Leipzig, and London. When the Brahms Symphony No. 1 in C minor came along, it received a certain type of treatment by conductors, and of acceptance also by audiences in these centers. That very type of treatment and acceptance became the rule also in Boston.

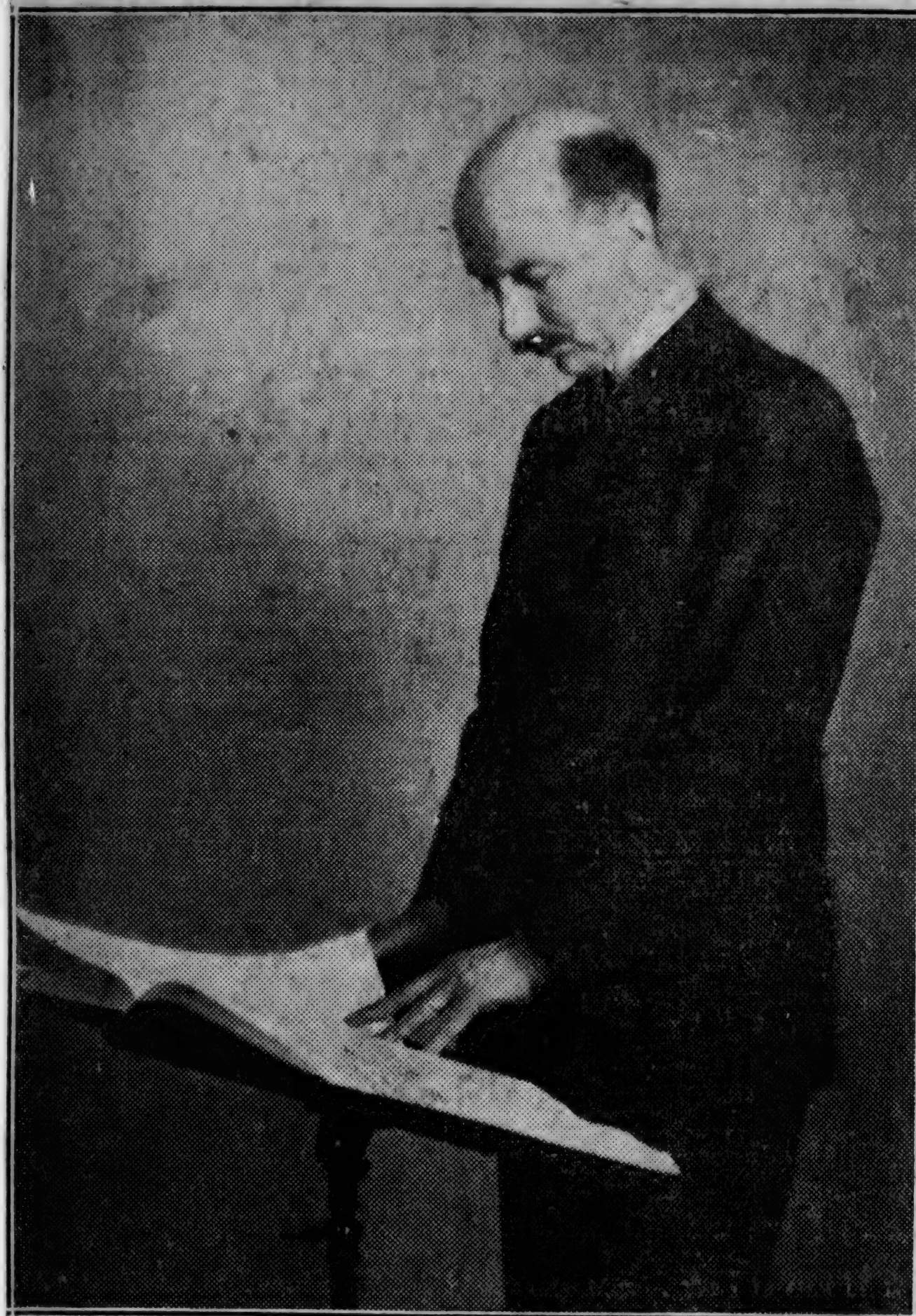
Evidently, to judge by Sir Adrian and his directing of the Boston Symphony in this work, it prevails still in London, whence he comes. Doubtless it will last there, too, as long as there is a London; but it disappeared from Boston long ago, though not so utterly but that it can be recalled for an afternoon, particularly for a Sunday afternoon, when a house listens that is not predisposed toward twentieth-century innovation.

1-28-46 *Wm. T.*
Granted that in the old days the music of Brahms sometimes was stodgily handled, there was, nevertheless, an elegance of style and a restraint of sonority about Vienna-Leipzig-London that was worth being kept and cherished. That elegance and restraint transpired significantly in the performance of the Brahms First Symphony on this occasion. Nor did Sir Adrian have everything to do with the matter. The Boston Symphony executives behaved as though a long-lost ideal was restored to them. Strings, woodwinds, brass, what response! Grossly, shockingly, and oftentimes hideously, the slow movement of this work has been performed, with exaggerations of contrast, for the sake of supposed interest, vitality, or something. Andante became the designation for tempo only, and no longer for mood. No possibility of climax remained for the Finale but that the orchestra should become a military band.

Particularly skillful about Sir Adrian—to speak of him as himself rather than as a tradition and as representative of a school—is his gradation of crescendi and accelerandi. There really is more to an orchestra, his conducting assures us, than sound and color. Sometimes you do not hear an orchestra for the noise. There develop surprises of instrumental combination if the players are not too much pushed to bring out the tone here or make a strong attack there.

The Brahms symphony closed the concert; perhaps some persons there took it for the whole concert, though a list of items from the British repertory preceded—the Purcell-Woodgate Trumpet Tune and Air, the Ireland "Forgotten Rite," and the Elgar "Enigma" Variations. Possibly that was all stock duty material to Sir Adrian. Of course he enjoyed doing his country proud in presenting them; but we may especially thank him for giving back the Brahms Andante in its subdued beauty and in re-installing for a half-hour the orchestra of the Vienna Leipzig order to Symphony Hall platform.

Podium Study



Adrian Boult

Guest Conductor from England at the Boston Symphony Concerts of
This Week and Next

'Ale' and 'Pathétique' Repeated by Dr. Koussevitzky

Dr. Koussevitzky and the members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra held the close attention and won the warm applause of an audience that equalled the capacity of Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, presenting music of Beethoven and Tchaikovsky. They could not have got up a program more grateful to themselves for interpretation nor more satisfying to their listeners for appreciation. It was made up of the symphony No. 6 of each composer, the "Pastorale," that is to say, of Beethoven, and the "Pathétique" of Tchaikovsky.

Everything seemed perfectly designed to call out a house representative of the whole musical community, from young persons first striking up acquaintance with symphonic masterworks to seasoned concert-goers who like to learn how the old pieces they enjoyed in former days are wearing. Dr. Koussevitzky, moreover, was there directing, and doubt could hardly arise in anybody's view of the situation that the Boston Symphony, on an occasion of the sort, was its outright self and the real thing. The event, too, must have shown managers something about the inclinations and aspirations of the Sunday afternoon public; though that would not necessarily mean that the same bill or even the general scheme of it would be right next time.

Perhaps the two symphonies No. 6 stand for alternation of moods that possess us in these times—Beethoven's music in F major being contemplative, genial, and anticipating return of rural

moments of vacation freedom; Tchaikovsky's in B minor turning our meditations back. But whatever meaning a listener might attach to his experience of the music in a reflective way, the performance was a model of the style the Boston Symphony Orchestra has developed under the baton of Dr. Koussevitzky. With him the expressional and the technical have come to an extraordinary equipoise.

For music certainly is interesting both for the manner in which it is played and for what it says. Dr. Koussevitzky insists on both elements, but will not have one overbalance the other. In the performance of these two symphonies there was no escaping the masterly execution of the orchestra as a whole. Yet there was little reason for anyone to remark upon the strings as exhibiting surpassing brilliance in the "Pastorale" Andante, though they were, indeed, perfection itself; and again, there was little reason for anyone to thrill at the charm of flute and clarinet and the splendor of bassoon or the nobility of horn in the "Pathétique" Finale. The qualities were there, but unobtrusively and with restraint and taste. Nor was the Beethoven work converted into a rustic gambol, as sometimes chances with over-exuberant conductors, nor was the Tchaikovsky made a languorous lament. In fine, the ensemble under Dr. Koussevitzky

has achieved a proportion that helps us to a definition of the phrase, musical art.

W. P. T.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Sunday afternoon was a prime day atmospherically speaking for the Beethoven Sixth or "Pastoral" Symphony. Apparently members of the audience for the fourth in the Sunday series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra were of the frame of mind expressed by the old adage, "The better the day the better the deed."

The house was sold out, in spite of the fact that the double-six combination of the Beethoven and Tchaikovsky sixth symphonies has been heard twice in three weeks, and the Tchaikovsky a third time.

Whether the listener is of the school which insists on reading literal imitations of quails, cuckoos, and nightingales, thunderstorms and rainbows, brooks and rustics into the score, or is content to follow his own images and Beethoven's title page warning, "More an expression of feeling than painting," the symphony makes for easy listening.

If a figure in the strings or a theme in the horns is missed once, the listener may sit back comfortably and plan to pay more attention the next time because it is sure to come round again.

There is a certain hypnotism which a good performance exerts—and yesterday's performance belonged in that category—a certain drowsiness and sense of well being induced by the familiar material, which goes with being out of doors on a fine afternoon.

As Beethoven would have been the first to admit the locale of that out-of-doors sensation can be Hingham as well as Heiligenstadt.

Judging by the audience reaction, the Tchaikovsky "Pathétique" was as welcome to many of them as the Beethoven "Pastoral." There was a great settling down and leaning of heads on the backs of the seats for the subjective music, with its alternating moods of passive despair and assertive protest. Serge Koussevitzky gave the symphony his characteristically intense reading. P. W.

Stimulation for An Orchestra

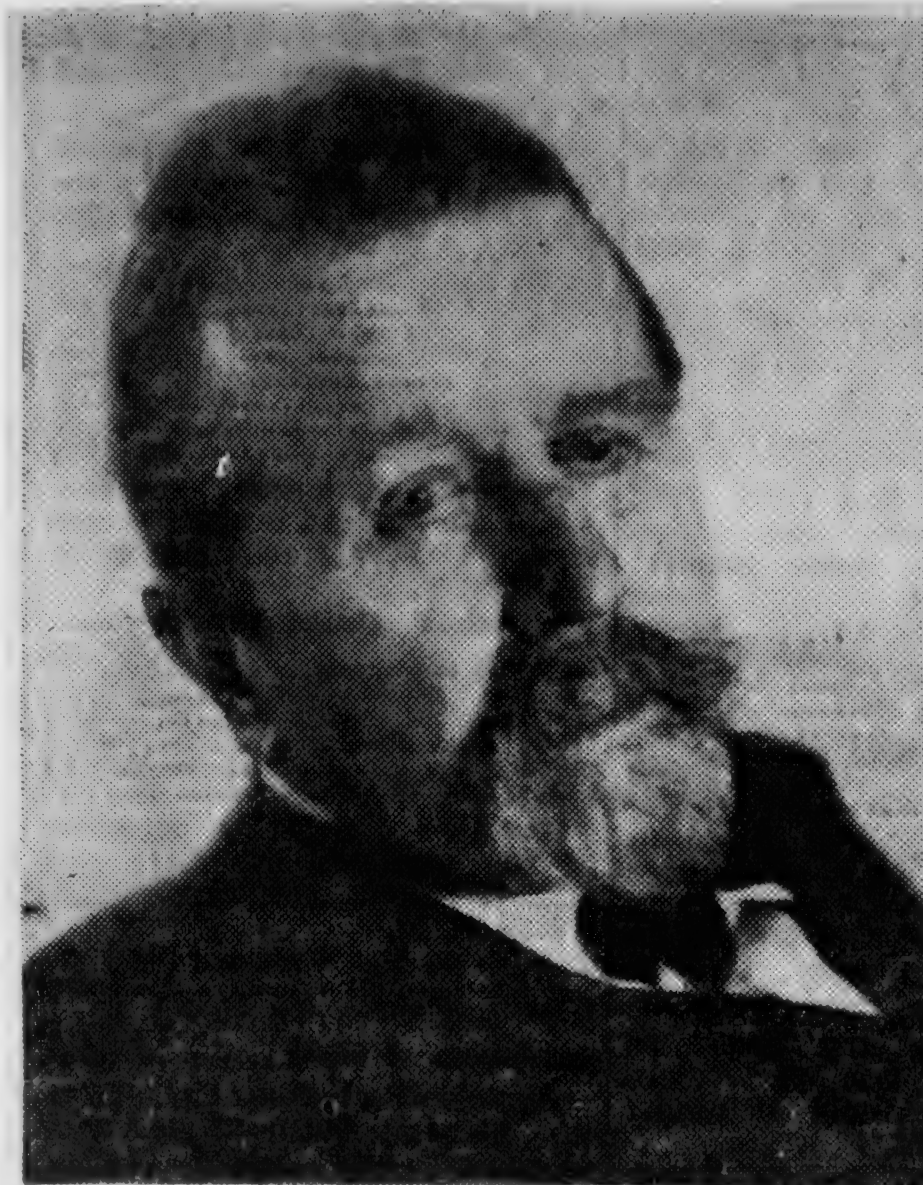
A CERTAIN English conductor is noted among orchestras for the beauty of his language at rehearsals. In fact, his remarks have been recorded *verbatim* by an orchestral player interested in literature. He said to the orchestra, in the way of guidance: "Sigh and die." He said: "Don't handicap the crescendo." He said: "I want a savage staccato." He said: "All this passage must be nice and manifold." He said to a particular player: "Weep, Mr. Parker, weep. [Mr. Parker makes his instrument weep.] That's jolly. That's jolly." He said, persistent in getting an effect: "Sorry to tease you, gentlemen." He said: "Now, side-drums, assert yourself." He said: "I want it mostly music." He asked for: "That regular tum-tum which you do so ideally." He said: "Now I want a sudden exquisite hush." He said: "Everybody must be shadowy together." He said: "Let the pizzicato act as a sort of spring-board to the passage." He demanded: "Can't we court that better?" And he said: "Gentlemen of the first fiddles, this isn't a bees' wedding; it's something elemental."—From "Things That Have Interested Me," by ARNOLD BENNETT, copyright 1921, reprinted by permission of Doubleday and Company, Inc.

SUNDAY SYMPHONY

Revised and much improved in the process, yesterday afternoon's Symphony program listed Gretchaninoff's new Elegy, the Brahms Violin Concerto, with Efrem Zimbalist as the soloist, and four Wagner excerpts: the Prelude to "Lohengrin," the Forest Murmurs from "Siegfried," the Introduction to Act III from "Die Meistersinger" and the Prelude to that music drama.

The Gretchaninoff and Brahms items came from the last pair of regular concerts and the Wagner pieces from a recent list. Extended comment is therefore hardly in order, but it might be remarked that the orchestra has seldom sounded better than it did in Wagner's music yesterday.

In his treatment of these numbers Dr. Koussevitzky shows that he is a man of the concert hall and not of the opera house, but since the music was played in concert there is little ground for complaint. Of course, a whole "Meistersinger" at the speed he took the two fragments yesterday would last from sunset to daybreak.



Composers in the news this week: Alexander Gretchaninoff

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented the fifth program in the Sunday afternoon series at Symphony Hall yesterday. The program repeated two works heard last Friday and Saturday in the "regular" series: the Elegy "in memory of those who gave their lives for freedom," by Alexander Gretchaninoff, and the Brahms Violin Concerto, with Efrem Zimbalist soloist.

From the finale of the Brahms Concerto onward, at least, the orchestra was in far from its usual form. The accompaniment to the Concerto betrayed a startling amount of off-pitch playing from strings and woodwind.

After intermission came some of the Wagner excerpts Koussevitzky did a month ago: the Prelude to "Lohengrin," the "Forest Murmurs" out of "Siegfried," and, from "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," the Prelude and Introduction to Act 3.

The music from "Lohengrin" and "Siegfried" fared well, although the playing seemed on the side of heaviness and this "too, too solid flesh." Koussevitzky took the fragments from "The Mastersingers" very slowly.

This somehow detracted from the desired mood and tension of the music, and in the Prelude prevented the kindling of any considerable amount of fire. The greatest orchestras have their off-days, even as you and I, and even on an off-day the Boston Symphony and its illustrious conductor are still highly impressive.

C. W. D.

MUSIC
SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
 By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the sixth and last concert of the season in the Sunday afternoon series, at Symphony Hall yesterday. The program was distinctly conservative and consisted of three works already played by the orchestra this season: Mozart's little E-flat major Symphony (K. 184); the Suite No. 3, in D major, by Bach, and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

Considering that these last days of April find conductor and orchestra nearing the end of their schedule, and no doubt tired, you might think that there would be a let-down in the quality and intensity of the performances. But if you did think that you would be under-rating Mr. Koussevitzky. He is not the sort of interpretive musician ever to let down. 4-22-46 ~~YK~~

Take, for example, the "Eroica" Symphony, which was the most substantial, and in a way, the most demanding item of yesterday's list. Mr. Koussevitzky forced his colleagues to launch into those two sharp opening chords with a ferocity that made the tone cloudy. From there on Beethoven's still-amazing symphony was re-created with as much technical care and emotional passion as if the conductor were doing it for the first time after a long rest.

From first to last all details were clear and fastidiously accounted for, and at the same time the "Eroica" sounded forth in all its formidable power and stress. In fact, this was one of the finest performances I ever have heard Mr. Koussevitzky give the epoch-making music.

The Sunday audience has been well-served in the matter of novelty and diversity in the programs it has heard. That is clear from a look at the tabulation of compositions in yesterday's program book. From Bach, Beethoven and Brahms—the three "Sacred Bs"—the list ranges through Copland and Gershwin to Sibelius, Tchaikovsky and Wagner. Moreover, there have been two guest conductors: Sir Adrian Boult and Morton Gould.

Final Concert
Of Symphony's
Sunday Series

By L. A. Sloper

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's Sunday series of concerts came to a resounding conclusion yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall with a thrilling performance of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting. The first half of the program consisted of Mozart's early Symphony in E flat, No. 26 (K. 184) and Bach's Orchestral Suite No. 3, in D major. 4-22-46 ~~YK~~

The "Eroica" has often been called the greatest of symphonies, and it would need a great deal of boldness to disagree with the classification. Certainly one accepts it, at least for the moment, after listening to such a performance as yesterday's. This work stirs Dr. Koussevitzky to the summit of his interpretive powers, and the orchestra follows him there without hesitation. Even after numberless hearings of the "Eroica" under these auspices for the last 22 years, it sounded yesterday as if it had come fresh from the composer's hand and was being played for the first time. Every detail was clearly exposed and related to the architectural whole. Except for one or two minor technical slips, the performance was flawless, and the conductor and his men received an ovation at its close.

The Mozart symphony was new to this series. Indeed, it had had its first performance by this orchestra at Tanglewood in 1945, and its first in Symphony Hall last February. Written when the composer was 17, it is more interesting for its forecast of what was to come from him than for its own qualities. It was played with a rather heavy touch that would have been more suitable to a nineteenth-century work. The Bach suite had

a virtuosic performance, and the famous Air was sung beautifully by the violins.

The Sunday afternoon audience has been well served this year. For novel items it has heard Copland's "Appalachian Spring" Suite, Gretchaninov's "Elegy," Ireland's "The Forgotten Rite," Purcell's Trumpet Tune and Air in the Woodgate arrangement, and three works by Morton Gould, conducted by the composer. It has had its share of the classics (Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart, Sibelius, Tchaikovsky, Wagner) and of American composers. The size and response of yesterday's audience attested the success of the series.



Morton Gould

Guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon.

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

**PENSION FUND
 CONCERT**

SUNDAY EVENING, APRIL 28 at 8 o'clock

**HAYDN
 SYMPHONY IN G MAJOR, NO. 38
 BEETHOVEN
 NINTH SYMPHONY**

with the assistance of the

HARVARD GLEE CLUB

and the

RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY

(G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, *Conductor*)

Soloists

FRANCES YEEND, *Soprano*

ANDREW MCKINLEY, *Tenor*

VIOLA SILVA, *Contralto*

ROBERT HALL COLLINS, *Bass*

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Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

Fourth Programme

of the

MONDAY EVENING SERIES

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26, at 8:15 o'clock

Programme

HAYDN.....Symphony in G major, No. 88 (B. & H. No. 13)
I. Adagio; Allegro
II. Largo
III. Menuetto; Trio
IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito

STRAVINSKY.....Orchestra Suite from the Ballet "Petrouchka"
Russian Dance — Petrouchka — Grand Carnival —
Nurses' Dance — The Bear and the Peasant playing a Hand Organ
— The Merchant and the Gypsies — The Dance of the Coachmen
and Grooms — The Masqueraders
Piano Solo: LUKAS FOSS

INTERMISSION

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, *Op.* 43
I. Allegretto
II. **Tempo andante, ma rubato**
III. } Vivacissimo; Lento e suave
IV. } Finale: Allegro moderato

Prokofiev, Brahms And Haydn Listed

Serge Koussevitzky, by evidence of the opening of the Monday night concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening, continues to drive the team with his left hand, and continues also to regard the main pull of it as originating with the violins and the basses over at the left side of the Symphony Hall platform. People who sit on that side of the auditorium get their view of him in half profile much of the time and so have a particularly good realization of how he activates the performers, while those who sit on the right have an especially advantageous view of the playing and therefore see rather plainly the results of his directing. That, for the look of things, if it matters. The hearing must be about the same for everybody, except as nearer to the sound or farther from it may make a difference in its intensity. *10-9-45 mm*

Dr. Koussevitzky must have a good reason for locating the various groups of his 100 or so executants as he does, placing the violins, both first and second and numbering 33 in all, and the doublebasses, to the number of nine, as a solid bank of sonority under his free hand, and leaving the other forces to the care of his right hand and the baton. It is as though he regarded the upper stringed instruments and the lower as a duo upon which the whole orchestral harmony is built. The idea would

correspond pretty well, too, to modern musical theory, which simplifies the whole thing down to a tension between two forces, or between a pair of melodies, one running at a higher level of pitch than the other.

But the thing may be wholly a question of convenience and of the conductor's individual preference; and then at the beginning of last night's concert a large part of the 100 were not there. The Orchestra assembled in reduced numbers, adapting itself to the light requirements of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony in G major, No. 94. As an administrative problem this must have been very easy for the conductor, and as a technical one insignificant for the players. No so, however, on the interpretative side for anybody. The performance had some enthralling moments; and some, well, there was a difference.

For the second piece on the program, Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliette" Ballet, Second Suite, op. 64 ter, the stage filled completely—everybody and everything must have been there. The suite is the sort of music that Frederick Stock, former conductor of the Chicago Symphony, used to say composers ought to write in more abundance, the kind that can go in the repertory and be repeated to the pleasure of audiences any time. Listeners may find things they object to in the Suite, but just the same it has interesting concert-hall sound. Nobody could deplore its revival because of dullness.

To hear the orchestra in its best style and to enjoy the conductor's work at its most characteristic and enthusiastic, the Monday subscribers could ask for nothing better than the Brahms Symphony in D major No. 2, op. 73, which closed the evening.

W. P. T.

Monday Symphony

The Boston Symphony orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the first program of the Monday series of the 65th season in Symphony Hall last night, performing the following program:
Symphony in G, No. 94 ("Surprise"), Haydn
"Romeo and Juliet," Second Suite, Prokofiev
Op. 64
Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73, Brahms

By RUDOLPH ELIE, Jr.

I can't think how last night's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra could have been improved. It was a beautiful concert, an ideal one in point of fact, and it seems to me that if all the remaining concerts in the Monday series are fiascos (which is not at all likely) everybody will still have got his money's worth. *10-9-45*

Actually, except for the "Romeo and Juliet" suite of Prokofiev, there was nothing especially exciting on the program. Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony is no longer much of a surprise to anyone, and Brahms' Second hardly comes under the heading of novelty. Yet such is the magic of Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra he has fashioned in these 22 years, the Haydn was a surprise and the Brahms a novelty.

What he does—so far as I can make out—is approach everything as if he had just discovered for the first time how really marvelous it is. He, and his orchestra, have done the Brahms possibly a hundred times and most of us have heard it a score or more. Yet last night it was better than ever because he had found new facets, new aspects, new depths. And he had had the devotion to his art (not to mention the enthusiasm and the vigor) to re-create it for us with all the wisdom and the skill at his command not because we were customers but because he just couldn't do otherwise. *Herald*

So the drive, the momentum of the opening, the expressivity of the slow movement, the delicacy and verve of the adagietto, the rugged strength of the finale; all these things seemed new and striking from a purely interpretative point of view. Of course he has the orchestra to work with—and who ever heard such cellos as those in the slow movement or such woodwinds as those in the adagietto?

For new music there was the second suite from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" ballet, and the only trouble with that was that three of the numbers from it were not played at this concert. The work is typical of Prokofiev in the sense there are certain familiar idiomatic tricks, but it goes somewhat deeper than that. In fact, the final section seems about as powerful an emotional thing as I know in Prokofiev. Yet over all there is a certain wryness, a wit that never allows sentimentality to intrude, and the result is rare musical entertainment. In fine, here was a concert of the highest quality throughout, and a vast credit both to the conductor and the orchestra.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Serge Koussevitzky conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra last evening in the first concert of the Monday night series. The program, arranged with an ear toward climax, began with Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, progressed to Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" Ballet (second suite) and culminated in a rousing performance of Brahms' Second Symphony.

Prokofiev's music is almost exclusively of the "take it or leave it" variety with many preferring the latter alternative. But there are others whose immediate reaction usually is—"more and then some more." This was the effect of the "Romeo and Juliet" ballet, which aside from being an excellent score is excellent Prokofiev. The ironic humor that is one of his salient characteristics produced more than one incongruous effect in each of the four divisions, though it was most apparent in the second one. Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation was on a consistently intense level even when it wasn't called for. *10-9-45 Post*

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Haydn's G major or "Surprise" Symphony launched the Monday evening series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra off to a distinguished start. Actually there is no more of the surprise element in the crashing chord of the slow movement or in the general impression of high spirits expressed with elegance in the Haydn symphony than there is in the excellence of the orchestra, but in both cases it is definitely a pleasure not to be surprised.

There were those in the large audience who were visibly jolted by the Prokofieff Second Suite from the Ballet "Romeo and Juliet." Perhaps they associated the Montague-Capulet theme with the lush Tchaikovsky version or the delicately abstract Delius setting used by the Ballet Theatre. At any rate the opening clash of cymbals and the dissonances which followed produced an electric effect.

The infrequently heard second suite, first performed here in 1938 with the composer conducting, is essentially dramatic. Parts 1, 2, 4 and 7 which Serge Koussevitzky offered last night combine the liveliest of the dance patterned score with the pseudo funeral scene called for by the happy end of the ballet. Tone contrasts, sudden changes from thick to thin orchestral texture and rhythmical about-faces were given full measure of expressiveness by a thoroughly alert performance.

The Brahms Second Symphony in D major was exciting for different reasons. The entrances of the trombones at psychologically prepared moments, in the adagio and again in the tutti at the end; the exchanging of parts by the strings and the wind instruments in the first movement, and the scherzo devoid of percussive or wind power except for three horns, emerged as examples of the particular brand of enchantment which the Second Symphony exerts during a first rate reading. 10-9-45 SLM

Latecomers who arrived after the Haydn symphony was well under way missed the least intense part of the evening but they forfeited the contrast between the few pedestrian movements and the highly geared remainder of the program, which was all part of the excitement.—P. W.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Hector Berlioz and Serge Koussevitzky at white heat make a peerless combination. That was exactly the situation at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon during the Boston Symphony Orchestra's performance of the "Fantastic" Symphony by the French composer who was "father of modern orchestration."

The concert began with the first Boston performances of Two Interludes from Gian-Carlo Menotti's opera "The Island God," and included the E major Violin Concerto of Bach, with Albert Spalding as soloist. 10-20-45 SLM

Some of the purist boys look down their sharp academic noses at mention of Berlioz' name. But for concert audiences in general, for many musicians and this chronicler in particular, Berlioz always provides a good time.

The opulence of his orchestration, lush quality of his tunes, passion of his fantasy, and pervading warmth that clothes all his music are not to be sneered at.

The "Fantastic," like the "Harold in Italy" Symphony, is a grand old show, and for a conductor like Mr. Koussevitzky and an orchestra like the Boston Symphony, it is a virtuoso piece of the highest importance. No more proof of the fact is needed than the rousing applause that followed yesterday's performance.

Mr. Koussevitzky has done the "Fantastic" many times before, but I cannot recall any other reading of it so taut or so incandescent. On a hot, sticky day, when strings easily slip out of tune, the orchestra sounded marvelously deep, rich and multicolored.

The Symphony went with a verve and precision that took your breath away, and the finale especially was hairraising.

The only thing off was the chimes. Something ought to be done about those chimes, whose tones are tinny and whose overtones produce a fuzz of dissonance.

The Two Interludes from "The Island God" are more theatre than concert music, but when played by a large, first-rate orchestra they take on added vivacity which makes them suitable for use in the concert hall.

Mr. Menotti's idiom is modern-cosmopolitan, with a pleasant Italian flavor around the edges. His scoring is solid, and at the same time it sounds "big" and iridescent.

These fragments are not enough to give much of an idea of Mr. Menotti as composer, but that will be remedied soon when his new Piano Concerto is played at these concerts. The dark-haired young composer was brought to the stage by Mr. Koussevitzky, where he was cordially applauded.

An admirably styled and proportioned account of the Bach Violin Concerto rounded out the consistent pleasure of the afternoon. For this work Mr. Koussevitzky radically reduced the strings, which had as foundation four double-basses.

This orchestral background was suited perfectly to the slender but not pallid tone of Mr. Spalding. He is just the soloist for this Concerto. He plays it with graceful phrasing and unflawed style, with simplicity and none of the virtuoso's intensities or mannerisms that are out of place with Bach.

Some thought the first movement went too fast, but I thought it was about right. The movement rippled but did not rush. The songful beauty of the adagio is hardly to be described, and as for the final allegro, that was a model of clarity. Mr. Spalding was received most enthusiastically.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

If, as Debussy declared, "French music is clearness, elegance, simple and natural declamation," Paul Paray is truly its leading spokesman. 11-27-45 SLM

man, the 39-year-old conductor of the Concerts Colonne interprets French music with prime clarity, making it as Debussy further stipulated "perceptible" and productive of "immediate joy."

M. Paray uses all the devices in the conductor's book and a few more to achieve that immediacy of comprehension. He raises an expressive eyebrow and stamps a decisive foot to indicate the beginning and ending of the reticent passages in the Cesar Franck D minor Symphony. He swings his arms bent at the elbow to launch Faure's gentle "Pelleas et Melisande" Suite, twists his shoulders in a three-quarter turn for Ravel's biting and sophisticated "La Valse" and at a half turn for the pseudo archaic mood of Debussy's "Prelude a l'apres-Midi D'un Faune." "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," by Dukas, he hunches grotesquely from one side of the conductors platform to the other, his baton moving as stolidly as a metronome. 11-27-45 SLM

To say that Paray is absorbing to watch is like describing a chess game by cataloguing the pieces. The real test of his musicianship is his faculty for making his program, recruited entirely from the standard repertoire, sound new and exciting. The Franck Symphony, with its mysticism expressed in cyclical sonata form, revolutionary to the musical Paris of 1889, sounded more lucid than it generally does. M. Paray has a way of stretching tempo at will until a passage becomes transparent.

The Debussy Prelude, chosen perhaps for its historical significance as the first instance of the composer's method of using harmony to achieve color, was adroitly kept in two-dimensional balance.

Ravel's "La Valse," which shows what a Frenchman can do to a Viennese waltz theme, was beautifully ironic. Listening to it was like doing a series of reverse turns on a slanting floor newly waxed. If Paray can make such standbys seem new, it's a pity not to be able to hear him interpret the new music of France. P.W.

Monday Evening Audience Hears Parisian Conductor

By Winthrop P. Tryon

French musical enthusiasm survives more alive than ever, notwithstanding the harryings and the suppressions of war, if Paul Paray, directing the Boston Symphony Orchestra, in Symphony Hall last evening, is anybody to judge by. The clearheadedness is still there, the independence of view, and the good taste. France, in a word, remains the artistic home of all of us; and Mr. Paray, representing the art of tone, simply comes to remind us how matters stand. 11-27-45

That becomes the principal consideration after all; and as a remarkable musical flowering followed World War I, perhaps another promises in the wake of World War II. It is the enthusiasm and high zeal of the visitor that wakes up and that reassures us. Precisely what he does with the organization of instrumentalists that he takes over temporarily for Dr. Koussevitzky, while interesting, goes for something of secondary consequence. Mon 7

To consider the situation brought about, however, by his assuming time-being control, we may say that we have the Boston Symphony of three decades ago restored. We are put back to the days of Dr. Muck, when the Boston Symphony was all first violins and a few solo wind players. We are given an old-fashioned orchestra in place of the modern one that has developed. It happens in considerable degree from the classic grouping of the players on the platform, which Mr. Paray

has ordered, but essentially from the early twentieth-century methods of direction and manner of interpretation which he employs. The second violins are taken from behind the first violins where Dr. Koussevitzky places them and are seated on the conductor's right. The violas have an inside position, where they get obscured, and the violoncellos, arrayed in front of the doublebasses, sink into a merely supplementary position.

The scheme possesses its excellence, and it suits Mr. Paray's way of dealing with his composer's scores; yet it is old-school, and nothing the orchestra would want to return to permanently. Boston, the visit teaches us, is in advance of the times and at the musical forefront, and must stay there, excepting for such a pleasant and old-sake's-sake revival as the present one.

Charming, indeed, to have the Boston Symphony put under analysis and to have its sonorities botanized Mr. Paray's fashion. An exquisite effect, the distant-calling horn in the Prelude of Fauré's "Pelléas et Mélisande" Suite; and the cymbals in Ravel's "La Valse"—their fluttering is lost under modern treatment. These niceties; the trouble arises from their being nice, and merely taking care for their fleeting moment. They do not express all we want to hear told in a grand orchestra of 100 and more executants. They classify sonorities without organizing them to a large purpose. Very well for a day, but we must retain our hard-won gains.

Monday Symphony

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The third concert of the Monday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Mozart, Symphony in E flat No. 28 (K. 184)
Prokofiev, Symphony No. 5 Op. 100
Brahms, Symphony No. 4 E minor Op. 98

Last night's concert in the Monday series witnessed the return of Mr. Koussevitzky to his regular post after a three weeks' rest and, for special musical interest, yet another performance of Prokofiev's remarkable 5th Symphony. Mr. Koussevitzky seemed in good form and thus a brilliant program fairly crackled under his baton. The concert started with an early symphony, actually an Italian overture, by Mozart written when he was 17 years old. This delightful piece had been revived at last season's Berkshire festival but is new to the regular Boston Symphony series. 2-5-46 Head

Prokofiev's Symphony is an extraordinary work, combining as it does the witty and adroit Prokofiev, that we have long known and taken pleasure in, and a new element of proportions more on the tragic and heroic line. It always used to be a critical reproach to Stravinsky that he did not continue to write in the style of his "Petrouchka" and "Sacre." Similarly there will be people who will want ever to keep the Prokofiev of the Classical Symphony, Scythian Suite and March and Scherzo from "The Love of Three Oranges."

But this will not do. He has changed in many ways, if not so radically as Stravinsky. His Second Violin Concerto is a change in one direction. This Symphony seeks new paths and plumbs new depths in his artistic development. It is a magnificent work, of amazing power and vitality, of fascinating contrast of lights and shadows. The scherzo and finale contrast boldly with the

first and third movements. Mr. Koussevitzky has been tremendously impressed with this score. And, as so often in the past, he has performed a real service in insisting that the music be brought to the frequently sluggish attention of all of us.

The concert ended with Brahms' 4th Symphony. The next concert in this series will be given on Monday, Feb. 25.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Playing the Prokofiev Fifth Symphony has apparently become second nature to the Boston Symphony Orchestra by now. Repeat performances here and frequent star billing when the orchestra goes on tour have combined to wear away the new gloss until it now passes for part of the standard repertoire.

As a standby with the benefit of many rehearsals the Prokofiev has gained a solidity of performance which is generally accorded a Koussevitzky favorite. As a welcome home offering it served as an auspicious marker of Serge Koussevitzky's return from his mid-season vacation with its triumphant applause-like clarinet passages in the scherzo and its intense percussive effects. 2-5-46 S.H.

Written when Prokofiev was 53, the Fifth Symphony nevertheless has strong earmarks of youth about it. The ground plan seems to embrace all moods for its province, from the "endless sadness" of the adagio as the composer described it, to the overwhelming bursts of joy and energy piled up in the finale. The themes are insistently melodic. The style is broad and sweeping.

Mozart's E-flat major Symphony No. 28 (K. 184), performed without pause, was the program opener. The brief work composed when Mozart was 17, sounds more like an overture than a symphony. It says very little very gracefully and yields place rapidly to fellow items on the program.

The Brahms Fourth Symphony with its substance and gradual unfolding of thematic ideas had no kinship with the sophistry of Mozart or the outspokenness of Prokofiev. Last night's performance was moving at moments, particularly in the gentle andante, but the depth and width of the closing movement were unevenly realized.—P. W.

Symphonies by Prokofiev, Mozart and Brahms Played

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Picking up where they left off three weeks ago, the men of the Boston Symphony Orchestra played for their Monday subscribers last night under the direction of their regular conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, without a trace of the style they have been following with a visiting conductor. The idea seemed to be that the audience which assembles in Symphony Hall but once a month needed a little something from the modern Russian school, that it might be kept up with the times and be maintained on an equal with the people of the weekly Friday and Saturday concerts. *2-5-86*

Wherefore the Prokofiev Symphony No. 5 was brought out in full rehearsal, performance, revival, or speak of it as anybody likes; and along with that, the Brahms Symphony No. 4 in E minor, op. 98, for classic balance.

By way of overture to the pair of full-sized works, the brief, three-movement Mozart Symphony in E flat major, No. 26 (K. 184) was given a run. *omit*

In certain particulars Prokofiev needs no champion or defender. Adept at the invention of good tune and masterful in setting the same to the sonorities of the grand modern orchestra, he takes care of himself. He compels attention and admiration every moment and his music is always something to hear.

As for what he says, we are all trying to find out about that; but most of us are pretty certain that he is a good deal of a twentieth-century humorist, and we pretty well agree that any movement to which he gives the for a peroration in the composer's designation Allegro is imbued with a quite irresistible feeling of an architecturally proper filling comedy. We are less sure of him on the sober side, nor generally convinced that he has ever gained

particular insight of the tragic, much though he may have tried to persuade us on the point.

But we need not hasten to get at Prokofiev completely. There seems no danger of his music falling into neglect, and it will be some time before it becomes an old story. His proclivity for tune-fulness and the insatiable fondness of the world for song saves the day for him.

Brahms, however, is another matter. Largely, though of course never wholly, he has been figured out. The chief question about his symphonies turns on how they are handled. Under Dr. Koussevitzky they have lost their original somber, heavy treatment and are made to glow as with perhaps a Russian, but at any rate, a modern, fire.

As for the Symphony No. 4, everything there goes smoothly, and nothing but general and fundamental method for anybody to demur at, until we come to the last movement, which is the finale not only of this Symphony in E minor but the grand coda to all four of the Brahms symphonies. Then we experience uncertainty. Still, the doubt is less whether the conductor of this orchestra at the meeting of the Monday clients may have brought out the full significance of the Allegro Energico e Passionato, than it is whether the composer himself puts right here the especial energy and passion into the pages of his score that he designs and attempts to do.

Something must have hurried Brahms when he concluded the work. We find ourselves prepared for a peroration in the composer's loftiest vein, and all we have is an architecturally proper filling out of a four-movement symphonic plan. Dr. Koussevitzky, for his part, had to stop where was drawn the final double bar.

Tchaikovsky 'Pathétique' On Program

Richard Burgin directed the music of the fourth program of the Monday series of Boston Symphony Concerts in Symphony Hall last evening, appearing in his capacity of associate conductor. The works which he presented were the Overture (Suite) No. 5 in D major for Orchestra, by Bach; the Prelude to "Khovanstchina," by Moussorgsky; the Overture, "Roman Carnival," by Berlioz; and the Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathétique," by Tchaikovsky. *2-26-86 omit*

Mr. Burgin has an excellent way with the orchestra whenever he takes charge, treating it as far as may be like a single instrument rather than 100 or so individual players, and handling it more or less in the fashion of a violin, which as the concertmaster, he knows plenty about. Strangely enough, he discloses this character particularly in his management of the woodwind and the brass, making these two elements of the ensemble perform in a violin-like style. The strings he seems to take more or less for granted, as though they were one with him anyway in the idea.

His phrasing and his shading of passages where flute and horn and other voices of their class are prominent bear a violinistic mark and quality which proves both successful as a method and agreeable as something to hear. This trait in his conducting asserted itself with especially good effect last night in the delicately scored

music of the "Khovanstchina" Prelude. Happily the executants in the inside choirs gave their best response to the signs and indications of his hands, as possibly all the better they could because he conducts without baton. It must be easier for a clarinetist, for example, to breathe and carry a melody fluently and smoothly along when it is the fall of a hand instead of the descent of a sharply whittled stick that times the attack on a note.

A conductor has to do but little to make himself pleasantly remembered. But he must do that little with high distinction; and that is how Mr. Burgin came off in the Moussorgsky piece. Perhaps it is fair to say that the rest of the program for the most part sped along in a highly commendable Boston Symphony manner. The Bach Overture had a plenitude of scholarliness in its presentation; the Berlioz "Roman Carnival," somewhat to its disadvantage, was cut up into blocks of big and little sonority, and of contrasting episodes, thus tending to fall apart rather than to hold together. Here the percussion, for example, went its way independently and lent service that was more mechanical than artistic.

The Tchaikovsky Symphony "Pathétique" — well, the man seems a long time coming who will swing that main melody of the opening movement into the full glory of sound that belongs to it. In this case, the necessary command of the chorus of French horns is attained perhaps only in employment of the baton. Something more, too, than gentle persuasion is wanted. The requirement here is power.

That, again, applies to a mere moment. Mr. Burgin and the Symphony men will take care of the rest of the work any time to high praise.

W. P. T.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

A succession of overtures offered by the Boston Symphony Orchestra with Richard Burgin on the conductor's platform gave the audience for the fourth Monday evening concert a practical demonstration of how many light years apart in musical style one overture can be from another.

Setting off with J. S. Bach's Overture or Suite No. 3 in D major the orchestra gave a sample of the overture in its most elegant form, clearly the overture to begin all overtures. There is first the slow introduction to fix the attention of the settling audience, then a brisk fugue and a clear restatement of the opening theme in case it was missed. By this time the stage is set and the curtain is raised for the familiar air (for strings alone).

The gavottes repeat the pattern within the pattern, starting from a fixed point, diverging and then coming together for a reprise. A fleet bourrée and a climactic glissando complete the design.

Advisedly the Berlioz overture, "Le Carnaval Romain," which casts the Bach method to the winds with its extravagant orchestration and dramatic devices, was not programmed next to Bach. Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovanstchina" came in between as a breather.

With a realism foreign to either the understatement of Bach or the overstatement of Berlioz, Moussorgsky sets the stage for an opera of conspiracy. The title, referring to the plotting of the Khovansky princes, is descriptive and so is the score, orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakov. The accent is on the characters, according to Moussorgsky's theory, "to feed upon humanity as a healthy diet which has been neglected."

In performance, neither the Bach nor the Moussorgsky achieved the potential contrast. The strings were at variance in tempo and the horns were at variance in pitch. The Berlioz hit its full carnival spirit, with the cymbals clashing in centurion style. After the Berlioz, even the outpouring of the Tchaikovsky Sixth (Pathétique) Symphony seemed subdued.

P. W.

13 Weeks Are Limit For Koussevitzky

The Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra held their annual meeting yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall and elected Oliver Wolcott as their next year's chairman. Henry B. Cabot, president of the trustees, announced that Dr. Koussevitzky's contract had been renewed for next season, with the proviso that he would conduct only 13 weeks out of the 24. This was done, Mr. Cabot explained, on the principle that it was better to have Dr. Koussevitzky for the 13 weeks than the alternative of not at all. Guest conductors will fill in for the remainder of the season, and Bruno Walter will be one of them for four weeks. These announcements were applauded by the gathering, as was also the satisfactory financial position of the orchestra.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra then came onto the stage and played the early Mozart Symphony in E flat and gave a rousing performance of Berlioz's Roman Carnival Overture.

The surprise of the meeting was announced by Dr. Koussevitzky as a new singer, "a potential successor to Dorothy Maynor" who had been similarly launched on her career. Carol Brice, for this was the name of the Negro soprano so honored, then came forward and sang two lengthy arias by Handel, some German Lieder and other songs. Her voice has possibilities, for it is good in the lower register. Her upper notes and her technique are still insecure, however, so that she had difficulty in managing the second and very difficult Handel aria. Still it is not easy for any singer, no matter how mature, to be at her best under such circumstances.

A. W. W.

Monday Symphony

The 5th concert in the Monday evening series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Konzertmusik for string and brass instruments Op. 50 Hindemith
"Danzon Cubano" Copland
"Romeo and Juliet," Overture-Fantasia, Tchaikovsky
Symphony No. 2 in C major Op. 61, Schumann

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

This was almost a repetition of the Friday and Saturday concerts, with the exception of the Tchaikovsky, and it was yet further demonstration of Mr. Bernstein's talent and spirit as a conductor. He gave a truly impassioned reading of the "Romeo and Juliet" Overture and repeated his face-lifting operation with the Schumann Symphony, imparting to it an eloquence and fervor which it often lacks. All this showed that Mr. Bernstein, though a modern composer in his own right, is not out of tune as an interpreter of the romantics.

Meanwhile the performance of Hindemith's splendid Konzertmusik, which is a score that has worn extremely well since it was first played here 15 years ago, was better than that of Friday afternoon. Mr. Bernstein's beat is exceedingly clear and he secured a more sonorous and tighter knit performance in every way.

Finally Mr. Copland's "Danzon Cubano" again impressed me as a rhythmically brilliant and highly entertaining piece. Mr. Bernstein obviously knows just how to play it, since he practically assisted at its birth, so to speak. The performance was in every way a remarkable orchestral feat, which Mr. Bernstein, here as after each piece, was not slow to acknowledge by summoning the orchestra to rise. Altogether his visit here this season has been a resounding success for him as a conductor and for us as audiences listening to some splendid concerts. He will be warmly welcomed if and when he visits the Boston Symphony again.

Tchaikovsky's 'Romeo' Given By Bernstein

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Leonard Bernstein, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall last night in the fifth concert of the Monday series, presented for the most part things to which he called the attention of the Friday and Saturday subscribers at the week end just gone; namely, Hindemith's "Konzertmusik" for Strings and Brass, op. 50, Copland's "Danzon Cubano," and Schumann's Symphony in C major No. 2, op. 61. To fill out his program, he offered Tchaikovsky's Overture-Fantasia, "Romeo and Juliet." So while he set before the house some well-rehearsed items, he also brought to notice a piece that has for a time been lying aside.

Since Hindemith wrote the strings-and-brass score of "Konzertmusik," he has come out with pedagogical treatises on composition; and we can fairly discern in the work illustration of certain theories propounded in the school-books. For one matter, he seems plainly to show by his treatment of the brass choir in conjunction with the string contingent his remarkable and rather original notion concerning undertones. In the first movement of "Konzertmusik," after a very assertive passage of recitation by the bowed instruments, he follows with a reply of low chords on horns and trombones; as much as to say—there you have the undertones generated by that strain of melody.

Both interesting and amusing is Hindemith's orchestral "quartet," which consistently forms itself of violins, violas, violoncellos, and basses; instead of first and

second violins, violas, and violoncellos, with the basses tagging along to strengthen the violoncellos. His fancy is altogether unclassical, but it ought to be right; and perhaps, being logical, it is.

Mr. Bernstein made an impressive diversion of the "Romeo and Juliet" Fantasia, though some folks might think he was treating them to a study in conducting quite as much as to an interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ideas. But it is uncommon music, notwithstanding its familiarity. It has a way of sounding like something unheard before, regardless of who conducts, and of what group of executants plays.



Drawn by Martha Burnham

Leonard Bernstein at Rehearsal

The young conductor is directing this week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Leonard Bernstein, 27-year-old Boston composer and conductor, lined up a formidable program for his guest conducting appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night and the results were a tribute to the courage of his convictions.

Running the gamut from the sharply patterned Hindemith *Konzertmusik* for string and brass instruments to the diffusely romantic C major Symphony of Schumann is like playing Shaw's Captain Brassbound and Shakespeare's Hamlet in the same evening. Furthermore he sandwiched in an American view of Cuba (Copland's "Danzon Cubano") and a Russian version of Elizabethan England (Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Overture - Fantasia) as entracte pieces.

Nothing could be further away from the "Gebrauchsmusik" or functional orchestration of Hindemith than a lyrical and impractical instrumentation of Schumann. Yet Mr. Bernstein seems at home in both idioms. The disciplined power of the *Konzertmusik* and the flowing drive of Schumann require quite different conducting control, but Mr. Bernstein's energy embraced both forces.

The conductor's debt to Serge Koussevitzky is noticeable. His concentrated facial expressions and head and hand gestures keep the teacher in mind as the pupil conducts. Apart from a disturbing hunching of the shoulders and reaching toward the ceiling during the Tchaikovsky overture, Mr. Bernstein has progressed notably from the exaggeration of his conducting beginnings.

The sinuous stressed beats of the "Danzon Cubano" gave the conductor a chance to demonstrate his particular gifts for expressing syncopation. Mr. Copland's reminiscences of Cuba will no doubt find their way into the Pops repertoire to stay.

Over-curtness of motion prompted an occasional mistake, but erring or triumphing Mr. Bernstein has a persuasive way with his audiences as well as with his material. As one Monday evening concert goer explained to her seat mate, "This young man has a fine American way of doing things."—P. W.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, gave the final Monday night concert of the season last night at Symphony Hall, being heard in the following program:

Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.....Bach
"Appalachian Spring" Suite.....Copland
Symphony No. 2 in D major.....Sibelius

By DORIS SPERBER

The program with which Dr. Koussevitzky chose to end the Monday night series was altogether satisfying, contrasting a classical work with a modern one, and closing with a richly scored example of the late romantic symphony. Both conductor and orchestra were in rare form, playing with a fervor and precision that is rare, even for the Boston Symphony.

The Fifth Brandenburg Concerto lacks the close integration of some of the others, as the piano part is far more elaborate than that of the solo violin and flute. A truly virtuoso pianist is needed to perform the work, and last night Lukas Foss proved brilliantly satisfactory. If his work lacked something of the electrifying quality it had at Tanglewood last summer, he made up for it by a deeper insight into the ensemble passages. Georges Laurent and Richard Burgin were the flute and violin soloists, and the supporting work of the small orchestra was clean and subtle throughout.

Aaron Copland's music for the ballet "Appalachian Spring" seems more lovely with each hearing. The composer's rich imagination, warmth of expression and interesting rhythmic and dynamic invention make for a work that holds the interest of the listener through the final quiet sustained chord. It was brilliantly performed last night with Dr. Koussevitzky drawing the deepest emotional expression from the musicians. The concert closed with a richly moving performance of the sombre Second Symphony of Sibelius.

Symphony Hall

Boston Symphony

Orchestra

By PHYLLIS WATTS

Monday symphony goers seemed to feel well satisfied with their season as they settled back in their seats for the last concert of the 1945-46 series. The listener who could not find something to please

him in last night's program, whether he came for Bach, Copland, or Sibelius, would be a hard man to serve.

Those who like to work out the design of the music they hear had two very different types of ground plans to observe in the marvellously neat workmanship of Bach's Fifth Brandenburg Concerto in D major and in the landbound simplicity of the Aaron Copland Suite from the Ballet "Appalachian Spring."

Thanks to a penetratingly shrewd difference in Serge Koussevitzky's approach, the discriminating listener could change his sights with each item on the program, using a magnifying glass for the details of Bach, the far end of the telescope to see the Copland as a whole, and the naked eye for the Sibelius Second Symphony.

The piano solo work of Lukas Foss was restrained in style but not in resources, according to the demands of the Fifth Brandenburg, and Georges Laurent's flute showed a nice sense of balance in the slow movement devoted to the three soloists alone. Richard Burgin's violin could have been less colorful without sacrificing his solo status. The fugal material of the final allegro was unforced and therefore rewarding, played by 18 string members of the orchestra.

The Copland Suite was best served in performance. Growing familiarity with the inventive ballet music, which has been blue-ribboned both by the Pulitzer Prize committee and the Music Critics' Circle of New York, this year shows in the relish of both conductor and performers and their grasp of the spare, down-to-earth music.

Dr. Koussevitzky may have lost his reverence for the Sibelius Second Symphony, but his reading has not lost its charged quality. The string basses still go at the pizzicato sections as though they were possessed, and the same kinetic energy flies off in all directions.

4-16-46 PM SYMPHONY CONCERT

The current series of Monday evening Symphony Concerts came to a close last night with a program that in large measure had been heard earlier in the season. For example, the final number, Sibelius' Second Symphony, was played at one of the Sunday afternoon concerts and the preceding piece, Aaron Copland's delightful "Appalachian Spring" Suite, the "find" of the year, was heard at the first concerts of the regular series last October. It will be played again next Sunday afternoon.

The "new" piece was the Fifth Brandenburg Concerto of Bach. The fact that Nos. 2, 4, and 5 have all been heard at Symphony Hall this season constitutes something of a record. The explanation, however, is simple. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted a Bach-Mozart festival at Tanglewood last summer and these three Brandenburg Concertos are only some of the repercussions of it. This No. 5, which some find the most attractive of the six, calls for solo violin, flute and piano with the string orchestra. That Richard Burgin, Georges Laurent and Lukas Foss were the solo players was a guarantee in advance that the music would be in good hands. This most agreeable concert, greatly enjoyed by the audience, closed with a stirring performance of the Sibelius Symphony, a work to which Dr. Koussevitzky is greatly devoted and that still appeals to the public at large.

Anniversary Of Sibelius Celebrated

By Miles Kastendieck

New York
Marking its sixtieth season in New York in its first visit last week end, the Boston Symphony Orchestra took the anniversary in its stride. Characteristically, Koussevitzky highlighted the occasion with programs of contemporary music, an appropriate gesture to living composers and to the progressive spirit with which he and therefore the Boston Symphony are associated. Both the two Carnegie Hall concerts and the Brooklyn concert were memorable for upholding the traditional standards of the orchestra and of its conductor. 11-24-45

The chief item of interest was the first New York performance of Prokofiev's Fifth Symphony, which altogether had three hearings since it appeared in both Carnegie Hall programs and was heard in the broadcast from Hunter College. Bracketed with the "Classical" Symphony in the first program, the Fifth showed how the composer had matured in the 28-year interval between the two works. Strangely enough, both recalled the music of other composers: the first, in the orchestration and procedure of Mozart and Haydn, the other, with suggestions of Moussorgsky (in the third movement), Strauss and Shostakovich (in the Finale). Otherwise the Prokofiev style bridged and gap, the Fifth Symphony fulfilling all the promise of craftsmanship and of orchestration so distinctive in the earlier work.

How significant may be the composer's own comment that "it is a symphony about the spirit of man" remains to be determined after further performances. The serious aspect of the first and third movements comes off more successfully in the first, which with its dramatic climax is impressive, while the lyricism of the Adagio is less convincing. The second movement is certainly a triumph of that side of the composer best labeled Prokofieffian. The unashamed espousal of real melody throughout the work is immediately ingratiating.

Both in Carnegie Hall and in Brooklyn Koussevitzky conducted the finest performances of Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony yet heard in this city. The night he was in Brooklyn he was unusually inspired, apparently feeling the music more intensely, so completely was he immersed in the interpretation. He imparted a meaning to this music which clearly indicated how strongly Shostakovich reflects the times in which we live.

Marking the eightieth birthday of Sibelius, which occurs on Dec. 8, Koussevitzky programmed the Second Symphony in New York, and "The Swan of Tuonela" in Brooklyn.

[From Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.]

PROKOFIEFF FIFTH IN PREMIERE HERE

Composer's New Symphony Is
Presented by Koussevitzky
and Boston Orchestra

By NOEL STRAUS

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, gave its first local concert of the season last night in Carnegie Hall. Featured on the program was the Fifth symphony of Prokofieff, which received its first New York hearing. This novelty was preceded by the same composer's "Classical" symphony and followed by the Second symphony by Sibelius. 11-16-45

The juxtaposition of the two Prokofieff compositions was a happy idea on the part of the conductor. Since the "Classical" symphony was the first and the Fifth symphony the latest of the composer's works in the genre, their performance made clear his growth in his art over the years.

Both were written in a world in turmoil, the "Classical" during the first World War and the Fifth symphony in 1944, while Russia was still at grips with the Nazis. The elegant refinements of the earlier symphony with its attempt to recapture the Mozartean idiom in more modern terms, without a hint of Mozart's subtlety and depth, failed to reflect in the slightest any emotional reaction to the great conflict then confronting humanity. But the Fifth symphony tells a different story.

The symphony begins at once with a statement of the chief theme of the initial movement. It is a non-committal melody, beginning peacefully enough. But soon, the movement, an Andante in sonata form, increases in restlessness, conflicting rhythms adding to the growing agitation which reaches its first peak in the final part of the de-

velopment section. Then with the beginning of the restatement the chief theme accumulates in power as it is proclaimed by the brasses, and finally makes its appearance in greatly intensified form in a mighty peroration which brings the splendid division to a militant and highly effective close punctuated by crashes of percussion simulating the firing of ordnance.

This movement is the crown of the work, but it is followed by a scherzo-like division in quadruple time, with a trio in triple rhythm which comes nearest to rivaling the opening section in interest and clarity of intention. It is filled with exuberance, intensity and energy, and clearly represents soldiery in an orgy of exultation. The second theme has an accompaniment suggesting the galloping of cavalry horses and the cracking of whips. The Trio is introduced and terminated with music for the woodwinds, strikingly simulating Russian peasants of the army playing their folk tunes, and like the first movement, the scherzo, arrives at stirring climaxes in its central and terminating measures.

Return to the Warlike

After these two highly impressive movements, the Adagio and the final Allegro Giocoso seemed less convincing at a first hearing. Again, warlike elements appear in the Adagio in its central episode, but the sinuous melodies of this section of the work seem to wander about without sufficiently definite aim, while the overlengthy finale, though replete with joyous life, also missed the sure sense of conviction as a whole that was boasted by the first two movements, which represent Prokofieff at his very best and should redound advantageously to his fame.

Dr. Koussevitzky, always a champion of Prokofieff's music from the start of the composer's career, led his men in a superb performance of this new and stirring creation. It was played with splendid virtuosity and brought out to the full the vivid coloring and varied moods of the

richly scored opus.

In the "Classical" symphony, where the leader adopted brisk tempi for all the movements, the orchestra also performed with marked precision and beauty of detail. As for the Sibelius Second symphony, the Bostonians have presented it here so frequently that their achievement with this masterpiece need not be mentioned with particulars.

Feelings Are Evident

Here Prokofieff comes to grips with humanity in its tremendous struggle, and does so with telling sympathy in music of extraordinary vitality. Not suffering and sorrow dominate the work, however, but the sense of power felt by his race and the overwhelming joy experienced in its realization of certain victory over its foes and the forces of evil.

Serge Koussevitzky



Who conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night at Carnegie Hall

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky conductor; first New York concert of the season Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall. The program:

Classical Symphony, Op. 25.....Prokofieff
Symphony No. 5, Op. 100.....Prokofieff
First time in New York
Symphony No. 2, in D major.....Sibelius
Symphony No. 2, in D major.....Sibelius

Prokofieff in a New Mood

SERGE PROKOFIEFF, two of whose symphonies were included in Wednesday night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Carnegie Hall, is clearly the top, by our foreign standards, among composers of Soviet Russia. Unless, of course, some unusually accomplished master is being concealed from us. But if the aim of Soviet musicians is as I think it is, to be broadly expressive without falling into either finickiness or banality, then certainly there is no other body of musical work in contemporary Russia comparable to that of Prokofieff. 11-16-45 641.

His "Classical" Symphony, which opened the program, has long been popular among both musicians and laymen. Written some thirty years ago, it is still fresh in feeling and in texture, lively, gay, cheerful and soundly built. His latest work in that form, numbered Five, which was given locally Wednesday for the first time, though considerably more somber of content, is no less vigorous or pleasing and quite as admirably shaped.

It is probably the most dignified of all Prokofieff's works. By dignified I mean that it is introspective and contained rather than picturesque. There is virtually no local-color music in it, no landscape painting, no deliberate Russianism, save in the last movement. And its continuous lyricism is neo-Romantic rather than neo-classical in feeling.

Neo-classicism, as practiced in our day, is the twin brother of impression. Its chief masters, Stravinsky and Hindemith, have always worked in both veins. The

former writes neo-classical (or neo-Rococo or neo Baroque) symphonies and concertos, but also evocations of pagan Russia, as in "The Sacrifice to the Spring," and Norwegian Moods. Hindemith is no less inspired by the objectively picturesque, as in "Mathis the Painter," than by the memories of past musical epochs, as in his "Ludus Tonalis" or his Symphony in E flat. Similarly Prokofieff's early "Classical" Symphony is the pendant to his evocative "Scythian Suite."

His Fifth Symphony, however, is a departure. It is the first symphonic work by any composer of impressionistic - and - neo - Classic formation to follow wholeheartedly the neo-Romantic esthetic of strictly personal lyricism. It achieves, indeed, an abundance of lyrical feeling quite surprising from an author formed on the objective techniques. And the absence of coloristic orchestration is equally notable. The sound of the work is not drab, by any means, or unvaried. But it is dark in color, like a Foucault canvas (let us carry the comparison no farther). It sings constantly, but it makes no effort to glitter or to shine. And its form is no modernistic version of classical procedure but the real thing itself, at least in spirit, simple, straightforwardly continuous and self-contained.

Mr. Koussevitzky read the work with what seemed to one not knowing it previously to be loving comprehension, though neo-Romanticism is not ordinarily his forte. And the Boston musicians played it with their customary care for all beauty and precision. If an overplayed Sibelius symphony had not ended the evening, one would have gone away feeling refreshed and happy. Your reviewer rather envied those among the well bred audience who quietly got up and went home during the bombast.

[From Late Edition of Yesterday's Times.]
**BOSTON SYMPHONY
OFFERS NEW WORK**

**Dukelsky 'Cello Concerto Given
for First Time Here—Gregor
Piatigorsky Is the Soloist**

By OLIN DOWNES

A new 'cello concerto was given its New York premiere last night by the Boston Symphony orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky's baton in Carnegie Hall. The concerto was Vladimir Dukelsky's. The soloist was Gregor Piatigorsky.

A young composer complained to us once that when he had a score performed it had to "muscle in" on programs between famous masterpieces. He thought this unfair. But there does not seem to be a way out of it. The audiences are few that would willingly consent to programs consisting entirely of new and unknown works. They would reasonably decline to take the risk of an evening which might reveal material of interest and merit, and might produce nothing worth the journey to the concert hall.

Mr. Dukelsky's Concerto is not only thoughtfully, but elaborately composed, with considerable of dissonance into the bargain. Dr. Koussevitzky put it between two masterpieces of the established repertory—the Bach D major Suite, with the famous Air for the strings, and Brahms' Fourth Symphony.

1-11-46 Tm
These works, it is true, did not make it entirely easy for Mr. Dukelsky, especially as he does not cling to the beaten path in his difficult and brilliantly sounding score. This score requires virtuosity of a high order of the orchestra, and superior conducting, as well as temperament, technic and mettle on the part of the soloist.

The performance in itself was remarkable. Mr. Piatigorsky gave every indication of heartfelt interest in the work, which offered him problems and opportunities that might well challenge such a master of his instrument. He handled these problems in the most complete and authoritative manner. Technical feats were tossed off with gusto and treated as figuration accessory to the musical thought—not as mere display of virtuosity. In fact, there are no passages of superfluous display in the solo part. The cadenzas are germane to the musical thought. So Mr. Piatigorsky treated them; and he sang gloriously upon his instrument. The orchestra did equally well with a highly developed and profusely instrumented score. The performance itself was a fascination. What of the music?

We liked most of the concerto, in spite of its gadgets. For there are genuine lyrical themes, gay themes in dance or march style, invention when the style is not forced or affected. But why all the gadgets? The arsenal of "modern" effects, harmonic, orchestral, rhythmic, is used, as if Mr. Dukelsky wanted to assure us that he had as many tricks up his sleeve as any of them and could go as far to left of center as anybody dared him to. The result was often brilliant and warmly colored, but sometimes artificial, and even, as of today, old-fashioned. The tricks were fresh a couple of decades ago, but they quickly stale and weaken what is genuine in the music.

Such, at least, is a first impression of the work, which has inherent vitality and interest, with many amusing pages and a weak slow movement.

For these reasons, and despite a performance in which soloist and conductor did everything that was for the good of the work, its composer was in rather a hard place among masterpieces. Of the performance of Bach the present reporter cannot speak, for he missed it. The reading of the Brahms symphony was the most virile and impassioned we have heard from

Dr. Koussevitzky. It revealed anew the essential character of the music.

This is often misunderstood, because of the lyrical opening and the autumnal melancholy that inhabits many pages. The symphony is then presented as an introspective and even pessimistic reverie. But it is nothing of the kind. The rugged power and spaciousness of its plan; the special beauty, that haunts the mind, of the Andante; the bearish scherzo, and the consummative series of final variations—these pertain not only to the poetical, but the heroic. They were emphasized in Dr. Koussevitzky's exceptionally full-blooded and architectural interpretation.

**Piatigorsky Plays Concerto by
Dukelsky (Vernon Duke)**

By Francis D. Perkins

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concert Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall. Soloist, Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist. The program:
Suite No. 3, in D major.....Bach
Violoncello Concerto.....Dukelsky
Symphony No. 4, in E minor.....Brahms

Three and a half years ago Gregor Piatigorsky asked Vladimir Dukelsky to compose a cello concerto for him. The Russian-American composer finished the work just before he joined the Coast Guard, and orchestrated it later during occasional free moments. This work was first played in Boston by Mr. Piatigorsky and Dr. Koussevitzky's admirable orchestra last week, and introduced to New York Wednesday night by the same eminent participants.

Both in the concert field and on the Broadway stage, to which he contributes under his pseudonym of Vernon Duke, Mr. Dukelsky is known as a talented composer, and his new concerto has interest and appeal, although not in an unvarying degree. The cello part is sometimes interwoven with the orchestral ensemble, but the soloist

has a liberal opportunity to display his technical deftness and nearly all the timbres and sonorities within the cello's compass. The composer also provides passages in which the cello and one or more other instruments are jointly in the foreground. Some of these proved effective, others less so. 1-11-46 Tm.

The work, in three movements, takes a little under half an hour to play. The first movement seemed somewhat episodic, although its form is definite enough. The second movement, in which the cello sings in long lyric lines, is the most ingratiating of the three, if a trifle lengthy. The main theme of the finale is a brisk march, whose character is not unlike that of the finales of Shostakovich's fifth and sixth symphonies. Here the cello has quite an athletic assignment. The themes themselves vary in cogency; melodiousness is not lacking; the harmonization has its pungencies, but is usually on the conservative side.

Mr. Piatigorsky's playing left nothing to be desired, and the orchestra provided well co-ordinated and expressive co-operation. The composer was called to the stage to share the applause.

The Bach suite, or overture, in D major, received a broadly conceived, sonorous performance, and the familiar air for strings was played with praiseworthy clarity. In what there was time to hear of Brahms's fourth symphony, while much was played with notable eloquence, the interpretation had its more routinized moments. The merits of the orchestra itself were impressively disclosed.

HUB SYMPHONY KEPT AT HOME

Musicians' Concert in New York Cancelled

Boston and New England began yesterday to feel the effects of New York's paralyzing business blackout, and then as suddenly saw the situation relieved as Mayor O'Dwyer's stoppage edict was rescinded last night. But the news did not come soon enough to save the Boston Symphony Orchestra from cancelling a concert scheduled for Carnegie Hall last night. 2-13-46 Pm

One of the largest motor transportation concerns in New England revealed that only two of 30 trucks which made the over-the-road trip to New York Sunday night, had been unloaded there yesterday. Word that the edict had been rescinded came in time for many trucking concerns to proceed with normal movements.

Nearly all of 110 members of the Symphony had boarded a train for New York to keep the concert engagement and had to be notified at the Back Bay station that the concert had been cancelled. A few of the members, including Conductor Serge Koussevitzky, had gone on ahead by train or car, and could not be recalled. The concert, for which hundreds of tickets had been sold at \$50 apiece, was to be for the benefit of the Rachmaninoff Fund in memory of the famous composer.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CANCELS CONCERT

Deferment of Rachmaninoff Fund Benefit Is Orchestra's First Here Since 1888

For the first time since the blizzard of 1888, the Boston Symphony Orchestra was obliged last night to call off a scheduled concert in New York. The concert, arranged as a benefit for the Rachmaninoff Fund, was not held because of Mayor O'Dwyer's emergency shutdown order. When the order was rescinded at 6 P. M. it was too late for the orchestra to reach New York and the postponement remained in effect. In 1888, the orchestra was snowed in at a railroad station in Connecticut on its way to New York.

The Rachmaninoff Fund benefit concert, which was to have been conducted by Serge Koussevitzky with Eugene List as piano soloist, will be held at a date to be announced. Carnegie Hall had already been sold out. It was announced yesterday that tickets will be good for the substitute date.

Mr. Koussevitzky and George E. Judd, the manager of the Boston Symphony, were in town yesterday, but the members of the orchestra remained in Boston. A telephone call yesterday morning from Mr. Judd reached the men just before they were to leave. The orchestra's instruments and music arrived at Carnegie Hall, however, late Monday night. 2-13-46 Pm

The Boston Symphony is scheduled to give concerts tonight and Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, and in Brooklyn on Friday evening.

PROKOFIEFF'S FIFTH PLAYED HERE AGAIN

Koussevitzky Offers Symphony for Second Time in New York —Boston Orchestra Scores

By OLIN DOWNES

With a fine courtesy to his audiences and to the art of modern music, Dr. Koussevitzky repeated Prokofieff's Fifth symphony, which he had introduced here earlier in the season, at the concert given by the Boston Symphony last night in Carnegie Hall. The symphony is certainly one of the most interesting, and probably the best, that has come from Russia in the last quarter-century. It is unquestionably the richest and most mature symphonic score that the composer has produced. There are new spiritual horizons in the serenity of the opening movement and wonderful developments that come later.

Prokofieff is quoted as having said that it is "a symphony about the spirit of man." Robert Magidoff wrote in THE TIMES of its Moscow premiere that the music has but a "quasi-gaiety," that "something ominous seems always to lurk 'round the corner. The awareness of brutal warfare broods over it and comes forth in sharp dissonance—as at the end." But it is hard to justify such a conclusion.

The symphony is considerably less dissonant than other representative works of Prokofieff—for example, those of the Sixth and Seventh Piano Sonatas, which are harsher, grimmer and more warlike. The Fifth symphony, composed in 1944, impresses us as being another story. The opening theme, which recurs in the introduction of the finale, is an index to the loftiness of the whole conception. It is quite possibly extravagant, after what was for the writer a first hearing, to say that the slow movement, very emotional and grandly planned, reminded him of passages—one

would almost say "processes"—in certain slow movements of Beethoven. 2-13-46 Pm

More Genuine Emotion

But we forget, and are due for a sharp reminder from that advanced school of thought which busily informs the public today that no really distinguished music has any definite emotional implications, when we claim that this very element, plus the strength of the form, make the Fifth symphony superior to other of Prokofieff's scores. His emotion is deeper and more genuine. His harmonic scheme and his key-relationship are more transparent. His forms are classic.

When the progression of the musical thought leads naturally and inevitably to it there is as much dissonance, and no more, as the logic of masterly part writing requires. But that is not new. It is as old as Mozart and older. The "forms," we have said, are classic. This does not mean that they are slavish copies of formulas. The opening movement—in case that matters a hoot—is in the age-old "sonata form"—and is splendid music.

The scherzo, which is very exciting and picturesque along immediately recognizable lines, varies the ancient procedure in a striking way—as, for example, in successive transformations of the main idea of the movement instead of the mere repetition of phrases and section as in the Mozart-Haydn model. There is also an extra theme in the first part of this movement, etc., etc., etc. No doubt our "absolute musicians" and our apostles of "pure music" would be pleased to read more of this kind of thing as a commentary upon this art-work. We suspect, however, that the ordinarily intelligent reader would finally collapse if it were long continued.

Has Wealth of Ideas

The slow movement, an unusual blend of passacaglia and free development, is important for its melodic and emotional content, its wealth of ideas, its variety and resource, yet fundamental unity in their treatment, again real pulsing music that never once descends from its emotional heights and never once flags in the continuity and strength of its inspiration.

The finale has the fine introduction that brings back the Olympian mood of the opening, with the theme itself. Then comes the rondo movement, a variant of the old practice. A main theme near in character to the initial motives alternates with various dance motives and fragments of joyous song which are flung into the pot, as the movement sweeps along to its climax. Then a trombone—if memory serves us where the instrumentation is concerned—shouts a variant of the earlier theme in counter rhythm to all the whirling dance figures. It is a finale by a composer who has no hesitation whatsoever to speaking in popular musical parlance, who here writes holiday music for a rejoicing people—and how!

The performance was one of superb virtuosity and much more: it seemed to pierce to the innermost possibilities of the score as it is written. The remainder of the program requires no particular comment here. The Beethoven "Pastoral" symphony is a chef d'oeuvre of this conductor and orchestra, and a never-ending delight for its music. The Coriolanus overture fittingly introduced the occasion.

Borovsky Plays 'Emperor'
Piano Concerto
By Francis D. Perkins

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, Alexander Borovsky, pianist. The program:
Symphony in E flat major, No. 26 (K. 184) Mozart
Piano Concerto No. 5, in 7 flat major ("Emperor") Beethoven
Symphony No. 6, in B minor, "Pathétique" Tchaikovsky

2-17-46 Fri.
The least familiar work in yesterday afternoon's program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was the earliest; Mozart's twenty-sixth symphony, which, if the reviewer has not read the record amiss, had its last complete performance here by a W. P. A. orchestra nine years ago. It exhibits the characteristics which one expects in Mozart's youthful music, as well as those of his maturer years; the pensiveness

and melodic appeal of the second movement were particularly memorable. The interpretation was also memorable in its clarity, tonal warmth and lyricism.

Alexander Borovsky's interpretation of Beethoven's "Emperor" concerto was admirable from a technical point of view. It was notably clear in outline and detail, and there was a laudable nicety of dynamic shading, especially in the softer measures of the music. But in certain louder passages Mr. Borovsky's tone took on a certain steely hardness, and the Russian pianist's straightforward performance sometimes suggested that Beethoven is not one of the composers with whom he is on the most intimate expressive terms. The orchestral accompaniment under Dr. Koussevitzky was praiseworthy not only for itself, but for the perfection of its adjustment and balance with the piano part.

Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra have often played Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony here, but it would be misleading to call it a Koussevitzkian war horse: this conductor presents it not as a vehicle for the illustration of his interpretative personality, but as music which he loves and whose significance he wishes to convey to its fullest extent. Yesterday's performance was one which could be heard with fresh attention; it had a pervasive eloquence which was the more convincing in that there was no hint of exaggeration. The popularity of this work has sometimes obscured a realization of its greatness, but in this concert one was conscious of the stature of the music and of the poignance and sincerity of the composer's emotions. The orchestra was in its best form, and the characteristics of its playing, its balance, richness and transparency could be described at considerable length. One feature that dwelt particularly in the reviewer's memory was the exceptionally singing quality of the Bostonian strings.



Painting of Serge Koussevitzky by Boris Chaliapin.

RUSSIAN, U. S. TIES NOTED IN CONCERT

Cultural Relationship Stressed in Rachmaninoff Program by Boston Symphony

By HOWARD TAUBMAN

The Rachmaninoff Fund concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky, with Vladimir Horowitz as piano soloist, took place at Carnegie Hall last night. It was a month late through no fault of the artists, but it was worth waiting for.

The program, designed to illuminate some of the objectives of the fund, began with an American work—Aaron Copland's "Quiet City." Then came Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto and Tchaikovsky's last and greatest symphony, the "Pathétique." Since one of the aims of the fund is to forge cultural ties between Russia, Rachmaninoff's native land, and the United States, his adopted country, it was right and proper that the music of both peoples be represented.

Since another major aim of the fund is to encourage young American artists—pianists, conductors and composers, the fields in which Rachmaninoff was pre-eminent—and since money is needed to promote such a purpose, last night's line-up could not miss. Mr. Horowitz by himself and the Boston on its own are sure-fire sell-outs. Furthermore, Mr. Horowitz is president of the Rachmaninoff Fund and Mr. Koussevitzky is chairman of its artists' advisory committee. A natural! The house was sold out, and the audience got its money's worth, heaped up and overflowing.

Rachmaninoff's Third Piano Concerto makes the most exacting requirements of the modern virtuoso. He must have power, poetry and fire; he must play difficult rhythms impeccably; he must accept the challenge of a whole orchestra in full cry and hold his own; he must have unsurpassed brilliancy and more than a touch of tenderness. That just about describes Mr. Horowitz at the top of his form, where

he was last night. His playing was positively electric. It had everything that the composer could have wished for his music.

To match him there was the magnificent virtuosity of the Bostonians, kept under masterful control by their leader. Mr. Koussevitzky meshed the work of his players with that of the soloist into an unfailingly integrated interpretation. Music-making of such pulsating drive builds up tensions that require an outlet at the end. There was round after round of applause and cheers for Mr. Horowitz, Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra.

Boston Symphony

Excerpts From "Peter Grimes" in Carnegie Hall Concert

By Jerome D. Bohm

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concert in Carnegie Hall Wednesday night. The program:
Symphony No. 1.....Beethoven
Passacaglia and four Sea Interludes from "Peter Grimes".....Britten
Brandenburg Concerto No. 5.....Bach
Symphony No. 2.....Kabalevsky

So much has been written by English music critics about the London presentations of Benjamin Britten's opera "Peter Grimes," commissioned by Serge Koussevitzky and to be given its first American performance at the Berkshire Music Center in Tanglewood in August, that this writer's interest in Wednesday night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall was focused on the instrumental excerpts from Mr. Britten's work which were performed for the first time in New York under Mr. Koussevitzky's direction.

Of these excerpts, the Passacaglia, based on a theme associated with the character of Peter Grimes, proved the most arresting and worthwhile. Contrary to traditional procedure, Mr. Britten's Passacaglia is in four-quarter instead of three-quarter time. The variations constructed on the brooding germinal matter first played by the solo viola are expressive of the juxtaposed natures of the dour Peter Grimes and of the maltreated fisherboy whose

death in the opera leads to Grimes's forced suicide. The music is strong and highly concentrated, a telling climax being achieved. Ideationally and architectonically viewed, it reveals far more originality than the four Sea Interludes.

In these interludes, entitled Dawn, Sunday Morning, Moonlight and Storm, the objective has of course been to suggest the moods of the scenes which follow in the opera. Opinion on how well that purpose has been accomplished must be postponed until the opera is given in its entirety. However, although they are moderately effective atmospheric pieces when heard in the concert hall, one is constantly aware while listening to them of the influences of Moussorgsky and more especially of Sibelius, perhaps more in the instrumentation than in the actual musical material utilized. More effective musical storms have been heard, although Mr. Britten must be credited with avoiding until the final measures the sweeping chromatic scales which are standard equipment in symphonic and operatic storms.

The concert began with a dull account of Beethoven's First Symphony, one wanting in spontaneity of utterance and rhythmic vitality, and in the first movement not overly exact in ensemble and punctuated by two most peculiar, seemingly unmotivated retards.

Bach's Fifth Brandenburg Concerto was more felicitously traversed; the important piano part being set forth with compelling elan and sensibility by Lukas Foss, who preserved a careful balance between his part and those of the solo violinist, Richard Burgin, and the solo flutist, Georges Laurent, but imparted due virtuosity to the closing pages of the first movement.

Boston Symphony

3 Living Composers' Works Are Featured

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concert Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. The program:
Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, in G major, Bach
Violin solo, Richard Burgin; flute solos, Georges Laurent and James Pappoutsakis
Symphony No. 4, Op. 34.....Hanson
Symphony No. 6, Op. 104.....Sibelius
Symphony No. 2, Op. 19.....Kabalevsky

Symphonies by three living composers of different nationalities, American, Finnish and Russian, were presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky's direction Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. All three had been heard here before, although Howard Hanson's Fourth Symphony had not previously figured in a New York subscription concert by a major orchestra. Placing the Hanson and Kabalevsky works in a program with a Sibelius symphony called attention to certain measures in each which suggest the influence of Sibelius. This is more prominent in the American work than in the Russian, which has more reminders of earlier Russian masters.

Dr. Hanson's Fourth Symphony was first played here by the N. B. C. Symphony in a broadcast in January, 1944, and had its local concert premiere in the Columbia University festival last spring. The Sibelian influence is prominent mainly in the first movement, lying partly in one of the principal thematic structural features of the work and partly in the treatment of the musical ideas and the scoring. Later, however, one was much more conscious of the composer's own musical individuality. The work as a whole gives a sense of expressive intimacy. The moods and emotions suggested by the titles of the movement are well realized in the first two movements. The third falls somewhat short of suggesting the "Dies Irae," while the fourth approaches, but does

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a colorful instrumental investiture. Whether the intrinsic musical distinction and durability of the composition match its immediate appeal is debatable; it is mainly extrovert music of a sometimes derivative character.

Of Sibelius's seven symphonies, the sixth is one of the least often played here; it has been regarded as somewhat austere as compared with most of the others. And yet yesterday's performance gave no impression of austerity, although the work does not abound in sonorous perorations and closes quietly; it was communicative music, communicatively played. *Tri!*

The three symphonies were prefaced by a well routined performance of Bach's fourth Brandenburg Concerto, with the three soloists in praiseworthy instrumental form. *3-18-46* F. D. P.

Horowitz in Concerto

He and Bostonians Play for Rachmaninoff Fund

By Francis D. Perkins

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, benefit concert for the Rachmaninoff Fund, Inc., Tuesday night at Carnegie Hall. Soloist, Vladimir Horowitz, pianist. The program:

Quiet City, for trumpet, English horn and strings Aaron Copland
Trumpet, Roger Voisin. English horn, Louis Speyer
Piano Concerto No. 3, in D minor, Rachmaninoff
Symphony No. 6, in B minor ("Pathétique") Tchaikovsky

Vladimir Horowitz, who is president of the Rachmaninoff Fund, and Serge Koussevitzky, who heads its Artists Advisory Committee, paid a memorable tribute to Sergei Rachmaninoff's memory Tuesday night when they presented his third piano concerto. The performance left many members of the large audience wondering how long it was, if ever, since they had last heard such piano playing.

This concert had had its vicissitudes before it finally took place. A few days before its original date, Feb. 12, Mr. Horowitz was indisposed and Eugene List took his place. But then came the Lincoln's

Birthday emergency shutdown, and the concert was postponed for a month with Mr. Horowitz back in his original assignment. His recital earlier this month had given cause for anticipations of phenomenal pianism, but nevertheless the performance was something beyond expectation. It was not merely a matter of the notable Horowitzian technique, but of an interpretation which realized imaginative possibilities that exist in this concerto, but are seldom expressed. There is much in the work that can be evoked by any talented interpreter, but this performance went far beyond that point. *3-14-46*

Its emotional gamut and temperature covered a wide range, and the same could be said of the pianist's tone color. One factor in this impressive result was Mr. Horowitz's remarkable command of his dynamic scale, his ability to produce climactic sonorities that were vast, rather than merely loud, to approach and reach a climax with a truly culminative effect. There was a notably well conceived proportion of tension and relaxation, and the long building up of emotional intensity which marked parts of the concerto was of a kind which is very seldom achieved. The interpretation was distinctly personal, but yet gave a sense of thorough devotion to the composer's intentions.

The orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky also played the concerto on a high imaginative plane, and the interpretation as a whole gave an impression of an entire unity of expressive outlook, as well as of a fine balance between the solo part and the ensemble, which was at the top of its form. Cheers and fervent applause followed.

Mr. Copeland's "Quiet City" is derived from his incidental music for Irwin Shaw's play of this title, which was produced in 1939. The work has been played here both by large and small orchestras during the last five years. The solo trumpet, well played by Mr. Voisin, represents the protagonist of the play. It is well constructed, with the trumpet soaring above or interweaving its music with that of

the English horn and strings, and also is expressively appealing in a quiet, meditative way. As for the Pathetic Symphony, the Bostonian interpretation of that masterpiece has frequently been admired here.

Eleven Symphony Concerts Heard Within Eight Days

By Miles Kastendieck

New York
Orchestral reunions reached their seasonal peak with an uninterrupted series of 11 concerts that began on March 12 and ended on March 19. There was at least one concert on each of the eight days, and sometimes two. The visits by the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia orchestra, and the Rochester Philharmonic helped swell the number, while the other orchestras represented were the Philharmonic-Symphony and the New York City Symphony.

All this activity started with a special concert by the Boston Symphony which officially launched the Rachmaninov Fund. Vladimir Horowitz, president of the Fund, and Serge Koussevitzky, head of the Artists' Advisory Committee, were motivating forces. Tribute was paid to Rachmaninov in a performance of his Piano Concerto No. 3, which received an incandescent interpretation that fired the imagination of the audience. The strictly orchestral portions included Aaron Copland's delightful work, "Quiet City," and Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony played in the true Bostonian tradition. *3-32-46*

Koussevitzky gave the first New York performance of excerpts of Benjamin Britten's opera, "Peter Grimes," in his fourth Carnegie Hall Concert on March 13. The Passacaglia and four Sea Interludes caught interest chiefly for the skill and effectiveness of the orchestration. The Passacaglia had the most substance, revealing

more originality and compact writing than the other pieces. The four interludes were for the most part descriptive sketches clearly suggestives of their titles: "Dawn," "Sunday Morning," "Moonlight," and "The Storm." The approach was realistic, the scoring clever; the result, music in need of the theater to achieve its due value. This concert opened with Beethoven's First Symphony, and included Bach's Fifth Brandenburg Concerto with Lukas Foss at the piano, Richard Burgin, violinist, and Georges Laurent, flute, and the Kabalevsky Second Symphony, which has its popular leanings.

Bruno Walter achieved another of his ambitions in programming Bruckner's Ninth Symphony for the Philharmonic concerts of March 14, 15, and 18. He cast his program in a philosophical mood, noting the ecclesiastical character of Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on a theme by Thomas Tallis, the brooding speculation of Pfitzner's Three Preludes from the opera "Palestrina," and the mysticism of Bruckner, with all its solemnity, devotion, and earnestness, was clearly set forth in a singularly moving performance. The three movements of this unfinished work, for all their length, are undoubtedly a masterpiece. The playing of the orchestra was particularly fine. As for the Pfitzner pieces, they wallowed in distinctly second-rate material, hardly warranting a place along with two such superior works.

For its Brooklyn concert and the Saturday matinee at Carnegie

Hall, Koussevitzky promoted contemporary music in the form of three symphonies: Hanson's Fourth, Sibelius' Sixth, and Kabalevsky's Second. The Bach Brandenburg Concerto No. 4 completed a list of works infrequently heard. The Hanson work is notable for the sincerity of its purpose and the fullness of its emotional expressiveness. This is the symphony which uses the ritual titles, Kyrie, Requiescat, Dies Irae and Lux Aeterna, to underline the elegiac mood which the composer invokes in memory of his father. The Sibelius is, of course, the work where he eschews the heroic and pursues beauty for its own sake and for the satisfaction and the serenity it conveys to others. All three modern works met with general approval, as did also the Bach with Richard Burgin, violin, Georges Laurent and James Pappoutsakis, flutes, as soloists.



'Gregor Piatigorsky,' by Wayman Adams



"Rachmaninoff," beaten lead, by José de Creeft, awarded the George D. Widener Memorial Medal for sculpture.

BOSTONIANS OFFER 3 MODERN WORKS

Koussevitzky Leads Sibelius
Sixth Symphony, Kabalevsky
Second, Hanson Fourth

By NOEL STRAUS

Contemporary music was stressed on the program presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. With the exception of the Brandenburg Concerto No. 4, of Bach, the list was given over to three symphonies of the present day—the Sixth of Sibelius, the Second of Kabalevsky and Howard Hanson's Fourth.

Although all these modern offerings had been heard here previously, they all belonged to the category of unfamiliar music, even the Sibelius work, which has had surprisingly few performances in this city.

The Sibelius Sixth has a niche all its own among the seven symphonies of its composer. Throughout its four movements it pursues a golden mean, not only in matters of orchestration, but in its dynamic frame and in the essential character of its content, which is prevalently pastoral and largely free of emotional conflict. The instruments employed in the score are the same called for in the master's Fourth symphony, but with the addition of a bass clarinet and a harp, which help to give the music its distinctive color.

A Con Amore Reading

Another factor that sets the Sixth apart from Sibelius' other symphonies is the frequent recourse to a type of modal procedure that imparts a sense of vagueness to key relationships, something foreign to his other creations in the form. The work, in fact, is written in the Dorian mode, despite the fact that major and minor tonalities and other modes are used, or that its second movement happens to be in G minor.

Mr. Koussevitzky, to whom the local musical public primarily owes what familiarity it possesses with this symphony, read it con amore, filling its four movements with vitality and life, and yet keeping it all within the needed bounds of restraint. It was colored with a deft hand, and so knowingly patterned that the chief climax of the opus, which occurs just before the peroration of the finale, could be granted its compelling sense of power without undue weightiness of sonority.

The juxtaposition of this symphony and Mr. Hanson's Fourth only served to make the clearer the American composer's debt to Sibelius in his orchestration and other respects. That Mr. Hanson also makes free use of modes in his opus has no connection with Sibelius' employment of them in his Sixth. But his building up of his symphonic structure on definitely chosen germinal intervals and fragments of scales is closely related to Sibelius' own method of composition.

Many Devices Employed

But whereas Sibelius found it possible to construct his entire symphony on two brief motifs stated in its opening measures and carefully hid his incessant development of them, Mr. Hanson needed a number of different devices of the kind in his score, and made his use of them all too obvious.

Nor in his design in each of the four movements of his symphony was he able to attain the clarity of outline of the Finnish composer, whose sectional treatment of form in the last three movements of his Sixth, although unusual nowadays, leaves no doubt as to its intentions.

Mr. Hanson's latest symphonic creation is in four divisions, entitled respectively, "Kyrie," "Requiescat," "Dies Irae" and "Lux Eterna." Despite the religious connotations implied, the music pos-

SUITE BY COPLAND HEARD AT CONCERT

Koussevitzky Conducts Boston
Symphony in Composer's
'Appalachian Spring'

By OLIN DOWNES

Aaron Copland's suite from the ballet "Appalachian Spring" was the most modern music on the program given by Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in Carnegie Hall. The music was heard for the second time here this season, and its repetition was more than welcome. For this is certainly one of the best of Mr. Copland's scores, and of them all the most tender and poetical in character.

In it the folk element is strongly present; it is neither disguised nor disfigured by affectation. A modern composer takes this material as his own—as a musical substance that has for him a beauty as of today—and not as some archaic relic of an imaginary past. The music is simple and full of feeling. It is admirably orchestrated, with fine taste and a sure hand. Some of the movements become a little long and have a degree of sameness of coloring without the dancers on the stage. But the sum of it is a charming and sincere score, by a composer whose craftsmanship develops and acquires fresh distinction as he advances. The performance was a wonder of delicacy, finish and imagination.

Mr. Copland was present in the upper part of the house and he was repeatedly called upon to acknowledge the applause.

The two classics of the evening were the Haydn G major Symphony numbered on last night's program, 88, and Brahms' Second, the latter work receiving a memorable reading. With Haydn it was not the same. His work sounded in the manner of a polite curtain-raiser to the entertainment to come, rather than the voice of Haydn the peasant-born, Haydn the architect and the virile precursor of Beethoven.

In other words, we like our Haydn rougher, more zestful, and with a broader humor. We do not like his slow movement taken so portentously, and we like to hear the off-key strokes of the violins over the drone bass in the trio of the minuet for what they are—broad strokes of shrewd peasant humor. Perhaps no other orchestra can play the finale with such finish and at such a tempo as this one. Granted, but let us have a sharper edge to the jest, and not quite such polished manners.

Or was there the thought of contrasting Haydn, at the beginning, with the more rugged manner of Johannes Brahms, whose second symphony brought the end? The symphony was gloriously played. It also is primavera. Not only in the Appalachians was it spring! The performance of the symphony had equally the lyricism and the ruggedness of Brahms' style. Seldom has a conductor so sustained the great line of the slow movement, or imparted more grace, brilliancy, power, as the passage might be, to the whole work. Every voice in the orchestra sang; every instrument glowed with color refracted, as it were, from choir to choir. With this well-known symphony Dr. Koussevitzky and his men achieved a summit of their New York season.

Boston Symphony Plays Brahm's 2d, Haydn's 88th Koussevitzky Leads Final Evening Concert of Season

The fifth and final evening concert of the season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Serge Koussevitzky's direction in Carnegie Hall Wednesday brought no unfamiliar music. The program began with Haydn's Symphony No. 88 in G, continued with Copland's Suite from the Ballet "Appalachian Spring," and closed with Brahms's Second Symphony.

After a rather listless, thick-sounding performance of the Haydn Symphony, matters brightened considerably. Mr. Copland's Suite, although perhaps a trifle too long, is beyond question one of his most arresting, worth-while products. It was unfolded with

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affectionate discernment by Mr. Koussevitzky and invested with transparently shimmering tones by the orchestra.

The most compelling discourse, however, was that of Brahms's Second Symphony. It is not often that so flawlessly integrated, poetically sensitive, eloquent and tonally sumptuous an account of this work is vouchsafed. J. D. B.

Orchestral Wind-Up

By Miles Kastendieck

New York

First performances of American music graced the concluding programs of both the Boston Symphony and the Philharmonic-Symphony orchestras last week end. In the case of the visiting orchestra, Samuel Barber's Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra was heard for the first time here, and David Diamond's "Rounds for Orchestra" was heard for the first time outside the Columbia American Music Festival of last spring. 4-29-46

The Philharmonic-Symphony played Bernard Rogers' "In Memory of Franklin Delano Roosevelt" as part of a program dedicated to the idealism of the late President. Koussevitzky augmented his gesture toward native music by including Aaron Copland's Suite from the ballet, "Appalachian Spring," on another program. It can hardly be said that the American composer has been neglected during the month of April.

Mr. Barber's Concerto turned out to be an important step in his career. It comes as a challenge to his contemporaries, for it is a most attractive work. Its three movements express the confidence of a composer who has definitely arrived, exhibiting a composition that has not only character but substance.

The rhythmic impetus in present-day music finds a natural outlet in this concerto. It follows that the first and third movements reflect that urge. There is also pres-

ent, however, a strong lyrical quality that rightly balances the emphasis on rhythm; in fact, the composer's ability to spin a melodic line results in a slow movement of exceptional interest. Though Mr. Barber's ability to write poetically has been noted in his other works, it asserts itself most impressively in the Andante of this work. Here is American music which "says something" to those music lovers who have long despaired that such a thing is possible with native composers.

Some striking moments of craftsmanship occur in this concerto. They center round the use of the cello in duets with other

instruments, notably the strings in the first movements, the woodwinds in the second and third. These musical dialogues are expertly handled and are singularly successful in intensifying the mood. On the whole the writing for the cello shows understanding of the instrument, though it may not always be grateful. There are several difficult passages and the demands on the soloist are continuous, for the cello even in its cadenzas has been skillfully woven into the framework. It was to the credit of Raya Garbousova that she excelled in the lyrical portions of the music, since they are so vital a factor in the interpretation of the score.

The Diamond piece is more than just a contrapuntal work-out, though that is its design. It is primarily rhythmic, but contains a slow section which denotes a definite advance in this composer's writing. He has seldom let himself be so persuasive as he is in this interval between his canonic battles. The work is a credit both to the composer and to the American repertory as played by Koussevitzky.

The
BOSTON
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY
CONDUCTOR



THE PAST AND PRESENT OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA of today, with its superb performances, its preëminence, the vision and pertinacity of its leader, its remarkable personnel, the vast public it now addresses without artistic capitulation—this orchestra might seem at first glance very different indeed from the sixty players whom Henry L. Higginson assembled under the same name in the year 1881. If he were living today, he would recognize the orchestra as still fundamentally his own, as the consistent outgrowth of his early imaginings and his long endeavors.

Mr. Higginson's dreams were not strange to his time. They were unique mainly in the strength of conviction which lay behind them, and the ability to produce tangible results. It was the response they aroused in fellow New Englanders which made the growth of the Boston Symphony Orchestra possible.

The Boston citizens of 1881 who waited all night in a queue for their season tickets showed a trait traceable to the earlier New England which strove for music while it was yet eclipsed by the literary arts. The trait can be described as the determination to experience beauty at its highest. It persists in the audiences of today who treasure their weekly Friday or Saturday concerts as their main source of musical renewal and growth. When, as at present,



HENRY L. HIGGINSON
Founder of the orchestra

general disruptive conditions threaten the peaceable pursuit of music, that determination is further strengthened.

This same trait was particularly strong in that student of music in Vienna in 1860, Henry L. Higginson, who was vividly impressed with the beauty of Beethoven, Schubert or Haydn as performed by a highly expert orchestra, professionally maintained for the purpose under a masterly directing hand. Such an opportunity did not exist in America, and his impression of what Boston should have was so persistent that

twenty years later, when business success had brought him sufficient means, he organized and established a symphony orchestra. He engaged the best musicians he could find, and induced Georg Henschel, a young singer, composer, and conductor of undoubted talent, to cross from England and be their leader.

Mr. Henschel had a capacity for enthusiasm and could impart it. He made many friends for the concerts. But his successor after two years—Wilhelm Gericke—had qualities still more indispensable for a young orchestra, especially the kind of experience which must back up the painstaking task of upbuilding. Mr. Gericke was meticulous and exacting. He had at first his moments of discouragement, but he had in Mr. Higginson the kind of backer who imposed no restriction, and asked only a zeal like his own. In his second season Mr. Gericke was at length ready to submit his achievement in clarity and tonal balance to New York, which he did to the astonishment of that city.

The first conductor was a pioneer; the second, a polisher; the third, in his way, a firebrand. Arthur Nikisch was thirty-four when he came to this country, a Hungarian whose conducting at Leipzig had been



GEORG HENSCHEL
1881-1884

attracting attention. He had learned to bring to his performances a vividness and freedom of conception which was a new experience even to European audiences. Nikisch found in the orchestra Gericke had left a highly expert instrument, ready for rhapsodic uses. His four years with the orchestra were "a brilliant and stimulating period." Emil Paur, the successor of Nikisch at the Opera in Leipzig, likewise succeeded him as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His five years in Boston were notable for a successful promotion of such new and debate-

able composers as Richard Strauss. The return of Mr. Gericke in 1898 was warmly welcomed, for it was recognized that the foundations of his training were still there. A critic observed: "It is still Mr. Gericke's orchestra." This thoroughly equipped and authoritative musician was the kind of builder and refiner needed by the still maturing orchestra if it were to attain true supremacy. Mr. Gericke inspired confidence, and produced results. The orchestra he left behind him in 1906 when the then new Symphony Hall had reached an impressive degree of proficiency.

Now the task before Mr. Higginson was to secure a conductor who could make the orchestra as illustrious as the finest in the old world. The conductor at the Royal Opera in Berlin at once took his attention. His name was Karl Muck, and already he had behind him a distinguished career as conductor of opera. He was thoroughly schooled and brilliantly accomplished musician, a broadly cultured artist, quick and sensitive.

Boston Music Hall.	
SEASON 1881-82	
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.	
MR. GEORG HENSCHEL, Conductor.	
I. CONCERT.	
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22D, AT 8, P. M.	
PROGRAMME	
OVERTURE, Op. 121, "Dedication of the House."	BEETHOVEN
AIR. (Orpheus)	GLUCK
SYMPHONY in B flat.	HAYDN
(No. 10 of Beethoven's edition.)	
BALLET MUSIC. (Rondeau)	SCHUBERT
SCENA. (Olympus)	MAX BRUCH
FESTIVAL OVERTURE.	WAGNER
SOLOIST:	
MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY.	

*Facsimile of the
FIRST PROGRAM
of the orchestra*



WILHELM GERICKE
1884-1889 1898-1906



ARTHUR NIKISCH
1889-1893

His first season was one of reconstitution and hard drilling. After two years, Dr. Muck was recalled, and from 1908 to 1912 the orchestra was conducted by his former colleague in Hamburg, Max Fiedler. Dr. Muck was then permitted by his government to return. Year after year, he worked with the orchestra towards an ever finer degree of ensemble.

The orchestra now excelled every other beyond question. When an eighteenth century symphony, a symphony of Beethoven, a Wagnerian excerpt, came to life, faultless and glowing,

from the elegant hand of Dr. Muck, memories of other performances were obliterated. The Boston Symphony Orchestra had become the byword of musical perfection the world over.

In the spring of 1918, Mr. Higginson, who had passed his eightieth year, was ready to relinquish what had become, through external circumstances, a heavy burden. He had given America an illustrious example of what symphonic performance could be. That accomplishment, the act of one man carried through thirty-seven years, has had no counterpart.

He asked Judge Frederick P. Cabot, as president of a board of trustees, to assume the responsibility of the orchestra. In response to appeals from Judge Cabot and his associates, a relatively small number began, and individuals since that time have continued, to contribute towards its maintenance. The organization of the society of the Friends of the Orchestra has placed that charge in the hands of a large and growing portion of those who attend the concerts and consider them indispensable.

SYMPHONY HALL
HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

**Inaugural
Concert**

MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER FIFTEEN
NINETEEN HUNDRED, AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

L. van Beethoven
Missa Solennis
in D, for Chorus, Solo Quartet, Orchestra, and Organ

PERFORMED BY
THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ASSISTED BY
THE CECILIA SOCIETY AND OTHER
SINGERS

AND THE FOLLOWING SOLOISTS:
MRS. CLEMENTINE DE VERE
MISS GERTRUDE MAY STEIN
MR. EVAN WILLIAMS
MR. JOSEPH S. BAERNSTEIN
Conductor, WILHELM GERICKE
Solo Violin, MR. FRANZ KNEISEL
Organ, MR. J. WALLACE GOODRICH

Facsimile of the
DEDICATORY PROGRAM
of Symphony Hall

The trustees first engaged Henri Ra-
baud, a distinguished Parisian composer. The
season of his visit to America is agreeably remem-
bered by those who attended the concerts of
1918-1919. In the following autumn, Pierre
Monteux, of the Metropolitan Opera Company,
left New York for Boston to become the orches-
tra's second French conductor. He proved a pa-
tient and tireless builder and gave the symphony
concerts life in a new direction by greatly widen-
ing the range of the programs. Beside the familiar
classics stood others less familiar, and likewise
music of new and important tendencies from countries hitherto little repre-
sented at symphony concerts.

The time was again at hand for an illustrious personality, an artist of
imagination and daring to revitalize a superb instrument ready to respond to
his every wish.

Serge Koussevitzky had organized and conducted an orchestra in
Moscow and St. Petersburg. He was accounted a leader of commanding power,
a pioneer ready to break a lance for new music by publication and by perform-
ance. He conducted in western Europe, and his *Concerts Koussevitzky* in Paris
were found a new and electrifying experience. Anticipation ran high when, in
September, 1924, he first set foot on American shores.

Koussevitzky manifested his qualities at the first concerts of the sea-
son. It was evident at once that the future of the orchestra was in the hands
of a leader of extraordinary courage and brilliance, a musician of sensitive
sympathy and emotional penetration. The audiences soon learned that they
would be kept abreast with what was vital in the advance of music; they also
learned to expect revived and enthralling performances of the accepted
music of the past.

The Russian conductor has become an American conductor. In so



KARL MUCK
1906-1908 1912-1918

becoming, and while identifying himself with an orchestra such as he had never had before, he has realized the most illustrious years of his career. While bringing a new eloquence to the classical portion of the repertory, he has enlarged it as well. The musical trends of our own time he has so closely and sympathetically followed, that the concerts have become the point of those "first performances" which have since proved really important. The notable growth of American music in recent seasons he has effectively fostered.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra passed the half-century milestone with Koussevitzky at its head. More than one quarter of its years have been Koussevitzky years. They have been years of a single and uninterrupted leadership, of stability in membership, and of the coördination which these conditions have made possible. The present expansion of the orchestra's activities is the result of these years. Extra-seasonal activities, including the foundation of a unique school, now leave only the month of September without concerts. The orchestra's public and its influence in behalf of music have vastly grown.

This has been accomplished without compromise. It is not enough that Koussevitzky has brought the orchestra to a tonal richness, a brilliance of virtuosity, and a warmth of response quite beyond compare. Koussevitzky looks always to a more complete capturing of beauty. To a great artist in the fullness of his day, his art is always an adventure, a new testing.



THE Pop Concerts given during May, June and July in Symphony Hall have almost as long a history as the winter concerts. Begun in the spring of 1885, the "Pops" developed into an institution of Boston's spring and early summer, with programmes suited to the lighter tastes of the season. Wine and other refreshments are served during the concert at tables on the floor of the Hall. Under Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the Pop Concerts since 1930, they have grown in popularity; various groups have special nights at the Pops.

Mr. Fiedler in 1929 evolved the idea of the open-air Esplanade Concerts held on the Embankment of the Charles River. For several weeks in July and August, from ten to twenty thousand people each evening listen to popular programmes free of charge.

Within the past decade new channels have opened for the Orchestra. In 1936 the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the concerts of the Berkshire Symphonic Festival, three performances at Stockbridge in the Berkshire Hills. During that year the scenic estate of Tanglewood was presented to the Orchestra, and the Festival of 1937 was held there, six concerts being given. The present "Shed," with a capacity over 6,000, was erected at Tanglewood and in readiness for the Festival of 1938. The season was increased in 1940 to nine concerts. Transportation difficulties, caused by the war, have necessitated the omission of the 1942 and 1943 Festivals.

In 1940 Dr. Koussevitzky realized a long-cherished plan — the establishment of a center of the arts designed primarily to help music students "to find sound bases for creation and to attain perfection for interpretation." The Berkshire Music Center was opened on July 8, 1940; the second session was held in the summer of 1941. The 1942 session was conducted under the auspices of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, as will also be that of 1943.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, playing in full number on its own stage in Symphony Hall, has further widened its public in two notable ways — by the making of Victor records and, since December 26, 1942, by the broadcast of its Saturday night concerts over the Blue Network.

To guarantee the standards of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and to bring the best in orchestral music within the reach of the greatest possible number is a great social service that necessarily entails an operating deficit. For more than sixty years the Boston Symphony Orchestra has ministered to the artistic and spiritual needs of America. For nearly forty of these years one generous citizen of great vision and public spirit, Henry L. Higginson, was its main supporter. When, in 1918, he felt he could no longer carry this responsibility, the Boston Symphony Orchestra passed to the management of a board of trustees, and a number of anonymous guarantors undertook the financial responsibility. Thus the Orchestra became a public trust. In recent years, another public-minded citizen — Ernest B. Dane — has been its chief underwriter; but, with his death in 1942, it became necessary to invoke a wider public support. This was made possible through the formation of the "Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra", a society consisting of many generous citizens who recognize the importance of the Orchestra's service to music in America. Membership in the Friends is open to those who make contributions in either large or small amounts for this purpose.

In a democratic society it is proper that an organization like the Boston Symphony Orchestra be sponsored both by all those who enjoy its concerts — whether in the concert hall or over the air — and take pride in its success, and by those who because of their interest in music or from a sense of civic responsibility welcome the opportunity of sharing in its achievement. So sponsored, this Orchestra has thrived and developed and has reached a pinnacle of excellence in performance seldom if ever before equalled.

The importance of music and other arts in maintaining morale is quite properly stressed, as is the rôle which the highest art plays as a permanent element in the life of the community. For this reason the Boston Symphony Orchestra can legitimately appeal to its friends to maintain it at the highest pitch of excellence.

A TYPICAL SEASON OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA



October-May — Concerts of the regular winter season.

In Symphony Hall, Boston:

Twenty-four Friday afternoons and Saturday evenings.*

Six Monday evenings and Tuesday afternoons.

Two Pension Fund concerts and six Youth concerts.

Ten concerts in Carnegie Hall, New York.

Eight concerts at Harvard University.

Five concerts for the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Five concerts in the Metropolitan Theatre, Providence.

Two concerts each in Horace Bushnell Memorial Hall, Hartford, for the Pittsburgh Orchestral Association, and at Yale University.

Single concerts under the auspices of the Civic Music Association of Worcester, the Cleveland Museum of Art, Connecticut College, the Griffith Music Foundation of Newark, the Philadelphia Forum, Rutgers University, Smith College, the University of Rochester, the University of Michigan, for the members of the Toledo Museum of Art, at the new Kleinhans Music Hall in Buffalo, and at the Springfield, Mass., Auditorium.

May-July — Pop Concerts in Symphony Hall.*

July — Esplanade Concerts.*

July-August — Berkshire Music Center.

July-August — Berkshire Symphonic Festival. [*Suspended for the Duration.*]

*Saturday Evening Concerts broadcast (8:15-9:15 P.M. E.W.T.) over the Blue Network.

Address correspondence about the Orchestra to GEORGE E. JUDD, *Manager*, Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass.



VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

BY THE

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

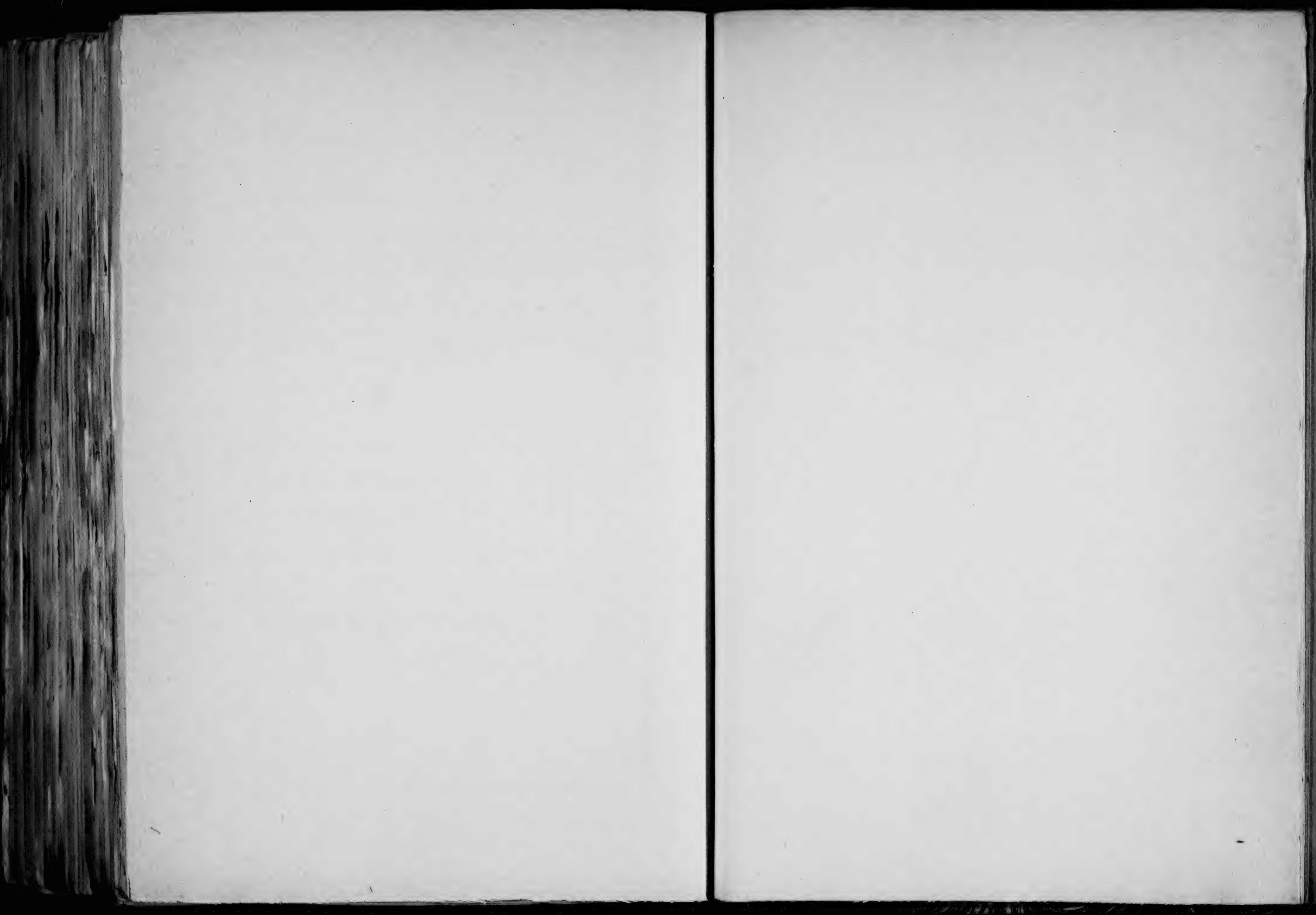
Also Sprach Zarathustra	Strauss
Battle of Kershenetz	Rimsky-Korsakov
Bolero	Ravel
Capriccio (Jesús María Sanromá, Soloist)	Stravinsky
Classical Symphony	Prokofieff
Concerto for Orchestra in D major	K. P. E. Bach
Concerto Grosso in D minor	Vivaldi
Concerto in D major (Jascha Heifetz, Soloist)	Brahms
Concerto No. 2 (Jascha Heifetz, Soloist)	Prokofieff
Concerto No. 12 — Larghetto	Handel
Damnation of Faust: Minuet — Waltz — Rákóczy March	Berlioz
Danse	Debussy-Ravel
Daphnis et Chloé — Suite No. 2	Ravel
Élégie (Violoncello solo: Jean Bedetti)	Fauré
Enchanted Lake	Liadov
Fair Harvard	Arr. by Koussevitzky
Frühlingsstimmen — Waltzes (Voices of Spring)	Strauss
Gymnopédie No. 1	Erik Satie-Debussy
Khovanstchina Prelude	Moussorgsky
La Valse	Ravel
La Mer (The Sea)	Debussy
Last Spring	Grieg
Lieutenant Kije Suite	Prokofieff
Love for Three Oranges — Scherzo and March	Prokofieff
Ma Mère L'Oye (Mother Goose)	Ravel
Mefisto Waltz	Liszt
Missa Solennis	Beethoven
Passion According to Saint Matthew (Three Albums)	Bach
Peter and the Wolf	Prokofieff
Pictures at an Exhibition	Moussorgsky-Ravel
Pohjola's Daughter	Sibelius
Romeo and Juliet, Overture-Fantasia	Tchaikovsky
Rosamunde — Ballet Music	Schubert
Salón México, El	Aaron Copland
San Juan Capistrano — 2 Nocturnes	Harl McDonald
Sarabande	Debussy-Ravel
Song of Volga Boatmen	Arr. by Stravinsky
Swanwhite (The Maiden with Roses)	Sibelius
Symphony No. 1 in B-flat major (Spring)	Schumann
Symphony No. 2 in D major	Beethoven
Symphony No. 2 in D major	Sibelius
Symphony No. 3	Harris
Symphony No. 4 in A major (Italian)	Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 4 in E minor	Brahms
Symphony No. 4 in F minor	Tchaikovsky
Symphony No. 5 in E-flat major	Sibelius
Symphony No. 6 in B minor (Pathétique)	Tchaikovsky
Symphony No. 8 in F major	Beethoven
Symphony No. 8 in B minor (Unfinished)	Schubert
Symphony No. 29 in A major	Mozart
Symphony No. 34 in C major	Mozart
Symphony No. 94 in G major (Surprise)	Haydn
Symphony No. 102 in B-flat major	Haydn
Tapiola (Symphonic Poem)	Sibelius
Waltz (from String Serenade)	Tchaikovsky
Wiener Blut — Waltzes (Vienna Blood)	Strauss

[The above list furnished by The Eastern Company of Cambridge, Mass. — New England distributors of Victor Records.]

THE COMPOSER TO CREATE
THE CONDUCTOR TO INTERPRET
THE ORCHESTRA TO PERFORM
THE INSTITUTION TO SERVE
THE PUBLIC TO ENJOY



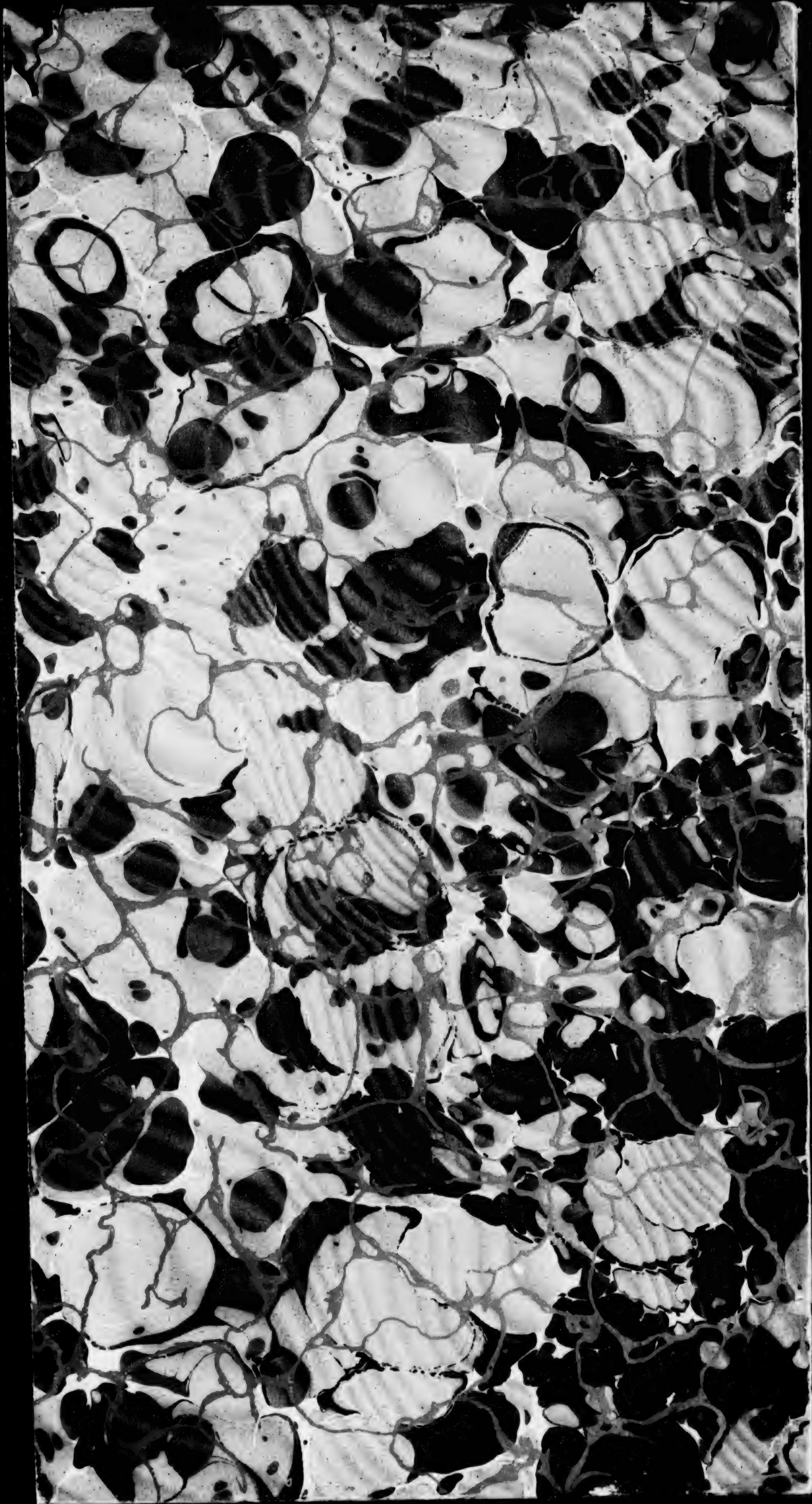
The interest and participation of its audiences
continue to make possible
the creative and interpretative forces
which distinguish the concerts
of the
Boston Symphony Orchestra





VOLUME 66

1946-1947



44 M. 125.5. 66



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

FOUNDED IN 1881 BY
HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

• 1 •



SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON

1946-1947

9701
2



Boston Public Library Music Department
August 9, 1948.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

[Sixty-sixth Season, 1946-1947]

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

Personnel

VIOLINS

BURGIN, R. <i>Concert-master</i>	ELCUS, C. TAPLEY, R.	LAUGA, N. ZAZOFSKY, C.	CHERKASSKY, P. DUBBS, H.	RESNIKOFF, V. LEIBOVICI, J.
HANSEN, E.	KASSMAN, N.	FEDOROVSKY, P.	BEALE, M.	
EISLER, D.	PINFIELD, C.	DICKSON, H.	ZECCHINO, F.	
KNUDSON, C.	ZUNG, M.	GORODETZKY, L.	MANUSEVITCH, V.	
MAYER, P.	DIAMOND, S.	DEL SORDO, R.	NAGY, L.	
BRYANT, M.	STONESTREET, L.	MESSINA, S.	SAUVLET, H.	
MURRAY, J.	ERKELENS, H.	SILBERMAN, H.	BENSON, S.	

VIOLAS

LEFRANC, J.	FOUREL, G.	BERNARD, A.	HUMPHREY, G.
CAUHAPÉ, J.	LEHNER, E.	KORNSAND, E.	ARTIERES, L.
WERNER, H.		LIPSON, J.	
VAN WYNBERGEN, C.		GERHARDT, S.	

VIOLONCELLOS

BEDETTI, J.	LANGENDOEN, J.	DROEGHMANS, H.	ZIMBLER, J.	FABRIZIO, E.
ZIGHERA, A.	NIELAND, M.	ZEISE, K.	PARRONCHI, B.	MARJOLLET, L.

BASSES

MOLEUX, G.	JUHT, L.	GREENBERG, H.	DUFRESNE, G.	FREEMAN, H.
PAGE, W.	FRANKEL, I.	PORTNOI, H.	GIRARD, H.	BARWICKI, J.

FLUTES

LAURENT, G.
PAPPOUTSAKIS, J.
KAPLAN, P.

OBOES

HOLMES, J.
DEVERGIE, J.
LUKATSKY, J.

PICCOLO

MADSEN, G.

HORNS

VALKENIER, W.
MACDONALD, W.
MEEK, H.
COWDEN, H.

ENGLISH HORN

SPEYER, L.

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STAGLIANO, J.
KEANEY, P.
SHAPIRO, H.
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PIANO

FOSS, L.

CLARINETS

POLATSCHEK, V.
VALERIO, M.
CARDILLO, P.

BASS CLARINET

MAZZEO, R.

TRUMPETS

MAGER, G.
LAFOSSE, M.
VOISIN, R. L.
VOISIN, R.
HERFORTH, H.

TIMPANI

SZULC, R.
POLSTER, M.

LIBRARIAN

ROGERS, L. J.

BASSOONS

ALLARD, R.
PANENKA, E.
DE GUICHARD, A.

CONTRA-BASSOON

PILLER, B.

TROMBONES

RAICHMAN, J.
HANSOTTE, L.
COFFEY, J.
OROSZ, J.
SMITH, V.

PERCUSSION

STERNBURG, S.
SMITH, C.
ARCIERI, E.

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

Telephone, Commonwealth 1492

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1946-1947

CONCERT BULLETIN OF THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

with historical and descriptive notes by

JOHN N. BURK

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N. PENROSE HALLOWELL	RAYMOND S. WILKINS
FRANCIS W. HATCH	OLIVER WOLCOTT

GEORGE E. JUDD, *Manager*

Boston Public Library Music Department
August 9, 1948.

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SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON, 1946-1947

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FRANCIS W. HATCH . . . OLIVER WOLCOTT

GEORGE E. JUDD, *Manager*

Sixty-Sixth Season 1946-1947

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

24 FRIDAY AFTERNOON CONCERTS

October 4 to April 25, at 2:30

(Omitting November 15, December 6, January 10, February 14, March 14, April 11)

There will be a concert Thursday, April 3, instead of Friday, April 4

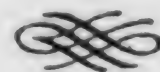
24 SATURDAY EVENING CONCERTS

October 5 to April 26, at 8:30

(Omitting November 16, December 7, January 11, February 15, March 15, April 12)

Soloists who can be announced at this time are ERICA MORINI, the violinist, who is to make her first appearance in Boston with this Orchestra; DAME MYRA HESS, the English pianist who is to return to America for the first time since the war, and the more recently heard artists HEIFETZ and RUTH POSSELT, violinists, RUDOLF FIRKUSNY, pianist, and GREGOR PIATIGORSKY, 'cellist.

Guest conductors: BRUNO WALTER (four weeks), LEONARD BERNSTEIN, and CHARLES MÜNCH. The conductor of the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra is to make his first visit to America. DARIUS MILHAUD will visit Boston to conduct the first performance of his new symphony.



TICKET INFORMATION

Season tickets for all series are now on sale at the Season Ticket Office, Symphony Hall (Telephone: COMMONwealth 1492). Seating plans showing prices will be mailed upon request.

If it is not convenient to call at Symphony Hall please use enclosed application blank, and return to SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON 15, MASS.



Sixty-Sixth Season, 1946-1947

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Conductor*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

Six Sunday Afternoon Concerts at 3:30

IN SYMPHONY HALL

*October 20, November 24, December 29, January 26,
February 23, April 20*

GUEST CONDUCTORS in this series will include BRUNO WALTER and LEONARD BERNSTEIN.

A limited number of seats by subscription are still available for six TUESDAY EVENING CONCERTS in Sanders Theatre, Cambridge (at 8:30): October 22, November 26, December 17, February 4, March 4, April 1. ★ Six TUESDAY EVENING concerts at Symphony Hall (at 8:30) will be as follows: October 8, October 29, January 21, February 18, March 18, April 15.



Please use enclosed application card and return to
SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON 15, MASS.
(COMMONWEALTH 1492)

Sixty-Sixth Season 1946-1947

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(COMMONWEALTH 1492)

Application for Season Tickets

G. E. JUDD, Manager, Symphony Hall, Boston

_____, 1946

Please offer

seats at \$

for the series:

- ☐ 24 Friday Afternoons (\$50, \$60, \$70, \$80, and \$100)
- ☐ 24 Saturday Evenings (\$45, \$55, \$60, and \$70)
- ☐ 6 Sunday Afternoons (\$6, \$9, \$12, and \$15)
- ☐ 6 Tuesday Evenings a limited number of seats still available

Plus 20% Federal Tax

In the location checked: ☐ Floor ☐ First Balcony ☐ Second Balcony

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TELEPHONE _____

This application is intended for the convenience of new subscribers.

OUR TUESDAY BROADCASTS

This season the radio sponsorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its Saturday evening broadcasts have been discontinued. The loss of our sponsor is, needless to say, a serious financial setback. But the announcement of a new series of Tuesday evening broadcasts has been generally welcomed.

The Orchestra's concerts will be heard on a national network of the American Broadcasting Company, on a sustaining basis, on Tuesdays from 9:30 to 10:30 E. S. T. This has been made possible by a transference of the shorter evening series in Symphony Hall from Mondays to Tuesdays, a similar change in the Cambridge series from Wednesdays to Tuesdays, and the broadcast of concerts on tour from Providence, New Haven, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New London, and Hartford. Tuesday evening Pop concerts, Esplanade concerts, and Berkshire Festival concerts will result in a season of forty broadcasts.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will thus continue to serve its innumerable and widespread audience of the air waves. Many from this audience have expressed their satisfaction that symphonic music, heretofore concentrated

in week-end radio programs, may now be heard in the course of the week as well. The Boston part of this radio audience will thus be increased to include the Saturday evening subscribers. Since no Tuesday series exceeds six concerts, the bulk of the broadcasts will be available to all Tuesday subscribers.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was the first major orchestra to be heard on the air. The Saturday concerts were broadcast from January 23, 1926, to the end of the season (WBZ). There were broadcasts by the National Broadcasting Company in the season of 1935-1936 of Saturday evening winter and Pop concerts, and, in 1936-1937, of a series of Thursday evening and occasional Friday afternoon concerts. There were likewise Pops and Esplanade broadcasts in 1938 by the Yankee Network. On December 26, 1942, the Boston Symphony Orchestra again went on the air

on a sustaining basis by the Blue Network (the first part of each Saturday evening program). Beginning December 25, 1943, these concerts were sponsored by the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee. For the season 1945-1946 the hour was changed to include the second portion of the program. The sponsorship ended with the Berkshire Festival concert of August 10, 1946.

Application for Season Tickets

G. E. JUDD, Manager, Symphony Hall, Boston

_____, 1946

Please offer _____ seats at \$ _____ for the series:

☐ 24 Friday Afternoons (\$50, \$60, \$70, \$80, and \$100)

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This season the radio sponsorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its Saturday evening broadcasts have been discontinued. The loss of our sponsor is, needless to say, a serious financial setback. But the announcement of a new series of Tuesday evening broadcasts has been generally welcomed.

The Orchestra's concerts will be heard on a national network of the American Broadcasting Company, on a sustaining basis, on Tuesdays from 9:30 to 10:30 E. S. T. This has been made possible by a transference of the shorter evening series in Symphony Hall from Mondays to Tuesdays, a similar change in the Cambridge series from Wednesdays to Tuesdays, and the broadcast of concerts on tour from Providence, New Haven, Pittsburgh, Detroit, New London, and Hartford. Tuesday evening Pop concerts, Esplanade concerts, and Berkshire Festival concerts will result in a season of forty broadcasts.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will thus continue to serve its innumerable and widespread audience of the air waves. Many from this audience have expressed their satisfaction that symphonic music, heretofore concentrated

in week-end radio programs, may now be heard in the course of the week as well. The Boston part of this radio audience will thus be increased to include the Saturday evening subscribers. Since no Tuesday series exceeds six concerts, the bulk of the broadcasts will be available to all Tuesday subscribers.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was the first major orchestra to be heard on the air. The Saturday concerts were broadcast from January 23, 1926, to the end of the season (WBZ). There were broadcasts by the National Broadcasting Company in the season of 1935-1936 of Saturday evening winter and Pop concerts, and, in 1936-1937, of a series of Thursday evening and occasional Friday afternoon concerts. There were likewise Pops and Esplanade broadcasts in 1938 by the Yankee Network. On December 26, 1942, the Boston Symphony Orchestra again went on the air

on a sustaining basis by the Blue Network (the first part of each Saturday evening program). Beginning December 25, 1943, these concerts were sponsored by the Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee. For the season 1945-1946 the hour was changed to include the second portion of the program. The sponsorship ended with the Berkshire Festival concert of August 10, 1946.



By a Staff Artist

Serge Koussevitzky, beginning his twenty-third season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with the concerts of Oct. 4-5 in Symphony Hall, Boston. This will be the orchestra's sixty-sixth year.

Boston Orchestra Opens 66th Season With Concert Next Friday Afternoon

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra's 66th season and Dr. Koussevitzky's 23rd as its conductor will begin on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening of this week. At this pair of concerts and the first of the new Tuesday evening (formerly Monday evening) series, which falls on Oct. 8, Dr. Koussevitzky will offer the relatively brief and rather slight Ninth Symphony of Shostakovich, which had its American premiere at the Berkshire Festival last August. Since the 50th anniversary of the death of Brahms will come next April he will set the local Brahms ball rolling with the First Symphony and will follow it with No. 3 on Tuesday. The remaining number this week will be Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" and the Tuesday program has in its place Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."

It was announced here some time ago that Dr. Koussevitzky would conduct only 13 of the 24 pairs of regular concerts and that four of them would fall to Bruno Walter. It has now been disclosed that the other conductors will be Leonard Bernstein and a distinguished newcomer from France, the Alsatian-born Charles Muench, whose regular orchestra is that of the Paris Conservatory. A Frenchman who is no stranger here, Darius Milhaud, will conduct the first performances of a new symphony of his, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and originally slated for last season.

Dr. Koussevitzky's enthusiasm for that singular composer, Alexander Scriabin, with whom he was once closely associated, has cooled of late. He put the "Poem of Ecstasy" on his very first program and immediately established himself as the unexcelled interpreter of the composer's works. Since I have already promised to pay my respects to the late Paul Rosenfeld, it is doubly to the point at this time to quote a portion of his remarkable summary of Scriabin's orchestral compositions. In the wrong hands, and sometimes in Mr. Rosenfeld's, the impressionistic method of criticism can fly wide of the mark. But in such a passage as the following it can say more in a few words than could be said in pages of technical analysis. The passage in question is to be found in Mr. Rosenfeld's first volume of critical studies, "Musical Portraits," concerned, as was nearly everything that he wrote, with the figures of our own time.

"He had made for himself a curious personal religion, a bizarre mixture of theosophy and neoplatonism and Bergsonian philosophy, a faith that prescribed transport; and these works (symphonic poems) were in part conceived as rituals. They were planned as ceremonies of elevation and deification by ecstasy, in which performers and auditors engaged in active and passive celebrants. Together they were to ascend from plane to plane of delight, experiencing divine struggle and divine bliss and divine creativity. The music was to call the soul through the gate of the sense of hearing, to lead it slowly, hieratically, up through circle after circle of heaven, until the mystical gongs boomed and the mass emotion reached the Father of Souls and was become God."

As was remarked here the other day, Mr. Rosenfeld was one of the few critics who could write with real understanding about not only one but several arts. He was an artist himself, in Oscar Wilde's sense of the critic as artist; and occasionally his virtuosity led him into a morass. But we can forgive him his bad guesses—we all make them—and his occasional turgidity, his lapses into fine writing and sometimes not far removed from hifalutin; because he had that rare gift of creating a word-picture that was the perfect analogue of the music that inspired it.

I can never think of Scriabin without recalling the passage quoted above, or of Sibelius, without being reminded of the eulogy of his music in the same volume: "... it is blood brother to the wind and the silence, to the lowering cliffs and the spray, to the harsh crying of seabirds and the breath of the fog, and, set amid them, would wax, and take new strength from the strength of its kin..." Yet a quarter of a century later, reproaching the conductors for their neglect of Milhaud, he could write: "It is they who have turned aside toward the second-rate, in especial toward the music of that over-stuffed bard, Jan Sibelius, unto the latest bray."

We think of contemporary criticism as the sort of thing that detected barbarism in Mozart, lunacy in Beethoven and Wagner, acerbity in the gentle Mendelssohn. Mr. Rosenfeld, and it did no great harm, leaned the other way. For him newness was very nearly synonymous with excellence.

Finds Absence Of Russians Regrettable

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Russian musicians whom Serge Koussevitzky would like to have appear in Boston, and one or two whom he invited some time ago and whom he confidently looked for, have abandoned the idea of a trip for the present and are remaining at home, so representatives of the press were told yesterday at Dr. Koussevitzky's house in Brookline.

"They do not know," he said, "how they will be accepted in America, and they do not want to take the risk. I see no other reason for their hesitation. We ought to try to get them over here. We can work for good relations with their country in that way."

He explained that concerts of American music are given in Russia, and so no question of hospitality to the art of the United States over there intervenes. There does arise, indeed, trouble in regard to the protection of Russian musical property here, because no copyright safeguards exist for their composers.

But it looks as though the chief difficulty just now grows out of the diplomatic disaccommodation that has sprung up. At any rate, a sensitiveness has seized their men of music, with the result that they have hastened to cancel arrangements that seemed completely settled. A symphony, for example, which Dr. Koussevitzky wanted from a new Russian composer was offered and then withheld. A conductor whom he wished to introduce to the Boston public reneged on a promise to make a call. A violinist, who would seem to be, from reports, the peer of the brilliant youths who issued from the studio of Leopold Auer after World War I, was all but entered in the books when he stopped negotiations.

Dr. Koussevitzky, talking in his frank and fervent manner, mentioned a problem or two confronting a man who directs the doings of an illustrious aggregation of players like the Boston Symphony. Of particular and professional interest was the matter of visiting conductors.

"You know," said he, "that they come along with the most conservative ideas. They don't want to attempt anything novel or anything that may not be generally acceptable. Consequently they submit programs that are all in the old classic routine. I have to sift out things that are too familiar and worn with our listeners, in order to secure the needed freshness. Then, on my side, where am I when a guest takes charge of the orchestra for a week and I read in the papers that at last the public has heard the Boston Symphony, and that this is how the real thing sounds?"

Someone asked Dr. Koussevitzky about the relation of the orchestra to the radio, and he responded with enthusiasm in behalf of music of a high order for the air-wave public.

"As for the men who govern the business," he said, "they have good taste and they want the best; but they sometimes gain the impression that the chief thing in music is the name, and that if you mention 'Sibelius' or anybody equally well known, that is enough. Anything by Sibelius, they think, will do. But I know of few composers who are not much better in some of their works than they are in others."

Dr. Koussevitzky expressed a hope that more music by the good orchestras of the country—and he declared there were plenty of them—would be sent out on the radio. Little is accomplished in comparison with what could be.

First in time among new works which Dr. Koussevitzky is presenting this season is Copland's Symphony No. 3, now set for presentation at the third pair of Friday and Saturday concerts, score and parts for the concluding movement not yet received from the copyist.

For another detail in plans, Bruno Walter in his two visits will put on the Symphony No. 9 of Bruckner and the Symphony No. 4 of Mahler; and for still another, Mr. Bernstein in his visit will revive the "Sacre du Printemps" of Stravinsky.

A new member of the orchestra is John Holmes, oboist, taking the place of Mr. Gillet, retiring. Mr. Holmes, Dr. Koussevitzky observed, is the only American to be appointed to a solo desk in the Boston Symphony in the whole history of the institution. Item again, in the roster of members, the name of A. Krips will be

printed where that of J. Theodorowicz has hitherto stood. Mr. Krips moves up from the fourth desk of the first violin section to the front desk, taking the chair beside that of the concertmaster, Mr. Burgin.

Two Russian Composers Reject Invitations to U.S.

Prokofieff, Shostakovitch Wait for 'Settled' Conditions

BROOKLINE, Mass., Oct. 1 (UP).—Dr. Serge Koussevitzky revealed Tuesday that two of Russia's most prominent symphonic composers have declined to serve as guest conductors of the Boston Symphony Orchestra until conditions between the two nations are "more settled."

Dr. Koussevitzky, a Russian-born American citizen, told a news conference he had invited Serge Prokofieff and Dmitri Shostakovitch to lead the Boston Orchestra in their own compositions.

Symphonic Treason

The Boston Symphony Orchestra opens its 66th season this week with a musical defilement of the precepts of the Russian revolution. It is playing Shostakovitch's Ninth, which has ideological weaknesses, a cynical and evil grotesque, the tone of merciless joking and ridicule, the cold irony of stylization. It is so characterized by the Propaganda Committee of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. It is musical insurrection.

It must be so if Shostakovitch's own countrymen say it is so. But those who heard its light, exuberant joyousness at Tanglewood this summer, or will hear it this week at Symphony Hall or next Tuesday in Providence and on the radio, will wonder in just what words it commits sedition against the Soviet Union. Music may be articulate, but it is hard to find in it a language with political significance.

Shostakovitch was once before guilty of schismatic composition. His pre-war ballet and opera, "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk," was heard by Stalin, who found it not to his taste, and the work was pro-

claimed un-Soviet, unwholesome, cheap and eccentric. He was regarded as a traitor until his Fifth Symphony was produced, which was somehow more in the Stalinist idiom.

The Seventh and Eighth, full of the martial glory of Russia, completed his restoration to orthodoxy. But, perhaps because he was expected to produce a third in a grim and warlike trilogy, and instead came up with a symphonic breath of joyous living, his Ninth is stigmatized as in the stylized form of the ancient classics. Serge Koussevitzky, incidentally, differs on this criticism. He believes the work to be one of the most beautiful of contemporary productions and thoroughly modern.

Shostakovitch himself and Prokofieff ("Peter and the Wolf") had accepted invitations to conduct the Boston Symphony, but suddenly sent their regrets. Again an indication of the subordination of the arts in Russia, where music compositions are contracted for by the government. On the program with the Ninth this week is the "Poem of Ecstasy" of another Russian, Alexander Scriabin, who believed music could speak to the soul. Somehow that is a more comprehensible notion than the belief that it has political overtones.



Drawn by Martha Burnham

Rehearsal scene showing Dr. Koussevitzky and some of the first-desk string players of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The concertmaster, Richard Burgin, is invisible behind the conductor. The

others, reading clockwise, are A. Krips, the assistant concertmaster; Jean Bedetti and Alfred Zighera, cellists, and J. Cauhapé and Jean Le-franc, violists.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

First Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 4, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 5, at 8:30 o'clock

SHOSTAKOVITCH.....Symphony No. 9, *Op.* 70

- I. Allegro
- II. Moderato
- III. Presto
- IV. Largo
- V. Allegretto

(First performance in Boston)

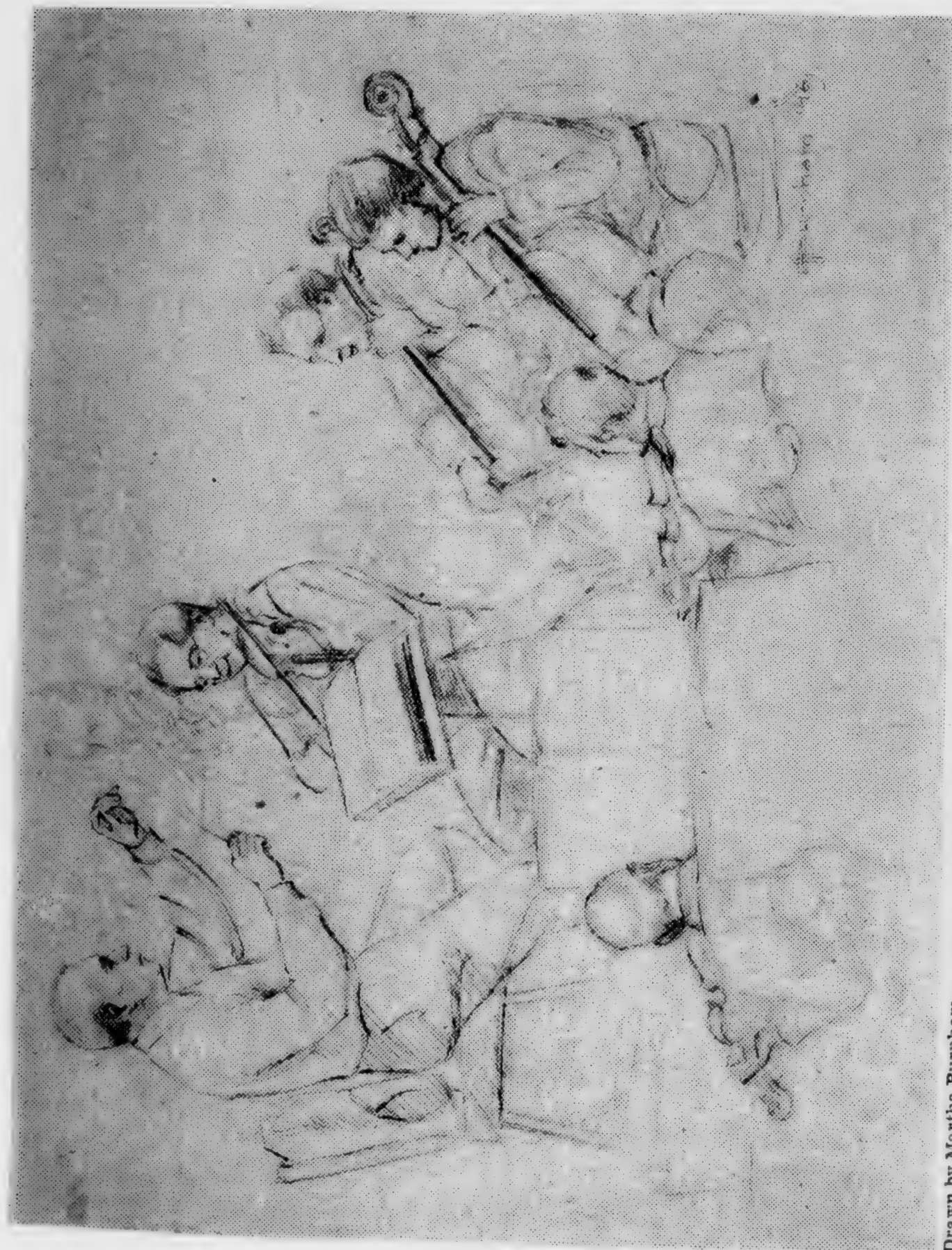
SCRIABIN....."Le Poème de l'Extase," *Op.* 54

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 1 in C minor, *Op.* 68

- I. Un poco sostenuto
- II. Andante sostenuto
- III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
- IV. Adagio; allegro non troppo, ma con brio

BALDWIN PIANO



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Russians Hit Caricature And 'Decadent Poetry'

MOSCOW, Oct. 4 (AP)—A. Khatchaturian, Stalin Laureate Composer, told Russian composers yesterday they have been committing ideological and artistic mistakes.

Mr. Khatchaturian contended that the composers were stagnant in creating operas, and criticized Soviet chamber and vocal music for leaning toward the lyrical motives of the past and ignoring the present.

At the same time, Pravda criticized the Leningrad House of Cinema—headquarters club for film workers—for demonstrating a "spirit of servility before contemporary bourgeois culture."

By Edmund Stevens
Staff Correspondent of
The Christian Science Monitor

MOSCOW, Oct. 4—Moscow's campaign to purge Russian cultural life of what it considers harmful influences has come to a head in a report on the subject by Andrei Zhdanov, a leading member of the Politburo, who guided the Leningrad party organization through the trials of war. 10-4-46 *monit*

According to Mr. Zhdanov the crowning offense in the Leningrad press was an article by the humorist Zoshchenko in which he caricatures Soviet life. The article, entitled, "The Adventures of a Monkey," makes the monkey say that life is better in the zoo than outside and that one breathes more freely in a cage than among the Soviet people.

The poetess Akhmatova, also writing in Leningrad, is described as representative of decadent, escapist, pessimistic poetry which has nothing in common with the Soviet present.

Calling on the Russians to correct these mistakes, Mr. Zhdanov declared "Soviet writers must help the people to state and the party to educate our youth to be buoyant, confident of its strength, fearing no hardships."

He decried all concepts of art for art's sake as designed to camouflage subservience of "bourgeois writers" to private capital and

declared it was the duty of Soviet literature "boldly to attack bourgeois culture" and to answer blow for blow "the foul slander and attacks on our Soviet culture."

The Zhdanov report has since been the subject of favorable comment in Soviet literary publications. The latest issue of the Literary Gazette terms the speech "one of the guiding political documents by which the party directs the rise and growth of all our ideological work."

After deploring writers and critics' "liberal tolerance" toward "various alien and erroneous tendencies hampering the growth of Soviet literature," the Literary Gazette concludes that such shortcomings must be overcome.

The recurrent theme in all documents, reports, and articles relating to the present move is that Soviet literature, which the Central Committee defines as "the most advanced literature in the world, has nothing to learn from contemporary bourgeois literature which is considered venal, superficial, and morally corrupt."

According to Mr. Zhdanov, Soviet literature, "reflecting a system many times higher than bourgeois culture, has the right to teach others a new human morality."

Among Western writings now branded as escapist or worthless, if not downright harmful, is the whole mass of detective fiction, including that once popular character here Sherlock Holmes.

However, this does not mean that henceforth the Soviet Union will turn its broad back to all modern Western writers. It is simply that there will be more discriminating approach.

The same current issue of the Literary Gazette which carries the above mentioned editorial indorsing the Zhdanov report reprints in an adjoining column Prime Minister Stalin's answer to the questions of Alexander Werth, a British correspondent, including the point where he advocates closer cultural ties with Britain.

On another page appears a plaque of Theodore Dreiser presented to the Union of Soviet

Writers, by his widow, and beneath it is printed an excerpt from her accompanying letter, in which she recalls that Mr. Dreiser eagerly sought increased understanding between writers of the U. S. A. and writers of the U. S. S. R.

To a foreign reader unfamiliar with Soviet life and Soviet methods much of this present drive may seem unintelligible. But it makes sense in terms of the present policy of keeping everyone keyed up to the level of maximum effort for tremendous reconstruction tasks and of consequent opposition to everything that savors of postwar letdown in the tempo of life.

Furthermore there is a natural and legitimate desire to remedy the present shortage of worthwhile books dealing with the contemporary Soviet scene, which certainly provides a wealth of human material. It will be interesting to watch the results of this movement which is still in its early stages.

spective second movement that the composer has stretched a basically good lyric figure to a point where it becomes tiresome. As a whole, however, the symphony presents a very human view of the composer, and should be heard in the concert hall quite frequently this season.

Scriabin's self-consciously emotional "Poem of Ecstasy," which was considered revolutionary about thirty years ago, now seems dated and pretty much of a bore. While the performance by orchestra and conductor was excellent, its deliberate eroticism seems a purple patch from another era.

In the performance of the popular Brahms work, the orchestra appeared at its glorious best, as the instrument which has been built during the past twenty years by Koussevitsky, and upon which he plays with consummate artistry.

DORIS SPERBER.

Koussevitsky Conducts Opening Symphony Concert

Yesterday afternoon, after a summer that saw the return of the Berkshire Music Festival to its pre-war scope, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitsky, began its 66th season. The initial concert saw Symphony Hall filled with an audience which gave the conductor an ovation, and which heard the magnificent orchestra still at its top form. 10-3-46 *Traveler*

The program, which began with the first Boston performance of Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony, included Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" and closed with the First Symphony of Brahms. The Shostakovich work, which was heard at Tanglewood this past summer, will probably be one of the most popular of the composer's orchestral works. It is shorter and much lighter than his recent works, and proves that his usual long-windedness can be confined to a single movement—in this case the second. The opening and closing sections of the work are light almost to the point of triviality, while the third movement is a charming scherzo which has unexpected passages of almost Spanish gayety. It is in the intro-

Koussevitzky Hails Shostakovich Work; Describes 9th Symphony as 'Contemporary'

BOSTON, Oct. 4—Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who believes art is art and not politics, described Dimitri Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony today as "one of the most beautiful of our contemporary works."

The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra stated he spoke from a musical point of view after reading the dispatch from Moscow to THE NEW YORK TIMES which reported the Communist party newspaper, Culture and Life, had stated that Mr. Shostakovich's latest work had ideological weakness and did not reflect the true spirit of the Soviet people.

I. Nestiev said in the newspaper which is published by the Agitation and Propaganda Committee of the Central Committee of the Communist party that the first part of the symphony "seems to

be just like the stylization of manner of the ancient classics."

To this, Dr. Koussevitzky declared: "Shostakovich's classicism is modern, a classicism not in the old understanding. The whole content, the form, the harmony, is contemporary in this symphony."

Dr. Koussevitzky, who is entering his twenty-third season as conductor of the orchestra, had disclosed earlier that Mr. Shostakovich and Serge Prokofieff had declined invitations to be guest conductors this year. At first they had signified they would accept, but later had sent regrets, he said.

"It may be that the authorities there feel that these musicians might not be well received here," he commented. "Certainly the propaganda in the papers here against Russia has been terrific. All those who seek for peace and friendship must want good relations with Russia." 10-5-46

Serge Koussevitzky Tells Of Music for Symphony Season

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Serge Koussevitzky held his annual conference with the local music critics this past week, too late, to be sure, for the results to be announced in last Sunday's pages prior to the opening of the 67th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday, but better now than never. We had had, of course, the routine announcement of some of the soloists and the guest conductors, but of the music, new and old, to be offered during the season not much had been hinted. I predicted in this space last week that the season would not be dull and that the 50th anniversary of the deaths of both Bruckner and Brahms would be commemorated. Now the prospects are out and we can proceed to look over the exhibits. 10-6-46

Six brand new symphonies will be heard during the season, if all goes according to plan, that is if in some cases the parts arrive on time. These are: Shostakovich's 9th,

which was heard last summer in Tanglewood and which, it may be noted, has just been condemned in Russia for not being a serious work of "warm ideological conviction;" Aaron Copland's Third; the First by Camargo Guarnieri, the young Brazilian composer, who will conduct his own work as he did three years ago his Overture Concertante; Darius Milhaud's Second, with the composer conducting; Walter Piston's Third; and a symphony by Olivier Messiaen, a leading younger French composer, whose "Offrandes oubliées" was heard here some years ago (October 1936, to be exact). Other works, mainly in shorter forms, new to Boston will be Lukas Foss' "The Song of Songs" for soprano and orchestra; Roy Harris' Variations on a theme of Howard Hanson (this in tactful acknowledgment of Mr. Hanson's 50th birthday on Oct. 28); Richard Strauss' latest composition, "Metamorphosen"; and Francis Poulenc's Concerto in G minor for organ with strings and kettledrums.

This list is not, however, the

whole story on modern music for the season. Mr. Koussevitzky pointed out that premieres were common enough but that almost more important were second and third performances. Thus, he reeled off the following works which will in all probability be repeated: Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra; Britten's "Peter Grimes" excerpts; Martin's Symphony No. 1; William Schuman's Symphony No. 3; Prokofieff's Symphony No. 5; Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" Symphony and Violin Concerto (the latter with Ruth Posselt as soloist); Roussel's 4th Symphony; Stravinsky's "Ode" and "Sacre du Printemps;" Shostakovich's 6th Symphony.

This season looks like one of anniversaries. Bruckner died 50 years ago this month, and consequently we shall hear his 8th Symphony next week and later, when Bruno Walter comes here, the 9th. Brahms also died 50 years ago next April. His symphonies are thrice familiar to all of us nowadays, though there was once a time when they were unpopular. There is, however, an unfamiliar side to Brahms which Mr. Koussevitzky brought to light last summer in the Berkshires. Consequently we shall hear in Boston the superb Double Concerto for violin, cello and orchestra (though with other soloists than Morini and Piatigorsky) and the Rhapsody for alto solo, male chorus and orchestra (with Carol Brice). Finally, the 150th anniversary of the birth of Schubert will be observed by a performance of his 7th Symphony.

Mahler, a composer who, as he himself predicted, is more and more coming into his own, will be represented by his 4th Symphony (conducted by Bruno Walter, the leading Mahler interpreter,) and his 7th (conducted by Leonard Bernstein.) Other important revivals will be Bach's B minor Mass in the spring and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" (with Jascha Veissi as the viola soloist.)

Mr. Koussevitzky outlined what we could expect from the guest conductors. Bruno Walter, who will be with the orchestra for four pairs of concerts, offers the most conventional fare, except for the Mahler and Bruckner items already

noted. Leonard Bernstein, who will conduct for three pairs of concerts, will do three 7th Symphonies, those of Schubert, Beethoven and Mahler. He will also lead the revival of Stravinsky's "Sacre," Hindemith's Violin Concerto, Roussel's "Pour une fete de printemps" and one of his own ballets.

Perhaps the most unusual of the guest conductors' programs is the all-French one of Charles Muench, the celebrated conductor of the Paris Conservatory. He will give us a work by one Jaubert, whose name is a new one to me; Messiaen's Ascension Trilogy; Honegger's Symphony for strings (a composer far too much neglected hereabouts); and as the main course, Saint-Saens' Symphony No. 3. This about concludes the news of music for the coming season, though perhaps I should add that the conventional symphonic repertoire will not be neglected.

Two important changes in the orchestra's personnel should be noted. Due to the resignation of the veteran Mr. Theodorowicz, for many years the occupant of the second desk in the first violins, Mr. Krips will be moved up to fill that position. Mr. Koussevitzky has also broken with the tradition in choosing an American musician, 28 years old, for the orchestra's new first oboist. He is John Holmes, who studied at the Eastman School at Rochester, N. Y., and also studied with Mr. Gillet, who has just retired as first oboist at Tanglewood. This is the first time in the 66 years of the Boston Symphony's history that a native musician has been selected for an important first desk.

Mr. Koussevitzky seemed a thought concerned at the lack of publicity which the orchestra gets locally and, I suppose, that it is true that we all take the pre-eminent excellence of the Boston Symphony too much for granted. As for us critics, we do from time to time remind our readers of this greatness, particularly at the beginning and end of each season. But since perpetual adoration is

not the best sustenance for lively and readable criticism, some allowance should be made if we do not make every review of a Boston Symphony concert a hymn of praise.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

By JOHN W. RILEY

The Boston Symphony Orchestra's new Tuesday evening concert series began in Symphony Hall last evening. This also was the first program this season to be broadcast as a sustaining feature of the American Broadcasting Company.

For his program Serge Koussevitzky chose the Shostakovich Ninth Symphony, which had its American premiere at the Berkshire Symphonic Festival last Sum-

mer and was played at the season's opening concerts last Friday and Saturday; the Brahms Third Symphony and Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks."

This most recent Shostakovich Symphony is something of an anomaly, since it shows more rela-

tion to that composer's fresh, and vital First Symphony than it does to his long-winded middle "works" in that form. Yet the Ninth is less original and personal than the First because the composer has borrowed too freely from works he admires or likes—a thematic fragment, a trick of orchestration, a bit of style.

The first movement (of five) is bright and scrappy; the slow section is quite tenuous and the final one makes use of a march in the popular style as well as occasional tunes which might have come out of the Russian musical revue, "Chauve Souris." But that should not be held against the piece for, despite disapproving Soviet authorities, it is an attractive work. Frankly, I like it. And it is certainly possible to like a work without esteeming it. 10-9-46 SLH

Of course, Dr. Koussevitzky, gave this a knowing interpretation, making the most of its effective points. The Brahms Third, which began rather loosely, wound up in a stirring, dramatic finish. But it was Strauss' serio-comic tone poem for which the conductor saved his more telling efforts. The tongue-in-cheek tragedy and the grotesque comedy

were so clearly outlined that it was actually possible to laugh at the antics of Till Eulenspiegel. That, I think, is what Strauss intended.

Tuesday Symphony

The first concert in the Tuesday evening subsidiary series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Symphony No. 9, Op. 70... Shostakovich; Symphony No. 3 in F major, Brahms; Op. 90; "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," Strauss Op. 28. 10-9-46 SLH

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

This concert was the first of the Boston Symphony's new series, one hour of which is broadcast; and if it sounded over the air anything like it did in Symphony Hall it should have been a resounding success. The Brahms 3rd Symphony and Strauss' orchestral scherzo (a virtuoso orchestra's field day), "Till Eulenspiegel," were the numbers chosen to fill the hour. Both were played in superb fashion.

It happens to have been a long time since I heard this Brahms Symphony, say five or six years, and last night the orchestra under

Mr. Koussevitzky recreated it as beautifully as to make it sound, for all its familiarity, an entirely fresh piece of music. Its classic dignity and strength, its tenderness and lyricism, were reborn in a way that few in last night's audience will forget. The Strauss work is a splendid war-horse for this orchestra and its conductor. It was a performance of sheer brilliance, but the music as Strauss meant it was not sacrificed to theatrical effect. Last night's capacity audience enjoyed it to the hilt.

That same audience did not appear to relish particularly the Shostakovich 9th. Perhaps they

are weary of the rather academic and politically tinged controversy it has aroused in the Soviet and here. As I said apropos of last Friday's concert, it is merely Shostakovich returning to the style of his early works, including his First Symphony. To me this is a welcome change, as I found his long, solemn and pretentious later symphonies a good deal of a bore. Furthermore the slow movement of the 9th contains some beautiful wood-wind solos, which were played to perfection last night and

last Friday. I, for one, hope that the official rapping over the knuckles that he received will not cause Mr. Shostakovich to hasten to produce a pompous work of over an hour's duration in order to climb back into favor. Still, if it means a better ration card for him, I suppose we must expect something of the sort.

Boston Symphony Near Sellout

If you haven't already bought tickets, you'll probably have to go to Providence, R. I., this season to hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra. 10-9-46 SLH

Reporting a "phenomenal" 23rd season, the management announced yesterday that all 24 Saturday evening performances in Symphony Hall are fully subscribed and seats for the 24 Friday afternoon concerts are 96 percent sold.

And Rhode Islanders may grab all tickets for the orchestra's five Providence performances.

Third Symphony of Brahms, Shostakovich Ninth Heard

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Tuesday subscribers to the Boston Symphony concerts met orchestra and conductor at Symphony Hall last night and expressed their pleasure in the opening of their season in a manner which in times like these, at once exuberant and anxious, comes easy and unforced.

They were interested in the Shostakovich Symphony No. 9, which they received as a hand-down from the Friday and Saturday audiences of last week, and they had the satisfaction of thinking they heard the first real Boston exposition of the work, the earlier performances being merely studies and rehearsals.

Indeed it was difficult to regard the symphony as new music, so masterfully did both director and executants handle it. Certainly, too, there was slight chance for anyone to be bothered by the unusual sound. Quite often the trouble with an orchestral novelty is not at all in the composition itself but in the failure of interpreter and instrumentalists to reach its meaning and to surmount its technicalities. So it was not a matter in this case of the audience getting something over with and looking for real music to come in the later part of the program. It was a night of tone on a high plane all the way through.

Truly, more of a surprise, we

might say, than the Russian composer was Brahms, whose Symphony No. 3 came to notice after the intermission. For Dr. Koussevitzky, we can hear with plain ears, as someone once said in broken English, has undergone a change of feeling about Brahms and has adopted an altered method of presenting him. Instead of being over-explicit in his treatment of detail, he allows incidental strains of melody and touches of color to take care of themselves. Or rather, he permits listeners to do their own exploring in those magical realms which lecturers on music appreciation call areas of thematic development.

There occur moments of emphasis and climax, nevertheless, when the super-expressive Koussevitzky of another day returns, and the big brass and the percussion just tell what is what. Nor

are those moments, for the contrast and variety they bring, unwelcome. 10-9-46 SLH

To remark on the balance and quality of the orchestra of 1946-47, the strings stand on a foundation of doublebass and violoncello sonority hardly to be equalled. The top could carry more brilliance and some day will doubtless attain it. In regard to the wind choirs, the woods have a richness, clarity, and transparency that are

surely going to make an impression as the season advances. Dr. Koussevitzky has got something here he has never had before; and possibly his desire to make it known was what gave him Brahms No. 3 distinction; and not only that classic, but also the Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel," with which he closed.

Dr. Koussevitzky Announces Many New Works and Revivals

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Among the new works which Serge Koussevitzky is admitting into the repertory of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this season is the Symphony No. 1 of the Brazilian composer, Camargo Guarnieri. Among the visiting conductors, too, who will lend Dr. Koussevitzky a hand in the run of the winter, Mr. Guarnieri numbers. It happens that the young Brazilian holds a high place in Dr. Koussevitzky's rating of modern men of music. Excellent as composer and very capable indeed as an orchestral leader is about how the citation would read if formally set down; and in proof of the estimate, Dr. Koussevitzky has invited Mr. Guarnieri to come to town and interpret his First Symphony for the Friday and Saturday subscribers—date to be announced—in his own way.

Another novelty entered in the schedule is Symphony No. 2, by Darius Milhaud; again the composer conducting. Mr. Milhaud's style, as both composer and interpreter, is fairly familiar to Boston Symphony audiences. We are used to classifying his music as of the French school. Another composer of that school in its most modern aspect is Olivier Messiaen. He will be represented by his "Ascension" Trilogy; and he comes from Paris to direct presentation of that and also of works by Joubert and Honegger.

Still other fresh additions, to be set before the public either by Dr. Koussevitzky himself or by his associates in the season's conducting, are Symphony No. 3, by Walter Piston; "The Song of Songs" for soprano and orchestra, by Lukas Foss; Variations on a Theme of Howard Hanson, by Roy Harris; "Metamorphosen," by Richard Strauss, and Concerto in G minor for organ with strings and kettledrums, by Francis Poulenc.

In response to the complaint of certain listeners and in satisfaction to his own conscience as well, Dr. Koussevitzky is repeating a number of modern works that seem worth further hearing. Under consideration stand Concerto for Orchestra, by Bartók; "Peter Grimes" excerpts, by Britten;

Symphony No. 3, by William Schuman; "Mathis der Mahler" Symphony, by Hindemith; Symphony No. 4, by Roussel; and Symphony No. 6, by Shostakovich. Assured are Mahler's No. 4 (Walter conducting); and Mahler's No. 7, Stravinsky's "Sacre," and Hindemith's Violin Concerto (Bernstein conducting). Further, Bach's B minor Mass returns; also Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," with Jascha Veissi in the solo viola part.

Anniversary dates are seized upon for what popular interest they may excite; in which category fall revivals of Symphonies No. 8 and 9 by Bruckner, and titles from the Brahms catalogue, including the Concerto for Violin and Violoncello. The biographical dictionary, however, need not be called upon in behalf of the one master as long as the Bruckner Society thrives; nor in behalf of the other anyway, since every Boston Symphony season of the past 50 years and longer has been more or less a Brahms celebration.

New Copland Work On Symphony Program

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, will give the third pair of concerts of the Friday and Saturday series in Symphony Hall this week (October 18 and 19) and will open the series of six Sunday afternoon concerts a week from today, October 20, at 3:30. The first concert of the Cambridge series in Sanders Theater will take place on Tuesday, October 22, at 8:30.

Next Friday afternoon and Saturday evening Dr. Koussevitzky will give the first performance of the new Third Symphony by Aaron Copland. This symphony has just been completed. Erica Morini, making her first appearance with this orchestra in its Boston concerts, will be the distinguished soloist. Miss Morini will play the Violin Concerto by Tchaikovsky. The program will be concluded with Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks." Dr. Koussevitzky's program for Sunday will consist of Weber's Overture to "Oberon," Ravel's Pavane for a Dead Infanta,

Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," and Brahms' Symphony No. 1. The program for Cambridge will consist of Shostakovich's Symphony No. 9, Ravel's Pavane, and Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony.

Boston Symphony's 66th Season Oct. 4

Under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, who will then begin his 23d successive season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, this orchestra will open its 66th year on Oct. 4 at Symphony Hall. The season to come will include the usual 24 pairs of Friday afternoon-Saturday evening concerts, the two shorter series of six Sunday afternoon and six Monday evening concerts, and the six Wednesday evening concerts in Sanders Theater, Cambridge. A favorable prospect for the season to come is the almost complete subscription by renewal for the four Boston series. A few seats remain for the Friday afternoon and the Sunday afternoon concerts.

Among the soloists engaged for the longer series are Erica Morini, the violinist, who will then make her first appearance with this orchestra in Boston. Dame Myra Hess, the pianist who has been so remarkably active in her native England during the war, will return to America and will be a Boston Symphony soloist. Heifetz and Piatigorsky, the eminent violinist and cellist, are also engaged. Further soloists will be announced later.

While Mr. Koussevitzky will conduct the greater part of the season, guest conductors will relieve him from time to time. Bruno Walter will lead the orchestra through two periods of two weeks each. It may be remembered that Mr. Walter conducted the orchestra in a single week of concerts as long ago as 1923. A distinguished visitor from France

will be Charles Munch, the conductor of the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, who is to make his first visit to America in mid-winter. Leonard Bernstein will return to conduct the orchestra. The French composer Darius Milhaud will visit Boston to conduct his new symphony. Messrs. Walter and Bernstein will be heard in the Sunday afternoon and Monday evening series as well as the longer series.

Further Items on New Symphony Season

To the list of notable soloists who will appear with the Boston Symphony Orchestra during its 66th season, opening in Symphony Hall on Oct. 4, has been added Rudolf Firkusny, Czech pianist.

Word has just been received from Paris that the distinguished Charles Munch, so far unheard in America, will fly here to be guest conductor during Koussevitzky's mid-winter vacation. Mr. Koussevitzky will assume the greater part of the season's conducting, but his local and touring schedules will be lightened from time to time by the appearances, besides that of Munch, of Leonard Bernstein, Bruno Walter (last heard with this orchestra in 1923), and Darius Milhaud, who will introduce his new symphony.

Soloists will include England's famous pianist, Dame Myra Hess, whose activities during the war have been extraordinary; the violinists Jascha Heifetz and Erica Morini, the latter making her first appearance with the orchestra in Boston; and the cellist Gregor Piatigorsky.

Subscription seats for the six Sunday afternoon concerts at approximately monthly intervals are still available, and a few for Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

Items Concerning Music; Symphony Broadcasts Changed

9-21-46- By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Various odd items of musical news will have to supplant the usual sermon in this space, since they are rather more pressing than reviews of books or records or abstract critical opinion. First of all there is the interesting change in the Boston Symphony's radio contract. The old Saturday night broadcasts are off, and instead the orchestra will be on the air for an hour each Tuesday from 9:30 to 10:30 P. M. starting October 8. Actually the Boston Symphony management was able to effect this rather sweeping change in its schedule with more ease than might at first seem possible. The six Monday night concerts have been shifted to Tuesday with only one upset, so that there will be two concerts in the series in October and then none until January from which point they will be monthly. Secondly, the regular series of eight concerts in Cambridge will be similarly changed and thirdly the Providence concerts are conveniently on Tuesdays anyway. The few remaining concerts to round out the radio contract will be made up on the road during the orchestra's tours.

I must say that I am delighted at this change. For some time it has been pointed out that the programs of the regular series have frequently suffered artistically and ideally because of having to be tailored to the strict demands of radio time. It meant in sum that the longer part of the program came after the intermission, a debatable practice, and that modern music was almost always relegated to the opening. Once last winter when President Truman was to speak Saturday night we had one course knocked out of our musical repast. Now, to be sure, it will be the subscribers to the subsidiary series who will occasionally suffer. But it is better so. In the first place the regular Friday afternoon and Saturday night concerts are the foundation and standard on and by which the orchestra lives, and thus the programs should be subject to no other consideration than that of making them the finest possible. Secondly, not so much modern music is played at the subsidiary series, so that it will be much easier to arrange a suitable, if rather conventional,

hour of music each week for the radio public.

Since I am on the subject of radio I listened last Sunday to the 200th broadcast over C. B. S. by our celebrated local organist, Mr. E. Power Biggs. He is currently engaged in playing all the organ music of Handel, as he has done in the past with Bach. Last Sunday he had the assistance of the Fiedler Sinfonietta in the presentation of the first and second of Handel's organ concertos. Mr. Biggs uses the baroque organ, a modern reconstruction of the remarkable instruments for which Bach, Handel and the great 17th century German organists composed. Altogether this is an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with a field of music about which the general public knows all too little. The only out about the broadcasts is that they occur from 9:15 to 9:45 in the morning, which makes it awkward for those music lovers who happen to reserve Sunday morning for sleep.

The 87th annual music festival at Worcester comes rather late this year, from Oct. 14 through Oct. 19. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, the Worcester Festival Chorus and a long list of soloists will participate. On the whole the programs do not depart very far from the well-tried symphonic repertoire. There is one notable exception for which I certainly intend to make the trip to Worcester on Thursday, Oct. 17, to hear. That is Prokofiev's Cantata Op. 78, "Alexander Nevsky," for mixed chorus, mezzo-soprano solo and orchestra. The work has been recorded by Columbia, but it has had no local performance.

Harvard University releases the news of the appointment of that great musical scholar, Otto Kinkeldey, as visiting lecturer in music under the Horation Appleton Lamb Fund. Past lecturers have included Georges Enesco, Gustav Holst, Hugo Leichtentritt, Bela Bartok and Aaron Copland. For two summers about 10 or a dozen years ago I sat at Mr. Kinkeldey's feet and imbibed the wisdom that he fascinatingly imparted. For many years he taught at Cornell, and I am glad that Harvard has at last secured him for a position of more prominence than teacher in the summer school.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The first concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, in its 66th season was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: Shostakovich Symphony No. 9 Op. 70... Shostakovich "Le Poeme de l'Extase," Op. 54... Scriabin Symphony, No. 1 in C minor Op. 68 Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Time was when the first concert of a new season had to be reviewed with the tactful reservation that "clearly the orchestra was not yet in mid-season form." But what with Dr. Koussevitzky's long incumbency and the concerts of the Berkshire Festival the Boston Symphony, refreshed by some six weeks' vacation, now enters a new season with complete authority. The superb performance of the Brahms First Symphony was proof enough, even if the less familiar music in the first half of the program had not already demonstrated it.

Shostakovich's 9th Symphony was played at the opening of the Berkshire Festival and was commented on at length at that time, as it was one of the few unfamiliar works to be given. There were some to profess disappointment in it. Those of us who have never been ecstatic admirers of Shostakovich's art rejoiced in the symphony's terseness and gaiety, with the effective contrast of a spare and noble slow movement. Just the other day an official critique from the Soviet denounced the new work as lacking "warm ideological conviction." This solemn and official article went on to ask whether this was the time for "a famous artist to take a vacation, to rest from modern problems."

Since I am not writing for the Daily Worker I can say that the 9th Symphony appeals to me a good deal more than his lengthier scores. I suppose the admirers of Shostakovich are disturbed because the music delves back to the composer's earlier style in the fast movements. But can they deny that the dirge-like second movement in its succinctness and simplicity is a vast improvement on the interminable slow movements of which Shostakovich has furnished so many examples?

One trouble is that the 9th Symphony is listened to as the composer's final say on World War II, rejoicing at victory, mourning for the fallen and in the middle of the finale reminding us that victory is not all beer and skittles. Frankly, I think more musical pleasure is to be derived from the Symphony by ignoring the program altogether.

Then it says its say agreeably to the ear without necessarily being the last musical word on all our current non-musical problems.

Scriabin's tone poem is not everybody's or everyday music. Nor do I think it went particularly well between Shostakovich and Brahms. "The Poem of Ecstasy" is overblown in the way in which Scriabin's piano music is not. It is a feast from which you emerge not with a sense of well-being, but with the certain feeling that you have overeaten. There is beauty in it, particularly as it was glowingly set forth yesterday afternoon under Dr. Koussevitzky's direction, but for all that it remains a bloated sort of beauty.

The audience seemed well pleased yesterday afternoon. There was a rising ovation for Dr. Koussevitzky as he entered onto the platform and there was prolonged applause for each number on the program.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony and the 8th Symphony of Anton Bruckner, in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of his death.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

That the first Symphony program would contain Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony and something by Brahms was a foregone conclusion. The Russian's work, which he played for the first time in America at Tanglewood last summer, is Dr. Koussevitzky's latest prize. And since the German composer died 50 years ago next April, this is to be a Brahms season. Having announced the Third Symphony, the conductor finally settled for the First. The remaining number is Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy."

The initial verdict on a piece of contemporary music is frequently reversed, or at least modified. But in the case of so transparent a work as the Shostakovich Ninth, a first impression can easily be a final one as well. The paradoxical, flippant mood of much of the music, which annoyed the Russian critic, Nestiev, who found in it "idealistic weaknesses," which do not "reflect the true spirit of the Soviet people," were as apparent yesterday as they were last August. The two movements which offer a relief from this prevailing jauntiness, the attenuated second and would-be portentous fourth, sounded also much as before. The spurned meagerness of the Moderato, a movement as long as the rest of the symphony put together, was again on the irritating side; the Largo, with its mock solemnity, by no means unpleasing.

The shocking thing about the symphony is that it marks such a decided regression. Beside it the first, composed when Shostakovich was 19, is a work

of great maturity and substance. In one way or another, and he gets lots of help, Shostakovich contrives to be the best publicized of living composers. He now has the world anxiously waiting to see what he will do next.

Having played the "Poem of Ecstasy" seven times in his first 15 seasons, Dr. Koussevitzky let it rest for seven more. As he himself admitted the other day, the music had ceased to interest him. Now he returns to it with renewed enthusiasm and yesterday's performance was a tonally gorgeous one, as befits a piece that is so dependent upon mere sound, upon harmonic and orchestral color, glowing and refulgent sonorities. Having heard them frequently in the interim, it could be seen yesterday how much Stravinsky's "Fire Bird" and Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" are indebted, in their several ways, to this heaven-storming tone poem of the Russian mysticist. The program as a whole was exceedingly well contrasted, and the audience warmed to all of it.

Symphony Plays Condemned '9th' at 66th Opening

By CYRUS DURGIN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its 66th season at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, and the opening piece was the newly condemned Ninth Symphony by Dimitri Shostakovich. Condemned by one Soviet critic, that is. The Friday audience, which is basically conservative, listened attentively and applauded cordially.

Yet it was obvious that a good deal of their approval was directed to conductor Serge Koussevitzky and the magnificent Boston orchestra. It was equally evident that they did not get anywhere near so much of a kick out of Shostakovich as they did from Brahms' First Symphony, which ended the program. 10-5-46 *slu*

I learned on pretty good authority, last Thursday, that the bitter criticism of the Shostakovich Ninth by I. Nestiev in Culture and Life probably is not official, even though the Soviet newspaper is published by the

Agitation and Propaganda Committee of the Communist Party central committee.

Nestiev's comments that the Ninth has "ideological weaknesses and does not reflect the true spirit of the Soviet people," according to this authority, are likely his own narrow opinions. Nevertheless Shostakovich was once disciplined by the party, and if anything unfavorable to him should appear in Pravda, that likely would mean he again was under a Soviet ban.

Amiable About It All

The mere fact that the Boston audience listened as cordially as they did is a small commentary on the gulf between democratic liberty and authoritarian restriction. I dare say many in the Friday audience think as little of the Soviet political system as I do, and as little of the nonsense that music, an abstract art, can express the ideological side of anything. Yet, they listened and they applauded, and they were amiable about it all.

Heard once at the American premiere at Tanglewood last Summer, and again yesterday, the Shostakovich Ninth still seems clever, flip-pant, superficial and cheerful. The first movement does indeed reflect a lot of Prokofieff, and the two slow sections are reminiscent of the long slow movement in Shostakovich's own Sixth Symphony. The work probably is too long. Taken all in all, however, it is agreeable and good fun. Why ask more?

It is interesting that Mr. Koussevitzky, following a period when he had no inner enthusiasm for the music of Scriabin, should find "The Poem of Ecstasy" once more does move him. Yesterday he gave it a glorious performance, vivid, glowing, most carefully planned and all details in order. The "Poem" is still an impressive work, a naive esthetic conception expressed in a highly sophisticated orchestral style that owes more than a little to Debussy of the "La Mer" period. You don't need to share Scriabin's half-baked esthetic theories to enjoy the "Poem." It has formal continuity and logic, and therefore it can be enjoyed simply as music.

Affectionate Greeting

Up to this point the Friday listeners had heard the widely differing art of two Russian composers, one who lives under the Soviet regime, the other a subject of the last of the Czars. No doubt it was only because Scriabin is lush and sensuous, where Shostakovich is dis-

sonant, that Scriabin had the bigger hand.

Until Mr. Koussevitzky reached Measure No. 385 (and I'm not joking) in the finale of the Brahms, the performance had been the finest I had ever heard of this grave and monumental symphony. The tone was rich, deep and lustrous, beautiful beyond description; the proportions were perfect, the tempi right; all was neat and clear, and the horn solo of the last movement was absolutely noble. Then, at Measure No. 385 the conductor's passion ran away with him, and in a frenzy of speed the music became confused and threatened to fall apart.

As always at a season's opening, the audience rose in affectionate greeting to Mr. Koussevitzky when he first walked upon the stage. It is an appropriate, even a touching custom. It is also proof that while Bostonians may seem to take their great orchestra and their great conductor for granted, they really have a reverential feeling for the town's musical glory.

Shostakovich, Brahms, And Scriabin in Program

By L. A. Sloper

The Boston Symphony Orchestra began its sixty-sixth season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Serge Koussevitzky, entering on his twenty-third year as conductor, directed. The program was made up of Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony, Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy," and the First Symphony of Brahms. Conductor and orchestra were in top form, and, as usual, audience and players rose to applaud Dr. Koussevitzky on his entrance.

The Ninth Symphony of Shostakovich, his newest work in this form, was played last July at Tanglewood, but it was new to Symphony Hall. The debate on whether it really is a "Victory" Symphony, the final item in his war trilogy, has now been superseded by excitement over the recent attack on the work by a Soviet critic, I. Nestiev, who found it lacking in "warm ideological conviction."

Just how ideological convictions, warm or cool, are to be conveyed by a musical score this writer does not know, but he is grateful to have been assured on excellent authority that the strictures of M. Nestiev represent only his own opinion and not an official verdict. Thus we are permitted to revert to the consideration of this symphony as music. 10-5-46 *menit*

So listened to, the quick movements sounded just as exuberant and as trivial as they had last summer in the Berkshires, but the Moderato and the Largo made a rather better impression in the concert hall than they had in the windswept spaces of Tanglewood. The solo work of clarinet and bassoon sounded more eloquent and the slow movements as a whole more atmospheric. But the trumpet blasts which interrupt the bassoon in the Largo still seemed rude and irrelevant, and the work as a whole does not

establish itself as an important contribution to symphonic literature.

An ideological consideration of another sort is brought forward by Scriabin's "Poem of Ecstasy." But here again, whether the composer's springboard was theosophy or some other form of mysticism is immaterial, because music cannot express such concepts. This music must be listened to, if at all, as a brilliant exercise in tone color and orchestration. As such it is a joy for a little while. But the tonal garb is not enough, for the rest of the journey, to compensate for the scantiness of musical content.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Second Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 11, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, at 8:30 o'clock

MENDELSSOHN.....Symphony in A major, No. 4, "Italian," Op. 90

- I. Allegro vivace
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Con moto moderato
- IV. Saltarello: Presto

INTERMISSION

BRUCKNER.....Symphony No. 8 in C minor
(Died October 11, 1896)

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Scherzo (Allegro — Andante — Allegro — Moderato)
- III. Adagio
- IV. Feierlich (nicht schnell)

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Two strongly contrasting symphonies, Mendelssohn's "Italian" and the Eighth of Anton Bruckner, make up this week's program by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall. Serge Koussevitsky chose Bruckner's long and massive work as an observance of the 50th anniversary of the composer's death. Usually such anniversaries have to be recognized within anything from four days to a week, concert schedules being what they are, but this time the conductor was able to hit upon the exact day, since Bruckner died in Vienna Oct. 11, 1896.

It was good that Mr. Koussevitsky settled upon the Eighth rather than the more familiar Seventh or the less admirable Fourth. As for the Ninth, that will come along later in the season when Bruno Walter is here as guest conductor.

Although composed and revised between 1884 and 1890, Bruckner's Eighth has certain aspects that looked considerably ahead of its time. In it you find the same German continuity and logic you find in Brahms or Beethoven, and you find Wagner to be the origin of much of the instrumentation. Yet there is more than that: a certain sense of modernity that led to the more sophisticated and involved style of Mahler and others who followed.

The element native to Bruckner, however, was a sense of emotional naivete, of splendid visions and unworldliness. That element is on every page of the Eighth Symphony. Here, perhaps, is the fact that has kept Bruckner from achieving wide popularity. It very well may be that concert-goers are still confused by the paradox of naive expression set in a complicated and grandiose style, and that it is hard for them to distinguish between Bruckner's highly developed technique and the provincial simplicity of the man himself.

Even though yesterday's concert was over comparatively early, Mr. Koussevitzky saw fit to make cuts in the first, third and fourth movements. That is, of course, a practical matter and probably wise because modern audiences are reluctant to sit through a piece that takes more than an hour. But cutting does emphasize the episodic (Weingartner called it "terraced") nature of Bruckner's symphonic construction, and makes the Eighth, certainly, seem ever more spreading.

Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony furnishes not only strong but clever contrast. Mendelssohn was a hundred times lighter than Bruckner, for that was his nature, but at the same time he possessed the same symphonic logic. In the "Italian" Symphony, with its superficial evocation of Mediterranean warmth through the saltarello rhythm and other devices, German logic was put to a strange and effective use.

It is almost as if oil and water had been successfully mixed.

Both symphonies went well yesterday. Interpretively, each was about perfect to my taste. In spite of intermittent technical roughnesses, mostly a matter of blurred entrances, the performances were extraordinarily deft. As for eloquence, that was a continuing joy, all afternoon.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Anton Bruckner died 50 years ago yesterday and Dr. Koussevitsky, with more sense of the fitness of things than some of his fellows, marked the occasion with a performance of the Austrian master's Eighth Symphony, last heard here in February, 1939. The "Italian" Symphony of Mendelssohn served as a curtain-raiser.

According to how you look at it the monumental Symphony of Bruckner was judiciously curtailed or ruthlessly cut. The performance consumed not much over 50 minutes and the piece should last closer to an hour and a quarter. In the case of the Adagio, always the climax of any Bruckner Symphony, it is a shame to omit a single measure. It is all too heavenly. Yet this is a restless age and rather than have his audience grow fidgety a conductor will use the blue pencil. Nevertheless, we have had to endure the entire opening Adagio of Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony, lasting some 20 minutes; and Bruckner had a great deal more to say and said it a great deal better.

This is no place to rehearse in detail Bruckner's generally acknowledged shortcomings as symphonic composer. And while we of Boston have not been permitted to know his music as well we might, we still have a pretty good idea of what were his special virtues and his particular defects. In the light of yesterday's performance the first movement of the Eighth seemed more closely knit, more unified in structure than the corresponding movements in the other symphonies. Again, the finale is less of an anticlimax than is that of the Seventh, though it may well be objected that solemnity is the keynote of the great Adagio and "Solemn (not fast)" is what Bruckner wrote over the succeeding final division. It is too late to object to Bruckner being the man

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SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Two strongly contrasting symphonies, Mendelssohn's "Italian" and the Eighth of Anton Bruckner, make up this week's program by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall. Serge Koussevitzky chose Bruckner's long and massive work as an observance of the 50th anniversary of the composer's death. Usually such anniversaries have to be recognized within anything from four days to a week, concert schedules being what they are, but this time the conductor was able to hit upon the exact day, since Bruckner died in Vienna Oct. 11, 1896.

It was good that Mr. Koussevitzky settled upon the Eighth rather than the more familiar Seventh or the less admirable Fourth. As for the Ninth, that will come along later in the season when Bruno Walter is here as guest conductor.

Although composed and revised between 1884 and 1890, Bruckner's Eighth has certain aspects that looked considerably ahead of its time. In it you find the same German continuity and logic you find in Brahms or Beethoven, and you find Wagner to be the origin of much of the instrumentation. Yet there is more than that: a certain sense of modernity that led to the more sophisticated and involved style of Mahler and others who followed.

The element native to Bruckner, however, was a sense of emotional naivete, of splendid visions and unworldliness. That element is on every page of the Eighth Symphony. Here, perhaps, is the fact that has kept Bruckner from achieving wide popularity. It very well may be that concert-goers are still confused by the paradox of naive expression set in a complicated and grandiose style, and that it is hard for them to distinguish between Bruckner's highly developed technique and the provincial simplicity of the man himself.

Even though yesterday's concert was over comparatively early, Mr. Koussevitzky saw fit to make cuts in the first, third and fourth movements. That is, of course, a practical matter and probably wise because modern audiences are reluctant to sit through a piece that takes more than an hour. But cutting does emphasize the episodic (Weingartner called it "terraced") nature of Bruckner's symphonic construction, and makes the Eighth, certainly, seem ever more spreading.

Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony furnishes not only strong but clever contrast. Mendelssohn was a hundred times lighter than Bruckner, for that was his nature, but at the same time he possessed the same symphonic logic. In the "Italian" Symphony, with its superficial evocation of Mediterranean warmth through the saltarello rhythm and other devices, German logic was put to a strange and effective use.

It is almost as if oil and water had been successfully mixed.

Both symphonies went well yesterday. Interpretively, each was about perfect to my taste. In spite of intermittent technical roughnesses, mostly a matter of blurred entrances, the performances were extraordinarily deft. As for eloquence, that was a continuing joy, all afternoon.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Anton Bruckner died 50 years ago yesterday and Dr. Koussevitzky, with more sense of the fitness of things than some of his fellows, marked the occasion with a performance of the Austrian master's Eighth Symphony, last heard here in February, 1939. The "Italian" Symphony of Mendelssohn served as a curtain-raiser.

According to how you look at it the monumental Symphony of Bruckner was judiciously curtailed or ruthlessly cut. The performance consumed not much over 50 minutes and the piece should last closer to an hour and a quarter. In the case of the Adagio, always the climax of any Bruckner Symphony, it is a shame to omit a single measure. It is all too heavenly. Yet this is a restless age and rather than have his audience grow fidgety a conductor will use the blue pencil. Nevertheless, we have had to endure the entire opening Adagio of Shostakovich's Eighth Symphony, lasting some 20 minutes; and Bruckner had a great deal more to say and said it a great deal better.

This is no place to rehearse in detail Bruckner's generally acknowledged shortcomings as symphonic composer. And while we of Boston have not been permitted to know his music as well we might, we still have a pretty good idea of what were his special virtues and his particular defects. In the light of yesterday's performance the first movement of the Eighth seemed more closely knit, more unified in structure than the corresponding movements in the other symphonies. Again, the finale is less of an anticlimax than is that of the Seventh, though it may well be objected that solemnity is the keynote of the great Adagio and "Solemn (not fast)" is what Bruckner wrote over the succeeding final division. It is too late to object to Bruckner being the man

he was. But you can't help wishing that he had had the knack of writing a finale with some of the get-up-and-go that Beethoven, and even Brahms, have led us to expect.

To turn to Bruckner's merits, we have here, as elsewhere, themes of incomparable strength and beauty, wondrous harmonies and magnificent orchestral sonorities. This simple, uncouth man spoke with the voices of Beethoven, Schubert and Wagner, not copying them but paralleling their eloquence with his own. Dr. Koussevitzky gave the Symphony a fervent and devoted reading, one in which the many beauties of the music were fully revealed. If the large brass choir was at times over-exuberant, that detail may be corrected this evening. As for Mendelssohn, the "Italian" Symphony has long been one of the most notable accomplishments of conductor and orchestra. No two symphonies could be more different, but both were well received yesterday.

Mendelssohn and Bruckner Works Fill Second Program

By L. A. Sloper

For the second Friday concert of the Boston Symphony season, Dr. Koussevitzky's program consisted of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony and Bruckner's Eighth. An interesting conjunction, contrasting through their works two widely disparate composers.

The "Italian" Symphony is a gentlemanly composition, the product of a man of property, education and culture, a happy, carefree man, kind, mannerly, rejoicing in travel, in the magnificent scenery of Italy and Switzerland, in the society of well-bred friends in London. His music, no less than his correspondence, reveals these traits. If the Symphony in A major has nothing Italian in it, except perhaps the Saltarello, it reflects at all events the pleasant outlook of the man of comfort, charm and good will, who so thoroughly enjoyed himself in Italy.

Bruckner's Symphony in C minor reflects just as clearly the Austrian peasant, simple, clumsy, loquacious, often a little boring, but honest, earnest, sincere and gifted. Both men were religious, Mendelssohn conventionally, Bruckner ardently. Mendelssohn's music is aristocratic, graceful, refined; Bruckner's rustic, awkward, redundant. Yet both were creative artists. It is possible to find Mendelssohn a little too

exquisite, Bruckner a shade too naïve. It might have been better if Mendelssohn could have had a touch of Bruckner's simplicity, Bruckner some of his cultivation.

The extraordinary thing is that Dr. Koussevitzky understands them both so well and interprets them both so sympathetically. Yesterday the "Italian" Symphony was a marvel of precision, grace and charm; the Bruckner was hearty, fulsome and magniloquent, uniting some of the virtues and many of the faults of Wagner and Tchaikovsky. Even Mendelssohn's Saltarello was gracious. And Bruckner's famous Adagio was revealed in all the fervidity of its emotion.

This is the fiftieth anniversary

year of Bruckner's passing. We shall hear more of his music later in the season.

MUSIC Symphony Concert

The 3rd concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The soloist was Erica Morini, violinist. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 3 Copland
Violin Concerto in D major, Op. 35 Tchaikovsky
"Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" Strauss

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Aaron Copland's new Symphony, his Third, which was given its first performance yesterday afternoon, is an impressive score in any comparison of modern music and is also, I do not doubt, his strongest and most serious work. Of late he has written charming symphonic music of a rather lighter character; but this Symphony is a lengthy stride from that and yet is not a return to the recondite angularity of his earlier compositions. He was in the audience yesterday and came onto the platform to acknowledge the applause which was both sincere and prolonged.

The Symphony makes no claim to be anything else than pure music. I found it throughout fascinating

to listen to. The linear simplicity of the first movement, the brilliance and vigor of the scherzo with its delightfully contrapuntal trio, the deftly contrasted third movement and the brazen power of the finale, all flowed as a single creation and yet provided amazing contrast and variety for the ear.

There is a tendency, whenever a striking new work is performed, to search diligently for reminiscences of other men's music and to rejoice at the "discovery" of a bit of Strauss here or of Stravinsky there. Copland's Symphony does awaken such echoes. (For example, much of the writing for woodwinds seemed to me distinctly French in the manner of d'Indy or Roussel.) But Mr. Copland has undoubtedly absorbed a vast quantity of material, which he has had the courage and ingenuity to make his own. In the best sense of that much abused term this Symphony is original.

For all its clarity and rhythmic vitality the Symphony is not an easy piece to play. There are hundreds of details which must be brought out without damaging the larger melodic line. No critic can say of a new work that the performance is perfect, but it seemed to me all the same that Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra did a splendid job in presenting it and making it clear to all of us.

I have dwelt on Mr. Copland's success, because it is the rarer phenomenon in the concert hall. After the intermission Miss Erica Morini richly earned the commoner kind in the ovation she received for her performance of the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto. The work, cadenzas and all, was tossed off with an effortless bravure that was astonishing. Those of us who were at Tanglewood to hear her play in the Brahms Double Concerto knew that she was a fine musician. Yesterday taught us that she was a remarkable virtuoso as well.

Lastly came the Strauss "Till Eulenspiegel," in which the orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky had their turn to prance in something which all could recognize for a superb feat of interpretation. It was suggested to me by an eminent musician that this piece, with its description of a hanging, was chosen as a comment on the recent executions in Nuremberg! But Strauss' Till is much too genial a rogue to be confused with the scurvy Nazi leaders!

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Serge Koussevitzky will conduct Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, Roy Harris' Variations on a theme by Howard Hanson and Tchaikovsky's 4th Symphony.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first performance yesterday of a new and remarkable modern score, the Third Symphony by Aaron Copland. Thereafter came the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto with Erica Morini, the soloist, appearing with this orchestra for the first time in Boston. The program ended with Richard Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."

Mr. Copland's Third Symphony was composed between August of 1944 and last Sept. 29 (barely in time for the parts to be copied). It takes its place with the Third Symphony of Roy Harris as the two finest works in the form by American composers. Conservatives may find it difficult at first, although yesterday's reception, in which Mr. Copland himself shared, was one of the warmest I ever have heard from the conservative Friday audience.

The new Symphony is full-sized, in four movements for a very large orchestra. It is big both in size and ideas, the texture is heavy apart from the slow movement. Occasionally it is rhythmically tricky and contrapuntally involved, and it is not exactly sensuous or caressing. But it is beautifully clear and ordered, logical, with admirable development and continuity. Although there are still traces of Mr. Copland's academic or "pattern-music" style, it is mostly vigorous and theatrical in the sense that his "Appalachian" Suite and "Quiet City" are theatrical.

You could not call it passionate, in spite of the terrific sound it makes much of the way. Call it, then, cool and poised but never dry. Possibly Mr. Copland has over-written, especially the long last movement. Possibly he will make some cuts himself after awhile. Nevertheless, I think that with the Third Symphony, Mr. Copland has hit his stride in the big forms. We may expect even finer things from him in the future.

Miss Morini gave the well-worn Tchaikovsky Concerto a marvelously fine-grained and musicianly performance. Her technique was clean, her expression thoroughly in style without exaggeration. The orchestra was in top form, too, apart from just a few loose technical hairs, and it never overbore the solo violin. This was a performance in a thousand. The audience gave Miss Morini, the conductor and all hands a really tumultuous round of applause and stamping.

As for "Till Eulenspiegel," that was re-created with uncanny orchestral virtuosity. Such rare, intense and crystal-clear playing makes you wish time could stand

still and forever preserve the combined beauties of music, performance and interpretation.

Composer Discusses Friday's Novelty

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Aaron Copland, the composer, evidently thinks it a good idea to follow a new piece of music around and keep it from getting into trouble; for he comes to town to listen to rehearsals of his Symphony No. 3, which Serge Koussevitzky is bringing out at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening. *10-17-46 mm*

"I have to get used to the things I write," said he the other morning. "I have to adjust my ear to how it sounds with the orchestra that happens to take it up. With the Boston Symphony a piece will have one effect, and with the New York Philharmonic another. With the imaginary orchestra to which I am listening as I put down my notes on the paper, it is likely to be something else altogether."

"When I attend practice, then, on something like this Third Symphony of mine, you may be sure I get some surprises. For the most part, the surprises occur in passages where I have broken away from conventionality and have gone in directions of my own. These sometimes gratify me. That is to say, they come satisfactorily off; and then again they do not, because they do not prove so impressive as I would like."

"But you know I wouldn't be getting anywhere if I went along on safe lines, neither surprising myself or anyone else. I must take some chances."

Mr. Copland had with him the manuscript score of his No. 3, the latest job from off his desktop—four folio volumes, each movement being a separate assemblage of tall pages ringed

together in leather-board covers. He turned the leaves over of vol. 1 as he talked, answering inquiry as to what he meant by *Molto Moderato*, with *Simple Expression*.

"I designed this not exactly as a slow movement in the classic meaning, but rather as something to take the place of a slow movement, making it a little livelier than such a thing is in ordinary four-movement form, so as to have it suitable for opening."

To a query regarding changes of the time mark, here four-quarter measure and there three-quarter, he remarked:

"Changes of this sort are of no inconvenience to either conductor or players when the music marches at a moderate pace. They are not arbitrarily made, either. A composer does not precisely know, as he writes, what the rhythm will be. If the pulsation wants to make a shift, he lets it do so and indicates the number of beats accordingly."

The first movement, plain to understand, as Mr. Copland proceeded to the final pages, has a quiet coda. He seems to believe in formal conclusions—the kind that keeps listeners clear as to where they are and that come agreeably to expectation, without jerk and suddenness.

Opening up vol. 2, *Allegro Molto*, Mr. Copland explained that here was a Scherzo in very strict style, with first section, trio, and return. And where did he get the theme for it?

"Out of my head," he answered. "No folk tunes in this symphony. What you hear is, as nearly as I could make it, my own."

To comment that his score looked rather sparing in his employment of instrumental resources, he replied:

"That is how I intended matters. What I put down, you hear. I take care not to over-elaborate with passage work that carries no particular idea. I like clean scoring. In that respect I follow Mahler, who is the great instructor in orchestration for all composers since his day. There are levels of sonority in a properly handled orchestra, upper, middle, and low. If you want any one of

them to sound, you must not veil it or overpower it with irrelevancies from the other levels.

Keep what you are expressing on its own platform and hold all disturbing noise away."

Concerning the third movement, *Andantino quasi Allegretto*, Mr. Copland said no more than that it was calculated to span the gap from scherzo to finale and provide a necessary contrast of mood to each. In the fourth movement, *Molto Deliberato*, he has called into service something he wrote quite a while back, "Fanfare for the Common Man." It was an occasional small product which he thought worth salvaging and giving a place in the larger economy of his composing.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The audience had a good time at yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. It liked Aaron Copland's new Third Symphony. Or, at least, the end of it, in which the clanging of bells was added to the din of brass and assorted percussion. It liked also Erica Morini, notable violinist, who was making her first local appearance with the orchestra in the Concerto of Tchaikovsky. No less did it like the Concerto itself, with its excitements and its fruity tunes, and most of the members were probably not disturbed by the fact that the Concerto had been heard at Symphony Hall a little less than a year ago, when Mischa Elman was the soloist and Paul Paray conducted. A negligible minority wished that Miss Morini had chosen for her vehicle something a bit more substantial. *10-19-46 P*

There was substance in Mr. Copland's Symphony, but the first impression was that it was not always his own substance. And when it was that, it was not peculiar to this particular work. One recalled Mr. Copland's hit-piece of last season, the music from the ballet, "Appalachian Spring." And not even Mr. Copland can resist the temptation to copy a composer very much in the limelight today, one whose peculiar way of treating the orchestra has become something of an epidemic.

To overstate the case a bit fancifully, you might title the Symphony "Shostakovich in the Appalachians." Into this mountain retreat come the boys from Mr. Copland's "Rodeo" and also Richard Strauss with the score of his "Thus Spoke Zarathustra" open to the Fugue, "Of Science." In the end, the whole company is transported to Russia to participate in the restoration of the Great Gate at Kiev to music a la Mousorgsky-Ravel ("Pictures at an Exhibition"). Such a summary, while suggestive, is not quite kind to a composer who can handle the materials of composition as well as Mr. Copland can. And, while there are reminiscences and resemblances, as aforesaid, the work is no mere stylistic hodge-podge. It has physiognomy. It is, on the whole,

a rather quiet and reflective symphony, with an initial slow movement, a Shostakovichian touch and another and rather tenuous slow division later on. At intermission time there were those who were prepared to state that the Symphony was a landmark in American music. As to that we must wait and see.

Speaking again of the audience, one member of it suggested that, this being a season of anniversaries, Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" ended the program as a mark of disrespect to the recently-executed Nazis. Till, you know, dies on the scaffold. Anyway, Dr. Koussevitzky had already produced him at the first Tuesday evening concert and he will be on the job again Sunday afternoon.



Harold Stein

Aaron Copland, whose Third Symphony was given its first performance yesterday at the Boston Symphony concert.

Composer's Third Symphony

Conducted by Dr. Koussevitzky

By L. A. Sloper

Aaron Copland's Third Symphony had its first performance anywhere at yesterday's Boston Symphony concert, the first of the season's third pair. The other items of the program were the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, with Erica Morini as soloist, and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel."

The definition of the term "symphony" has become in modern times very elastic. Let us not repine because Mr. Copland begins this new work with a slow movement, proceeds to a scherzo and then to an Andantino which leads into an allegro. He has ample precedent for his unconventionality. What is important is, in his own words, what the music "is meant to express." Here he follows another custom, saying that he prefers to let the music speak for itself. Yet he says also that Harold Clurman put his meaning well when he wrote that music is "a reflection of and response to specific worlds of men: it is play, it is speech, it is unconscious result and conscious statement all at the same time."

But this is less clear than the music itself, which, as usual with Mr. Copland, is well made and transparent. Thus although the composer also insists that it contains no folk or popular material, it obviously expresses the new approach which began with the score for the ballet, "Appalachian Spring." Indeed, the first movement of the symphony reflects not only the mood but the form of that score. The intervals are very characteristic of the mature Copland, whom I find more interesting than the earlier one.

The scherzo is clever and amusing and full of tricky rhythms. The Andantino is playful and straightforward, free in form. The last movement begins with the "Fanfare for the Common Man" which Mr. Copland wrote for Eugene Goossens and the Cincinnati Orchestra. This leads into the final allegro, which is roughly in sonata form, and which rises to a smashing climax at the end.

10-19-46 *hmm*

This climax and similar noisy passages in the scherzo represent a less beguiling aspect of Mr. Copland's talent. What with the stridency of the brass and the

clangor of a large battery, the music itself becomes inaudible. In fact, the final measures of this symphony are not unworthy to rank with those of Tchaikovsky's Fourth (which, by the way, is scheduled for next week). Dr. Koussevitzky is not the man to miss such an opportunity, and the new work had a resounding popular success, with the composer bowing several times from the platform. The performance was brilliant, though not impeccable in details of execution.

No one can complain that the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto has been overplayed at these concerts in recent years. It is true that it was performed only a year ago with Mischa Elman as soloist, but before that it had been heard only once in more than 20 years. And oddly enough Miss Morini, who first came to this country 25 years ago, seems to have been making her first appearance with the Boston Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, although she played with them at Tanglewood last summer.

She has a singing tone of great beauty which she allowed to be heard in the slow movement and in a few passages elsewhere. She also has a notable technique, which she displayed abundantly yesterday. Apparently she has considered the nature of this concerto, decided that it is more a vehicle for virtuosity than for musical expression, and has acted accordingly. She played with reckless speed and with great bravura, and she won an ovation.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Third Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 18, 1946, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 19, 1946, at 8:30 o'clock

COPLAND.....Symphony No. 3

- I. Molto moderato, with simple expression
- II. Allegro molto
- III. Andantino quasi allegretto
- IV. Finale

(First performance)

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY.....Concerto for Violin in D major, Op. 35

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Canzonetta; Andante
- III. Finale: Allegro vivacissimo

STRAUSS....."Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the Old-fashioned, Roguish Manner in Rondo Form," Op. 28

SOLOIST

ERICA MORINI

BALDWIN PIANO

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10:25 o'clock on Saturday Evening

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SEASON OF BRAHMS

His Anniversary Will Be Observed and
Bruckner's Will Not Be Ignored

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

JOHANNES BRAHMS and Anton Bruckner, rival symphonists in the Vienna of the '80s and '90s, died respectively on April 3, 1897, and Oct. 11, 1896. All the conductors are seizing the opportunity to make this a Brahms season. Just as legitimately is it a Bruckner season, but no such advantage will be taken of the fact. Conductors and orchestras thrive on public support. Brahms is a great favorite, thanks to a long course of education in his music. Bruckner, harder to perform and harder to get, is still a relative stranger in these parts.

Whatever his colleagues may do or fail to do, Dr. Koussevitzky has not overlooked his immediate responsibility toward Bruckner. He gave us the Eighth at the concerts of week before last, and Bruno Walter will accomplish the long-overdue revival of the Ninth later in the season. In view of the latter's reverence for Bruckner we may expect something in the nature of a revelation. In the meantime, Dr. Koussevitzky did not do so badly himself, though some regretted his extensive cuts, particularly in the sublime Adagio. If a modern audience cannot stand some 20 minutes of exalted beauty, even in slow tempo, things have come to a sorry pass. 10:20-46 Pm

If Bruckner emptied American concert halls in the old days, so, too, did Brahms. I personally have never seen a Bruckner symphony coldly received and I believe that his special merits would be greatly prized if he were to be cultivated more extensively. Nor is it enough to play two or three of the more prominent symphonies and neglect the rest.

To continue on the personal tack, I have heard only the 4th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 2nd. To hear the last of these I had to go to Holland and I still treasure the experience. Nos. 3 and 5 were each done here in 1901. The 6th, highly praised in some quarters, seems to be unknown in this country.

The recent performance of No. 8 was our first Bruckner since 1939, when that particular work was last done here. On some of us, at least, the music made a profound impression, if only because so much that was vastly inferior to it has been heard in the meantime, including the 7th and 8th symphonies of Shostakovich. These have given new significance to the terms "rambling," "diffuse" and "spun-out," so long applied to poor Bruckner, who, to be sure, did take his time. Being essentially a mystic instead of a practical man, he said things in his own peculiar way.

However, one could hardly make out much of a case for Bruckner merely on the grounds that he is less of a bore than someone else. Let us therefore look into his special merits. To begin with, he has written the greatest of symphonic adagios. "The light that goes up in us from the chanting of the clear, high, loud or-

chestra in those movements," wrote Paul Rosenfeld, "is not, we are somehow positive, the light that comes from the sun . . . It is the dazzling shine that some dreaming men have suddenly seen piercing at them from an opaque wall, or seen flooding upward at night from earth strewn thick with leaves."

Bruckner's mighty scherzi are in the true Beethoven tradition, while their trios are likely to recall Schubert. Granted that his allegros tend to lack both continuity and momentum, their themes are superb in their strength and beauty. As a harmonist he is also supreme; his modulations have the ease of Schubert's, his chords the plangency of Wagner's. With the latter composer he shares a richness and splendor of orchestration. Are such things not enough to cause us to overlook his sequential repetitions, his "terraced progress" and other idiosyncracies? Here, you might say, is the crux of the Bruckner question.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Fourth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 25, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 26, at 8:30 o'clock

HAYDN.....Symphony in G major, No. 94 ("Surprise")

- I. Adagio cantabile e vivace assai
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Allegro di molto

HANSON.....Serenade for Solo Flute, Harp and Strings

Flute: GEORGES LAURENT
Harp: BERNARD ZIGHERA

ROY HARRIS....."Celebration," Variations on a Theme by Howard Hanson

(First performance)

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY.....Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36

- I. Andante sostenuto. Moderato con anima in movimento di Valse
- II. Andantino in modo di canzona
- III. Scherzo: pizzicato ostinato; Allegro
- IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco

SEASON OF BRAHMS

His Anniversary Will Be Observed and
Bruckner's Will Not Be Ignored

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

JOHANNES BRAHMS and Anton Bruckner, rival symphonists in the Vienna of the '80s and '90s, died respectively on April 3, 1897, and Oct. 11, 1896. All the conductors are seizing the opportunity to make this a Brahms season. Just as legitimately is it a Bruckner season, but no such advantage will be taken of the fact. Conductors and orchestras thrive on public support. Brahms is a great favorite, thanks to a long course of education in his music. Bruckner, harder to perform and harder to get, is still a relative stranger in these parts.

Whatever his colleagues may do or fail to do, Dr. Koussevitzky has not overlooked his immediate responsibility toward Bruckner. He gave us the Eighth at the concerts of week before last, and Bruno Walter will accomplish the long-overdue revival of the Ninth later in the season. In view of the latter's reverence for Bruckner we may expect something in the nature of a revelation. In the meantime, Dr. Koussevitzky did not do so badly himself, though some regretted his extensive cuts, particularly in the sublime Adagio. If a modern audience cannot stand some 20 minutes of exalted beauty, even in slow tempo, things have come to a sorry pass.

If Bruckner emptied American concert halls in the old days, so, too, did Brahms. I personally have never seen a Bruckner symphony coldly received and I believe that his special merits would be greatly prized if he were to be cultivated more extensively. Nor is it enough to play two or three of the more prominent symphonies and neglect the rest.

To continue on the personal tack, I have heard only the 4th, 7th, 8th, 9th and 2nd. To hear the last of these I had to go to Holland and I still treasure the experience. Nos. 3 and 5 were each done here in 1901. The 6th, highly praised in some quarters, seems to be unknown in this country.

The recent performance of No. 8 was our first Bruckner since 1939, when that particular work was last done here. On some of us, at least, the music made a profound impression, if only because so much that was vastly inferior to it has been heard in the meantime, including the 7th and 8th symphonies of Shostakovich. These have given new significance to the terms "rambling," "diffuse" and "spun-out," so long applied to poor Bruckner, who, to be sure, did take his time. Being essentially a mystic instead of a practical man, he said things in his own peculiar way.

However, one could hardly make out much of a case for Bruckner merely on the grounds that he is less of a bore than someone else. Let us therefore look into his special merits. To begin with, he has written the greatest of symphonic adagios. "The light that goes up in us from the chanting of the clear, high, loud or-

chestra in those movements," wrote Paul Rosenfeld, "is not, we are somehow positive, the light that comes from the sun . . . It is the dazzling shine that some dreaming men have suddenly seen piercing at them from an opaque wall, or seen flooding upward at night from earth strewn thick with leaves."

Bruckner's mighty scherzi are in the true Beethoven tradition, while their trios are likely to recall Schubert. Granted that his allegros tend to lack both continuity and momentum, their themes are superb in their strength and beauty. As a harmonist he is also supreme; his modulations have the ease of Schubert's, his chords the plangency of Wagner's. With the latter composer he shares a richness and splendor of orchestration. Are such things not enough to cause us to overlook his sequential repetitions, his "terraced progress" and other idiosyncracies? Here, you might say, is the crux of the Bruckner question.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Fourth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 25, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 26, at 8:30 o'clock

HAYDN Symphony in G major, No. 94 ("Surprise")

- I. Adagio cantabile e vivace assai
- II. Andante
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Allegro di molto

HANSON Serenade for Solo Flute, Harp and Strings

Flute: GEORGES LAURENT
Harp: BERNARD ZIGHERA

ROY HARRIS "Celebration," Variations on a Theme by Howard Hanson

(First performance)

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 4 in F minor, Op. 36

- I. Andante sostenuto. Moderato con anima in movimento di Valse
- II. Andantino in modo di canzona
- III. Scherzo: pizzicato ostinato; Allegro
- IV. Finale: Allegro con fuoco

Roy Harris and His 'Hanson' Variations

By Winthrop P. Tryon

"Music," says Roy Harris, the composer, "is a way of living."

For Mr. Harris, who has a new work brought out at the Boston Symphony Concerts this week under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky, it is a busy way of living just at present. Since Labor Day, he has written a piece which he entitles Variations on a Theme by Howard Hanson, has handed it to his publisher for early winter printing, and is in town with the manuscript and copies of the instrumental parts for Dr. Koussevitzky and his players to use in rehearsal and performance.

The Variations were written at Colorado Springs, where Mr. Harris resides and teaches; and, according to an annotation on the last page of the score, they were completed there on Sept. 25, 1946. They will have their premiere presentation at Symphony Hall, therefore, one month to the day after the drying on them of the last dab of ink.

If music is a way of living, as Mr. Harris puts it, then with him it must be a sociable way; for in his latest orchestral expression of himself he discloses an old-sake's-sake acquaintance and friendliness with Howard Hanson, of Eastman School, Rochester, N. Y., of uncommon sort. For he has designed the effort as a celebration of Mr. Hanson's turning his fiftieth year; and all in the line of good fellowship and playfulness, he has allowed to enter into the final measures of the piece a few measures that go more or less like "Happy Birthday to You." At the performance, keen ears may notice the intrusion and feel amused accordingly.

For the matter of that, the whole work, consisting of 79 pages of symphonic scoring, is conceived in a humorous, and perhaps a satirical, and even, rhetorically, a mocking vein. It is based, to begin with, on a theme, or more strictly speaking, a rhythmic phrase, from the "Romantic" Symphony, the No. 3, of Hanson; and it is written in quite classic scherzo form, with a bright and quick opening division, a slow and melodious trio, and a return sec-

tion, somewhat reviewing the first part and ending in loud jollification.

So, at any rate, it seemed from Mr. Harris's own description the other morning as he turned over the large leaves of his manuscript in the office of Leslie J. Rogers, the Boston Symphony librarian. "Here," said he, "is what the whole thing stands on—a theme for kettledrums, inside four notes. You will hear that in some form or other all the way through."

10-24-46 *Thoni*

The inner ear is hard put to it to keep up with the eye in following music when the notes come along so glancingly, and impressions are of course quite casual and uncertain. But now and then something will cling to recollection that might be missed in the actual hearing. The strings, as Mr. Harris passed from page to page, tossed the theme about in their upper reaches with the greatest gaiety. The brasses, in turn, asserted the fragment obstreperously and again chanted it very melodiously. Along through the early portion of the folio, the action was energetic; no dreaming, no resurgence, indeed, of romanticism, such as should be expected, seeing the Variations are based on a symphony carrying in its title the very word, "Romantic."

Come to the interior part of the score, however, or to what Mr. Harris explained was the Trio, the atmosphere and mood suddenly changed. Here appeared something very like languor and sentiment. Here the pages were transfused with the lonesome lament of cowboys, or whatever of the sort Mr. Harris has heard out on the Plains.

The serious state of affairs has but brief continuance, though, and back we arrive, with Tempo Primo and a shouting baritone tuba and kettledrums in rhythms to trick any but the most alert of executants. Four drums are called for, and Mr. Harris has given the player plenty to do who manipulates the mallets.

The task of composing ends in what to the sight had as much the character of a chant of victory as of a song of congratula-

tion. For a composer must be himself, even if he does borrow an idea or a fancy from another. Mr. Harris closed up the score and laid it back on the librarian's desk with a gesture which could be taken to mean: "There you are. The story concerns a friend of mine, and I hope he'll like it and I hope the public will. But the telling of the tale is my own. I'll take the consequences of the manner, too, and I'll be responsible for the sound."

Like the majority, perhaps, of today's American composers, Mr. Harris is a musical pedagogue, with a routine of teaching to restrain his symphonic inclinations. These Variations, which Dr. Koussevitzky has called into existence by way of instilling native thought and modern feeling into his programs, may be regarded as a last-minute holiday extemporization. There follow lecture-room labors for Mr. Harris at his post at Colorado College. By way of theoretical enterprise, he is preparing a treatise on harmony, to have priority, perchance, over any new orchestral exploit, and to come to publication within a year.

10-20-46 *Thoni* SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The living are also honored at the Symphony Concerts. A fortnight ago, Dr. Koussevitzky was marking the 50th anniversary of the death of Anton Bruckner. This week's pair of concerts constitutes a slightly premature celebration of the 50th birthday of Howard Hanson, which actually occurs day after tomorrow. Mr. Hanson wasn't there yesterday but his friend, Roy Harris, was to hear the first performance anywhere of "Celebration," his Variations on a Theme from the Hanson Third Symphony. Somewhat disguised, the familiar refrain, "Happy birthday to you," comes just before the end.

Mr. Hanson's theme is more rhythmic than melodic. It is very short and in the Symphony it is carried principally by the kettledrums. Not so much variations in the usual sense as a sort of orchestral improvisation on this energetic motive, the Harris piece, in the composer's own words, "develops an A-B-A form not unlike a large concert scherzo—fast, slow, fast." The distinct flavor of Sibelius, so prominent in this Symphony is not entirely lost in Mr. Harris' development of the theme, for that is what it amounts to. For a considerable distance this development is more convincing than any-

thing in the Symphony itself. In the slow section, Mr. Harris gets a bit involved and toward the end of the piece, just before the "happy birthday" quotation, he drops rather incongruously into the rhythm and general spirit of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," a tune that he has already glorified. The net impression is of a piece not designed too seriously, merely a kind of tonal slapping on the back. But it is some slap, for the orchestra requires 14 woodwinds, a tenor saxophone and euphonium besides the normal brass, a large array of percussion instruments, a piano and the usual strings.

One instrument that Mr. Harris forgot to put in was the harp. However, Bernhard Zighera, the Orchestra's first harpist had had his chance just before. At the last minute, Dr. Koussevitzky added to the program Mr. Hanson's own serenade for solo flute, harp and strings, a pleasant piece that would go well at the Pops. Georges Laurent was the flutist, as expert as ever, and much applauded for his little bit. Familiar symphonies, both for themselves and in Dr. Koussevitzky's sympathetic interpretations begin and end the current program. They are Haydn's "Surprise" and the Fourth of Tchaikovsky.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

The concerts this week by the Boston Symphony Orchestra are in part birthday parties for American composer Howard Hanson, who will be 50 next Monday. In honor of this event Serge Koussevitzky is playing Mr. Hanson's own Serenade for Flute, Harp and Strings, and the Variations which Roy Harris composed on the tympani theme from Mr. Hanson's Third Symphony. The program begins with the "Surprise" Symphony by Haydn, and ends with the Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

Mr. Harris entitled his score "Celebration" and dedicated it to his friend Mr. Hanson. These performances are the first anywhere. Until the printed score is available we shall have to wait to know just how Mr. Harris went about fabricating his Variations. All the trade secrets he revealed in the program notes may be condensed: They begin fast, become slow, and end fast. (Let no conservative make a pun about their not ending fast enough!)

At any rate, the Variations are a continuous musical fabric, cleanly if now and then noisily scored; cheerful, amiable, and not of an especially recondite style. (Those last two words are fancy reviewers' jargon, meaning the piece isn't overpoweringly discordant.) Beyond all doubt these Variations sound much better than would any group of Mr. Hanson's friends singing "Happy

Birthday." But they are also much harder to remember than that ubiquitous tune. Mr. Harris was applauded when he appeared on the stage.

George Laurent, the flute soloist, and Bernard Zighera, harp soloist, lavished their infinite virtuosity and great musicianship upon Mr. Hanson's modest though expertly contrived Serenade, which was added to the program during the week. All hands received cordial approval.

Haydn's luminous "Surprise" Symphony was heard in a performance that was a model of interpretive proportion and executant deftness. With Tchaikovsky Mr. Koussevitzky triumphed again. No one can play Tchaikovsky as he can, with such inward glow and emotional tension. Even the finale, some of the noisiest nonsense ever penned, took on grandeur under the force of Mr. Koussevitzky's reading.

Symphony Concert

The fourth concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in G major No. 94.
"Surprise" Haydn
Serenade for solo flute, harp and strings Hanson
"Celebration" Variations on a theme by Howard Hanson
Symphony No. 4 in F-minor, Op. 36 Harris
Tchaikovsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The best music yesterday for my money was the Haydn Symphony, familiar though it be. The performance was particularly delightful, and, as the "surprise" element is no longer anything more than a dear old chestnut, we can concentrate on the eternal beauty and strength of the music and enjoy it to the full.

Nevertheless, Haydn was not meant to be the hero of the concert. That niche was reserved for Dr. Howard Hanson and the celebration of his 50th birthday. Hanson's importance to American music is universally acknowledged; but it is surely based on education not creation, though goodness knows he has written enough. In Rochester and elsewhere he has always encouraged American composers and has played their music in festivals and concerts. It was for these services that Mr. Roy Harris unleashed at the end of his Variations the strains of "Happy birthday, dear teacher, happy birthday to you!"

I am sure that this was intended in a spirit of affectionate reverence, but all the same the new work

seemed to me rather an embarrassing tribute. It is a heavy-handed and rather messy scherzo, with an extraordinarily thick orchestral texture. Nor is the theme from Hanson's excessively Sibellian Third Symphony a very suitable one for variations. Perhaps if we had not heard the Copland Symphony last week Harris' piece, which was also played for the first time, would have sounded more attractive. As it is I should rate it as one of Harris' lesser achievements. Mr. Harris was in the hall yesterday and acknowledge the applause.

Previously we heard something from Dr. Hanson's own pen, a Serenade, in which Mr. Laurent distinguished himself as solo flutist. In this work, which was written in 1945, he harks back, not to his adored Sibelius, but to the sort of French music that was being written in the conservatories before the last war. The piece is pleasant enough for the combination and ends with a neat twist, but I don't think even flutists are going to clamor for it to be repeated.

One of Koussevitzky's favorite war-horses, the Tchaikovsky 4th Symphony, brought the concert to a close which had the audience howling with rapture. The finale was taken at the usual break-neck pace and each climax was more rousing than the previous one. It was the sort of performance that fetches the public in droves, and the orchestra can certainly bring it off. At that let us leave it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Richard Burgin will conduct the following program: Handel's Concerto Grosso in D minor; Revueltas' "Cuanahuac"; Prokofiev's Suite from "Chout"; Sibelius' Symphony No. 1.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Fifth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 1, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2, at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN Conducting

The Program will be as follows:

HANDEL.....Concerto Grosso in D minor for String Orchestra,
Op. 6, No. 10

Overture — Air — Allegro moderato — Allegro

HAIEFF.....Divertimento

- I. Prelude
- II. Aria
- III. Scherzo
- IV. Lullaby
- V. Finale

PROKOFIEFF.....Suite from the Ballet, "Chout" ("Buffoon"),
Op. 21

The clown and his wife (*Andantino scherzando*)
The clown dresses up as a young girl (*Andantino innocente*)
Dance of the clowns' daughters (*Moderato scherzando; vivace*)
The arrival of the merchant, dance of servility, and choice of the fiancée (*Andante gravissimo; Andantino; Allegretto espressivo; Andante maestoso*)
The young girl is transformed into a goat (*Moderato con agitazione*)
Final dance (*Moderato; Allegretto*)

INTERMISSION

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39

- I. Andante ma non troppo; allegro energico
- II. Andante ma non troppo lento
- III. Allegro
- IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto

BALDWIN PIANO

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Op. 21

The clown and his wife (*Andantino scherzando*)
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Final dance (*Moderato; Allegretto*)

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- I. Andante ma non troppo; allegro energico
- II. Andante ma non troppo lento
- III. Allegro
- IV. Finale (Quasi una Fantasia): Andante; Allegro molto

BALDWIN PIANO

DIVERTIMENTO

(Composed in 1944)

By ALEXEI HAIIEFF

Born in Blagoveschensk, Siberia, August 25, 1914

This Divertimento was first performed on April 5, 1946, in New York by the New York Little Symphony, Joseph Barone conducting. It calls for a small orchestra: two flutes, one oboe, one clarinet, two trumpets, two trombones, and strings.

The first performance in Boston was by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, October 29, 1946.

THE composer tells us that three of the Divertimento's five movements were originally written for piano. He has extended them in the orchestral version. "Each movement," he explains, "is dedicated to a different friend of mine. The Lullaby was composed for my friends' babies, who were being born in abundance in 1944."

At the age of six, Alexei Haieff was taken by his parents to China, from where at seventeen he came to the United States. He began to study music while still in China, and in New York first worked with Constantin Shvedoff, continuing with a scholarship for three and a half years at the Juilliard Graduate School with Reuben Goldmark and Frederick Jacobi. He also studied with Nadia Boulanger, first in Cambridge and later in France (1938-39). In 1942 he received the Lili Boulanger Memorial Award and also the Medal from the American Academy in Rome. In 1945 he was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation to write a piece for 'cello and piano. Last spring he was awarded the Guggenheim Fellowship. He now makes his home in New York.

Besides the Divertimento, Mr. Haieff has composed a symphony, a sonata for two pianos, a short ballet, a violin suite, and works for smaller combinations and solo instruments.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the 5th concert in its regular series yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Concerto Grosso in D minor for string orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10.....Handel
Divertimento.....Haieff
Suite from the Ballet "Chout" (Buffoon), Op. 21.....Prokofieff
Symphony No. 1 in E minor Op. 39 Sibelius

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

For some reason and at the last moment the new Revueltas piece was pulled from the program and Alexei Haieff's Divertimento substituted. Thus we heard precisely the same program which was given Tuesday night. I see no reason to add further comment on the Haieff Divertimento. Though it sounds better on a second hearing, it is still not music of much consequence. The Aria is perhaps the best movement. Any of a dozen or more contemporary composers could have tossed it off, which is not to Mr. Haieff's discredit. He aimed at saying a few things agreeably in music and in that he succeeded.

I do not know why Mr. Burgin discarded the Revueltas; probably it did not sound well when they got down to the job of rehearsing it. But almost any modern piece in the light vein would have suffered by being followed immediately by Prokofieff's amusing "Chout" Suite. In Haieff's case it was as though a Liberty ship tried to race the Queen Elizabeth.

"Chout" is now 31 years old, but is still delightfully fresh and witty. The discords in it are a deliberate and calculated effect to suit the farcical caricature of the ballet's story. Time was when critics grew indignant at "Chout," for they felt that Prokofieff was pulling their leg. But, as in so many similar instances in musical history, it is the composer of a deft and original score who has triumphed, since repeated performances have proved his point.

The performances yesterday were fine, except that Mr. Burgin took the andante of the Sibelius 1st Symphony and the Air from the Handel Suite too slowly. The Sibelius First will, I believe, live on its andante and scherzo. The finale I find least satisfactory, with its scraps of Tchaikovsky and its characteristic Sibelian tricks of style which he was to make more effective, and more his own in later works. By and large we in Boston have had rather too much Sibelius in the last 12 years. Certainly we do not stand in any dire need of having the 1st, 2nd, 5th and 7th Symphonies repeated, even though, as Koussevitzky has observed, the

5th is probably his most enduring work.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Myra Hess will be the soloist in Beethoven's 4th Piano Concerto in G major. Debussy's Two Nocturnes and "La Mer" and Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont" complete the program.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

As it turned out, yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert, conducted by Richard Burgin, was no more than a repetition in every respect of that of last Tuesday evening.

We had been promised one new piece in the shape of Revueltas' "Cuanahuac," which would have introduced to Symphony Hall a Mexican composer of considerable repute. But at the last minute it went by the board and in its stead we had the pleasing Divertimento of Haieff, which had its Boston premiere

on Tuesday and was duly discussed in these columns the following morning.

For the rest this list, like its predecessor, contained Handel's Concerto Grosso in D minor, Opus 6, No. 10, the Suite from Prokofieff's Ballet, "Chout" (Buffoon) and the First Symphony of Sibelius.

Of all the great composers Handel seems today to be the one least honored by actual performances, aside from the inevitable "Messiah." This year, however, his music is having something of a renaissance. The People's Choral Union will prepare his "Samsom" for its spring concert and last Wednesday the Conservatory Orchestra gave us the delightful Handel-Beecham Suite from "The Faithful Shepherdess." The Concerto Grosso of yesterday, of Tuesday and this evening, is an admirable vehicle for the display of the rich tonal properties of the Boston strings.

More than some ballet music, this "Chout" of Prokofieff seems to require, in the concert hall, the explanation by

way of the action that it would receive in the theatre. Heard just as music, it impresses chiefly by its brilliant and highly original orchestration.

As for Sibelius, Mr. Burgin has long been both an admirer and convincing interpreter of his music. But since all the symphonies, save only Nos. Three and Four, were played here last season in honor of the Finn's 30th birthday, would it not have been better to play one or the other of these two neglected works instead of repeating the First so speedily? By harping on his most familiar pieces, the composer's friends may be doing him less service than they imagine.

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THE composer tells us that three of the Divertimento's five movements were originally written for piano. He has extended them in the orchestral version. "Each movement," he explains, "is dedicated to a different friend of mine. The Lullaby was composed for my friends' babies, who were being born in abundance in 1944."

At the age of six, Alexei Haieff was taken by his parents to China, from where at seventeen he came to the United States. He began to study music while still in China, and in New York first worked with Constantin Shvedoff, continuing with a scholarship for three and a half years at the Juilliard Graduate School with Reuben Goldmark and Frederick Jacobi. He also studied with Nadia Boulanger, first in Cambridge and later in France (1938-39). In 1942 he received the Lili Boulanger Memorial Award and also the Medal from the American Academy in Rome. In 1945 he was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation to write a piece for 'cello and piano. Last spring he was awarded the Guggenheim Fellowship. He now makes his home in New York.

Besides the Divertimento, Mr. Haieff has composed a symphony, a sonata for two pianos, a short ballet, a violin suite, and works for smaller combinations and solo instruments.

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, gave the 5th concert in its regular series yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Concerto Grosso in D minor for string orchestra, Op. 6, No. 10.....Handel
Divertimento.....Haieff
Suite from the Ballet, "Chout" ("Buffoon"), Op. 21.....Prokofieff
Symphony No. 1 in E minor Op. 39 Sibelius

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

For some reason and at the last moment the new Revueitas piece was pulled from the program and Alexei Haieff's Divertimento substituted. Thus we heard precisely the same program which was given Tuesday night. I see no reason to add further comment on the Haieff Divertimento. Though it sounds better on a second hearing, it is still not music of much consequence. The Aria is perhaps the best movement. Any of a dozen or more contemporary composers could have tossed it off, which is not to Mr. Haieff's discredit. He aimed at saying a few things agreeably in music and in that he succeeded.

I do not know why Mr. Burgin discarded the Revueitas; probably it did not sound well when they got down to the job of rehearsing it. But almost any modern piece in the light vein would have suffered by being followed immediately by Prokofieff's amusing "Chout" Suite. In Haieff's case it was as though a Liberty ship tried to race the Queen Elizabeth.

"Chout" is now 31 years old, but is still delightfully fresh and witty. The discords in it are a deliberate and calculated effect to suit the farcical caricature of the ballet's story. Time was when critics grew indignant at "Chout," for they felt that Prokofieff was pulling their leg. But, as in so many similar instances in musical history, it is the composer of a deft and original score who has triumphed, since repeated performances have proved his point.

The performances yesterday were fine, except that Mr. Burgin took the andante of the Sibelius 1st Symphony and the Air from the Handel Suite too slowly. The Sibelius First will, I believe, live on its andante and scherzo. The finale I find least satisfactory, with its scraps of Tchaikovsky and its characteristic Sibelian tricks of style which he was to make more effective and more his own in later works. By and large we in Boston have had rather too much Sibelius in the last 12 years. Certainly we do not stand in any dire need of having the 1st, 2nd, 5th and 7th Symphonies repeated, even though, as Koussevitzky has observed, the

5th is probably his most enduring work.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Myra Hess will be the soloist in Beethoven's 4th Piano Concerto in G major. Debussy's Two Nocturnes and "La Mer" and Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont" complete the program.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

As it turned out, yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert, conducted by Richard Burgin, was no more than a repetition in every respect of that of last Tuesday evening.

We had been promised one new piece in the shape of Revueitas' "Cuanahuac," which would have introduced to Symphony Hall a Mexican composer of considerable repute. But at the last minute it went by the board and in its stead we had the pleasing Divertimento of Haieff, which had its Boston premiere

on Tuesday and was duly discussed in these columns the following morning.

For the rest this list, like its predecessor, contained Handel's Concerto Grosso in D minor, Opus 6, No. 10, the Suite from Prokofieff's Ballet, "Chout" (Buffoon) and the First Symphony of Sibelius.

Of all the great composers Handel seems today to be the one least honored by actual performances, aside from the inevitable "Messiah." This year, however, his music is having something of a renaissance. The People's Choral Union will prepare his "Samsom" for its spring concert and last Wednesday the Conservatory Orchestra gave us the delightful Handel-Beecham Suite from "The Faithful Shepherdess." The Concerto Grosso of yesterday, of Tuesday and this evening, is an admirable vehicle for the display of the rich tonal properties of the Boston strings.

More than some ballet music, this "Chout" of Prokofieff seems to require, in the concert hall, the explanation by way of the action that it would receive in the theatre. Heard just as music, it impresses chiefly by its brilliant and highly original orchestration.

As for Sibelius, Mr. Burgin has long been both an admirer and convincing interpreter of his music. But since all the symphonies, save only Nos. Three and Four, were played here last season in honor of the Finn's 80th birthday, would it not have been better to play one or the other of these two neglected works instead of repeating the First so speedily? By harping on his most familiar pieces, the composer's friends may be doing him less service than they imagine.

Burgin Conducts

Prokofiev and Haieff Music

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Richard Burgin, concertmaster and associate conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, directed the music of the fifth Friday afternoon series of concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday, presenting the same program as on Tuesday evening. Not the same, either, because of a slight rearrangement. On the former occasion, Prokofiev's Suite from the Ballet, "Chout," op. 21, preceded Haieff's Divertimento; whereas this time, Haieff preceded Prokofiev. The change proved a rational one in respect to sonority, the item for small orchestra coming first, and the one for big, second. Then, in perhaps more subtle design, the sequence may have been meant as something chronological—the Divertimento, though the later matter in date, being the earlier in idea, because harking back to the beginning of the modern Russian musical movement.

For Prokofiev represents the advance, with his Suite, regardless of everything and everybody since; and so much for the central portion of this program. Outside were Handel's Concerto Grosso in D minor for Strings, op. No. 10, and Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 in E minor, op. 39. Of these two works, Mr. Burgin gave a most painstaking analysis. His presentation of them was an orchestral lesson for the subscribers such as to do them a world of good, if perchance they felt like being taught. It was a technical seminar also for the Symphony players, suppose them agreeable to a little schooling while the regular conductor is away.

The Concerto Grosso and the Symphony could by no means be regarded, however, as studies in history. There was nothing whatever eighteenth century about the Handel whom Mr. Burgin pictured; nor anything end-of-the-nineteenth about the Sibelius. The Concerto was an abstract exercise in large-scale string quartet

performance, while the Symphony was a synopsis of the formalities of grand instrumental ensemble.

Still, there came through a certain degree of interpretation. Here in Handel, Mr. Burgin's conducting seemed to say, you have a man who set music going on a progressive course. He is no antique. See what he does with a theme in the way of free variation. The world venerates Bach, yes; but it follows Handel.

Further on Mr. Burgin's side, there are more conductors of distinction disporting themselves about the world today than there are concertmasters.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

When at rehearsal Richard Burgin and the gentlemen of the Boston Symphony Orchestra tackled the announced new piece for this week—Silvestre Revueltas' "Cuanahac"—they found so many copyist's errors in the parts Mr. Burgin decided to postpone the performances. Accordingly, for the program of yesterday afternoon and tonight he reverted to the list he had offered last Tuesday.

This consists of the D minor Handel Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 10, by Handel; the new Divertimento by Alexei Haieff; Prokofiev's "Chout" Suite and the First Symphony of Sibelius.

It is good to hear a Handel Concerto Grosso as concert-opener occasionally. Such grave and gracious music, so beautifully written, is undervalued today, although it makes a pleasing alternate to the Brandenburg Concertos of Bach.

As for Haieff's bubbling little sequence of five movements, they are modern and alive, with quite a little Stravinsky in their family tree. They are hardly notable, but in their modest way they serve as a tonal bracer.

Perhaps I am growing old, for I found the "Chout" Suite a long and

noisy bore, for all the brilliance of Prokofiev's orchestration. The real reason, however, is probably the fact that this is theatre music, and it needs the stage action of the ballet to go with it. As pure concert fare, "Chout" is too much of a muchness.

Mr. Burgin, making his first appearance this season in the "regular" series, again gave a fine account of his gifts as conductor. The Sibelius Symphony, especially, was rich of sound and expressively intense. Handel was appropriately opulent and the Haieff and Prokofiev were colorful and bursting with rhythm.

Burgin Offers New Piece By Alexei Haieff

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Richard Burgin, associate conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, took charge at the second of the Tuesday series of concerts at Symphony Hall last night, presenting the Concerto Grosso in D minor for Strings, op. 6, No. 10, by Handel; Suite from the Ballet, "Chout," by Prokofiev; Divertimento, by Haieff, and Symphony No. 1 in E minor, by Sibelius.

Mr. Burgin belongs to the school of conducting that employs no baton but directs the musicians with free and open hands; the right hand marking the beat and the left giving subsidiary directions for shading, balance and expression. If no wand or stick, however, is seen in his grasp, something remarkably like a violin bow might as well be held there; for his arm has the rhythmic rise and fall and his wrist has the sidewise and upward-downward motion of the Mr. Burgin who ordinarily is seen in the chair of the concertmaster.

He is a violinist, then, even when he conducts; and that explains, no doubt, a certain fluidity in the orchestra's execution under him, and a continuousness and melodiousness in its tone. Naturally such a man will excel in the rendering of a piece like the Handel Concerto Grosso, where strings alone are heard.

His phrasing as individual player will repeat itself in the grand quartet of the whole ensemble.

But Mr. Burgin can communicate his style with that untrammelled hand of his to other groups of instruments than strings. He can bring a response from woodwinds and from brasses as smooth and communicative as from violins, violas, celli, and basses. He can even bring about an illusion of phrasing over in the department of percussion. A work, accordingly, like the Ballet Suite of Prokofiev, whether we are impressed by its bizarre quality and are amused by its humor or not, will have its appropriate sound and will drive all its points home.

Fortunate, too, for a composer

of the present day, like Alexei Haieff, to be represented on a Burgin program. Again, submit to the beguilement of Mr. Haieff's Divertimento or not, listeners would grant that its idea and intention were set before them in all distinctness and with full regard for its elegance of form and delicacy of orchestration. By a policy in all respects commendable, the Symphony management invites composers to town whose works are introduced to the repertory, and Mr. Haieff, in attendance last evening, was called to the platform by the applause.

Talk about Mr. Burgin shining, he fairly glittered in the Sibelius Symphony No. 1. Not that the credit is all his, either; for the players have that twentieth-century classic by heart. Just the same, Mr. Burgin puts a character of song into it that is particularly his. In his action we see the music coming, and then we hear it. We see the attack anticipated in his hand, and then it comes.

On this occasion the position of concertmaster was taken by Mr. Krips, who has a good deal of the old-time high and commanding manner about the business, which is not so bad a thing to see back again.

Dame Myra Hess

With Symphony.

Given Ovation in Beethoven Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

Debussy and Beethoven provide the music for this week's subscription concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the first of which was given yesterday afternoon. Dr. Koussevitzky had made the following selections: "Nuages," "Fêtes," and "La Mer"; the Fourth Piano Concerto in G major and

the "Egmont" Overture. Dame Myra Hess is the soloist.

Dr. Koussevitzky has a partiality for the music of Debussy. These two Nocturnes and "La Mer" are favorites of his, and he is famous for his interpretations of them. He has played them often, the last time only three years ago. *11-9-46*

The performances yesterday were admirable as demonstrations of orchestral virtuosity. The tone was superb, the colors resplendent. But was not the maestro's left hand a shade heavy? The poetry might be more compelling if the dynamic contrasts were less sudden and less extreme. Perhaps these pieces need to be laid on the shelf for a while, and then restudied. *Inimit*

The Debussy items had a big popular success, but the event of the day, of course, for artistic as well as news value, was the appearance as soloist of Dame Myra Hess after an absence of more than seven years. The Friday Symphony audience, like that of her recent recital, rose in her honor when she entered, and gave her an ovation when she had finished playing.

This reception was well deserved, for her performance was marked by power and depth as well as by charm and delicacy. Her tone was limpid, her phrasing fluent, and her imaginative recreation vivid. Dr. Koussevitzky

and the orchestra collaborated with complete sympathy and understanding.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert may be described as a combination of Debussy, Beethoven and Dame Myra Hess, with the English pianist capturing the audience's fancy to a degree very nearly unprecedented. There are no thunderous octaves in Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, no great climaxes. Rather, it is a work marked by graciousness and charm and in the slow movement by poetry of a type unique in music. The excitement over Dame Myra was, to be sure, partly personal. Always a favorite in this city, she is now more loved than ever before because of her self-sacrificing service to the cause of music and of public morale in her native country during the whole period of the war. *11-9-46 P.M.*

As at her recent recital in Jordan Hall, the audience rose in greeting when Dame Myra came upon the stage. The ovation at the end of the Concerto brought her back repeatedly, first alone and then with Dr. Koussevitzky, who plainly did not want to intrude upon her triumph. There were also interchanges not customary at symphony concerts. The conductor kissed the pianist's hand and she returned the compliment. Then he kissed her on the cheek and again she reciprocated.

When she was plain Miss Hess, Dame Myra played this particular Concerto with the Boston Orchestra. But, as was observed the other day, there is now a new quality in her playing, a new depth, a new artistry. Yesterday's performance is one that might well go down in history.

Repeating an experiment made three years ago, when these works were last done at these concerts, Dr. Koussevitzky offered yesterday Debussy's Nocturnes, "Clouds" and "Festivals," and after them his succeeding orchestral piece, "The Sea." The six years that intervened between them worked a considerable change in the composer's style, affording the necessary contrast when they are heard together, even if it is all recognizably Debussy. You could find no finer performances of either than those given by Dr. Koussevitzky and his musicians and yesterday they outdid themselves, as they did also in the orchestral portion of the Concerto and in Beethoven's Overture to "Egmont," which brought a memorable concert to a thrilling conclusion.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Sixth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 8, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 9, at 8:30 o'clock

DEBUSSY Two Nocturnes

Nuages
Fêtes

DEBUSSY "La Mer," Trois Esquisses Symphoniques

- I. De l'aube à midi sur la mer
- II. Jeux de vagues
- III. Dialogue du vent et de la mer

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN Concerto for Pianoforte No. 4 in G major, Op. 58

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. { Andante con moto
- III. { Rondo: vivace

BEETHOVEN Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

SOLOIST

DAME MYRA HESS

DAME MYRA HESS uses the STEINWAY PIANO

Dame Myra Hess

With Symphony.

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Sixth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 3, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 9, at 8:30 o'clock

DEBUSSY Two Nocturnes

Nuages
Fêtes

DEBUSSY "La Mer," Trois Esquisses Symphoniques

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- III. Rondo: vivace

BEETHOVEN Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Op. 84

SOLOIST

DAME MYRA HESS

DAME MYRA HESS uses the STEINWAY PIANO

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the 6th concert of the season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The soloist was Myra Hess, pianist. The program was as follows:

Two Nocturnes, "Nuages, Fêtes" . . . Debussy
"La Mer," Three Symphonic
Sketches . . . Debussy
Piano Concerto No. 4 in G major
Op. 58 . . . Beethoven
Overture to "Egmont," Op. 84 . . . Beethoven

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

This concert yesterday was a tremendous popular success, and deservedly so. All the music on the program was first class, and the performances throughout the afternoon were superb. The center of the proceedings was Dame Myra Hess, who was again greeted by a rising ovation when she came out onto the platform. After she finished the Beethoven Concerto the applause was deafening and finally Mr. Koussevitzky expressed the affection and admiration which all felt for her by bestowing a kiss on her cheek. At this unprecedented event the crowd roared. The memory of the oldest subscriber must have been taxed to recollect a demonstration of comparable warmth.

Perhaps owing to the stimulus of playing with the orchestra Dame Myra seemed to me in better form even than her recent recital. She played this lovely work with the utmost grace and charm, a performance that was matched at every point by the orchestra under Mr. Koussevitzky. I have never heard a more poetic reading of that wonderful dialogue between orchestra and piano which does duty as a slow movement and leads into the finale. All in all it was a performance to be remembered.

The first half of the concert was equally fine in its way. The counterweight of Debussy for Beethoven might have seemed odd on paper, but, as so often with Koussevitzky's programs, it worked exceedingly well in practice. I wish that once again in Boston we could hear the third Nocturne, "Sirenes." The work needs to be rounded out, as "Fêtes" is really not the perfect end that Debussy conceived. "Sirenes" is beautiful music too and a most interesting contrast as the third nocturnal mood. The trouble is that it requires a female chorus, which, to be sure, sings no words but is nonetheless an essential musical element. Still, that is not an insuperable difficulty, and the piece really ought to be restored to the repertoire.

"La Mer" is one of those rare works that is both a virtuoso piece for a crack orchestra and a great work of art. If there is such a thing as the painters' term "impressionism," in music, which I am not prepared to argue, this work is the sum and essence of it. Mr. Koussevitzky has always had a particularly sensitive feeling for "La Mer" and he and the orchestra have recorded it in masterly fashion. Yesterday it was once more recreated for us in the most glowing and intense manner. It was an interpretation which for sheer beauty of sound and perfection of orchestral playing could rarely, if at all, be equalled in the world today.

Finally we had Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, which was just the right sort of piece to follow the ovation for Myra Hess. I doubt if anyone left Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon either tired or displeased.

The orchestra will be on tour next week. For the 7th concerts on Nov. 22 and 23 Mr. Burgin will conduct Haydn's Symphony No. 95, Stravinsky's Symphony, Mozart's Adagio from the G minor Quintet and Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration."

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky, pianist Myra Hess and the gentlemen of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday contrived among them an afternoon of music-making absolutely magnificent. Miss Hess, returning to play with this orchestra for the first time since the war, received a welcome of what seemed unprecedented warmth.

On her first entrance the entire audience rose—something I have never seen happen before to a soloist at these concerts. When she had finished Beethoven's G major Concerto there was a sudden rush of applause, stamping and cheering that went on for minutes.

She was called back time and again and finally, after Mr. Koussevitzky had kissed her hand more than once, she kissed him back twice, smack on the lips.

Debussy and Beethoven made the rest of the program: the Frenchman's Two Nocturnes, "Clouds," and "Festivals," and "The Sea," before intermission; the latter's "Egmont" Overture serving as closing piece.

The afternoon as best described, in terse fashion, as four masterpieces gloriously re-created. Often the orchestra sounds as well, as rich and colorful, but seldom does it sustain through a whole concert such an exalted peak of technical perfection. This is the sort of music-making that cannot be described: it has to be heard.

Mr. Koussevitzky's reading of the three nature-pieces by Debussy has undergone a change. Still he plays them with an uncanny ear for sensuous qualities of sound with a superb feeling for the shifting of colors and rhythms and moods. But now there is more transparency in the balance of his orchestra and much more sense of form and construction.

Age and long experience must have something to do with this: it is most unlikely that a young man, however gifted, could muster all these qualities in such proportion.

Miss Hess, as always, played with remarkably clear articulation of all the notes. Everything was neat, precise, phrases roundly turned and rhythms given full value. Yet she was inclined to a more romantic and elastic tempo than conductor and orchestra, with the result that, especially in the first movement, there was some negligible see-sawing of entrances. All the same, Beethoven's Fourth Concerto received, pianistically and orchestrally, a performance of extraordinary style and authority.

"Egmont," coming at the end of all these excellences and high emotional tensions, may have been a little overblown, but nothing to damage its essential character.

Mozart's Piano Concertos; A Case of Incredible Neglect

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Some weeks ago I wrote an article stating the case for the Brucknerites, which has elicited a letter from a music lover in whose camp I, myself, would much rather plead—namely Mozart and in particular his Piano Concertos. This correspondent points out that in the last 20 years of the Boston Symphony's activity there have been some nine performances of Bruckner Symphonies and only 10 of Mozart's Piano Concertos. When we reflect that the former are at least twice as long per work and that there are only nine of them compared to some 21 good or top-

notch examples of the latter, the record of our orchestra with respect to Mozart is not good. I hasten to add that the record of most other American orchestras would probably be similarly bad.

"But," the reader may ask, "we do at least hear a number of Mozart symphonies, the Violin Concerto in D major, the opera overtures and now and again one of the serenades. So why the fuss?" The reason is that the Piano Concertos contain some of the finest music of the classical style and are the embodiment of the classical concerto form. As Sir Donald Tovey has pointed out at length, there are only about 30 works in true classical concerto form, of which two-thirds are by Mozart and the important ones of the remainder by Beethoven and Brahms. The concerto as developed by Mendelssohn, Schumann and modern composers is really a different kind of work altogether, for a proper explanation of which the reader is advised to turn to Tovey's masterly analysis to be found in Volume III of his Essays. The main difference between the classical and later concertos is to be found in the first movement and the treatment and design of the opening ritornello. The unfortunate result of the misconception by the general public of the nature of these Mozart concertos has been to underestimate their greatness as works of art. This in turn may have tended to limit their performances in public by the musicians who ought,

to know better.

What we are missing in this department of Mozart's music, even within the compass of 10 performances in 20 years, is staggering.

Thus, K. 467 and 488 in C major and A major respectively have been given three times each. K. 482 in E flat major twice and K. 271 and 537 once each. This excludes a number that are considered by the best authorities to be among the finest ever written, for example K. 491 in C minor, and equally ignores many which would amply repay hearing.

My correspondent has this suggestion to make: "I believe that if

an average of only three piano soloists appear with the Boston Symphony each season (and this is probably a low estimate), at least one of them should play a Mozart concerto. I base this on the fact that outside of the concertos of Mozart, there are only about 15 which are performed with any regularity. (He then cites the better known concertos of Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Rachmaninoff, Schumann, Grieg and Tchaikovsky, thus including all such works not in true classical concerto form.) Even if you add to these others which might be performed, such as Liszt's, Mendelssohn's, Saint-Saens' and some modern ones, they would only outnumber Mozart's great concertos two to one. Now, of course, such statistics cannot govern musical programs, but the only reason to discard them would be if Mozart's concertos were inferior. But I think you will agree with me that this is not true, that his great, as well as some of his lesser, concertos are actually superior to many in the above list?" (I do.)

He goes on: "It is plain that this neglect is due to the unfortunate attitude of most pianists of this day who do not care to play anything which does not tax their virtuosity to a maximum. Actually, Mozart's piano concertos demand a much greater amount of concentration and musicianship than do many of the concertos in the standard repertoire; but since the efforts spent by the pianist in playing them cannot be translated into a dazzling movement of the fingers all over the keyboard they seem to feel that they are not worth performing."

All this is very much to the point. The pianists are often to blame, and some of them are just not emotionally in tune with Mozart and would most likely do him a disservice if they tackled him. The public, I think, can be counted on to respond favorably to more Mozart. Even if many do not understand the principles of classical concerto form, they will enjoy a Mozart concerto as much as they do a Mozart or Haydn symphony.

The situation can be remedied most simply by our conductors. If they insist that these works be performed, they can easily bring the pianists to heel. They can even make an unusually sturdy pianist play Mozart in the first part of the program and bring down the house with Liszt, Tchaikovsky or Rachmaninoff in the last half. Nor would the program be distorted by this expedient, for the Mozart concerto is not a display piece. By all means, then, let us beseech the conductors to repair this omission.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

An oddly-assorted but highly interesting program was that in which Richard Burgin conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. It began with Haydn of the C minor Symphony, No. 95 (the so-called "London" Symphony), and continued with Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements; "Le Tombeau de Couperin" by Ravel, and Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration."

This Symphony of Haydn is comparatively rare these days. It was last performed in these Boston Symphony series in 1943, and before that, in 1916. It is late and great Haydn, almost Beethovenesque in the way it is put together and the way it sounds; more personal than some earlier Haydn and a good deal more fanciful. Yesterday's performance was admirably clear, balanced and appropriate in style, without fussing over details or exaggeration of any sort. Like the Stravinsky which followed, it was an example of orchestral forthrightness and interpretive simplicity.

There are those who delight in finding a comparison between the modest music of the 18th Century and the brightness, the "bite" and casual manner of the later Stravinsky. The latter's Symphony in Three Movements, introduced here by the composer last February, is certainly bright and full of "bite." But is also musicians' "head" music and decidedly abstract, dry as a bone and not in the least emotional.

This work is far from negligible as a reflection of the modern composer's craft in spinning lively rhythms, brittle patterns of tone, with unobtrusive emphasis upon repeated notes, and upon shrewdly calculated dissonance. But what, when it is all over, has it amounted to as an expression of art or feeling? So far as this minority is concerned: Nothing, with an upper-case N. And somehow, it does suggest to me an afternoon at the dentist's.

With the greatest admiration for Mr. Burgin's considerable gifts as conductor, I venture to say that "Le Tombeau de Couperin" is not now his proper dish. This dainty and artificial evocation of a past time in music, was not so clearly articulated as it ought to have been, and it was on the heavy side. This music needs super-super interpretation from a virtuoso of the baton; it must be light as a soufflee, pun-

gent as old but slightly coarse brandy, and at the same time it ought to have a subtle quality of polished irony. None of these attributes was present yesterday.

Apart from certain details of tempo, in the repeated statement of that "how dry I am" theme, the Strauss tone poem was eloquent and rich of tone.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

There is something for nearly every taste in this week's Symphony program and in its first hearing yesterday afternoon everything was served up in capital style by Assistant Conductor Richard Burgin. There was a classical symphony, Haydn's No. 95 in C minor, one of his best, but not one of the most familiar. After it came a modern symphony, that of Stravinsky in three movements, introduced here last February by the composer himself. The delightful orchestral set of four that Ravel made from his piano suite, "Le Tombeau de Couperin," led off the second half of the concert, and Richard Strauss' youthful but still potent tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration," brought it to a dramatic close.

This performance of "Death and Transfiguration" was on the whole the most satisfactory we have heard in some time. In his endeavor to underscore the pathos of the beginning and the exaltation of the close, Dr. Koussevitzky of late years has been taking both sections far too slowly. Mr. Burgin permitted nothing to drag, but in the general excitement he once or twice let both tone and tempo get out of hand.

Anyway, the audience rose to Strauss, and rather unpredictably it made quite a fuss over Stravinsky. The cynical might say that this was relief at matters having finally come to an end, or possibly commendation for conductor and orchestra, who have some hard rhythmic nuts to crack. Unless you are completely allergic to modern music, you are bound to find Stravinsky's Allegro interesting and even gripping at times, while the Andante, except for a rather dreary middle section, is light, deft and frankly pleasing. The final Con moto comes as close to pure abstraction as any music can.

Two members of the orchestra were made to take bows yesterday, Jean Bedetti for his cello solo in the delicious trio of Haydn's Minuet, and the new first oboe, John Holmes, for his solo in the Rigaudon of Ravel. The latter also did nobly in the important passages assigned to him in Strauss' tone poem.

Sir Donald Tovey has it that when Haydn wrote a work in the minor mode he made it shorter and more formal. Yet for all that this C minor Symphony is no dry expression of the classical style. It is full of choice things and interesting developments. One of the most charming features is the lovely cello solo in the trio of the scherzo. The Symphony is certainly one to be welcomed back into the repertoire with open arms.

Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements struck me yesterday as a much more impressive and eloquent work than it did when the composer conducted it last winter. I think actually Mr. Burgin gave it a much more graceful and rhythmic performance. Stravinsky's interpretations of his own music are apt, though not invariably, to be dry and precise and angular. At any rate, the form of the Symphony, which is most unusual, became clearer to me. The music came to life as expressive sound. Before I went to the concert I had it in the back of my mind to state the wish that something else of Stravinsky's had been revived instead, but now I am glad that Mr. Burgin has awakened and renewed an interest in a remarkable work.

Ravel's "Tombeau de Couperin" Suite is a perpetual delight as performed by the Boston Symphony. The perfection of its orchestration and the charm of its wryly archaic character do not pall as the years proceed. By contrast Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" sounded as heavy as lead. Yet there are glowing and imaginative pages in the tone poem. Only the long saccharine conclusion really arouses me to revolt.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Koussevitzky returns to conduct Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovanstchina" and the "Scheherazade" of Rimsky-Korsakov. Also the Brazilian composer, Camargo Guarnieri, will conduct the first performance of his Symphony.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Yesterday Mr. Burgin conducted the second concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Sunday series. The program catered to a variety of musical tastes and colors, beginning with the Haydn Symphony No. 95 in C minor. Here the

orchestra was at its best in precision and finesse. The first movement reveals several moods and is followed by a slow movement whose gentle humor was well projected. A graceful cello solo of the minuet trio was wittily done by Mr. Bedetti. In the finale all the delicate technique necessary for a Haydn vivace was neatly and generously supplied.

Not since 1938, when it was presented under the composer's direction, have we heard the Prokofieff "Chout" Ballet Suite until this season. Only six of the movements of the original 12 were played yesterday. Unusual tonal color and line were apparent in each of these. The Boston Symphony did full justice to this interesting and amusing work, although the audience reaction was a mixture of hesitancy and pleasure. *11-25-46 Sloper*

The program ended with the Sibelius First Symphony in E minor. In four movements, it is a work of many themes, some of which are heard in more than one movement. Here we have the effect of a Sibelius gingerly breaking from the symphonic style set by Beethoven; a Sibelius who relies upon the beauty of the themes themselves, rather than upon the broad development of a symphonic pattern. Truly romantic, it was well received by the capacity audience at Symphony Hall yesterday.

Burgin's Program Ranges From Haydn to Stravinsky

11-23-46 • By L. A. Sloper

Richard Burgin is conducting the Boston Symphony concerts of this week. For the seventh program of the season he has chosen Haydn's Symphony in C minor, No. 95, Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin" Suite and Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration." The Ravel was substituted for the Mozart Adagio for strings first announced. *omit*

Variety here to suit many tastes, and each work delivered yesterday afternoon with precision, balance and the proper style. Mr. Burgin is in command of his music and his orchestra, and he secured excellent performances, except for a single violin which got out of line for an instant in

the Finale of the Stravinsky symphony.

The revival of the Haydn Symphony in C minor was welcome. Mr. Burgin himself disinterred it three years ago from the library shelf where it had lain since Dr. Muck's time. It is a delightful work, full of the master's inspiration, ingenuity and high spirits. Mr. Bedetti again played the solo in the Trio of the Minuet delectably, and was called on for a special bow.

Our new first oboist, Mr. Holmes, was also called to his feet in recognition of his playing of the solo passage in Ravel's Rigaudon. Mr. Holmes has been carrying on unobtrusively since the beginning of the season, but this is the first time an occasion has arisen to bring him to public attention. He has a pure tone, a good feeling for rhythm, and he phrases lyrically.

The Stravinsky Symphony in Three Movements was introduced to us under the direction of its composer last season. This is the symphony which, according to Ingolf Dahl, who seems to be its official spokesman, represents the exact opposite of traditional symphonic form, being made up of

"blocks" or "planes" of sound, and constituting a musical "Guer-nica." And the composer himself of course, avers that the work has no program. Thus it appears that the symphony is neither a symphony nor a symphonic poem, but a musical painting, with no story to tell.

But these are words, and it is interesting to reflect that Haydn, for example, did not find it necessary to issue a manifesto with each new composition. Nor did Bach or Mozart or Beethoven or Brahms. But Wagner did. Is there some esoteric significance in that?

Whether it has a program or not, it is difficult to listen to this symphony of Stravinsky's without imagining a ballet to accompany it. It is of the same essence as "Péroushka" and the "Rite of Spring," as dancical as can be.

See pg. 52

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Seventh Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 22, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23, at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN Conducting

HAYDN.....Symphony in C minor, No. 95

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante cantabile
- III. Menuetto: Trio
- IV. Finale: vivace

STRAVINSKY.....Symphony in Three Movements

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Con moto

INTERMISSION

RAVEL....."Le Tombeau de Couperin," Suite

- I. Prélude
- II. Forlane
- III. Menuet
- IV. Rigaudon

STRAUSS....."Death and Transfiguration," Tone Poem, Op. 24

BALDWIN PIANO

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Could not Léonide Massine be persuaded to invent some choreography for this score, instead of molesting any more of the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms, which, being real symphonies, do not need his aid? He might turn out something as good balletically as "Nobilissima Visione," even if the music should seem to be less novel than Hindemith's.

The Ravel was played with an elegant charm, and the Strauss with the utmost in tonal glory and eloquence.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Camargo Guarnieri conducted the first performance in the United States of his own Symphony at the concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Serge Koussevitzky conducted the remainder of the program, which consisted of two 19th Century Russian works: the Prelude to Moussorgsky's opera "Khovantschina," and "Scheherazade" by Rimsky-Korsakoff.

At the age of 39 Mr. Guarnieri is regarded by some authorities as the leading contemporary composer of Brazil. He had been known here by his "Abertura Concertante," which he conducted at Symphony concerts in 1943, and other music.

The Symphony, which is his first and is dedicated to Serge Koussevitzky, and which won first prize in the Luiz Alberto Penteado de Rezende contest for the best modern symphony expressing the Brazilian sentiment, is a work of much cleverness and spirit. The three movements are entitled Rude (which means without polish), Profundo and Radioso, (bright). They are all of that. They also are heavy in orchestration, boldy adventurous in the use of dissonant counterpoint, and probably too long for what they have to say. Yet about the work as a whole is a definite sense of emotional feeling as well as of "pattern music" and an impression of formal logic.

Apart from a slow, march-like section in the slow movement, which suggests the jungle or at least primitive life, the Symphony sounds European to one North American. Guarnieri might have studied the scores of Hindemith, perhaps Ravel, maybe Copland. It is difficult to spot the sources of Guarnieri's style. But it is easy to see that he has a contemporary

point of view and a distinct musical personality.

Mr. Guarnieri seemed content to beat the tempo and hand out cues. There was little attention to nuances. The orchestra played well for him in what seemed to be a painstaking and conscientious performance. Yet I suspected that he was following the orchestra rather than they him. It is possible that another conductor might make more of the Symphony than did its creator. At any rate, Mr. Guarnieri and his music received a good hand.

As if for the millionth time intent on displaying the supreme virtuosity of his orchestra, Mr. Koussevitzky drew a performance of the "Khovantschina" Prelude that was a marvel of sustained pianissimo, every detail just about perfect. As for "Scheherazade," that model of solid but colorful orchestration was never more eloquent than yesterday.

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Camargo Guarnieri, distinguished Brazilian composer, conducted at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon the initial performance in the United States of his First Symphony, dedicated to Dr. Serge Koussevitzky. The latter led the first and third numbers of the current Boston Symphony program, namely, Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovantschina" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade." This was not Mr. Guarnieri's first visit to Boston. In 1943 he conducted here his "Abertura (Overture) Concertante." Not before, however, had we heard a Latin-American symphony. The "Sinfonia Indica" and "Sinfonia de Antigona" of Chavez are not symphonies in the conventional sense. That of Mr. Guarnieri runs in three movements, which bear the respective designations: "Rude," "Profundo" and "Bright" (Rude, Profundo, Radioso).

The music of this Brazilian, whose surname betrays his half-Italian parentage, bears little resemblance to that of his countryman, Villa-Lobos, with which we are tolerably familiar. There is nothing about it that is vague, amorphous, impressionistic. Mr. Guarnieri does not use color for its own sake. In fact, his tonal palette is on the drab side. Praised for his skill in counterpoint, he indulges freely in fugatos and canons. His music is sinewy, tough-fibred. Folk material, primitive rhythms, etc., are employed, but everything is fitted into the symphonic design.

Though this folk material is Brazilian, there was a hint in the first movement of the music of the American Indian and elsewhere passages

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SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Eighth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 29, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 30, at 8:30 o'clock

MOUSSORGSKY.....Prelude to "Khovantschina"

GUARNIERI Symphony

- I. Rude
- II. Profundo
- III. Radioso

(First performance; conducted by the composer)

INTERMISSION

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV.....Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" (after "The Thousand Nights and a Night"), Op. 35

- I. The Sea and Sindbad's Ship
- II. The Story of the Kalandar Prince
- III. The Young Prince and the Young Princess
- IV. Festival at Baghdad. The Sea. The Ship goes to Pieces on a Rock surmounted by a Bronze Warrior. Conclusion.

BALDWIN PIANO

The concerts on Tuesday Evenings will be broadcast (9:30 — 10:30) on the network of the American Broadcasting Company.

Scores and information about music on this program may be seen in the Music Room of the Boston Public Library.

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that suggest our Deep South. Nevertheless, the work was awarded the first prize in a contest for the "Best Modern Symphony" expressing the Brazilian sentiment and spirit. Mr. Guarnieri and his music were well received yesterday, though probably many in the audience shared the feeling of this particular observer that the piece was interesting rather than absorbing. 11-30-46

Dr. Koussevitzky's contribution was hardly of great musical significance. He has played the Moussorgsky Prelude times without number, and no later than last April. He does it beautifully, of course. That other war horse, "Scheherazade," he rode a bit hard yesterday, and while there was plenty of excitement the performance was by no means the most

Guarnieri Work to Have Première

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Camargo Guarnieri, Brazilian composer, has come north to the United States for the express purpose of presenting his Symphony No. 1 at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. Mr. Guarnieri at home has supervision of the Municipal music activities of São Paulo, and in that capacity he looks after a chorus, a string quartet, a trio, and an orchestra. He is in the routine of conducting and he appears in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening directing the Boston Symphony players in his own work only. Other doings of the two occasions are in Dr. Koussevitzky's charge. 11-27-46

Mr. Guarnieri is very content to be in Boston just now because of the cool weather which a town in the North Temperate Zone enjoys in November—quite the reverse of conditions in São Paulo; and he is happy to have his music welcomed to the Boston Symphony repertory.

Two symphonies constitute Mr. Guarnieri's record in the field of large orchestral composing. Symphony No. 1, written in 1944, has been performed in São Paulo, in

Buenos Aires, in Montevideo, and in Santiago, Chile. Symphony No. 2 remains to be brought out. No. 1, in three movements, dedicated to Serge Koussevitzky, and now bidding for a hearing before audiences in the United States, looks, from the score, like a fairly strict classic construction; and at the same time like something modern in manner and in feeling. The idea of themes and developments pervades the pages. The material shows inventiveness and individuality; whether all-round originality or not, listeners will have to decide.

The movements could in all reason be designated Allegro, Adagio, and Molto Allegro; but

instead of these usual generalizations the composer has chosen three captions that he thinks better indicate his purpose — first movement, Rude; second movement, Profondo; and third movement, Radioso.

It may not be widely known that most conductors are singers. But in their way they are. Composers, perhaps, are not. But a conductor can sing a passage to his players and give them quite a notion of how it ought to go. Now Mr. Guarnieri in character of conductor opened out the score of his Symphony No. 1 at his hotel room the other morning and sang the first movement right through — introduction, statement of subjects, variations, coda, and everything, with rhythm, shading, and understandable symphonic effect. All the more interesting, too, because the movement closes with a fugue, based on the second theme, which in its nature is of marked, heavily accented outline.

Mr. Guarnieri does not take the classic form so seriously as to think he must have a diversion in comic vein for contrast or whatever else. Nor does he dodge the responsibility of writing a slow movement. The Profondo is a tuneful episode in what the music-appreciation people call song form, with air, middle division, and return, plus a coda. Scholar-

ship enters here in unmasked guise, the second theme being treated in what the theorists denote as a canon in the "fourth above."

The Finale is bright and swift, radiating something like humor if not boisterous fun; and the accents are there in Brazilian plenitude. But something enters here that borders on the sentimental, and that is perhaps as much North as South American, if not also European. It is a strain at once familiar and pulled out of the sky. Mr. Guarnieri says it goes in the hypophrygian mode and after a sixteenth-century or seventh-century style of composing.

The endings of the movements in Symphony No. 1 are deliberate and prepared, though in no case long drawn out. The work has comprehensible shape and proportion. There seems to be little waste sound and no gratuitous decoration in the instrumental parts. What is written should be heard—strings, brass, wood, throughout, and even piano, which happens to figure in the ensemble.

Mr. Guarnieri has calculated the performing time of the three movements down to minutes and seconds. That, of course, shows him in the role of conductor. To reproduce his notations on the score, minutes only—first movement, 8; second, 13; third, 8.

Guarnieri's First, Conducted by Composer

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky returned to the Symphony Hall podium yesterday to conduct the eighth program in the Friday-Saturday series of Boston Symphony concerts. For this occasion he had selected the following works: Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovanstchina," Camargo Guarnieri's First Symphony, and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Schéhérazade" Suite.

Mr. Guarnieri, a young Brazilian composer who has been de-

scribed by Aaron Copland as "the most exciting 'unknown' talent in South America," conducted his symphony, which had its first performance in the United States yesterday. Mr. Guarnieri must have been deeply gratified by this tribute from his distinguished American colleague, who also found in his music a warmth and imagination "touched by a sensibility that is profoundly Brazilian." The symphony was received cordially by the Friday audience, whose plaudits the composer shared generously with the orchestra. 11-30-46

Yet this symphony, although it uses themes of a folk character which are plausibly enough Brazilian, might have been written in

Moscow, Paris, London, or New York, as well as in Rio de Janeiro. It does not reveal the "personality" that Mr. Copland found in other of the composer's works. The employment of Brazilian themes does not assure a symphony profoundly Brazilian in spirit, any more than their handling according to the common practices of twentieth-century composers can be called strongly individual.

Here we have angular, sharply accented material, complicated rhythmic patterns, a long and repetitious slow movement, acerb harmonies, and accepted compositional procedures. It is all very competent, but also very familiar. Individuality, originality are wanting. Perhaps these qualities will be apparent in other works by this composer, who is interesting because his conventionality offers such a strong contrast to the musical radicalism of his compatriot Villa-Lobos.

For the rest, Dr. Koussevitzky's program did not stir anticipation particularly. But it is never safe to judge our conductor's programs by their printed aspect. His performances often illuminate and electrify the most familiar material. So it was yesterday with the Prelude to "Khovanstchina," which had a performance surpassing any this writer had ever heard. The exquisiteness of tone, the lyrical flow, the subtlety of accent seemed to reflect not merely a dawn on the Moskva River but the dawn of a new world. Very seldom do even this conductor and this orchestra achieve such a musical revelation. It is doubtful if its like could be heard anywhere else on the planet.

Symphony Concert

The 8th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Camargo Guarnieri was guest conductor of the first performance of his own new Symphony. The program was as follows:

Prelude to "Khovanstchina" Moussorgsky
Symphony Guarnieri
Symphonic Suite, "Scheherazade" Rimsky-Korsakov
Op. 35.....

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

We had all been induced to expect a good deal from Mr. Camargo Guarnieri's new Symphony, which had its first performance yesterday with the composer conducting. What with Mr. Copland's glowing words in the program and the facts that it was a prize-winning composition in Brazil and was dedicated to Serge Koussevitzky, I awaited the Symphony with impatience convinced that here would be a fresh and stimulating new score. I may say at once that I was grievously let down. *41-30-46*

It is not hard to see why the Symphony won a prize. Its form throughout must have been perfectly clear and familiar to the judges, and nothing upsets them more than unconventionality of form. The fact that the composer introduced a fugue on the recapitulation of the second subject in the first movement probably did him no harm either. I assume, too, that they were Brazilian judges who could readily recognize the use of native thematic material. But the winning of a prize merely predicates that the composer is competent and knows his way around, especially on paper.

Mr. Guarnieri's Symphony did not, for me, come off in the concert hall, was in fact a bore. I do not for a moment suggest, though, that the slow movement was as monumental a bore as the long slow movements of Shostakovich. But for all that neither the first nor the second movements had much to say, beyond a classically correct and mildly dissonant manner of saying it. The finale had more to it and some agreeable tricks of orchestration to give the material spice. But by and large I am afraid the new Symphony is neither an impressive nor a provocative work.

Russian music thoroughly familiar to the public filled the rest of the program. Moussorgsky's Prelude to "Khovanstchina" was played as recently as last spring and its atmospheric charm needs no further comment at this time. Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade" is one of the most astonishing tours de force in orchestral music, since

it makes such an extraordinary variety of use and keeps it up so long with so little thematic material. It is practically a musical re-enactment of the miracle of the loaves and fishes. Because of its many solos it needs a virtuoso orchestra to perform it, so that Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra are in their element in projecting it.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will be away on what it sometimes naively refers to as its "western" tour.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the ninth concert in its regular series yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 3.....Copland
Violoncello Concerto in D major...Haydn
Prelude to "Lohengrin".....Wagner
Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg".....Wagner

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The repetition so soon of Aaron Copland's Third Symphony proved to be worth while for various reasons. Although the score is by no means as complex as to form and content as many other modern compositions, it is still not easy to assimilate at a first hearing. Then, if the expressive quality of the Symphony is fairly open and direct, the work is exceedingly difficult to play. There are countless little details to be brought out and probably only a superb body of instrumentalists can do so effectively. Thus on both counts it was a good idea to repeat it while most of us retained some memory of it and while the orchestra had it freshly rehearsed. *12-14-46 News*

I should say that if the Symphony does not improve at a second hearing it keeps its position as Mr. Copland's most important score and

one of the more impressive modern works to be heard in this or last season. The first movement gains by repetition; its well-knit construction becomes clearer with a corresponding increase in the impact of what it has to say. The finale, on the other hand, does not stand up so well and emerges as more bombastic than eloquent. The scherzo remains a brilliant work of its kind and the andantino continues to hold the attention.

It is curious how so great an artist and cellist as Mr. Piatigorsky can contrive to get so ludicrously, monstrously out of the picture as he did yesterday in the Haydn Concerto. The only time the music sounded right, as to its period and what it is, was when the small orchestra under Dr. Koussevitzky was playing the tutti. And even then whenever Mr. Piatigorsky played in the tutti, particularly at the very end, the performance turned into little more than a flashy vulgar show.

The Concerto was further burdened with three cadenzas, just as if Mr. Piatigorsky did not play his part of the entire first movement as though it were written to be a cadenza. It was, in short, a monumentally egotistical interpretation. We have all heard Mr. Piatigorsky so many times when his splendid artistry and technique on the cello were a joy to hear, that it is all the more tiresome to listen to and watch him play fast and loose with a simple and gracious work. At any rate he does not have to worry about what is said here, since he received a huge measure of applause for his high-jinks.

The orchestra was apparently so pressed for time on its tour that Dr. Koussevitzky merely filled up the rest of the program with the two Wagner Preludes which he conducted last March.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week we shall get a more original program, with Darius Milhaud conducting his own Suite Provencale and Symphony No. 2 and Mr. Burgin leading three pieces by the late Manuel de Falla.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Fresh—and not so fresh—from a Western trip of unusual length and, apparently, of unprecedented artistic and popular success, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and his orchestra yesterday afternoon gave the first of the ninth pair of "regular" Symphony concerts. Under the circumstances a program

of novel or unfamiliar music was out of the question. Possibly because he thought that we could not get it the first time, the conductor gave us another chance at the Third Symphony of Aaron Copland, which he introduced to the world last October. Gregor Piatigorsky was again soloist in the little Concerto of Haydn, and the remaining numbers, repeated from last spring, were Wagner's Preludes to "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger."

The first performance of the Copland Symphony found press and public divided. This reviewer spoke for the opposition and a rehearing of the work did not cause him to regard it with any more favor. As before, the two slow movements seemed decidedly on the meagre side and the two fast ones anything but distinguished, though because there is more going on they are easier to listen to. The noisily empty conclusion is of a nature to incite an audience to applause and again there was a considerable show of enthusiasm at the end. The Symphony as a whole leans heavily on Mr. Copland's previous music and there are suggestions of other composers. My personal feeling is that his

inventive powers are not up to filling successfully a canvas of these dimensions. As pure sound the Symphony is not always agreeable. Violins and trumpets are kept over-long in the high register and there is a rather too liberal use of percussion instruments. *12-14-46 Post*

One would rather have heard the gigantic Mr. Piatigorsky in a concerto a little nearer his size—referring to his musical, not his physical stature. That he gave this amiable 18th century trifle the benefit of a superior performance of the solo part goes without saying. Dr. Koussevitzky's Wagner may sound well, but somehow it doesn't always sound just like Wagner. Having got all shrilled up in the Copland, the trumpets couldn't get unshrilled again and they lent an unwagnerian blare to the climaxes of the two Preludes.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Returned from an extraordinarily successful mid-Western tour, Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the Friday subscribers a concert mostly of familiar music at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. True, the Third Symphony of Aaron Copland, which began the program, is not exactly familiar, but its first performances had been given here only last October. Copland was followed by Haydn of the Cello Concerto, with

Gregor Piatigorsky as soloist. Two Preludes by Wagner, those to "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger," brought up the rear.

There's no doubt about it. The Copland Third Symphony is one of the most impressive works in all American music. Hearing it again only strengthens one's first impressions of its structural solidity and logic, its salience of ideas, and the skill with which it is put together. Virgil Thomson, as quoted in the program book, may pick his own flaws in the orchestration, but the writing for the many instruments used is certainly striking. I wonder how many orchestras, incidentally, could cope successfully with those tricky entrances and accents of the second movement?

Copland does go at it for quite a length, but even so, the significance of his music is not weakened. In what he has to say there is a pleasant sense of forthrightness, perhaps even of simplicity. The Symphony still receives my vote as one of the two best American symphonies yet composed. 12-14-46 *SLK*

Mr. Piatigorsky may have been a little careless yesterday about entering or stopping just on the split second, but he gave a superlatively gracious and easeful performance in Haydn's charming Concerto. The tone he produced was, as always, a mixture of brilliance and tenderness, clean and impeccably pitched, and never the least bit dry.

There was sheer fun in the tune of the finale, which will never sound the same again to those who have read Sir Donald Tovey, and the doggerel that fits the rhythm so well: "The town that voted the earth was flat, flat as my hat, yet flatter than that!" Mr. Koussevitzky used a reduced orchestra, which was appropriate for this Concerto. At the end, all hands were tumultuously applauded.

In the "Lohengrin" Prelude the string tone was celestial, but there was piercing and out-of-place vibrato from the trumpet. Mr. Koussevitzky took it slowly, building up

ion, it called in Gregor Piatigorsky to illustrate his gifts in the Haydn Concerto in D major for Violoncello. As a reminder of days gone, it offered a couple of informal readings in Wagner—Prelude to "Lohengrin" and Prelude to "Meistersinger."

Possibly it would be proper to refer to the leading work on the program as the Koussevitzky-Copland Symphony, for the reason that the Koussevitzky Music Foundation commissioned it, and all Mr. Copland did was to write it. At any rate, here is how the case stands—Dr. Koussevitzky has made the Symphony No. 3 like something his very own. There can be no doubt whatever that he regards it as representing the highest hopes of the Foundation, and as therefore inviting the most serious attention of his audiences.

To judge how the Friday afternoon subscribers took the Symphony, hearing it now for the second time since its completion three months ago, the applause hardly amounted to an indication; for everybody was glad to welcome Dr. Koussevitzky back to the platform and happy to commend his brilliant handling of the players in this repeated Boston performance. But the public rarely receives an unaccustomed type of music with outward expression of enthusiasm. It feels surprise at the time, and it comes out with approval, if at all, a long while afterwards.

Whatever the event may be, there can no great harm result if someone right now gives No. 3 all possible praise, describing it as an effort right out in the international artistic front, and as an accomplishment that leaves men like Strauss and Ravel, to say nothing of Stravinsky and Prokofiev, trailing.

Up to now, composers have

Piatigorsky as Soloist in Haydn Concerto

By Winthrop P. Tryon

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concluded its western tour yesterday afternoon with a visit home, where it stays a while before a swing down in the New York direction. It returned to Symphony Hall for its ninth pair of concerts in the regular Boston series, bringing the Aaron Copland Symphony No. 3, which it has been exhibiting on the road. To vary matters in pleasant fashion,

treated the modern orchestra as nothing but an enlarged and amplified classic ensemble. We had only to listen to Wagner yesterday to be convinced of that. Copland discovers in it an altogether new compound of sonorities, capable not only of proclaiming old verities with larger voice, but also of searching out thoughts hitherto hidden. His manner of making a melody struggle up through an overlay of discord is in for being

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

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SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 14, at 8:30 o'clock

COPLAND.....Symphony No. 3

- I. Molto moderato, with simple expression
- II. Allegro molto
- III. Andantino quasi allegretto
- IV. Molto deliberato (Fanfare); allegro risoluto

INTERMISSION

HAYDN.....Violoncello Concerto in D major

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro

WAGNER.....Prelude to "Lohengrin"

WAGNER.....Prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg"

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Speaking of the soloist, Mr. Piatigorsky showed unwillingness to be acclaimed for his playing in the quaint Haydn Concerto. He knew that he and the reduced group of executants supporting him were there just for relief and contrast. But what a pleasure to hear his warm-voiced cello again, and what an old-fashioned joy the cadenza of the opening Allegro!



GREGOR PIATIGORSKY . . . Bring to your

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Tenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 20, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 21, at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN *Conducting*

MILHAUD.....Symphony No. 2

- I. Paisible
- II. Mystérieux
- III. Douloureux
- IV. Avec sérénité
- V. Allelouia

(First performance; Conducted by the composer)

INTERMISSION

MANUEL DE FALLA.....Suite from "El Amor Brujo," "Love the Sorcerer"
(November 23, 1876 — November 14, 1946)

Pantomime — Dance of Terror — The Magic Circle — Ritual Dance of Fire

FALLA....."Nights in the Gardens of Spain,"
Symphonic Impressions for Piano and Orchestra

- I. At Generalife.
- II. Distant Dance.
- III. In the Gardens of the Sierra of Cordova.

Piano: LUISE VOSGERCHIAN

FALLA.....Three Dances from the Ballet,
"El Sombrero de Tres Picos"

This program will end about 4:15 on Friday Afternoon,
10:15 o'clock on Saturday Evening

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

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Milhaud as Guest at Symphony Hall

Composer Conducts His Second Symphony

By Winthrop P. Tryon

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, was in the hands of two men at the tenth afternoon of the regular series of concerts yesterday, Darius Milhaud, visiting from California, and Richard Burgin, Dr. Koussevitzky's associate in the musical directing. Mr. Milhaud came on from the West to conduct the first performance of his Symphony No. 2, which filled the first half of the program. Mr. Burgin had charge in the second half, presenting music of Manuel de Falla. In the Falla pieces, which numbered three—"Love the Sorcerer," "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," and "Three Cornered Hat"—Luise Vosgerchian took part as pianist. 12-27-46

Interesting about Mr. Milhaud's contribution to the day was his easy command of the orchestra and the uncommon clarity, in both sound and expression, of the work which he submitted to Bostonians. If anyone expected a modern style of composing and modern material of melody and harmony, there they were. But if anyone looked for confusion, noise, indecision, or waywardness, there they were not. But again, if anyone entertained misgivings about the composition as a symphony in the classic idea of the form, justification for them could be found. The old cycle of movements is not paralleled here. The succession—Peaceful, Mysterious, Sad, With Serenity, and Alleluia—is something else than Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, and Finale.

Just the same, the work is a unit of construction. It stands enclosed within walls. Each of the five sections is wanted for support of the whole, and each needs the other four to complete its meaning. It would be easy to say that the concluding Fugue, could stand by itself as a song of praise;

but then, praise of what? The what? resides in the thoughts and moods that go before. *omit*

The Fugue, indeed, is an admirable study—strict as can be, yet smooth and fluent. It is a remarkable case of a design meant for distinct and independent moving parts or voices being applied to a large instrumental ensemble. Everything is as clear, every melody, above, below, or inside, as it would be on an instrument of keys or in a string quartet. Some listeners might object that Mr. Milhaud here is not thinking in terms of a grand orchestra at all, but really in those of a chamber-music group. But if they do, they have got to answer why the full force of the orchestral choirs do not somewhere break up the tissue and disorganize the pattern.

At any rate, Mr. Milhaud shows here the hand of a master and does much to warrant Dr. Koussevitzky's policy regarding visiting conductors and the production of new music. An occasion like yesterday keeps the Boston Symphony at the artistic forefront.

The Falla music went brilliantly under Mr. Burgin's interpretation. In an old-fashioned view of things, two items from the Falla shelf would have answered as well as three. But perhaps the multi-colored type of program is gone by. We demand strong and firm impressions now.

Miss Vosgerchian in the three tone pictures that make up "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" filled something quite like the role of soloist. She excelled, too, for platform manner and for tone and technique at the keyboard.

see also page 163

Eleventh Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 27, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 28, at 8:30 o'clock

CHARLES MUNCH Conducting

JAUBERT....."Sonata a Due" for Violin, Violoncello and Strings

- I. Sinfonia (Adagio; Allegro non troppo)
- II. Divertimento (Vivace)
- III. Aria (Molto lento)
- IV. Toccata (Allegro marcato)

Violin: RICHARD BURGIN

Violoncello: JEAN BEDETTI

(First performance in the United States)

ROUSSEL....."Ariane et Bacchus," Ballet, Second Suite, Op. 43

(First performance in Boston)

HONEGGER.....Symphony for Strings

- I. Molto moderato
- II. Adagio mesto
- III. Vivace, non troppo

(First performance in the United States)

INTERMISSION

SAINT-SAËNS.....Symphony No. 3 in C minor
(with Organ) Op. 78

Adagio; Allegro moderato; Poco adagio
Allegro moderato; Presto; maestoso; allegro

Organ: E. POWER BIGGS

This program will end about 4:25 on Friday Afternoon
10:25 o'clock on Saturday Evening

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At any rate, Mr. Milhaud shows here the hand of a master and does much to warrant Dr. Koussevitzky's policy regarding visiting conductors and the production of new music. An occasion like yesterday keeps the Boston Symphony at the artistic forefront.

The Falla music went brilliantly under Mr. Burgin's interpretation. In an old-fashioned view of things, two items from the Falla shelf would have answered as well as three. But perhaps the multi-colored type of program is gone by. We demand strong and firm impressions now.

Miss Vosgerchian in the three tone pictures that make up "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" filled something quite like the role of soloist. She excelled, too, for platform manner and for tone and technique at the keyboard.

Eleventh Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 27, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 28, at 8:30 o'clock

CHARLES MUNCH Conducting

JAUBERT....."Sonata a Due" for Violin, Violoncello and Strings

- I. Sinfonia (Adagio; Allegro non troppo)
- II. Divertimento (Vivace)
- III. Aria (Molto lento)
- IV. Toccata (Allegro marcato)

Violin: RICHARD BURGIN

Violoncello: JEAN BEDETTI

(First performance in the United States)

ROUSSEL....."Ariane et Bacchus," Ballet, Second Suite, Op. 43

(First performance in Boston)

HONEGGER.....Symphony for Strings

- I. Molto moderato
- II. Adagio mesto
- III. Vivace, non troppo

(First performance in the United States)

INTERMISSION

SAINT-SAËNS.....Symphony No. 3 in C minor
(with Organ) Op. 78

Adagio; Allegro moderato; Poco adagio
Allegro moderato; Presto; maestoso; allegro

Organ: E. POWER BIGGS

This program will end about 4:25 on Friday Afternoon
10:25 o'clock on Saturday Evening

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

Munch to Lead Symphony; Bach and Mozart on Records

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Next Friday and Saturday the Boston Symphony Orchestra will have as its guest conductor Charles Munch, the conductor of the Paris Conservatory. Charles Munch is an Alsatian by birth (1895) and the "u" of his name should have an "umlaut" over it (these presses cannot reproduce accents) and should be pronounced as the French "tu" or the German "umlauted u." He will conduct an all-French program, consisting of Maurice Jaubert's "Sonata a due," the Second Suite from Albert Roussel's "Ariane et Bacchus," Arthur Honegger's Symphony for String Orchestra and Saint-Saens' Third Symphony in C minor with organ. The last named is familiar enough to the Boston Symphony's public, but the other items should provide both novelty and interest. Roussel's music is almost always rewarding to listen to, and it has been far too long since anything of Honegger's has been played.

As for M. Munch, I think the Boston public will certainly take to him as a conductor, even though to most of them he is an unknown quantity. I heard him once when he came to Brussels as guest conductor of the Philharmonic in the spring of 1945. The Brussels Philharmonic is a good orchestra under whose regular conductors the performances varied from the excellent to the indifferent. But under M. Munch's ministrations it became positively inspired and played far better than I ever heard it before or since. The main item on the program was our old friend, the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto in B flat minor, with Cole Henriot as soloist. The crowd was beside itself after this, partly, of course, because it had heard little Tchaikovsky for so long a time but also because the performance really merited such enthusiasm. From my own selfish point of view, however, I am just as glad that M. Munch has not selected this work for his Boston appearance.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Although it came two days late, yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert was in the nature of a very nice Christmas present. The all-French program, to be repeated this evening and tomorrow afternoon, was conducted by a man well qualified for the job, Charles Muench of Paris, now on his first visit to the United States. That well-known adjective, dynamic, suits Mr. Muench admirably, but there is something very solid about him, too, and there is reason to regret that his present visit is so short.

Unlike his countryman, Paul Paray, who visited us a year ago, Mr. Muench elected to introduce himself to Boston through unfamiliar music. The only number on his program already known here was the concluding item, Saint-Saens' Symphony in C minor with organ, which we last heard in February, 1938, and not too often in the years immediately preceding. 12-28-46

The new pieces, none of them hard to get or difficult to take, were a "Sonata a due" by Maurice Jaubert, who was killed in action in 1940; the Second Suite from Roussel's Ballet, "Ariane et Bacchus," and Honegger's Symphony for strings, with optional trumpet in the coda of the finale. It was used yesterday and with electrifying effect. To fall back on an always-useful metaphor, Jaubert's piece, for strings with solo violin and cello, is a case of new wine in an old bottle. However, the wine is not new enough to endanger the container. Mr. Jaubert writes discreetly and skillfully in frank simulation of the ancient manner. Messrs. Burgin and Bedetti as the soloists, and the small group of string players acquitted themselves admirably. This high level of performance was sustained throughout the afternoon.

You could sum up the other novelties briefly by saying that Honegger's Symphony has something in it and Roussel's Suite everything, including Wagner and Strauss as well as Ravel and Roussel himself. However, it made such excellent and satisfying listening that you wonder why a piece that good, on the market for 14 years, had been withheld from us so long. Composed in Paris during the German occupation, Honegger's Symphony expresses not a little of the sorrow and bitterness that filled the minds and hearts of the French people at that time. The finale is exciting and the whole work bespeaks its composer's mastery.

In a performance less discerning, less intense than the one accorded it yesterday, Saint-Saens' 60-year-old Symphony can seem no more than a well constructed bit of musical mechanics, with a sentimental slow movement and a sententious conclusion. As presented by Mr. Muench, it was good to hear again.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Charles Munch made his first appearance in the United States yesterday afternoon as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The distinguished French musician, conductor of the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, impressed me immediately as an interpreter and technician of high rank.

His all-French program brought one piece new to this country, Maurice Jaubert's "Sonata a due"; two new to Boston: the Second Suite from Roussel's ballet "Ariane et Bacchus" and Honegger's Symphony for Strings. The final number was Saint-Saens' Third Symphony, with the organ part taken by E. Power Biggs.

Mr. Munch conducted from memory; there were no scores before him. Such can be a stunt, but here you felt that the music thoroughly detailed in his mind. Mr. Munch did not need the printed notes to guide him.

He is an interpreter of passionate temperament and a remarkable sense of elasticity and rhythm. The afternoon through, you felt rhythmic vitality in every measure. He makes music "sing", and he also is fastidious about having everything clear and well-proportioned. Even when the orchestra was surging along at terrific volume almost the tiniest inner voices were perceptible. 12-28-46

As might be expected from a Gallic musician, Mr. Munch seems to favor a tone somewhat brighter and thinner than we are accustomed to hear, yet of good body, unforced color and consistent polish. He is exacting as to tempo, energetic but not flamboyant in his gestures. It would be rewarding to hear him in other styles of the symphonic repertory. Certainly he ought to be invited to return, and the sooner the better.

The late Jaubert's "Sonata a due" is really too small for a large hall. It is a chamber sonata with violin and cello solos, calling for about 30

musicians. The style, far from radical, is perhaps on the neo-classical side. Honegger's Symphony, conversely, is a big piece, and it is at once intellectual and full of emotional tensions. Both the Jaubert and Honegger are beautifully written for their expressive medium, yet both are a little dry and preeminently musicians' music.

Roussel has been unjustly neglected here in the last eight or 10 years. The "Ariane et Bacchus" Suite, a sinewy and muscular score, is also colorful and large, winding up with a thumping, pulse-quickening bacchanale. If in its color, descriptive power and full-bodied orchestral texture it may suggest late 19th Century German music like that of the younger Strauss or even Mahler, it nevertheless is highly original and it is not inflated or pompous. We should hear this work again.

As Mr. Munch read it, the Saint-Saens Third Symphony took on momentarily the significance, weight and deep seriousness of a great masterpiece. Actually it is much less than that, but it contains luscious sounds and is a grand show.

Symphony Concert

The 11th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Muench conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Sonata a due.....Jaubert
2nd Suite from the Ballet,
"Ariane et Bacchus".....Roussel
Symphony for Strings.....Honegger
Symphony No. 3 in C minor
(with organ) Op. 78.....Saint-Saens

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Our distinguished French visitor, Charles Muench, who made his American debut yesterday as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony, won and deserved an ovation for his interpretations of three modern and unfamiliar works and the sonorous and well-known Symphony of Saint-Saens. Not since the memorable first appearance here a good many years ago of Dmitri Mitropoulos have I witnessed a more remarkable or rewarding occasion in which a guest conductor so impressed his artistic personality on the public. 12-28-46

As I wrote last Sunday, I was prepared for M. Muench's great talents as a musician and conductor by having heard him in Europe two years ago, when he was guest conductor of the Brussels Philharmonic. He is a musician of great intelligence and integrity and

an inspired conductor. There was nothing histrionic about his interpretations yesterday. They were dramatically sound recreations of the music and at every point M. Muench graciously acknowledged the superb co-operation which he had from the orchestra. Indeed, he got the best out of them and would be the first to admit it.

Over and above the fire and excellence of the interpretations there was a wealth of most interesting music to be heard. Most surprising of the unfamiliar scores was the Roussel Suite from "Ariane et Bacchus." Roussel is an intellectual composer who certainly in his 3rd and 4th Symphonies achieved inspiration as well. But here is a brilliant ballet suite from which the intellectual element has been largely erased. It is an exciting and exotic score, and I venture to say that you have to go back to Ravel's "Daphnis et Chloe" for anything comparable in its effect. Why on earth so fascinating a work has been untouched by the Boston Symphony heretofore I cannot imagine.

Maurice Jaubert's "Sonata a Due" for violin, 'cello and strings and Honegger's Symphony for Strings were played for the first time in the United States. Honegger is a composer who has been far too much neglected in Boston, if not in the country at large. This composition is a masterly piece of writing for strings and a work of high artistic merit. Particularly moving are the adagio and the arresting finale. Here is neo-classicism at its strongest and best. If we are going to hear Copland's Symphony repeated during a season, neither the Honegger nor the Roussel of this concert should be allowed to languish on the shelf.

By contrast the Jaubert work suffered, though it is far from a negligible composition. It is in fact a concerto grosso in a modern idiom but stemming from Handel. Especially charming are the divertimento and the toccata, but the entire work is well-written and interesting. The fact that the composer was killed in the French army in 1940 adds to the regret one feels that so talented an artist should have been cut off by war.

The Saint-Saens Symphony was given a gorgeous performance, that at the same time was never forced. If to a certain extent the sentiments

to which Saint-Saens gives utterance date, the masterly way in which he says them does not. It made a tremendous effect yesterday and had the audience remaining afterwards to applaud M. Muench and the orchestra for a memorable concert.

This concert will be repeated tonight and Sunday afternoon. Next week Serge Koussevitzky returns to conduct the first performance in America of Strauss' "Metamorphosen," Martinu's Concerto Grosso and Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" Symphony. *Herald*

Noted French Conductor Is Boston Guest

By Donald O. J. Messenger

Staff Writer of
The Christian Science Monitor

Boston's Symphony Orchestra, baked beans and plentiful heat all came in for admiring comment, sounding all the more enthusiastic for being heard in French, as Charles Münch, conductor of the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, came out of rehearsals at Symphony Hall today. M. Münch is guest conductor for the holiday week-end concerts by the orchestra. *12-24-46 mmh*

"This heat! I am not used to it!" he exclaimed as he buttoned his shirt collar and knotted his tie again. In Paris, he explained, winter rehearsals have to be carried on in overcoats quite often because of the complete absence of heating in concert halls today.

But lack of physical warmth is not matched by any absence of warm interest in music. M. Münch said later over a plate of Boston baked beans in the Symphony Hall lunchroom upstairs.

After remarking of the beans and brownbread, "Ah! The national dish of Boston!" he discussed musical trends in France.

The stream of musical development in his country, he said, is continuing uninterrupted. There have been no major bursts of imitation of other styles, as there have been in some other countries, but the music of the older composers is still performed with real relish and enjoyment, and their younger brethren tend to develop the same styles gradually.

Honegger, he said, is a great driving force in current musical development, but he added that he would not attempt to name others of real importance for fear of forgetting some of his friends, who might not forget any such oversight!

Cont. A-19. 69.

Münch at Symphon

Guest Conductor Presents Program of French Music

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Everything was French at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, Charles Münch, from the Paris Conservatory, conducting. The music covered the decades from the '80's down to the present, the composer of earliest date being Saint-Saëns, with his Symphony No. 3 in C minor, carrying a part for organ, played by E. Power Biggs; the composer of the period just past being Roussel, with his "Ariane and Bacchus" Ballet Suite No. 2, op. 43; and composers of the War II period being Jaubert, with Sonata a Due, for Violin (Mr. Burgin), Violoncello (Mr. Bedetti), and Strings, and Honegger, with his Symphony for Strings.

Mr. Münch arranged matters on his program in a way to shake up chronology, making the small-sounding Jaubert piece, which wants only an elemental string group built on a pair of double basses, serve for opening; and going back in time to the Roussel Suite, which requires a full modern orchestra but gets along on moderate sonority, for his second item. From there he moved into the '40's again, leading the complete outfit of Boston Symphony Strings, through the rough and raucous scoring of Honegger. Then, intermission, and the pompous, jubilant Saint-Saëns work for the finish. *12-25-46 mmh*

Such a scheme is rather more subtle than Boston Symphony audiences are accustomed to, and it produced what might be called a decorative effect. At any rate, the arrangement of moods and the disposition of tone colorings lent an especial artistic aspect to the occasion.

The concert itself, accordingly, was a construction; and it was something agreeable to regard on its own general account, whatever anybody might think of it in detail. To take the mechanism down, however, and to examine one or two things, the piece most remarkable for ingenuity, or per-

naps say, originality, was the Honegger Symphony for Strings. For here the composer carries exploration beyond any point hitherto attained. We have only to recall Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht" to realize what an advance, if that is the word, Honegger has made. Neither of the old terms, classic and romantic, here apply. There needs new description and classification. Formal style and sweet sound are absent. Every group—first violins, seconds, violas, 'cellos and basses—speaks; and each is individually heard. It seems like complete social break-up; and yet they all get along together and exhibit a kind of unity.

A practical question is, whether many orchestras in the United States, or anywhere else, can put the work through to convincing performance. Mr. Münch did well, indeed, to get the Boston Symphony men into the swing of it in the short time he has had them under his baton.

Most charming of all was the Suite of Roussel, coming down in the tradition of Chabrier and Debussy, and hitting, no doubt, his own highest mark. The Jaubert piece is a delicate and pleasing study, a delightful challenge to the solo violinist and the solo 'cellist of the Orchestra, and exquisitely responded to. The Saint-Saëns Symphony is a captivating thing, notwithstanding its reiterations and its bombast. A certain ceremonial eloquence inheres in passages of moderate speed and deliberate song that we should hardly wish to do without.

Mr. Münch, free to swing his stick, having no desk and book before him, made an interesting platform figure. We could see the music in his motions as well as hear it on the instruments. There resulted, too, a broad phrasing and a larger rhythm that lent the day high distinction.



David Nilsson

Roy Harris, whose *Variations on a Theme of Howard Hanson* is being introduced at this week's Boston Symphony concerts.

Pg 35-- See program, Oct. 25, '46

TONAL MARATHONS

Long Musical Works May Well Be Cut,
But Controversies Sometimes Arise

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

BOTH as a heritage from the past or as the present continuation of an unfortunate tradition—you can have too much of even a good thing—the overlong work of art is still with us. The watchword of our era is brevity. Yet in the theatre we have had Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh;" in the concert hall the 7th and 8th Symphonies of Shostakovich; and in the opera house Prokofieff's "War and Peace," which the Metropolitan is considering and which apparently contains enough music to make two operas of ordinary length. I also recall some rather long novels and equally extensive movie versions of the same.

There are three things that conductor or producer can do about one of these dramatic or tonal marathons. He can give it in one piece and let the auditors squirm or perhaps walk out on him; he can split it; or he can cut it. The split method has its clear advantages. No one can cry "sacrilege," and our frail natures are accommodated. *11-3-46 Post*

The conventional way of splitting something is to give one act or one part before dinner and the rest afterwards. That is what is now being done in New York with O'Neill's "Iceman" and was done there and elsewhere with his "Strange Interlude."

I have sat through uncut Wagner in this country and not without fatigue. And I have heard these works in festival performances in Munich or Bayreuth, with time out for dinner in the opera house restaurant and for further sustaining of the inner man between acts II and III. Once, at the Tremont Theatre, we had a two-session "Parsifal" (in English) from the realtor-impresario, Henry W. Savage. If that were done today in America the orchestra would have to be paid for two performances, a very practical objection.

* * *

Splitting, however, is entirely practicable in the case of choral works, and Dr. Koussevitzky habitually does Bach's B minor Mass and "St. Matthew" Passion that way. Just why he or any other conductor is so squeamish about having an intermission in the course of a long symphony

is something that I can't figure out. It is the obvious solution, whether the composer be Bruckner, Mahler or Shostakovich. As a matter of fact, when the radio timetable forced his hand, Dr. Koussevitzky thus divided the Shostakovich 8th and there could be nothing but satisfaction with the result. So far as I know, splitting is never attempted in the case of Handel's "Messiah." You merely

get different cuts in different performances, and the same would be true of Meyerbeer's "The Huguenots," if that exceedingly long work were to come back into circulation. Contrary to popular belief, Wagner was not the first long-winded opera composer nor the last.

Cutting is an obvious way out and in some cases an actual necessity, but there may well be protests, both in and out of the public prints. You may feel personally cheated at being deprived of some passage you particularly cherish or it may be merely your sense of justice: the feeling that the composer is entitled to a break. A recent example of really damaging cutting was the performance of "Tannhaeuser" that the Metropolitan gave us last April. Admittedly, some of Wagner's best music is to be found in the revised first scene between Tannhaeuser and Venus, yet each year the Met shears away more and more of it.

Still more recently the issue has been raised with Dr. Koussevitzky's performances of the Bruckner 8th Symphony. In this curtailed version a work that would normally run to about an hour and a quarter was reduced to something over 50 minutes. Dr. Koussevitzky's contention is that he was doing the composer a service, always an arguable business. However, when Weingartner complained that the finale was too long, Bruckner himself advised him to shorten it, but merely as a temporary expedient. The cut that really distressed me and brought counter-fire from the conductor was one of 102 measures in the Adagio, a saving, according to Dr. Koussevitzky's calculation, of eight minutes and the elimination of "needless repetitions." Yet in the missing portion come measures of exceeding beauty, not found elsewhere, and the second of the movement's three great climaxes.

An attentive reader of the program notes might well have wondered what had happened to it. In the current issue of "Chord and Discord," the publication of the Bruckner Society of America, Philip Greeley Clapp speaks of Boston being "a fairly Bruckner-proof city until Karl Muck in 1913 was accused by certain critics of investing the Seventh and Ninth with 'a unity' (whatever that is) which they did not actually possess. This is not to say that Boston had not previously been exposed to Bruckner, but rather to garbled Bruckner; and, as is usual when a work is cut, truncated Bruckner really does seem too long, just as the head and limbs of a large man would seem monstrous if transferred to a child's torso." He may have something there, at that.

Noted French Conductor... Continued from p. 65.

Of the Boston Symphony, M. Münch said that it was very well known and very highly praised in Paris, but that it far exceeded his expectations, especially in its vitality. "Marvelous" was the word he used.

Speaking of vitality, the French conductor spoke of the difficulty of obtaining sufficient food, as well as enough heat for comfort, in France. Even fish, he remarked, was almost unobtainable when he left Paris. Asked the reason for this particular shortage, he merely shrugged expressive French shoulders.

Rather warmly, he added that in Belgium, next door, there was plenty of fish, plenty of food and plenty of heat—commenting only with one more shrug.

All of this, he indicated, made him appreciate the abundant good cheer of Christmastime in Boston even more.

But all such things, it appeared, while very pleasant in themselves, and something to talk about when he returns to the Paris Conservatory, were not so notable as the pleasure of conducting the Boston orchestra and sharing some of his musical abundance with its audiences. France was defeated in war, M. Münch added, but in music its prestige continued to be as high as ever, he hoped.

B.S.O., Chicago, Dec. 6 '46

These performances of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra were not, however, the sole symphonic music offered. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Serge Koussevitzky at its head, arrived to give a concert at Orchestra Hall, Dec. 6. The conductor's chief feature was the new third symphony by Aaron Copland, a work to which Dr. Koussevitzky evidently gives great importance, for he not only gave it this first local performance, but brought the composer with him to share in what he hoped would be a triumph, and also give him an opportunity to deliver a lecture as to what the score was all about.

12-4-46

It must be said that the Boston Symphony Orchestra delivered a performance that was of extraordinary brilliance. There should be recorded, too, the public acclamations which brought Mr. Copland with, and without, Dr. Koussevitzky to the stage to acknowledge them.

Criticism, however, is not in a position to declare that the new symphony is a masterpiece that is likely to take its place as America's most notable contribution to symphonic art. There is not, of course, any doubt about the interest of the work, or its skill of orchestration. What is lacking is the beauty of material, the emotional quickening without which no masterpiece can live. Nor is there sufficient contrast between the movements; for in all there is excitement and much loud scoring, and of tranquility and charm scarcely anything at all.

There were played in addition, the Prelude to Moussorgsky's "Khovanstchina" and the first symphony by Brahms. The wonderful tone and impeccable playing of the orchestra made this performance a memorable one.

Dr. Koussevitzky and his organization gave another program (Dec. 8) to a completely filled house, its constituents being Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, Debussy's "La Mer" and the F minor symphony by Tchaikovsky. A lofty standard was maintained in this, as in the previous concert.

The same afternoon, the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra gave a performance on its own account. It suffered a serious mishap in the inability of its regular conductor, Eugene Goossens, to appear, and his place was taken by a young and less experienced director, Thor Johnson. The program, moreover, attracted to the vast Opera House only a small gathering. It seems fairer, under the circumstances, to postpone criticism of the orchestra to a more favorable occasion.

Münch to Conduct Music Of Honegger and Jaubert

By Winthrop P. Tryon

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, keeps the holiday season musically active with presentation of works new to the town, on Friday and Saturday of this week. More than that, the Orchestra comes before the subscribers with a visiting conductor from France, Charles Münch, whose name brings up thoughts of the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory. This does not look the least like an end-of-the-year slump or let-down, such as has sometimes happened in the past.

As to the program, only one old repertory work will be played; and even that is of a type that but seldom gets billed for performance—the Symphony No. 3 in C minor, op. 78 (with Organ), by Saint Saëns. Another item that might be taken for a repeater but really is a new accession to the library of the Orchestra is Suite No. 2 from "Bacchus and Ariadne," by Roussel. 12-24-46

But speaking of main concerns, Mr. Münch brings in his portfolio from home a work by Arthur Honegger, entitled Symphony for Strings; and likewise one by a composer of unfamiliar name, Maurice Jaubert, entitled Sonata a due.

Now in regard to the holiday aspect of the matter, neither of these two pieces is on the order of the showy and exhibitory. Neither of them commands full

modern instrumental resources. The first calls only for the string choir, with addition of trumpets; while the second wants for its realization a mere chamber music ensemble—a reduced body of strings, along with solo violin and solo violoncello.

How could it be otherwise? The Honegger Symphony for Strings dates back to the year 1941, when the French school of composing had little cause for expressing itself in the jubilant tones of a

grand orchestra; and the second to the year 1942, when we might be surprised that it had anything to say at all.

We are beginning to learn what went on in Europe in the war days. In regard to Honegger, if he dismissed the orchestra as he had come to know it from his musings and contented himself with a mere string force, which might be of any size according to circumstances, but which would always be available in some magnitude or other, he seems by the look of his score, to have remained Honegger through everything.

His style of writing has the dissonant jar which we connect with his name. "Pacific No. 231" is still on the rails, grinding along and drawing its load. By associating himself early with gears, Honegger got motion and propulsion into his music, and the quality is as prominent as ever in this three-movement study on which he puts the appellation of Symphony. The sections may be properly termed Allegro, Andante, and Finale; and toward the end will be heard three trumpets in a unison which reads like the melody of an ancient chorale, very majestic, and we could rightly say pompous.

It is a good sign to find a composer behaving like himself instead of coming around in some disguise or other. If he has found a character he can call his own,

he had better stick to it. Bach is always Bach, and Beethoven is Beethoven. But in the case of the other piece we are considering, the composer, Jaubert scarcely had time in his brief career to disclose just what his individuality might be. According to information which Mr. Münch gives to John N. Burk, editor of the Boston Symphony Program Notes, Jaubert composed the Sonata a due, conducted a performance of it in Paris, and right away afterwards became a war casualty.

It could be produced perfectly, to judge by disclosure of the score, with almost no orchestra at all—by a dozen instruments, say. Very necessary, however, would be a solo violinist of high skill and sensitivity, and a solo 'cellist of equal gifts. Four movements stand on the paper, and much contrast is secured by full harmony of the ensemble, by the two solo instruments playing against the others and by carrying on besides as a more or less independent pair. A good deal will depend on how effectively the solo violin can make its voice appreciated above the general sonority.



Charles Münch, guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts this week end.

French Composer Presenting His New Second Symphony

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Darius Milhaud, the composer, collaborating with Richard Burgin this week in the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gives what is probably the first performance of his Symphony No. 2. We cannot be positive about the "first" aspect of the matter; for the work has been in the hands of conductors in Paris, who are possibly anticipating Mr. Milhaud in the première, though quite likely not. Mr. Milhaud comes on a visit east from California, bringing with him Mrs. Milhaud and their son, Daniel, who is himself an artist, but not a musical one. Daniel's line happens to be painting.

By what seems a strange chance, Mr. Milhaud finds it quite a novelty to hear his own music; that is to say, immediately upon composing it. Working as a teacher on the Pacific Coast, he manages to get some new ideas on paper once in a while; but as far as he fits into the scheme of things, he gets no farther than the writing. He will construct an orchestral score of some sort, as in this case he has designed and completed a symphony. He does not, however, get it performed right away in the West. He sends it on this way, or perhaps to Europe; and in due course someone brings it out.

That does not mean that he hears it. He may wait a long time for such a privilege. He may be described, therefore, as in some regards an absentee composer. He cultivates lands far from home and only rarely goes near them. This time, though, he is looking his domains over and is determining for himself how his affairs stand. He comes directly before audiences to learn what they think of him and to ascertain the effect of the communication which he has set down for them on the ruled lines.

Now it should be clearly understood that Mr. Milhaud stands today, just as he stood when he came to America in the days of after World War I, strictly in the character of a French composer. He may represent some movement or other of revolt against

old-school formalism; but he stands by the higher and the more permanent French traditions, and no mistake about it.

We ought in all respect and in all fairness to recognize when we listen to his music that we are in contact with those traditions, and that we are passing judgment on them as well as on him.

Accordingly, we shall be aware when we listen to his Symphony No. 2 of a certain Gallic restraint and moderation. We need not hope for noise and bluster, although we may experience some emotional shaking-up. We need not hope for any fantastic efforts at originality, although we

may plainly discern the mark of Milhaud individuality on everything. 12-19-46 *mm*

Mr. Milhaud, in the conductor's room at Symphony Hall the other morning, opened out the score of the No. 2. It was hard to believe that no part of the book but what he had gone over with the Boston Symphony Players in an hour's practice had ever come to his actual hearing.

Did it sound as he expected? he was asked.

"Yes; I would not think of placing music in front of performers without a clear idea of its effect."

Page one, as the book lay on the table, told the scheme of movements, French designations instead of the usual Italian ones—Paisible, Mystérieux, Dououreux, Avec Sérénité, Allélouia.

Five; one more than classic rule. Why?

"I wanted to close with a Fugue," explained Mr. Milhaud, "and that took me a step beyond the regular plan."

"No Scherzo; don't you care for humor?"

"You may discover signs of humor here and there; but I do not care for the formal scherzo movement. I do not go in that obvious vein."

"Do you mean each of the five divisions to be a distinct study, no running of one into another?"

"Yes, each in its own plan. A pause, and a new start right through, in succession."

"Is it a complete Fugue with

which you conclude?"

"Look at the notes. Here is a short preluding passage, and then the Fugue subject in the second violins. Exposition, development, and conclusion. I have scanted nothing, nor gone off the track anywhere."

"You have never heard the Alleluia played, and you are sure it will come out all right?"

"That is what composing means."

"Now take the scoring back along. In some pages it appears to be extremely light, and yet you use a complete modern orchestra."

"Everybody does not have to be kept playing all the time. Think of the score of Bizet's opera, 'Carmen.' It is a model of workmanship, yet it is nowhere heavily written. The result is that what is written you hear. A large sonority is not necessarily a piling on of instrumentation. It is a question of balance. Take notice of the percussion side of an orchestra. It can be powerful; then again, it can be subtle."

When Mr. Milhaud said "subtle," he may have had in thought the light stroke of the tam-tam, which somewhere in the hasty turning over of the pages came to view.

The interviewer, before leaving, mentioned the association of Mr. Milhaud's music with Brazil.

"That happened," said he, "because of a couple of years I spent there in the Legation. I got interested in Brazilian rhythms and folk tunes, and I have from time to time made use of them in my composing; but not here"—nodding his Olympian head at the manuscript folio before him and smoothing from his brow a lock of his coal-black hair—"no; this is a symphony."

Hub Symphony Woman Soloist

Delighted but quite calm at the prospect of playing with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Friday and Saturday is young Luise Vosgerchian, 22-year-old Watertown, Mass., pianist and composer.

"If you get nervous about a concert," she said in an interview today, "you are only hindering your chances for a good performance. And after all, I'm playing the piano because I love it, so it should be the most natural thing in the world for me to enjoy playing in public."

This slender, brown-eyed daughter of an Armenian meat dealer in Watertown has been playing the piano since, at the age of seven, she went to a piano teacher down the street and persuaded her to give her her first lesson. She promised to pay for it the following week, and then she told her mother about it.

"We didn't even have a piano," Luise said, laughing at the recollection, "but when my mother saw I was so interested in piano playing, she bought me a very old upright, and I've been at it ever since."

Parents to Be There

Mr. and Mrs. Guelbeng Vosgerchian and Luise's older brother Goren, will be at the Saturday night concert to hear her; and Mrs. Vosgerchian probably also will be at the Friday afternoon performance.

Luise thinks that she will probably wear a red velvet dress which her mother made for her, a dress with lace at the neck and sleeves, and that is "not really red, not exactly wine-colored, it's sort of American beauty, I guess."

Mrs. Vosgerchian makes all her daughter's dresses, which Luise thinks is a very good idea.

"You know when you're playing in concerts you have to have a different dress for almost every time, and that would run into money, the way dresses are now, and anyway you can never find just the kind of dress you want. So all I have to do is tell my mother what I'd like and she makes it. I don't even have to have a fitting, she knows my measurements so well."

Her entire ease at the prospect



David W. Nilsson

Luise Vosgerchian is only 22 years of age, but she faces with complete calmness and aplomb the prospect of playing as soloist tomorrow with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

of her performances Friday and Saturday as soloist with the orchestra in Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." Symphonic Impressions for Piano and Orchestra, Luise attributed to the training given her since she was 13 years old by her teacher, Mme. Gladys Ondricek.

Mme. Ondricek, said Luise, has always made her pupils play at musicales and other public gatherings until it is second nature for them to do their best before an audience.

Mode of Practicing

Luise added that methods of practicing have a great deal to do with a pianist's success.

"Practicing is an art in itself," she said, "and is three fourths of the battle. The first thing that I do—and this is just my own system of working—is to familiarize myself with the work as a whole and make it almost a part of my-

self. Then I start working with separate hands, and at slow tempos. Gradually, by degrees I work the piece up to its proper tempo and by that time I have analyzed it and made it so completely my own that nothing can rattle me."

Four years ago Luise served as pianist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra when that group presented her composition, "Window Shopping," in Carnegie Hall. She has no particular goal toward which she is striving, except that sometimes she thinks it would be fun to tour in concert work.

"Things have always just happened to me," she explained. "I think if you work hard then you always get your chance. I just love piano playing and I work hard because I love it and I don't even call it work. It's a pleasure. So I don't worry much about the future."

MUSIC IN REVIEW

By JULES WOLFFERS

BOSTON SYMPHONY

This week, with its 12th pair of programs on the regular Friday-Saturday subscription series, the Boston Symphony Orchestra reaches the half-way mark of a season so far made notable by brilliant execution, and made memorable through a variety of outstanding new works. There is no reason to suppose that the remainder of the concerts will in any way fall below the standards set up to this time.

It has been suggested that we in Boston sometimes take the Symphony for granted. This, perhaps, is natural and human. The dweller on the rim of the Grand Canyon, the person who lives in sight of Niagara, both, no doubt, get used to scenes which attract thousands of tourists from all parts of the world. The difference is that nature's wonders are affected not at all by human reaction, whereas man-made wonders survive only through human care and devotion.

All this, perhaps, is a roundabout way of stating several simple facts. As it stands at present, the Boston Symphony Orchestra is the greatest orchestra in the world. In our opinion, the orchestra is not afforded that measure of support to which it is entitled. The orchestra ought not to have any financial problems. That it has these problems is no secret.

What is the solution? To begin with, persons of means must be made to realize that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is, in its own way, fully as important as are our great educational institutions: in fact, it is an educational institution, in addition to its many other virtues. Where the endowment of schools and colleges may run into millions, even hundreds of millions, the Boston Symphony has no endowment worthy of the name. Most certainly the orchestra deserves to be mentioned in bequests.

Then, this department can see no lowering of dignity in the idea of a yearly intensive campaign for funds. Excellent work has been done in this respect through the Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but this, in itself, is not enough. One can see no reason why a very large sum could not be raised through a well-organized drive for funds. There are citizens, well-experienced in fund-raising, who would deem it an honor to help organize such a drive were they to be asked.

The achievements of the Boston Symphony make it necessary once and for all, that its financial structure be placed on a firm and secure base. It does not appear, from present indications, that the orchestra will receive any subsidy from city, state, or government. The only recourse, then, is for the people of Boston to appreciate the orchestra in a more substantial fashion. What the Boston Symphony Orchestra means to New England can scarcely be measured in terms of money; nor is money the only consideration. But this much is certain—without money a Boston Symphony Orchestra can not exist.

It is probable that persons connected with the Boston Symphony management will see this article. One may hope that they will not be offended by suggestions from one who is, after all, only an observer. Only the deepest appreciation of the significance of the Boston Symphony Orchestra could possibly have prompted these thoughts.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Twelfth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 3, 1947, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 4, 1947, at 8:30 o'clock

STRAUSS....."Metamorphosen," Study for 23 Solo String Instruments

(First performance in the United States)

MARTINU.....Concerto Grosso for Chamber Orchestra

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Lento
- III. Allegretto

Pianos: LUKAS FOSS and BERNARD ZIGHERA

INTERMISSION

BERLIOZ....."Harold in Italy": Symphony in Four Movements, with Viola Solo, Op. 16

- I. Harold in the Mountains, Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness and Joy (Adagio; Allegro)
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- III. Serenade of a Mountaineer of the Abruzzi to his Mistress (Allegro assai; Allegretto)
- IV. Orgy of Brigands; Recollections of the Preceding Scenes (Allegro frenetico)

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SOLOIST

JASCHA VEISSI

'Metamorphosen' to Be Given First American Performance

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Whoever asks about the German composer, Richard Strauss, and what he is doing nowadays, has the answer in the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra which Serge Koussevitzky, returning from a two-weeks absence, directs in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The answer, in fine, is Strauss's latest work, a Study for an ensemble of solo strings, with three doublebasses for foundation, on which is bestowed the German title of "Metamorphosen." 1-2-4?

The piece was written a year and a half ago and was produced some months after completion at Zürich, Switzerland, by the Chamber Orchestra of the Collegium Musicum of that city, Paul Sacher conducting, and the composer himself attending. A review of that performance, which was the first anywhere, appeared in The Christian Science Monitor for March 16, 1946, sent from Switzerland by Willi Reich. The score, at the time, remained in manuscript, and it was an example, according to Charles Münch, the Boston Symphony visiting conductor of last week, of most exquisite hand-work in musical notation. For Mr. Münch was there and saw and heard all the proceedings. Today, "Metamorphosen" stands published, bearing the imprint of Boosey & Hawkes of London and New York, 94 pages, and carrying by way of colophon and finis the legend—Garmisch, 12 April, 1945.

Speaking of the end of the work, the concluding harmony is the common chord of C minor, which makes about as simple, classical, and conservative a termination as is possible for a composer to employ, and which would give the impression, if we did not look at what precedes, that Strauss in latter days affects the plainness and austerity of Bach or someone back along in history.

But to leave the last page for the first, and to begin properly to read, the ruled sheet is partitioned off for 10 solo violins, five violas, five cellos, and three double-

basses—23 instruments, no more, no less, and every one of them individually provided with a staff.

It would take a calculating machine to tell how many combinations are possible for such a number of individual and distinct voices; and it can be seen what vast resources for duet, trio, quartet, quintet, sextet and other fix-ups the composer had at his command. If the idea of metamorphosis was to be exploited, here opened out boundless opportunity before a note was set down.

The notion of the metamorphosis of musical themes is commonly referred back to Liszt, though of course it is as old as music itself and means no more than variation. In the case of Beethoven it is spoken of in the lecture room and in books on theory as development. Yet metamorphosis does name a particular type of the thing which has been going now for 100 years or so; and we may look upon this work of Strauss as illustrating the fancy, the method, or whatever to say, in its furthest reaches.

We may be tempted, therefore, to accept a little superciliously Strauss' description of his "Metamorphosen" as a Study; and say, yes, and a wholly intellectual one, something done more on thought than on impulse. We shall no doubt be perfectly safe in such an attitude; but the real question comes on how interesting the composition is in the listening, and how expressive.

Secure to remark, Strauss reverts to something here like the period of his "Domestic" Symphony. Secure again to remark, he is in the mood romantic; very solemn, no humor and no rough-shod assertion. The message, to judge from the engraved notes in the edition held by Mr. Rogers, the Boston Symphony librarian, resides in the structure and in the fabric, which are contrapuntal after a manner to give masters of previous schools cards and spades. Again, the communication dwells in the song, which is as continuous and as melodious, almost, as if from the hand of Wagner.

Set this work beside the Sym-

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky returned to the conductor's stand of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon, bringing with him a new composition by Richard Strauss. That was "Metamorphosen" (or simply Metamorphoses), a study for 23 solo string instruments. The remainder of the program consisted of Bohuslav Martinu's Concerto Grosso, with Lukas Foss and Bernard Zighera at the paired pianos, and "Harold in Italy" by Berlioz. For the last, Jascha Veissi was viola soloist. 1-4-47

Someone is bound to ask: "Why play new music by a living composer of a still theoretically enemy country?" so we may as well get in on the ground floor and ask it now. If you go on the principle that patriotic scruples should influence artistic activity, the answer is "no," a new piece by Richard Strauss should not be played in this country so soon. But then you run up against the fact that we played Strauss' old music all through the war, that makes an embarrassing contradiction. And if you believe that art exists independently of politics, the answer is play Strauss, old or new, anyway. See? It's all as clear as yesterday's air over Boston!

I would like to know what Strauss meant when, at the end of his score, he penned, "In Memoriam! Garmisch, 12 April, 1945." Did he intend his music, which contains a reminiscence of the funeral march of Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, to be some sort of an elegiac work? Did he have a specifically German reference in mind? Or did he intend it to be just a sorrowful musing upon the state of the world in general? There is no point discussing the matter further until Strauss, who is now 82, has told us what he meant.

The Metamorphoses make in their five linked sections a closely woven and extended fabric of counterpoint. They may be variations but since all 23 parts are written separately, it is hard to tell without a look at the printed notes. The music sounds well, for Strauss has not lost his great skill as a craftsman, even though his inspiration long since was on the down grade. The Metamorphoses reminded me of Schoenberg's "Verklärte Nacht" in mood and general contours, though the idiom seems more conservative and diatonic rather than chromatic. Put this score down, then, as enjoyable to the

ear and probably of no lasting importance.

Martinu's lively but much too heavily orchestrated Concerto Grosso again proved a tonal stimulant. Messrs. Foss and Zighera were justly applauded for their spectacular work. The high point of the afternoon, however, was that grand, old example of unrestrained romanticism, "Harold in Italy," which, under Mr. Koussevitzky's ardent leading, alternately glowed and sparkled and, in the finale, set fire to the whole orchestra. On a day of such grim weather, the piece was just the thing. Mr. Veissi dealt capably if not brilliantly with the solo part.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In two weeks Bruno Walter will give us the "Don Juan" of Richard Strauss, composed in 1888, when Strauss was but 24. Yesterday afternoon Dr. Koussevitzky presented for the first time in the United States his "Metamorphosen," a Study for 23 solo string instruments, completed two years ago next April, just two months before the composer's 81st birthday. It is this reviewer's guess that "Don Juan" has a better chance of living another 57 years than the "Metamorphosen" has of reaching the age that "Don Juan" is now. 1-4-47

The new piece is by no means without interest, and it surely would have been twice as effective in an auditorium half the size. In the vast spaces of Symphony Hall these 23 string players, each one with his own part to play, labored somewhat in vain. The men worked hard enough and so did Dr. Koussevitzky. He would not have given any more of himself conducting the "Domestica" or the "Heldenleben," and this Study lasts nearly as long as the aforementioned tone poems, without having a tithe of their musical and tonal variety. The inscription at the end of the printed score, "In Memoriam! Garmisch, 12 April, 1945," is plainly suggestive of the purport of the music, as is the deliberate quotation from the Funeral March in Beethoven's "Eroica." The prevailing mood of the music, however, is lyrical rather than elegiac. There are melodic and textural suggestions of "Rosenkavalier" and the operas that followed it, in particular, the delectable "Ariadne," and our enjoyment of the music is lessened rather than increased by the fact that we seem to have heard it all before. Strauss has not lost his skill but we are not surprised to find that the flame of his inspiration burns less fiercely than of yore.

The rest of the concert offered plenty of contrast. The second number was Martinu's bumptious Concerto

Grosso, its two solo piano parts played by Lukas Foss and Bernard Zighera, and the current program concludes with the fourth performance in less than five years of Berlioz' "Harold in Italy." This time the solo viola is Jascha Veissi and he does an extremely capable job, producing a beautiful tone from what is said to be a viola of considerable antiquity. The performances of both the Martinu and the Berlioz were brilliant. As before, there was an excessive amount of din in the Frenchman's

NEW BERLIN PAPER BERATES STRAUSS

In Unfavorable Review of His
Opera 'Salome,' Tribune Is
Angered at Nazi Role

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BERLIN, Jan. 2—In a highly unfavorable review of Richard Strauss' "Salome," as performed by the Berliner Staetische Opera, The Tribune, a new Berlin newspaper, pays its respects to Strauss and Hans Pfitzner for making themselves available to the Hitler regime.

Commenting on Strauss' high degree of popularity in Germany in 1946, The Tribune, which is the official organ of the Free German Association of Trade Unions, says:

"Whenever a Jewish conductor, returning to Germany after having been chased out by the Nazis announces a concert, Richard Strauss is on the program. Journalists who call themselves Leftists honor Hans Pfitzner.

"Nobody seems to recall that the old Hans Pfitzner dedicated his "Krakauer Hymnus" in devotion to Gov. Gen. Hans Frank and personally conducted in occupied Crackow. Nobody seems to ask Richard Strauss to declare his position with respect to the Third Reich, whose favorite composer he has been and to which he dedicated his "Japanische Festmusik."

"It is a fact that Richard Strauss was in Germany in 1933, remained and was so highly appreciated, that he left Germany in 1945 and that up to now no word, no line has reached us from this voluntary emigrant: nothing that could serve as an explanation of the great composer's position of yesterday and of today."

It is perhaps significant of the lack of depth of German ideological conversion, if any, that political sins of such men are so readily forgotten and that the Berlin Actors Association could petition the Allied Kommandatura recently to permit Werner Krauss to appear on the stage again. It would not be surprising ere long to have a gala all-Strauss performance by the Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by Wilhelm Furtwaengler, or Krauss playing a leading role in "Die Illegalen." Gunther Weisenborn's play about the German underground.

Symphony Concert

The 12th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The soloist was Jascha Veissi, violist. The program was as follows:
"Metamorphosen," Study for 23 solo string instruments.....Strauss
Concerto Grosso for chamber orchestra and two pianos.....Martinu
"Harold in Italy," Symphony with viola solo, Op. 16.....Berlioz

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Doubtless it was the acme of tolerance and artistic internationalism to bespeak the first performance in this country of Richard Strauss' latest score, though we can be fairly certain, had the shoe been on the other foot, that Mr. Furtwaengler would not have sought out Mr. Copeland's latest work for performance in Berlin. Still, regardless of his political complacency, Strauss is an important figure in the history of music, and thus a new orchestral composition by him is an event to be noted.

Beyond the technical interest and the novelty of the ensemble, however, the "Metamorphosen" did not seem to me worth the immense difficulty of preparing it. Earlier in his career Strauss wrote a couple of anthems for 16 part chorus, which I well remember having heard at one time in Salzburg. In these unusual works he treated the voices of the chorus as if they were solo instruments in the orchestra, and he obtained an extraordinary effect. In the "Metamorphosen" he has done something similar with his 23 solo strings. Neither the members of the chorus in the one instance nor the musicians of the orchestra in the other could rely on their neighbors to "carry" them if they lost count or made a mistake. Therein, of course, lie both the technical interest of the music and the difficulty of performance. That the Boston Symphony men yesterday acquitted themselves with distinction goes without saying, and Mr. Koussevitzky was at pains to indicate that as he acknowledged the applause.

Emotionally the "Metamorphosen" is a dull and sentimental work. It is, in fact, just the sort of piece you would expect to come out of Germany at this time, a rather solemn attempt to be ingratiating. Countless Germans today are busy saying: "See, we're not such a bad lot after all"; and that is just what this music of Strauss seems to me to say.

At any rate along came Martinu's Concerto Grosso and briskly and cleanly swept the Straussian cobwebs out of the hall. Acclaimed back in 1941 as a piece of exceptional merit and consisting of two bouncing, athletic allegros and a slow movement of great eloquence, the Concerto Grosso is still fine music of the neo-classical school. It is a piece very much like in concept the Jaubert "Sonata a due," which we heard last week, but it is also a good deal better and stronger. Mr. Koussevitzky is very much to be thanked for restoring it to the repertoire.

By reason of an abrupt change of profession I never had a chance until yesterday to hear Mr. Koussevitzky's resplendent interpretation of Berlioz' "Harold in Italy." So much has been written about it and since it was apparently given as recently as November 1944 I shall not add any more words here except to say that it is a rewarding experience in the concert hall to listen to such a performance as we heard yesterday. Not a little of this excellence was due to the admirable viola playing of M. Veissi.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra is on tour.

Koussevitzky Introduces 'Metamorphosen' to America

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky returned to Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon to direct the first of the twelfth pair of Boston Symphony concerts, for which he had chosen this program: Strauss, "Metamorphosen"; Martinu, Concerto Grosso for Chamber Orchestra; Berlioz, "Harold in Italy" Symphony. Jascha Veissi was the viola soloist in the symphony. Lukas Foss and Bernard Zighera played the piano parts in the concerto grosso.

The "Metamorphosen" of Richard Strauss was played yesterday for the first time in the United

States. Its first performance was in Zürich, Switzerland, a year ago. It marks a novel departure for its composer, whose orchestra is now made up of only 23 string instruments. But each of these instruments has its individual part, and the score is of a complex contrapuntal design, like those in which Strauss has used a full and even an enlarged orchestra.

The first question that comes to mind is how this work, so lightly scored, will sound in a large hall. By the evidence of yesterday's performance, there will be no difficulty in hearing it. The design and the scoring are clear. The effect, however, is rather like that of Beethoven's last quartets: you feel as if the composer were struggling to burst out of the confines of his medium.

The opening and the conclusion are quiet, and here the mood of tragedy is felt. But between these two passages, which are brief, there is a long series of sections in which a more intense passion is expressed, and these sections cry out for the gigantic orchestra and the brilliant instrumentation of the Strauss we know. Before this middle part (which lasts about 25 minutes) ended, I had the same reaction that anybody but a Perfect Wagnerite gets from the "Siegfried Idyl."

The principal theme of the work is very similar to that of the Funeral March in Beethoven's "Eroica"; and at the end of

the score appear these words: "In Memoriam! Garmisch, 12 April, 1945." In memory of whom, or of what? Possibly Richard Strauss, who had been playing for the Nazis throughout the war, saw the shadows falling, and anticipated the Twilight of the Hitlerian godlets. In that case it was insolent of him to use Beethoven's melodic idea.

Bohuslav Martinu appears annually on our programs, usually with a new work. This concerto grosso was first performed by this orchestra in November of 1941,

and was repeated the following January. After being thus signally honored, it has lain on the shelf for four years. Perhaps Dr. Koussevitzky decided that his early enthusiasm was exaggerated. If so, I agree with him.

The symphony, on the other hand, had been heard more frequently of late: in 1942, 1943 and 1944. Its performance yesterday had the fire and the brilliance that we expect of Dr. Koussevitzky's Berlioz. Mr. Veissi, making his first appearance in Symphony Hall, played with great beauty of tone and expressiveness. The symphony, except for the banal last movement, was a joy. 1-4-47 *mm*

A Word on Strauss' Latest; Propaganda for Modern Music

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The performance at the most recent Boston Symphony concerts of Richard Strauss' latest composition, "Metamorphoses," gives rise to certain extra-musical reflections to which it might be well to devote a little further discussion. The purely musical content of the work has been well summed up by the critic of the London Observer, who wrote as follows: "There is not a tune or a harmonic progression in 94 pages of score that might not have been written by Strauss 20 or 50 years ago, or for that matter by Schumann or Brahms or any late 19th century Kapellmeister. The fact remains that here is the most sustained and consistent piece of polyphonic writing that Strauss has ever given us. Half an hour is long. Fifteen minutes would have sufficed. But what technical mastery!" 1-12-47 *Neck*

Extra-musical thoughts or, perhaps better, emotions are aroused by that note in the score, "In Memoriam! Garmisch, 12 April 1945," and the sufficiently known fact that Strauss was very complacent about co-operating with and acceding to the wishes of the Nazis. In Memoriam what? Mr. Burk's program note suggests: "The date recalls the fact that American forces occupying Bavaria shortly after this date found Strauss and his family living quietly in their Alpine home at Garmisch." I hardly think that Strauss was commemorating the death of Franklin D. Roose-

velt; nor is it at all likely that one would write "In Memoriam" about the entry of triumphant foreign troops into one's home town.

It seems to me that Strauss penned those words and dedicated his rather somber piece to the crumbling of the Nazi regime and the end of an era for Germany. In discussing "Metamorphoses" with people after the concert I found that many felt, as I did, a most unpleasant emotional reaction to the music. There was a certain Uriah Heepish quality about it, an attempt at one and the same time to be ingratiating towards the present and nostalgic towards the past. Anyone who has been in Germany in 1945 will know what I mean, for this mixture of self-pity with a

willingness to work industriously for and take whatever can be got from the conquerors is a common attitude among Germans—or at least was in 1945. As one ex-member of our occupying Army put it to me in the lobby of Symphony Hall: "This thing reminds me of an old woman begging for a cigarette."

Technically ingenious but emotionally rotten would be my verdict on Strauss' latest score. Perhaps this is reading too much into it. At any rate it is a candid and immediate reaction. From recent memoirs and history it is becoming clearer that there is an unadmirable side to Strauss' character, that of the time-server. A personal reminiscence is not out of order here. I recollect that in Salzburg in 1934 (the year the Nazis murdered Dollfuss, the Austrian chancellor), there had been the intention of having something of a Strauss festival, with performances of some of his less well known operas and the composer himself in attendance. But the Germans, after the failure of their coup, did everything they could to sabotage the Austrian festival by not co-operating in the exchange of artists and, in particular, by inducing Strauss to absent himself from Salzburg. He did not appear, and the festival authorities retaliated by cutting out many of the Strauss works and putting on more Mozart in their place.

The point in raising this political question in the discussion of a work of art is certainly not that we should not hear Strauss' music at

all. Many composers had far from admirable characters, but we do not wish their music banished from the concert hall on that account. I merely question the good taste in rushing to secure the first performance in this country of "Metamorphoses" when there is a moral issue involved and when the work itself is of technical interest only.

BY
WARREN STOREY
SMITH

On the theory of "better late than never," this column is about to pay its proper respects to Charles Muench, who conducted the Boston Symphony concerts of Dec. 27, 28 and 29, one of the most arresting and persuasive leaders that we have encountered in a period almost embarrassingly rich in orchestral directors of marked ability. That distinguished personage and now unjustly neglected composer, the scholarly Vincent d'Indy, was once asked by an American reporter to name some of the great French conductors. A man of few words, as I once had occasion to observe, d'Indy replied that there weren't any. What d'Indy would think of Mr. Muench I am not prepared to say, but on the basis of a single program and that entirely of French music, he would seem to have the goods. 1-12-47 *Ans*

Of the four works that made that particular list only one, the C minor Symphony of Saint-Saens, with organ, had been heard here before and it is only in the case of music you know that you talk with any authority about interpretation. What Mr. Muench accomplished in the case of that particular piece was impressive in the extreme. Ahead of time, it was not easy to see why he had elected to play it at all. But we soon found out. Instead of sounding, as it had of late years, like a piece more contrived than inspired, that lapsed into sentimentality in the slow division and into plain bombast at the end, it proved an absorbing and engrossing experience, with only a suggestion of the qualities enumerated above. You could sum up Mr. Muench's achievement by saying that he managed to do enough for the work without doing too much to it. There are other pieces in the repertory that would benefit by such a combination of enthusiasm,

good taste and complete technical control. Incidentally, the performance on Sunday afternoon was even finer than that on Friday.

I must digress at this point to make mention of a much earlier musical experience that is still vivid in the recollection. At the age of 71, Saint-Saens visited Boston and Dr. Karl Muck arranged a special concert of his music at which he was the soloist.

With a facility that belied his years, he played the piano part in his G minor Concerto, adding, after intermission, three short piano pieces. Muck then conducted this same Third Symphony and the composer took his place in the audience, in the seat directly in front of my own! In those days I thought it was a pretty fine piece and now along comes Mr. Muench to confirm that very youthful judgment. The first number on that program, incidentally, had been the now-forgotten overture to "Les Barbares."

To say whether or not d'Indy was right on the matter of French conductors you would first have to define conductorial "greatness," something that can seldom be done to everyone's satisfaction. At least there have been eminent French conductors, a whole string of them, and they played an important part in the extraordinary renaissance of Gallic music that took place during the second half of the 19th century. Such men as Chevillard, Colonne and Lamoureux did not visit this country. Later we had Albert Wolff (the Metropolitan), Andre Andre-Caplet (Boston Opera Co.), Pierre Monte (Boston Opera Company), Pierre Monteux (Metropolitan, B. S. O. and now San Francisco), Henri Rabaud (B. S. O.) and last season, as guest, Paul Paray. On the face of it you would expect French conductors to give the best account of French music and in some cases they do. Yet it would be hard to beat Koussevitsky in certain works of Debussy, and the notable performances of modern French opera given by the Manhattan and Chicago companies which were conducted by two Italians, Cleofonte Campanini and Giorgio Polacco.

When he was in Boston, Mr. Muench said warmly and justifiably that although France suffered a military defeat, in a spiritual sense she remained unconquered. Milhaud and Honegger, her two greatest living composers outside Charpentier (if the composer of

"Louise" is still alive, are still producing vital music and there are many younger men, one of whom, Olivier Messiaen, is making quite a name for himself.

Mr. Muench would have given us a piece of his but the music could not be obtained. In its place we had the glowing and exciting Second Suite from Roussel's ballet, "Ariane et Bacchus," that set everyone to wondering why we had not heard it before. The Symphony of strings by Honegger, which followed it on Mr. Muench's program, proved that the author of "Pacific 231" and "King David" is keeping his end up. According to an article in Time, Milhaud yearns to return to France in spite of the arthritis that makes California a more healthful place for him and that caused him to conduct from a chair when his significant Second Symphony received its world premier at Symphony Hall five weeks ago. He will, however, visit Paris next summer to conduct there his Third Symphony, completed the day before Christmas. Paris, after all, would seem the proper place for a composer so essentially French.

Boston Symphony: New Strauss Work

'Metamorphosen' Written in Composer's 81st Year

By Jerome D. Bohm

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, concert in Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon. The program:
"Metamorphosen" Strauss
Concerto Grosso of Chamber Orchestra, Martinu
Assisting pianists: Lukas Foss and Bernard Zighera.

"Harold in Italy" Berlioz
Viola soloist, Jascha Veissi.

Mr. Koussevitzky's concert with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall Saturday afternoon was of absorbing interest throughout, with a new work by Richard Strauss, the first to be heard from his pen here in a good many years, providing grounds for particular discussion. His "Metamorphosen" which had been first performed by this organization in Boston on Jan. 3 and again in Brooklyn Saturday night, bears the subtitle, "Study for twenty-three solo string instruments," and was written in a month's time in 1945 in the composer's eighty-first year.

The work, which is in one movement and requires twenty-five minutes to perform, begins and

ends slowly with an extended, rapid development section. The twenty-three instruments for which it is intended are ten violins, five violas, five cellos and three double basses. Each instrument has its own place in the score, the melodic substance being distributed sometimes as a solo voice, at others in duplication in various groupings. The entire body of instruments is utilized in its entirety only for climactic purposes. 1-13-47

This composition is strongly nostalgic in character, Strauss palpably seeking to recapture therein his distant past in music which stems unabashedly from Richard the First. Not since his first, early opera, "Guntram," has he quoted so frankly from the products of Wagner. But here an atmosphere of resignation pervades his music, which was not even hinted at in the Strauss of the youthful tone poems and mature operas. Yet, for all their indebtedness to the Wagner of "Parsifal," "Meistersinger" and the "Siegfried Idyl," Strauss's themes are handled in such masterly fashion, intertwined with such crystalline transparency and skilled craftsmanship, that this listener found the "Metamorphosen" touching to hear—the utterance of one who was once considered a path-breaker and is now content to browse appreciatively among the masterpieces of his greater predecessor. The performance was an extraordinarily fine one, the twenty-three players chosen by Mr. Koussevitzky investing the score with a sensuously glowing web of sound.

Martinu's Concerto Grosso, music of boundless vitality in the rapid end movements and of moving expressivity in the central slow movement, was superbly set forth with the telling assistance at the two pianos of Mr. Foss and Mr. Zighera. The work was liberally applauded and the composer bowed in acknowledgement from his box.

A more stirring account of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" than was vouchsafed it by Mr. Koussevitzky's wonderful orchestra and his highly accomplished viola soloist, Mr. Veissi would be difficult to imagine, so exhaustively revelatory was this discourse from both the intrinsically musical and tonal aspects of this symphony which still remains amazing for the resourcefulness of its instrumentation and impressive for the originality of its ideational matter.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Thirteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 17, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18, at 8:30 o'clock

BRUNO WALTER Conducting

HAYDN.....Symphony in G major, "Oxford," No. 92

- I. Adagio; Allegro spiritoso
- II. Adagio
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Presto

STRAUSS....."Don Juan," Tone Poem (after Nikolaus Lenau),
Op. 20

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio non troppo
- III. Adagietto grazioso, quasi andantino
- IV. Allegro con spirito

This program will end about 4:15 on Friday Afternoon,
10:15 o'clock on Saturday Evening

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

Beginning next Tuesday Evening, January 21, the concerts will be broadcast each week, 8:30-9:30 E. S. T., under the sponsorship of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company.

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Bruno Walter Will Conduct Boston Symphony for 2 Weeks

By CYRUS DURGIN

Bruno Walter, one of music's revered elder statesmen, will be guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the next two weeks while Serge Koussevitzky, on his annual Winter vacation, is sunning himself in the South. 1-15-47

This is Mr. Walter's first visit as a symphonic conductor since he directed Boston's great orchestra on his first trip to the United States in 1923. But the small man with the gentle face and burning dark eyes is no stranger here, however, for in recent seasons his appearance with the Metropolitan Opera on tour have been red-letter occasions.



BRUNO WALTER

When he talked to this writer at Symphony Hall late Monday afternoon during a rehearsal intermission, Mr. Walter had been back in this country only a week after several months in Europe. *Sam*

"How did you find Europe?"

"A very simple question for a complex answer," he smiled, his hands fingering the buttons of the severe, high-collared black jacket that he wears at rehearsals. Then he grew quickly serious.

"It is hard to describe Europe today," he resumed. "Musically there is enormous activity. I conducted in England, Scotland, Sweden, France, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, not in Central Europe. In

those countries I found extraordinary interest in music.

"It seemed as if people during the war had found music an indispensable support for their daily lives. The Dutch, for example. Their orchestras, I would say, are even better than before the war, and the public appetite for music cannot be satisfied. Those Dutch are a gallant people. They suffered so much. English orchestras, too, I think, are better than before the war.

"In Stockholm and Zurich I found musical brilliance. Of course those countries were physically untouched by the war. As for Central Europe, I cannot say"—and he shrugged his shoulders sadly. "Much time and wisdom will be necessary for Central Europe to come back."

At his second pair of concerts Mr. Walter will play for the first time in Boston the original version of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. Heretofore the work has been performed here in Ferdinand Loewe's somewhat altered edition. Bruckner is a composer to whom Mr. Walter has devoted much of his career.

Guest Conductor to Present Ninth Symphony as Restored

By Winthrop P. Trvon

Bruno Walter, lately returned from Europe, where he has been visiting around as conductor, is in town for a couple of weeks to take charge of the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, relieving Serge Koussevitzky. He will be succeeded for four weeks by Leonard Bernstein. After Mr. Bernstein's engagement, Mr. Walter returns for another fortnight in March. 1-16-47 *nm*

Of particular significance in Mr. Walter's present visit is the presentation of the restored Ninth Symphony of Anton Bruckner at the concerts of Jan. 24 and 25. What especial enterprise will mark his second tour of duty at Symphony Hall later in the season, we shall have to wait to see. But there will be something to enliven the scene when the time comes, we may be sure. It could be a showing of some sort in the line of Mahler; for to hand over an orchestra to Mr. Walter to do what he wishes with it is only another way of calling some score of Mahler down from the shelf for re-examination.

Not that Mahler as Mahler has so much to do with the case; but Mahler means Vienna; and in Vienna Mr. Walter's orchestral tradition may safely be said to originate. Boston Symphony ideals remount to the same source, and the institution now in its sixty-sixth winter of dispensing orchestral art will be for a brief term, let us for argument's sake say, its historic self again.

Yet let us say it for argument's sake and old sake's sake only; for the Boston Symphony will never go back to the orchestra it used to be, and nobody will want it to. Under the influence of modern methods of composing, and under the compulsion of modern attitudes of listening orchestral sonority and orchestral style have changed. For that matter, Mr. Walter, in the 24 years he has been holding the baton over instrumental organizations in the United States, has changed. He is not the same Walter at all that he was when he began his career of American conducting in 1923.

Change? Why, according to Mr.

Walter himself, the world outlook on music is different today from what it was in the years between the two wars, when he made the acquaintance of the American public and when the American public was in process of getting a line on him. Change, indeed? Mr. Walter, talking the other morning in the conductor's room at Symphony Hall after practice, said that he had found the aspect of artistic affairs altering before his very eyes during his European tour of the weeks just past. Cities that he appeared in as conductor were London, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, Zurich, London again, and back to New York.

"People are realizing every day," he said, "where the resources of their vitality lie. They find music capable of satisfying and stimulating their aspirations as they never were aware of before. Musicians, too, are coming to new realization of their task to feed the emotional hunger of the public. My impression is that going through the ordeal of wartime has strengthened the longing of the community both there and here for the satisfactions that music gives. Orchestras, I am sure, have a more important role in the international civilizing process than they had when I began my career."

Mr. Walter is undoubtedly the sort of man that moves along with the times, though he is rather less devoted to novelty of an external sort than other conductors. He finds a way to express the mood of his period and to portray its manners, using the works of the known masters as the means. Perhaps the nearest he will come to offering new music will be to set before Boston audiences the Symphony No. 9 of Bruckner in the score actually and originally written by the composer. For Bruckner's symphonies, which were considerably edited, and as it was thought at the time improved, for performance, have been restored and for the most part republished.

Evidently Mr. Walter has fallen in with the movement for Bruck-

nerian restoration! inasmuch as he entertains the fancy, if it be a fancy, that composers know what they are about when they set their notes down on paper, and that time approves and sanctions their writing. He mentions Brahms as evidence.

"Oh yes; Brahms was thought all wrong when his symphonies were first played. They sound today, too, just as they did in the beginning. Such trouble as there was arose from a misunderstanding of them. Now they are understood, and nobody finds fault either with the ideas or with the treatment."

MUSIC

BY
WARREN STOREY
SMITH

ONE generally reckons musical events by "seasons," but now that concerts and operas have become a year-round affair—if we extend the local scene to include the Symphony's activities in the Berkshires—the September-May classification is hardly adequate. Anyway, this column is about to depart from precedent and list some musical high-spots and outstanding personalities of 1946.

If this summary were to be postponed until next Sunday it would be possible to comment more fully on the only new guest-conductor of the year, Charles Muench, of Paris, who winds up his visit at Symphony Hall this afternoon with a repetition of the program offered there last evening and the day before: Jaubert, Sonata a due; Rousset, Suite from "Ariadne and Bacchus"; Honneger, Symphony for strings; and Saint-Saens, Symphony in C minor for orchestra and organ. As observed in rehearsal, Mr. Muench is eloquent and knows his business.

To continue with the conductors, in January stolid Sir Adrian Boult returned to us after a lapse of 11 years and offered three programs largely of British music. Insufficiently representative of what is going on in the United Kingdom today, this brief English festival may be set down as an important contribution, if for no other reason

that it afforded a welcome change from our regular symphonic fare.

Versatile "Lenny" Bernstein, who succeeded Sir Adrian, is now an annual visitor to his former home town. Brazil's Camargo Guarnieri, who recently conducted a mildly interesting Symphony of his own, had previously appeared here in the role of composer-conductor. The same is true of Igor Stravinsky, who last February introduced to us his rather intellectual Symphony in Three Movements and diverting "Scenes first time: Fabien Sevitzy's Indianapolis Symphony on Jan. 12 and Leonard Bernstein's New York City Center Orchestra on Nov. 13. Both proved to be predominantly youthful in their makeup, with a goodly proportion of women musicians, and the playing of each was marked by exuberance and enthusiasm. Returning to a city that knew him long as a conductor of various orchestras, Mr. Sevitzy was cordially welcomed. The nearest approach to a novelty on his program, the dullish "Manfred" Symphony of Tchaikovsky, was made temporarily engrossing by a dynamic performance.

WORK BY STRAUSS IN PREMIERE HERE

'Metamorphosen,' Presented
at Carnegie Hall by Boston
Symphony, Uses 23 Strings

An unusually interesting program, featuring Richard Strauss' "Metamorphosen," which received its New York premiere, was presented by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, yesterday afternoon at Carnegie Hall. Martinu's "Concerto Grosso for Chamber Orchestra," and Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" Symphony, with Jascha Veissi as the viola soloist, completed the offerings, all of which were superlatively performed. 1-12-47

Strauss' "Metamorphosen," subtitled "study for twenty-three solo strings" was written by Garmisch early in 1945. At the close of the score he wrote the words "In Memorial." The composer, who was 81 at the time, has not definitely disclosed what he meant by this phrase, but after listening to the work one seems justified in believ-

ing that it was not penned in memory of any person or event.

In the elegiac music, however, Strauss is positively reminiscing, and it is to the days of his own youth that his thoughts hark back, at a time when his native land was in direct distress and about to fall into the hands of its enemies.

Strauss was a dyed-in-the-wool Wagnerian at the start of his career as composer. If this new creation of his is all Wagner from start to finish, this is natural enough in a opus dealing with memories of those long-ago years, and it lend the score a pathos that is deeply moving.

It has been pointed out that in one of its themes there is a resemblance to the opening measures of the funeral march in Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. But the similarity is remote and of slight consequence, is no way altering the constant debt to Wagner, whose "Parsifal," "Meistersinger" and "Siegfried-Idyll" furnished practically all of the material employed.

In fact, it was the "Siegfried-Idyll" and the Wagnerian "Verklarte Nacht" of the early Shoenberg that kept coming to mind while listening to the Strauss novelty, for they are the works most akin to it in the repertoire. A work that takes twenty-five minutes to perform, it always poignantly intense in feeling and avoids striking climaxes, might easily lose its grip as an entity. But all of it is so exquisitely written for various combinations of strings, so tender in its mood, so masterly in its development and so profoundly sincere, that it did not seem a moment too long to this listener, all of it proving eloquent and of strange fascination.

Martinu Concerto Played

Dr. Koussevitzky and the twenty-three string players gave a superb performance of this finely textured, subtly constructed work, which was followed by an equally splendid presentation of Martinu's Concerto Grosso, a masterly composition, admirable alike for its rhythmic vitality, the richness and originality of its sonorities, and the skill with which its interesting thematic material is developed.

With Lukas Foss and Bernard Zighera playing brilliantly at the two pianos, which aid and abet the winds and strings in the score, the work was so effective and appealing that it brought on a prolonged demonstration, necessitating many bows from the composer who was present in the audience.

The concert reached its climax with an unfoldment of the Berlioz "Harold in Italy" Symphony, quite above praise, whether considered from the angle of tonal splendor,

imaginative insight, or dramatic power. It was aglow with color, and the solo viola part, as played by Mr. Veissi, could hardly have been more wonderful in sound, or more deft in detail. N. S.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Bruno Walter made his long and pleasantly anticipated appearance as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. This is not his first visit to us as a symphonic conductor, for he directed Boston's orchestra in 1923.

This time the elder statesman among conductors will be with us for two weeks. Then he will return late in March for another fortnight. Mr. Walter's first program is mostly familiar and conservative, but good. The first number, however — Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony, and one of his greatest—is conservative rather than familiar, for the last performances of it by this orchestra were in 1910. The other items are Strauss' "Don Juan" and the Second Symphony of Brahms.

It is extremely rewarding to have heard, within a month, three great conductors, a Frenchman (Charles Munch), a Russian (Mr. Koussevitzky), and a German (Mr. Walter). They are all great and they are completely different, one from another. Mr. Walter, by temperament and training, goes back to the classic succession of German conductors in the 19th century. He makes everything "sing" and everything clear, down to the least obtrusive inner voice.

As one member of the audience, who knew, said: "This reminds me more than anything else of the days when Dr. Muck conducted the Boston Symphony." The essence of Walter's technical and interpretive character is a blend of romanticism and simplicity, mellow rather than dramatic classic rather than spectacular.

He is inclined to slow tempi, and for me the last movement of the Brahms Symphony was mannered because it went so slowly. Yet it is extraordinary how the rhythms pulse under his straightforward beat and how Haydn can sound so timeless when played without interpretive complications. "Don Juan" can be made to sound much more involved, even neurotic, but the broad sweep and healthy vigor of a Walter performance makes it

as passionate as you could wish. No one would realize, either by Mr. Walter's appearance or the rich, vibrant tone which he obtains, that he passed his 70th birthday last September.

Unlike most of the guests, who do not alter Mr. Koussevitzky's individual seating of the orchestra, Mr. Walter temporarily placed first violins on the audience's left, the seconds on the right; behind the seconds, the violas, and behind the first, the cellos. Some expert opinion to the contrary, I think that the Walter arrangement cuts down the volume of the violas. But that is a small matter.

Symphony Concert

The 13th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Symphony in G major, "Oxford," No. 92
"Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20, Strauss
Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73, Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

It seems strange in the extreme that Bruno Walter has not conducted the Boston Symphony since 1923. A leader of acknowledged mastery, he has been available for an invitation to be guest conductor, but during all those years the Boston Symphony has not so availed itself. At any rate the omission has now been repaired, and yesterday we were privileged to welcome this great musician once again to Symphony Hall.

Mr. Walter's first program was a thoroughly conventional one, save that the Haydn Symphony had not been played here since 1910. But if the Strauss Tone Poem and the Brahms 2nd Symphony were familiar to all, the manner of their recreation was the reverse of humdrum. Especially notable was the performance of Strauss's "Don Juan," an amazingly eloquent and brilliant interpretation. In a way it was rather surprising that yesterday's audience applauded the Haydn with more warmth than it did the Strauss. I can only suppose that the Boston Symphony audiences have heard "Don Juan" so often that they have become a little blasé about it. But what a performance! 1-18-47 Herald
Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony deserves more than one performance every 36 years. The witty and sparkling finale alone would merit more frequent attention to it. But all of the Symphony, as with all of Haydn's later works, is full of novel twists and delightful trouvailles. Mr.

Walter, who is one of the world's greatest interpreters of Haydn and Mozart, secured a wonderfully just and clear performance, for which he was recalled many times to the stage.

Finally there was the Brahms 2nd Symphony for overflowing good measure. Everyone has his favorite ranking of the Brahms symphonies, in which amiable pastime I should put this one last. But if anyone could persuade a listener that he ought to amend his judgment, Mr. Walter is the magician to do so. The performance by exception with the Boston Symphony's work had a few orchestral blemishes, which will undoubtedly not reappear in subsequent repetitions tonight and next week.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Walter will again be guest conductor and will lead the orchestra in Wagner's "Faust" Overture, Mozart's G minor Symphony and Bruckner's Symphony No. 9 (in the original version).

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

We have waited a long time to experience again the extraordinary combination of Bruno Walter and the Boston Symphony. And when that greatly gifted conductor was here 24 years ago the orchestra was hardly the body that it is today, while the years have added to rather than detracted from Mr. Walter's stature. At 70 he is today in the fullness of his powers.

No conductor of any age could have given a more fiery reading of Strauss' "Don Juan" than the one that so stirred yesterday's audience. And if any music is a young man's music, it is these glowing pages which Strauss penned before he had reached 25. Performances of this tone poem have long been of frequent occurrence at Symphony Hall, and many are the conductors who have interpreted it for us. Mr. Walter's projection of it, which seems at the moment the most eloquent of them all, was one that respected the music's structure, its superbly planned design, one that glowed with passion, that steadily ravished the ear and that in its intensely dramatic quality reminded us that Mr. Walter is as much at home in the pit of an opera house as on the concert platform. 1-18-47 Per

This performance of the Strauss may have been in its way the climax of the concert but it was far from being all that the occasion had to offer. For the first time since 1910 we heard the beautiful "Oxford" Symphony of Haydn, and in a performance that heightened and enhanced its

intrinsic loveliness and charm. Although the Minuet is not quite up to the level of the other three movements, this is one of the master's finest. Why, then, have we been deprived of it so long?

If "Don Juan" is a common experience at the Hall, Brahms' Second Symphony, the remaining number on this week's program, is a commoner one, and for some the yearly repetitions have tended to dull the music. Yet Mr. Walter made it fresh again. There was no straining after effect but, as with Haydn and Strauss, there was nothing in the score that went by the board and there was much that was transfigured by the warmth and understanding of Mr. Walter's approach. After all, this is his music; we are not made to feel that it has been translated into an alien tongue. Finally, the orchestra itself on this memorable afternoon sounded as we

have seldom heard it. The players were both at their ease and above their usual selves. Mr. Walter neither drove them nor left them on their own. And in the midst of so much that was notable, a word must still be spoken for the horn playing of Mr. Valkenier. We had not properly appreciated it before.

Music of Wagner, Mozart, and Bruckner Presented

By L. A. Sloper

Bruno Walter, for the second program of his guest-conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, had chosen these works: Wagner, A Faust Overture; Mozart, Symphony in G minor (K. 550); Bruckner, Symphony No. 9 in D minor (unfinished). 1-18-47 Herald

The Bruckner Ninth was heard on this occasion in the original version for the first time in Boston. Even Ferdinand Löwe's edition had been played here only three times, and its last hearing was under Muck, 33 years ago. There has been a lively controversy over the merits of the two versions. Since I have not compared the scores, and have not the faintest recollection of the 1914 performance, I can say only that the symphony as heard yesterday is eminently Brucknerian.

Dr. Walter is a broad-minded musician. His tastes are catholic enough to embrace Bach and Wagner, Haydn and Bruckner, Mozart and Mahler. He is appar-

ently equally receptive to the classic and the romantic, the Apollonian and Dionysiac. This is of course an admirable trait in a conductor. Members of the audience have the privilege of preferring one school to another, and of defending their choice with fervor, but a conductor must be more tolerant if he is not to become monotonous. 1-23-47

The controversy over the two versions of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony is mild compared to the hostilities over Bruckner himself. To his supporters he is a genius of the first order, to his detractors, a gifted but clumsy peasant. Here, again, it is useless to join in the fray. If your predilection is for the Bach-Haydn-

Mozart line, you still cannot deny that Bruckner, for all his debt to Wagner, had individuality and was a master of composition and orchestration. If you belong to the other wing, you will not mind, will indeed revel in, his episodic style, his verbosity, his surcharged emotion.

Regardless of sides, there was no disputing the masterly quality of yesterday's performance, which was as persuasive a statement of Bruckner's case as can be imag-

ined. Dr. Walter left no beauty unrevealed, no climax understated. His success repeated that of last week, with ovations again from audience and orchestra for every number, including both the chaste Mozart and the impetuous Wagner of the "Flying Dutchman" period. It is pleasant to reflect that we are to have another fortnight of Dr. Walter later in the season.

BSO Merit Award For Aaron Copland

Thanks to the generosity of Mark M. Horblit of Boston, who established a fund to provide an annual award to be called the Boston Symphony Orchestra Merit Award, it is now possible to recognize financially the outstanding symphonic compositions by residents of the United States. The committee, consisting of Serge Koussevitzky, A. Tillman Merritt, head of Harvard's Music Department, and Henry B. Cabot, president of the Symphony's trustees, awarded the prize this year (\$859) to Aaron Copland for his Third Symphony, which was recently played at the concert. 1-18-47 Herald

Bruno Walter Wins Ovation as Guest Conductor

By L. A. Sloper

Bruno Walter entered this week on his first fortnight's term as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Directing yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall the first of the thirteenth pair of Friday-Saturday concerts, he offered Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony in G major, No. 92, Strauss' "Don Juan," and Brahms' Second Symphony. The visitor was warmly welcomed by audience and orchestra on his first appearance and he received an ovation at the conclusion of each number of the program. He was quick to share the applause with the orchestra.

This was a memorable concert. Mr. Walter is of course one of the great conductors of our time, admired particularly for his interpretations of the music of the masters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries whose careers centered on Vienna. He had not conducted this orchestra for 24 years, although he had directed some operas in Boston for the Metropolitan. His return therefore was eagerly awaited, and the event exceeded anticipation. He was at the top of his form, he obviously had the enthusiastic co-operation of the great orches-

tra, and the result was an afternoon of rare musical delights.

It is difficult to realize that Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony had gone unheard at these concerts for 37 years, but that appears to be the case. Its neglect for so long is a major mystery of program making, for it is one of the most fascinating works of one of the greatest of composers, filled with original ideas, deftly developed, with charming harmonic and contrapuntal devices; and as for unexpected turns, there are enough to make a dozen more G major Surprise symphonies. The performance was a marvel of

precision, clarity, balance and lyrical fluency.

These qualities were evident too in the Strauss, a score so utterly different, yet equally well divined and realized in performance. The conductor here, as ever, was in full control, and he obtained his wishes with a minimum of exertion. The music itself contained less of nervous strain than it sometimes seems to have, because conductor and orchestra appeared to be just doing what came naturally. The work was both dramatic and lyrical, both passionate and tender, with endless revelations of unsuspected or forgotten orchestral beauties.

The Brahms symphony was more lyrical than dramatic, in line with its mode and its design; although full value was given to its more emotional passages, there was no sense of stress. The rhythms, which are so important to Brahms, were both firm and supple, as in the preceding works. This reading, quite different from that to which we have been long

accustomed, appealed strongly to the audience.

We are fortunate to have Mr. Walter with us. The good fortune extends to the subscribers to the other Boston series, who will hear these same works performed next Tuesday and the following Sunday. And of course the radio listeners will hear some of them on Tuesday evening too. Next Friday and Saturday Mr. Walter will present for the first time in Boston the original version of Bruckner's unfinished Symphony No. 9 in D minor.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Fourteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 24, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, at 8:30 o'clock

BRUNO WALTER *Conducting*

WAGNER.....A Faust Overture

MOZART.....Symphony in G minor (Koechel No. 550)
I. Allegro molto
II. Andante
III. Menuetto (allegro)
IV. Finale (allegro assai)

INTERMISSION

BRUCKNER.....Symphony No. 9 in D minor (unfinished)
(Original Version)

I. Feierlich
II. Scherzo: Bewegt, lebhaft; Trio: Schnell
III. Adagio: Sehr langsam

This program will end about 4:20 on Friday Afternoon,
10:20 o'clock on Saturday Evening.

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

Scores and information about music on this program may be seen in the Music Room of the Boston Public Library.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

As a community we may be said to enjoy an acquaintance with great music. Some of it, thanks to our present-day habits, has become almost a drug on the market. It was an unusual experience, then—and for a fortunate few a rather crushing and shattering one—to be brought face to face at yesterday's Symphony Concert for the first time in 33 years with one of the greatest things in all music. The work in question, the Ninth Symphony of Bruckner, was restored to us (in its original, unedited form) by Bruno Walter, and no hand would have been worthier for the task.

To give Dr. Koussevitzky his due, he has planned more than once to revive the Bruckner Ninth; but intention is one thing and accomplishment another. Accordingly, to Mr. Walter our deepest gratitude. The three movements of the Symphony which Bruckner left unfinished on his deathbed, and which he desired to dedicate to "the dear God," are not easy to take in at a first hearing. Nor would many yesterday have remembered the three previous performances in Symphony Hall between 1904 and 1914. The advantage lay with those who have been able to familiarize themselves with the work through its recording, while only last year Mr. Walter broadcast it from New York. *1-25-47 JWS*

The tremendous first movement is a direct descendent of the first movement of Beethoven's Ninth, and Bruckner, alone among subsequent symphonists, was able to wield the thunderbolts of the Jove of Bonn. Will the last trump sound in more awful accents than the chief theme? Yet there are few things in music more beautiful than the group of melodies that bring the needed contrast. Surely no one yesterday could have had any difficulty with the scherzo, which an early critic called the ugliest piece of music ever written, though many may have found the long adagio a hard nut to crack. In this music Bruckner tried to piece the veil which separates us from the Beyond. You may find some of it cryptic, but blind is he who cannot see in it celestial visions. Mr. Walter, who conducted as a priest before the altar, had his reward, if he so considered it, in the cheers that accompanied his final return to the stage. He had given us a performance that we will not soon forget.

While naturally of less significance, the first part of the program was nevertheless something to be treasured. Mr. Walter began by recalling to us the fine "Faust" Overture of Wagner, an early work revised in the composer's middle years that makes you wish that he had written more for the concert hall. The other number, Mozart's G minor Symphony, was

played as we knew in advance that it would be played. With Mozart no one surpasses Walter. We have him now for two more days and then for two weeks in the spring. That is something to look forward to.

Symphony Concert

The 14th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
A Faust Overture.....Wagner
Symphony in G minor, K. 550.....Mozart
Symphony No. 9 in D minor.....Bruckner

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Yesterday's concert proved to be an afternoon of mixed musical pleasure, unless the listener happened to be an ardent admirer of all Bruckner's music in which case there would be no misgivings at all. Once again, however, the interpretations were singularly fine. Mr. Walter surely got all there is to get out of Wagner's Faust Overture, a most eloquent reading. He is a famous interpreter of Mozart, and his sympathetic insight into Bruckner's music makes him probably the foremost conductor in this field.

For me, though, the concert, considered purely as an occasion for rejoicing, began and ended with the Mozart G minor Symphony. This transcendently great masterpiece was beautifully set forth by the orchestra. Mr. Walter's tempi were exactly right. Violinists, pianists and conductors frequently sin by taking Mozart's fast movements at breakneck speed. This Mr. Walter avoided to the great advantage of the musical structure. One reservation about the performance could be made. In so short a work why did not Mr. Walter make the repeats in the sonata-form movements? *1-25-47 JWS*

And so to Bruckner. The most dismal fate that can befall a man is to be remembered by posterity after an industrious and respectable career as nothing more than a vandal. The man who replaced gothic carvings with golden oak, the 18th century poets who re-wrote the Psalms in heroic couplets, the Bowdlers of this world have not suffered for their crimes any worse than has the memory of Ferdinand Loewe for what, with the best of intentions, he did to Bruckner's Ninth. No more vociferous musical cult exists than the adherents of Bruckner and Mahler, and the fact that Loewe himself was a fervent disciple of the former did not save him from their wrath. Mr. Burk in

the program notes has well told the story of the battle for the original version, which we heard yesterday in Boston for the first time.

The test performance of both versions in 1932, with the foregone conclusion that the original would win, must have been a trial for all but the faithful. To have to listen to the Symphony twice in an after-

noon would not be my idea of a good concert. Mercifully Bruckner did not compose a finale, for he was always at his weakest in last movements and the Symphony would then take over an hour.

There are fine passages and splendid moments in the 9th Symphony, and the scherzo is a completely satisfying movement. But what is annoying in Bruckner is the ceaseless repetition. Those interminable sequences, leading nowhere in particular except to further repetitions of other themes, end by getting some of us down. I emerge by unfairly condemning the whole Symphony, while your true Brucknerite, doubtless, considers it a monumental triumph. For him the repetitions are just so much added joy and nobility, but not for everybody.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Leonard Bernstein will be the guest-conductor in Gluck's Overture to "Alceste," Stravinsky's Sacre du Printemps and Beethoven's 7th Symphony.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Thanks to guest conductor Bruno Walter, the Boston Symphony concerts this week are distinctly occasions, for they bring the first local performances since 1914 of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. The program begins with "A Faust Overture" by Wagner and includes the "great" G minor Symphony of Mozart (K. 550). While the Bruckner is a rarity, neither of the other two pieces has been overdone here in recent seasons: Wagner's early Overture was last heard at the Symphony concerts in 1936, and the Mozart Symphony, in these series, in 1940. *1-25-47 JWS*

Every time a work of Bruckner is performed, and that sadly is not often, the whole question of "Bruckner and Mahler" is brought up again. Those two late romantic composers of the 19th Century are regarded as great by some, and by others as negligible. At any rate, while the music of Bruckner and

Mahler is still hotly disputed, the fact remains that Mahler is not frequently performed here, and Bruckner even less so.

It may be that the warmest advocates have done the two composers a disservice by the very heat of their admiration. Perhaps, according to the laws of action and reaction, they have provoked equal and unjustified opposition. If the public—and musicians—were to regard Bruckner and Mahler simply as the extraordinarily gifted composers they were, and hear their music without ascribing divine qualities to either of them, then perhaps we would hear more of both. That would be to everyone's advantage.

The Bruckner Ninth shares with its fellows those typical Brucknerian qualities of remarkable orchestral counterpoint, soaring expression, vast formal scope and towering visions. It is really a great symphony in its facture and in what a noble if naive and peasant soul succeeded in expressing. It is at once austere and intimate, general and personal, passionate and tender as, in the greatest of all paradoxes, great works of art can be.

If the first movement is the most heroic of the three, the closing adagio, rapt and exalted, is the peak and crown of the Symphony. Surely it is true that while the Ninth, from a formal point of view, may be unfinished, no finale could follow the adagio, which was Bruckner's valedictory. Incidentally, Mr. Walter gives us this week not the Ferdinand Loewe edition, but the "ur-text," the original score as Bruckner left it.

As last week, Mr. Walter's conducting is an almost miraculous blend of expression genius, consummate orchestral technic and profound scholarship. This is as true with Wagner as with Bruckner, and I hope I shall not forfeit my place among the Wagnerian faithful by declaring "A Faust Overture" to be a curiosity, groping and immature, rather than a masterpiece. If there could be a finer, more delicate or profound performance of Mozart's troubled Symphony, I cannot imagine it. Mr. Walter's visit has been a revelation. We may be thankful he is returning in March.

The Ninth Symphony to Be Heard as the Composer Wrote It

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Now it is a question of the score indeed — speaking of the Symphony No. 9 in D minor of Anton Bruckner, which Bruno Walter is presenting at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the second week of his visit as conductor in room of Dr. Koussevitzky. For although the Bruckner work as a title in the catalogue of the Boston Symphony library is a matter of long standing, the version of it which Dr. Walter is bringing to notice bears certain marks of novelty.

One of the commonplaces of comment and criticism on Bruckner has been that his music, in the course of its moving out of his hands into those of its first producers, suffered certain alterations and took on supposed improvements. That is to say, if a symphony of his was to receive the honor of performance, it had to submit to corrections and emendations to meet what the conductor regarded as concert requirement and routine. Bruckner himself is understood to have consented to the changes; and one symphony after another was not

only performed but published in the reshaped condition.

Now, conflicting views have been entertained regarding Bruckner. According to one opinion, he was a sort of gifted peasant who felt prompted from within to compose music in a large way, but who lacked the technical skill to do so by accepted rule. According to another, he stood among the leading tone thinkers of the last half of the nineteenth century, and besides having things to say he knew how to say them.

A sodality grew up that championed the Brucknerian cause and that worked to keep his symphonies active in the programs of orchestras in both Europe and America. The outcome was the formation of the International Bruckner Society, which for some time has been restoring the symphonies as originally written and publishing them anew in Vienna. It is the pristine version of the

Symphony No. 9, edited after Bruckner's own manuscript, that Dr. Walter calls the attention of the Bostonian public to on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening.

In Dr. Walter's way of regarding the situation, the Bruckner Society's restored Symphony No. 9, as published some 15 years ago, deserves to supplant the touched-up one that dates from the 'nineties and that was introduced here under Wilhelm Gericke in 1904, and repeated under Karl Muck in 1907. It surpasses that document, by his finding, in plenty of musical respects.

"I would not consider going back to the Symphony No. 9 as we used to have it," Dr. Walter said at Symphony Hall early in the week. "Look at the first page of the Scherzo," he indicated why, opening out the score on the piano in the conductor's room. "See the theme for violins as Bruckner wrote it, and imagine it transferred to the flute, as by the revisers. Interesting, yes; but in its right place it has character and conveys the composer's idea. In many spots their patching-up interfered with Bruckner's expression of himself."

"Then take the Symphony No. 7. What should they do but add percussion where Bruckner had none. They put in drums; and even went so far as to figure cymbals as belonging there. Bruckner knew. He had a purpose, and that is what we want to get at."

As Dr. Walter considers the case, Bruckner was ahead of his time; and whatever difficulty players may have found with his music back in the 'nineties is everyday experience today. Dr. Walter did not say so, but it may be imagined that the conductor who first took up the Symphony No. 7 may have really needed the percussion he wrote into the score to help him with his beat; for just how to mark the first pulse of a measure with the baton so that every executant would understand without the prompting here and there of a tympani-

tap might have been too much for the old technique of directing.

But two sides always. John N. Burk in his program notes, while going into detail about the Bruckner revisions, is moderate in his criticism of them. For after all they seem to have met Bruckner's approval at the time, and they did not altogether upset his symphonic construction nor particularly damage his international fame.

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MUSIC

BY

WARREN STOREY
SMITH

WE CAN all sympathize with the permanent conductor of an orchestra who finds a guest leader praised to the skies. The Boston Symphony's Dr. Serge Koussevitzky told the assembled reviewers at his Brookline home last fall that it greatly distressed him to have these visitors commended for what they accomplish with an organization which he has brought to its present eminence. Nor does he take kindly to the suggestion that Mr. So-and-So's reading of some particular piece was in the nature of a revelation—that we had to wait until that particular performance to learn how or how well a certain composition

should or could sound.

Nevertheless, all of these things can be explained in a way that reflects no discredit upon either Dr. Koussevitzky's admittedly remarkable powers as orchestral director, in the more technical sense, or his skill and understanding as interpreter of works old and new, native and foreign. It has been said that on general principles an orchestra will play better for a guest than for its regular leader. At any rate, if he has the goods the men will give him enthusiastic co-operation. Whereas, the permanent conductor must rule with an iron hand, the guest can well afford to be a good fellow. The men are flattered by his praise, charmed by his friendly attitude, and for the time being everything is rosy. 1-26-47 PM

As far as the critics are concerned, there is a considerable degree of truth in the old adage that the grass is always greener in your neighbor's yard and in the still older one that variety delights. Let us admit that A and B are each of them eloquent exponents of a particular symphony, tone poem, or what you will, but that each projects the music in a different way. Surely, everyone at all conversant with such matters knows that even with the same forces no two conductors of equal eminence will produce the identical result with a given symphonic or operatic work. There will be variations that the experienced observer will detect in a moment. I am also willing to concede that the imagination plays its part. A conductor's physical appearance, his manner on the podium will color your hearing of the music. Heard but not "seen," the two performances might exhibit less striking divergences.

But what it boils down to is this: If you have been long accustomed to A's performance, if the latter is of any comparable quality, you will welcome B's, and you would react in the same way if their positions

were reversed. Furthermore, no matter who or how great the conductor, there will always be some piece, some composer, some whole school of music with which another man will do a better job. Such things are a matter of personality or of temperament, and still more often of race and background. To come down to cases, we have just heard at Symphony Hall remarkable performances of French music under Charles Muench and of German and Austrian music under Bruno Walter. It is more than

probable that neither could have worked the other's wonders with that gentleman's program or programs. And it is likely that Dr. Koussevitzky would be a more satisfactory interpreter of the lot of them than would Mr. Muench or Mr. Walter, though either might have something on him where his work or that was concerned. In addition to being unexcelled as a projector of more than one composer, Dr. Koussevitzky is a conductor of exceptional versatility. Of course, neither he nor anyone else is the greatest living interpreter of everything under the sun.

There are two composers for whom Bruno Walter is by general consent the foremost spokesman, Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler. We have just experienced his impressive disclosure of the elder master's unfinished Ninth Symphony, not heard here in any form since 1914 and never before as Bruckner originally wrote it, undoctored by his well-meaning disciple, the conductor Ferdinand Loewe. When he returns in the spring he will give us the Mahler Fourth, with which we have at last become acquainted through the efforts of that local Mahler enthusiast, Richard Burgin. Mr. Walter has but lately conducted this symphony with various European orchestras, the London Philharmonic and BBC, the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam and the leading orchestras of Brussels and Zurich. He reports that they are as good as they ever were, or better. Recognizing that its spiritual needs were greater even than its material wants, the countries of Europe immediately saw to it that the former should be properly satisfied.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Fifteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 31, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1, at 8:30 o'clock

LEONARD BERNSTEIN Conducting

GLUCK.....Overture to "Alceste"
(First performance at these concerts)

STRAVINSKY....."Le Sacre du Printemps" ("The Rite of Spring")
Pictures of Pagan Russia

- I. The Adoration of the Earth
Introduction — Harbingers of Spring — Dance of the Adolescents — Abduction — Spring Rounds — Games of the Rival Towns — The Procession of the Wise Men — The Adoration of the Earth (The Wise Man) — Dance of the Earth
- II. The Sacrifice
Introduction — Mysterious Circles of the Adolescents — Glorification of the Chosen One — Evocation of the Ancestors — The Sacrificial Dance of the Chosen One

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 7 in A major, Op. 92

- I. Poco sostenuto; Vivace
- II. Allegretto
- III. Presto; Assai meno presto; Tempo primo
- IV. Allegro con brio

This program will end about 4:10 on Friday Afternoon,
10:10 o'clock on Saturday Evening

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

The concerts will be broadcast each Tuesday, 8:30-9:30 E. S. T., under the sponsorship of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company.

should or could sound.

Nevertheless, all of these things can be explained in a way that reflects no discredit upon either Dr. Koussevitzky's admittedly remarkable powers as orchestral director, in the more technical sense, or his skill and understanding as interpreter of works old and new, native and foreign. It has been said that on general principles an orchestra will play better for a guest than for its regular leader. At any rate, if he has the goods the men will give him enthusiastic co-operation. Whereas the permanent conductor must rule with an iron hand, the guest can well afford to be a good fellow. The men are flattered by his praise, charmed by his friendly attitude, and for the time being everything is rosy. 1-26-97 PWS

As far as the critics are concerned, there is a considerable degree of truth in the old adage that the grass is always greener in your neighbor's yard and in the still older one that variety delights. Let us admit that A and B are each of them eloquent exponents of a particular symphony, tone poem, or what you will, but that each projects the music in a different way. Surely, everyone at all conversant with such matters knows that even with the same forces no two conductors of equal eminence will produce the identical result with a given symphonic or operatic work. There will be variations that the experienced observer will detect in a moment. I am also willing to concede that the imagination plays its part. A conductor's physical appearance, his manner on the podium will color your hearing of the music. Heard but not "seen," the two performances might exhibit less striking divergences.

But what it boils down to is this: If you have been long accustomed to A's performance, if the latter is of any comparable quality, you will welcome B's, and you would react in the same way if their positions

were reversed. Furthermore, no matter who or how great the conductor, there will always be some piece, some composer, some whole school of music with which another man will do a better job. Such things are a matter of personality or of temperament, and still more often of race and background. To come down to cases, we have just heard at Symphony Hall remarkable performances of French music under Charles Muench and of German and Austrian music under Bruno Walter. It is more than

probable that neither could have worked the other's wonders with that gentleman's program or programs. And it is likely that Dr. Koussevitzky would be a more satisfactory interpreter of the lot of them than would Mr. Muench or Mr. Walter, though either might have something on him where his work or that was concerned. In addition to being unexcelled as a projector of more than one composer, Dr. Koussevitzky is a conductor of exceptional versatility. Of course, neither he nor anyone else is the greatest living interpreter of everything under the sun.

There are two composers for whom Bruno Walter is by general consent the foremost spokesman, Anton Bruckner and Gustav Mahler. We have just experienced his impressive disclosure of the elder master's unfinished Ninth Symphony, not heard here in any form since 1914 and never before as Bruckner originally wrote it, undoctored by his well-meaning disciple, the conductor Ferdinand Loewe. When he returns in the spring he will give us the Mahler Fourth, with which we have at last become acquainted through the efforts of that local Mahler enthusiast, Richard Burgin. Mr. Walter has but lately conducted this symphony with various European orchestras, the London Philharmonic and BBC, the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatory, the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam and the leading orchestras of Brussels and Zurich. He reports that they are as good as they ever were, or better. Recognizing that its spiritual needs were greater even than its material wants, the countries of Europe immediately saw to it that the former should be properly satisfied.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

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LEONARD BERNSTEIN (born in Lawrence, Massachusetts, August 25, 1918) attended the Boston Latin School and then Harvard College, graduating in 1939. He was at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia for two years, where he studied conducting with Fritz Reiner, orchestration with Randall Thompson, and piano with Isabella Vengerova. At the first two sessions of the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood, he studied conducting with Serge Koussevitzky. He returned as his assistant in conducting in the third year of the School, 1942, and joined the faculty in the same capacity for 1946. In the season 1943-44, he was assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Society. He has appeared with many orchestras as guest conductor, including the Boston Symphony Orchestra January 28, 1944 (when he conducted his "Jeremiah" Symphony), November 22, 1944, and March 22, 1946. In 1945 he became director of the New York City Symphony. He conducted as guest in Prague and London last summer. His ballets "Fancy Free" and "Facsimile" have been produced by the Ballet Theatre. He wrote the music for "On the Town," first performed in Boston December 13, 1944, and a success on Broadway.

'Le Sacre' and Leonard Bernstein - Stravinsky Work to Be Revived After Eight Years

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Last week we were calling to witness the Nine Muses in reprobation of a conductor of 50 years ago who made certain alterations in the Symphony No. 9 of Bruckner and passed the emended work off as the composer's own. This week, we are compelled to condone the action of a young conductor, Leonard Bernstein, for presenting at the Boston Symphony Concerts of tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening a somewhat retouched form of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps." As in the former case there was probably very good reason indeed for the changes made in Bruckner, so in the present case there offers inevitable excuse for those done on Stravinsky. In both cases, the music, as far as the audience feels the effects, might just as well stand in the revised as in the original form. The substitutions cause little or no damage to the sound. 1-3047

As for the "Sacre du Printemps," the scoring is such as to produce insurmountable, even if insignificant obstacles to the Boston Symphony Orchestra; because Stravinsky calls for an instrument or two which is unavailable here and now. For all the difference it makes, however, we may leave the matter to musicologists of another generation to set right.

The Stravinsky work has rested unplayed on the shelf of the Boston Symphony Library for eight years, and a considerable number of the members of the orchestra are taking part in performance of it for the first time at the concerts which Mr. Bern-

stein is directing. By extreme contrast, and somewhat in compensation, two of the present personnel, Mr. Speyer, English horn player, and Mr. Girard, of the double basses, played in the orchestra in Paris under Pierre Monteux that, with the Diaghilev Russian Ballet, produced "Sacre du Printemps" in Paris in 1913.

The score of the work which Mr. Bernstein opened out on the piano in the conductor's room after practice his first morning in town was a well-worn folio indeed. The pages showed evidence of much turning, giving proof that nobody had ever committed their contents to memory in a mere evening's perusal. Easy to see, the piece has difficulties for certain of the executants; but the hard going would seem to be more with the wind instruments, particularly the woodwinds, than anywhere else; though intricacies of rhythm abound for the gymnasts of the percussion department. For string players experienced in music of today, the road looks reasonably smooth.

"I heard this music," said Mr. Bernstein, "over the radio in 1933, when I was a pupil in the Newton High School. One of my ambitions ever since has been to conduct it; and now I have my wish. I had never heard any modern music before; and in getting acquainted with this, I was at the very source. For the whole modern movement, as I look at things, began with the 'Sacre du Printemps.' It stands as the primary example of continuous, consistent dissonance."

If Mr. Bernstein has the correct view, Stravinsky started something here. Why did he not keep the idea going, instead of switching to neo-classicism? In answer,



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somebody has said that with the "Sacre du Printemps" he not only made a beginning, but he also reached the end of what he began. He carried dissonance, that would mean, as far as it would reasonably, in our time, go.

Symphony Concert

The 15th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Overture to "Alceste" Gluck
"Le Sacre du Printemps" Stravinsky
Symphony No. 7 in A minor Op 92 Beethoven

2-1-47 Hurd
By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Mr. Bernstein yesterday gave us a most brilliant concert which promises well for the future ones he will conduct. Not that anyone had expected less than brilliance from this talented conductor, and the fact was that there was much more to his interpretations yesterday than that often over-rated and over-sought quality. To begin with the last, I have seldom if ever heard a finer or more eloquent performance of the Beethoven 7th Symphony. This work, known to and beloved by all, was presented with complete understanding and no overstatement.

Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* is nowadays to most of us, if still not to all, an old friend and, moreover, one whose renewed acquaintance brings increased pleasure. It is an astonishing masterpiece of rhythm. Its discords, which still shock the unprepared or unsympathetic listener, are a necessary adjunct to the artistic idea for which Stravinsky was striving. Nor does the *Sacre* in any sense date, and it has had some 34 years of buffeting in the musical world.

It is still a most difficult work to perform and conduct. Mr. Bernstein secured the most clean-cut rhythmical performance that I can recall. The music became amazingly clear, as it was when Mr. Koussevitzky last played it in 1939. Mr. Bernstein never seemed for a moment at a loss through the maze of changing tempi which must make any conductor sweat beforehand. With only one detail would I quarrel. In the flute melody after the short English horn theme in the second part Mr. Bernstein injected a "blues" feeling to the music which I am sure was not in

Stravinsky's mind in 1912. But that is a minor and disputable blemish in a magnificent performance.

This admirable concert opened with a splendid performance of Gluck's nobly tragic Overture to "Alceste," a piece which has unaccountably never been played before at a Boston Symphony concert.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Bernstein will conduct Mozart's "Linz" Symphony, Hindemith's Violin Concerto (with Ruth Posselt as soloist) and Schubert's 7th Symphony.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Leonard Bernstein is back as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and his program for the week includes one of the great—if still disputed—masterpieces of this century: "Le Sacre du Printemps," by Igor Stravinsky. The other numbers are Gluck's Overture to "Alceste" (in the edition of Felix Weingartner), and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony.

The exceptional talents of young Mr. Bernstein are still undergoing development and refinement on the evidence of his performances yesterday. He still prefers to work without a baton, and, as in the Beethoven Symphony, without a score before him when he feels that is proper. He still naturally shows the re-

silient vigor of youth, but he also showed, especially in Beethoven, an authority both of style and interpretation which he has not had before to such a degree.

I could not help feeling, through the course of the Seventh Symphony, that perhaps a good deal of Beethoven, this symphony included, is perhaps more young than old men's music. While there were a few places in the last movement that were a bit raw, and while that surging dance rhythm seemed to run away with him (as it often does with more experienced conductors), I nevertheless felt that his Beethoven touches the fundamentals of expression. 2-1-47 Hurd

Everything sang, and in the fast movements everything "danced"; most of the time the texture was clear and the sound evenly balanced. He avoided the tempting pitfall of making the allegretto either too fast or too slow; the trio of the scherzo was retarded just enough for contrast, but it never dragged. His Gluck had the right tempo and interpretive ap-

proach. (A less discerning man would have borne down more heavily on those three trombones which lend such weight of drama to the score.)

But it was in "Le Sacre du Printemps," that fiendishly difficult work, with tricky rhythms, changing metrical signatures and irregular accents that Mr. Bernstein really showed his technical mettle. Here there was no question of surface refinement or polished sound;

what mattered was the insistent rhythm, the proper speed and the force of accents. Mr. Bernstein came through handsomely, and his performance had a "bite" not only appropriate but which added an extra thrill to music that, paradoxically, represents a peak of intellectual organization and an extreme of primitive, even visceral feeling.

Although I did not observe everyone in the hall, my eyes being glued to Stravinsky's score, I did not see anyone walk out on the grinding dissonances of "Le Sacre du Printemps." In fact, some of the older subscribers were heard to express delight with what was once considered a tonal nightmare. Evidently time will fix everything. Hurray!

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky's young protege, 29-year-old Leonard Bernstein, had charge of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in the first of a series of concerts he will conduct during Dr. Koussevitzky's absence. The case of Mr. Bernstein, whose meteoric rise to fame a few years ago was the talk of several towns, can't be casually dismissed with a few of the usual general remarks. He presents something of a giant question mark to the interested observer.

The program he had chosen for this concert ranged from Gluck's overture to "Alceste" through Beethoven's dance symphony, the Seventh. In between came Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps" which gave the conductor an excellent opportunity to display the development of his conducting technique since he was last here. And, indeed, the co-ordinated and controlled use of his hands and body are a pleasure to watch, even though much of it is unadulterated Koussevitzky. 2-1-47 Hurd

Both the Overture to "Alceste" and the Seventh Symphony were played with a charming precision. The opportunity to make more of them than that was not utilized because of Mr. Bernstein's almost dangerous penchant to concentrate exclusively on rhythm and sensuous sound. But with "Le Sacre" he shone brilliantly. Brittle, brutal rhythms often in conflicting juxtaposition and weird flashes of orchestral colors were made the most

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of. The jazz influence in Mr. Bernstein's career helped him considerably in the execution of this work. Incidentally, the deliberately brutal qualities in this composition that caused such a sensation in its Paris premiere have been considerably mitigated by time. In fact only one person was seen to leave the hall during its performance visibly shaken by the proceedings. With all that there is still no doubt that time has not lessened the difficulties of conducting and playing the music.

Three factors in particular make it difficult to write a sound review of Mr. Bernstein's ability as a conductor. In the first place he hasn't been heard conducting over a considerable length of time in a variety of works that would reveal all facets of his person-

MUSIC

BY

WARREN STOREY SMITH

IT HAD not been my intention to return immediately to the Boston Symphony Orchestra, its conductors, its concerts and related matters. There are, however, new developments, straws in the wind and controversial issues that call for comment. First of all, the rumors that Dr. Koussevitzky is intending to resign have begun to fly again. They are denied by the orchestra's trustees, who are famous for keeping their own council until the time is ripe for making public announcements. Nevertheless, coming events cast their shadow before and here are some adumbrations, that are in part mere conjecture and hearsay.

2-2-47 Hurd
No longer does the Symphony program book, or "concert bulletin," list Dr. Koussevitzky as the orchestra's conductor, but rather as its "music director," while still referring to Richard Burgin as the "associate conductor." The announcement of next summer's Berkshire Festival, which Dr. Koussevitzky certainly plans to conduct, also calls him the music director, so it may be that he prefers this title, as signifying that he supervises every activity of the orchestra. It is an open secret that he has the power of veto where the guest conductor's program is concerned and at least a considerable say as to who shall be invited in the first place.

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The trustees, along with everyone else, have been in something of a dither over the guest appearances of Bruno Walter, which for the time being ended last Sunday. There is an unconfirmed report that he will return to us next season for a longer period than the total of four weeks assigned to him this winter and spring. That is a consummation devoutly to be desired. Too many of our guests in recent years have been second-raters or, at best, promising figures among the younger generation. Again, were Dr. Koussevitzky to conduct less than 13 out of the 24 pairs of regular concerts that he allotted himself this season, that would be in line with the way things have been going lately. It is also significant that when the orchestra makes its next trip to New York, it will be directed by Leonard Bernstein. At Symphony Hall Dr. Koussevitzky has been willing and eager to yield his place to others; unless illness prevented, he has always been on the job in Manhattan.

It is no secret that the Berkshire Festival and the school which he founded there are dear to Koussevitzky's heart and many have pictured him as decreasing his winter activities in order to add to the summer ones. Instead of nine concerts next July and August there will be 12, one devoted to Mozart, one to Bach and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, without which no Koussevitzkian year is now complete. This performance of the Ninth will fall on Aug. 5, and the three previous concerts will be devoted to other music by Beethoven, thus constituting a sort of festival within a festival. Last year it was Brahms who was so honored. At this point it may be observed that the John Hancock Life Insurance Co., which now sponsors the Boston Symphony broadcast on Tuesday evenings, has given 10 scholarships to the Berkshire Music Centre, which opens its six-week term on June 30.

The outstanding event of Mr. Walter's visit, the first since 1923, was the restoration to the repertory of Bruckner's great Ninth Symphony, last played here in 1914 under Dr. Muck. It is inconceivable that we shall have to wait that long before hearing it again, though the Symphony did not make an equally favorable impression upon all who heard it. Like his disciple, Mahler, Bruckner is still a contro-

versial figure. Which is really all to the good. The greatness of most music is too calmly accepted.

Among the critical brethren, the one least sold on the Bruckner Ninth complained bitterly of the composer's over-use of that repetitive device known to musicians as the sequence. Far be it from me to deny that Bruckner has never offended in this respect. Nevertheless, the Ninth is less marked by these sequential repetitions—to be found in every classical and romantic symphony—than certain of the master's earlier works. The amusing angle on this is that this dissenter went into ecstasies over the G minor Symphony of Mozart, which appeared on the same program. (Mozart has now supplanted both Bach and Beethoven as the older composer most to be revered), yet from start to finish the G minor follows the sequential pattern. We were supposed to be properly impressed with the fact that Mr. Walter gave us the original version of the Ninth, free from the editings and tamperings of his pupil, Ferdinand Loewe, who took it upon himself to retouch the orchestration and here and there the actual text. There are those, including the composer's latest biographer, Werner Wolff, who plump for the revised edition. In any event, what we heard was very good.

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

These guest conductors at Symphony Hall are opening our eyes, or, rather, our ears, in the music they elect to play and in the way in which they present it. Leonard Bernstein is in charge again this week and his current program opens with the so-called "Linz" Symphony of Mozart, which, according to the record, had been played here in 1882, 1900 and 1920. Yet no less an authority than Sir Donald Tovey has seen fit to rank it with the composer's last three. It is surely one of the most incredible manifestations of Mozart's altogether incredible genius.

Another miracle man of music was represented yesterday, Franz Schubert. Since the 150th anniversary of his birth fell Jan. 31 last, Mr. Bernstein has seen fit to mark the occasion by playing Schubert's last and greatest symphony, that in C major, called the "great" C major, to distinguish it from the Sixth in the same key. Schubert did not write this Symphony in three days. That would have been impossible, but we know that it did not take him long and that he was both physically ill and mentally harassed when, in the

last year of his tragically short life, he wrote this supremely joyous music. When Mr. Bernstein has become a little more mature he will see in the work essentially Schubertian qualities which were missed in yesterday's undeniably exciting performance.

Between these two masterpieces was set a modern work with more than the usual amount of stuff in it, the Violin Concerto by Hindemith. Introduced to this country by the Boston Symphony, with Richard Burgin as the soloist, it was repeated yesterday with his wife, Ruth Posselt, in that exacting role. While clearer structurally and melodically than many contemporary compositions, the Concerto still makes terrific demands upon all concerned.

Mr. Bernstein shows remarkable sympathy for music of many schools. We naturally expect him to be at home with contemporary works, and he is. Miss Posselt, too, has a reputation as exponent of the moderns.

In this Concerto she outdid herself yesterday. Her performance was marked by the utmost virtuosity, and in the slow movement by the depth of feeling appropriate to music that is itself deeply felt. The performance provoked a demonstration on the part of the audience, but so, for that matter, did those of the two symphonies.

2-8-42 Herald
Critic from article in the Herald
ality. Secondly, he hits neither the heights as a great conductor showing flashes of imaginative inspiration nor does he fall to the lowest depths of inadequacy. He has what may be a superficial brilliance and a tremendous poise that make it extremely difficult to evaluate him. In the third place he has only been heard (by this reviewer) to conduct what—to paraphrase Dr. Koussevitzky—is already a perfectly trained organ of expert musicians.

To sum it up best, perhaps you can say tentatively that diligent effort, a certain amount of obvious talent and

quick facility, the most expert instruction available and the opportunity to conduct the best orchestras in the country have earned Mr. Bernstein a rapid reputation that he has so far succeeded in living up to.

Symphony Concert

The 16th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The soloist was Ruth Posselt, violinist. The program was as follows:
Symphony in C major, "Linz," No. 36 Mozart
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra Hindemith
Symphony in C major No. 7.....Schubert

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Mr. Bernstein's second concert proved to be fully as rewarding as his first last week. The program was chiefly distinguished by Mozart's "Linz" Symphony, which has unaccountably not been played by

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the Boston Symphony since 1920, and Hindemith's Violin Concerto, which allowed us to hear some superb fiddle playing by Ruth Posselt.

The first and last movements of the Concerto wear the best. The andante is a bit long drawn out and finds Hindemith writing the sort of music which he has done much better before, in "Mathis der Maler" for instance. There are fine things in the slow movement, a forte climax with a marvelously wrought diminuendo and other moments; but they seem rather few and far between. The first movement and the finale are top-notch Hindemith, his personal idiom, mature and highly developed.

2-8-42 Herald
The Concerto provides a lot for the soloist to do, including an appropriately placed and thought out cadenza in the finale. Miss Posselt shrugged off the difficulties of the score as though they did not exist. She is, in fact, a splendid violinist. We all say this of her every year and then every year she gets even better. Does she not know how embarrassing it is for a critic to heap praises on an artist one season and then find that next year he must search for even purpler adjectives? It was a magnificent performance, in which Mr. Bernstein and the orchestra had a by no means modest share. After it there were cheers and bravos for Miss Posselt, a reaction which Hindemith's music does not usually arouse.

Mozart's "Linz" Symphony is actually one of his most celebrated and probably best known, but you would not gather this as a Boston Symphony subscriber. The answer, of course, is that the symphonic literature of both Mozart and Haydn is so rich that it is virtually impossible for an orchestra to do justice to them. Mr. Bernstein was eminently right in resurrecting this one, for it is singularly lovely and has an unusual slow movement. The performance was just right, neither too fragile nor sentimental, the two great sins in playing Mozart. Again the audience's response was unusually cordial, for Mr. Bernstein was recalled to the stand three times.

Finally we had Schubert's familiar C major Symphony, making a fairly long concert for a change. Mr. Bernstein injected a good deal of fire into the performance, which was just as well since it is perilously easy for musicians to go to sleep in this work.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra goes to New York. When it returns on Feb. 21 Mr. Bernstein will conduct Brahms' Serenade in A major, Bartok's Music for strings and percussion and Schumann's 2nd Symphony in C major.

Ruth Posselt Soloist

in Hindemith's

Violin Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

Brilliant is the word for Mr. Bernstein. He knows his conducting job and he is a good showman. His audiences, if they wish, may follow his interpretations with their eyes as well as with their ears. He visualizes the music on the podium. He misses no effect.

His second program, the sixteenth of the Boston Symphony season, heard yesterday afternoon, had for centerpiece Hindemith's Violin Concerto, with Ruth Posselt as soloist. The concert opened with Mozart's "Linz" Symphony and ended with Schubert's Symphony in C major, No. 7.

Hindemith's Concerto was introduced to America at a Boston Symphony concert seven years ago, with Mr. Burgin as soloist. In view of the excellent impression it made at that time, it is surprising that it had not been heard since in Symphony Hall. It is of course in the modern

idiom, with acerb harmonies, but these do not obscure the firm and chaste structure of the piece. Miss Posselt, who has played the work before with this orchestra in other cities, brought to it yesterday a good tone and a clear conception. If the performance seemed to have less eloquence than memory gives that of 1940, the difference may have been due to an imperfect co-ordination between solo instrument and orchestra, each of which seemed to be going its way independently.

Even more of a novelty than the concerto was Mozart's "Linz" Symphony, which had not been done here since 1920. That is too long a wait, even if Tovey was perhaps a little extravagant in his praise of the work; and Mr. Bernstein deserves our thanks for bringing it to our notice again. It would be very temerarious to contradict Tovey, but we may be permitted to recall that when he compared this work to the last three symphonies he had heard it only once. As it came to our ears yesterday it seemed far below

that great trio. Only in the final movement did I get the authentic feel of the Mozartean genius in its full expression.

Of course it is possible that Mr. Bernstein did less than justice to the symphony. For he does have a habit of picking a work to pieces, lavishing care on certain elements while neglecting to make clear to us the total architectural mass. He started yesterday with the handicap of an imbalanced orchestra, honoring Mozart's modest demands for woodwind and brass and cutting the doublebasses to seven, but using the full complement of other strings. And 36 violins, especially when they have the tone of these Bostonians, offer too stiff competition, if given their heads, to the other choirs.

Again in the Schubert symphony Mr. Bernstein gave us a patchwork instead of a unified creation. There were moments of great beauty, and other moments of exaggerated effects, of trying too hard. Only in the Scherzo did

he seem to be doing what he should have done throughout—let the lyrical masterpiece sing itself. One is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Bernstein, with all his gifts, does not yet feel the big line or the total rhythmic pattern of the great classic and romantic symphonies.

The conductor had an impressive popular success, and Miss Posselt was similarly rewarded for her playing in the concerto.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Mozart of the "Linz" Symphony (K. 425); Hindemith of the Violin Concerto and Schubert of the C major or "Heavenly length" Symphony make a solid and effectively contrasted program at the Boston Symphony concerts this week. The conductor is again Leonard Bernstein, now in the second of the three weeks he will be guest with us in Boston. Ruth Posselt is soloist in the Hindemith Concerto.

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Cont'd on pg. 107

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Sixteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 7, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8, at 8:30 o'clock

LEONARD BERNSTEIN Conducting

MOZART.....Symphony in C major, "Linz," No. 36

- I. Adagio; allegro spiritoso
- II. Poco adagio
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Presto

HINDEMITH.....Concerto for Violin and Orchestra

- I. Moderato
- II. Andante
- III. Vivace

INTERMISSION

SCHUBERT.....Symphony in C major, No. 7

- I. Andante; Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Scherzo
- IV. Finale

SOLOIST
RUTH POSSELT

This program will end about 4:30 o'clock on Friday Afternoon,
10:30 on Saturday Evening.

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

Scores and information about music on this program may be seen in the Music Room of the Boston Public Library.

Ruth Posselt Soloist

in Hindemith's

Violin Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

Brilliant is the word for Mr. Bernstein. He knows his conducting job and he is a good showman. His audiences, if they wish, may follow his interpretations with their eyes as well as with their ears. He visualizes the music on the podium. He misses no effect.

His second program, the sixteenth of the Boston Symphony season, heard yesterday afternoon, had for centerpiece Hindemith's Violin Concerto, with Ruth Posselt as soloist. The concert opened with Mozart's "Linz" Symphony and ended with Schubert's Symphony in C major, No. 7.

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amazing that such compact and concentrated music should have been written in a mere three days! Here you have the essential Mozart, of fecund ideas and deft hand, with an instinctive sense of proportion and form and yet, for his time, adventurously expressive. The "Linz" has a good deal of the brave flourish of the "Haffner" Symphony, which preceded it by a year, and at the same time it looks forward to the weight and intimacy of the "Great" G minor. 2-8-47 JLM

Mr. Bernstein's conducting of the "Linz" Symphony, like that of the Schubert C major, was interesting because it was so close to interpretive maturity. Haydn, Mozart and Schubert are almost deceptively simple. They invite no interpretive mannerisms but they require thorough understanding of the composer's style and a straightforward handling of the structure and "line" of the music.

For these reasons theirs may well be the last music that a young conductor really masters. In middle age it is easier to be simple than it is in youth. Mr. Bernstein did admirably by Mozart, and only the menuet seemed heavy and over-emphasized. Otherwise the "Linz" Symphony flowed and sang like a clear brook.

It was a somewhat different story with Schubert. A good deal of the C major Symphony was too angular, too muscular, dynamically forced. As he grows artistically, Mr. Bernstein may likely take the andante slower and make the scherzo more gentle. As it was, apart from these reservations, we enjoyed a bright and vital performance of one of the greatest lyrico-dramatic masterpieces among symphonies.

Hindemith's Violin Concerto could stand more frequent hearings. This is a remarkable modern Concerto which is both a virtuoso piece for the solo instrument and of intense logic and consistent musical worth. But only two sets of performances in eight seasons are not enough to get deeply into the score, for it is by no means simple.

One of the most resourceful of contemporary technicians, Hindemith did wonders in balancing the solo violin against the orchestra and simultaneously making that part an integral factor of the whole work. And while the style may be dissonant, it is also lyrical. Miss Posselt played brilliantly, and Mr. Bernstein and the orchestra partnered her superbly.

CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

These guest conductors at Symphony Hall are opening our eyes, or, rather, our ears, in the music they elect to play and in the way in which they

present it. Leonard Bernstein is in charge again this week and his current program opens with the so-called "Linz" Symphony of Mozart, which, according to the record, had been played here in 1882, 1900 and 1920. Yet no less an authority than Sir Donald Tovey has seen fit to rank it with

the composer's last three. It is surely one of the most incredible manifestations of Mozart's altogether incredible genius.

Another miracle man of music was represented yesterday, Franz Schubert. Since the 150th anniversary of his birth fell Jan. 31 last, Mr. Bernstein has seen fit to mark the occasion by playing Schubert's last and greatest symphony, that in C major, called the "great" C major, to distinguish it from the Sixth in the same key. Schubert did not write this Symphony in three days. That would have been impossible, but we know that it did not take him long and that he was both physically ill and mentally harassed when, in the last year of his tragically short life, he wrote this supremely joyous music. When Mr. Bernstein has become a little more mature he will see in the work essentially Schubertian qualities which were missed in yesterday's undeniably exciting performance.

Between these two masterpieces was set a modern work with more than the usual amount of stuff in it, the Violin Concerto by Hindemith. Introduced to this country by the Boston Symphony, with Richard Burgin as the soloist, it was repeated yesterday with his wife, Ruth Posselt, in that exacting role. While clearer structurally and melodically than many contemporary compositions, the Concerto still makes terrific demands upon all concerned. 2-8-47 JLM

Mr. Bernstein shows remarkable sympathy for music of many schools. We naturally expect him to be at home with contemporary works, and he is. Miss Posselt, too, has a reputation as exponent of the moderns.

In this Concerto she outdid herself yesterday. Her performance was marked by the utmost virtuosity, and in the slow movement by the depth of feeling appropriate to music that is itself deeply felt. The performance provoked a demonstration on the part of the audience, but so, for that matter, did those of the two symphonies.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

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BERNSTEIN LEADS BOSTON SYMPHONY

As Guest on Podium Here, He
Presents Major Works by
Schubert and Stravinsky

By OLIN DOWNES

Music is completely a psychological thing. The fact is nowhere more evident than in the wholly invisible relations which exist between a conductor, the music he interprets and the orchestra which he endeavors to infuse with his interpretation. And so it was last night when the young Leonard Bernstein appeared as guest conductor with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall.

Mr. Bernstein, invited by Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who was in the audience, to conduct this concert, had arranged for himself a program which would have given any conductor pause: the great Schubert C major symphony and Stravinsky's "Sacre du printemps." The symphony, despite its years and the vast honor in which it is properly held, has a secret which eludes even brilliant and authoritative conductors of today. As for the "Sacre," the mere practical problem that it offers the leader is one that none but a highly accomplished musician and technician should dream of facing.

The results of this situation afforded an exact revelation of the nature of Mr. Bernstein's remarkable talent, his instinct for conducting, his youth, his artistic tendencies and his precise degree of maturity as man and musician. He gave a highly creditable reading of the symphony. There were details which could be argued about, and it would be well if conductors, young and old, heeded more carefully than was done last night the tempo directions of the main body of the opening movement, which are "allegro"—fast—but also "non-troppo"—not too fast. 2-14-47

But as a whole, this was a musicianly, enthusiastic reading. And it fell quite flat because, with all

his qualities, Mr. Bernstein got just as much as, and no more, than an orchestra of players who were in a majority older than he chose to give him. Hence the performance was pedestrian, despite a brilliant finale, in which the orchestra sounded more noisy than brilliant. The famous Boston Symphony tone was not often present; the music did not float but was pushed, as it were, from the instruments; the playing was fundamentally routine.

In turn the "Sacre du printemps" got off to a poor start. But here Mr. Bernstein would not be gainsaid, and presently he struck fire. He gave a performance that was electrifying. There was a degree of immoderation in the first part of it. Fine! One had gotten rather tired of moderation and there are higher virtues, anyhow. Furthermore, there was an orchestra to be gotten in hand, which might do something temporarily to impair balances. Mr. Bernstein flung himself tigerishly into the music, which became as fresh and as wildly exciting, in his hands, as it must have sounded when it caused a riot at its première in Paris of a by-gone decade.

One wholly believed, all over again, in this amazing piece, with its atomic energy and its primitive emotion. To state that the performance fully restored its primordial ferocity is to state one part of the matter. The greatest moment was that of precisely its greatest page—perhaps the most tender and poignant page of music Stravinsky ever has written—the introduction of the second part, the music of the gestating earth and the brooding spring night.

This was the prelude to the best and the strongest build-up of the final pages that we remember. Despite the sectional character of certain of these pages, and the extremely irregular rhythmic patterns, there was one continuous line, with one climax, long and gradually prepared, from those preliminary pages to the last measure. There is such power and novelty in the first part of the "Sacre" that the last part can become an anti-climax. Mr. Bernstein understood the music too well for that. He felt its whole structure and germination, felt it in his bones, and so released it that it seemed almost to rend the orchestra itself with its elemental power. He is a born conductor, a musician of his period, and one of its voices in his art.

YOUNGER CROP

New Artists in Europe Despite War Trials

By DANIEL L. SCHORR

PARIS.

TO the post-war newcomer to Europe one of the most amazing things is the fast comeback that music has made. Concerts were being organized almost before the last gun had cooled, and even today the recovery of musical life in western Europe seems to be several steps ahead of general reconstruction.

It could be expected, as one found in Britain, Holland, Belgium and France, that concert halls would be crowded. But what came as a surprise was the generally high level of performance by musicians, some of whom had suffered terrible privations during the war and stalemate in their professions. This correspondent will not soon forget, for example, the exquisite reading of the Beethoven Violin Concerto in The Hague by Simon Goldberg, who was caught in the Netherlands Indies by the invasion and spent most of the war in a Japanese internment camp.

Vitality Found

If it is surprising that the established soloists have been able to get back into form, it is more astonishing that some of the younger musicians, just on the threshold of their careers when the war broke out, have not been professionally ruined. An opportunity to observe the incredible vitality of young musicians was provided recently when an international competition for violin and piano was held by Marguerite Long and Jacques Thibaud under the auspices of the French Education Ministry and the Association Française d'Action Artistique.

A group of nine Hungarian Jew-

ish musicians, who had spent seven years in German prison camps or in hiding, were brought here by the American Joint Distribution Committee on the outside chance that they could compete against more than 130 picked musicians from twenty-two countries. Arnold Eidus, 23-year-old New Yorker, won first prize in the violin division, but top place for piano went to one of the nine, Mrs. Hedi Schneider, 26 years old, who had previously given only one public performance and had never before entered a competition open to all comers.

Once Visited Here

Another of the nine will be remembered in the United States. He is Robert Virovai, 25 years old, who made his Carnegie Hall debut with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra in 1938 and toured the United States for four years. He made his way back to Hungary in 1942 to join his parents, only to join them in internment. They were sent to an Austrian labor camp, where his father was killed. Despite his experiences he won third place in the violin competition. Of the other seven, two placed among the first eleven violinists and the others all received honorable mention from the judges.

The nine musicians were as surprised as the public at their success against seemingly hopeless odds.

"Of course I had prayed for something like this," said Mrs. Schneider in breathless, halting English. "But I never believed it would be possible. You see, I hadn't touched a piano for more than six years, and I had just about started serious practicing again only a few months ago. And now this!"

Fingers Stiff

Mr. Virovai recalled, "I was unable to get a violin. When I finally did get one, my fingers were so stiff that I thought I would never be able to play again. First I would practice for five minutes a day and finally I could play for a couple of hours. You know, I didn't even have a good violin when I came to Paris and it looked as though I wouldn't be able

to take part in the contest. But at the last minute the AJDC located a 1666 Amati for me."

Livia Rev, 24-year-old pianist, said, "Before this we were not so sure that we could continue our careers. We were all determined to make this our proving ground, to let this contest decide whether we could make good as musicians after all these years of being unable to practice and study. The reception that we got here, though, has convinced us that we can now go ahead."

Symphony Concert

The 17th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Serenade in A major, Brahms
Music for Strings and Percussion, Bartok
Symphony No. 2 in C major Op. 61 Schumann

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

MR. BERNSTEIN'S final concerts of his visit here brought us a more controversial modern work than either the Hindemith Violin Concerto or, certainly at this date, the Sacre which he offered earlier. Bartok through the years and right up to his death in 1945 went his own solitary and original way with the result that his musical ideas and compositions have gained the respect, if not always the liking, of a large part of the knowing public.

His Music for Strings and Percussion was played by Mr. Bernstein and the orchestra last Tuesday night. Hearing it again yesterday, I cannot say that the impression is any more rewarding. There are, of course, fascinating effects of orchestral sound, ingeniously contrived in the curious instrumental medium which Bartok set himself. These are always good to listen for and to. Furthermore the scherzo is an original and effective piece. Some of the effects, though, are less alluring, for example that xylophone in the adagio which might well have done service as accompaniment to "The Lost Weekend." The finale starts brilliantly and then gets nowhere. There is much in the rest of the score that sounds amorphous. As an experiment in orchestral timbres this work may have something now and for the future, but as music qua music it is disappointing, meandering and abstruse.

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THE SERENADE in A major is Brahms at his least typical youthful self. It is an utterly charming work. The first movement is strangely prophetic of Mahler at his most spiritual. The rest of the Serenade is a young romanticist's dip into the 18th century, with the most delightful results. Small wonder that Mr. Bernstein chose to resurrect this work, even though its orchestral demands are no more than a woodwind and horn band and the lower strings. It is a good thing to hear this piece for another reason than its own intrinsic merits, for it proves that Brahms was a more versatile composer than a certain school of modern criticism allows him to be. *2-22-47 Ned*

Mr. Bernstein ended the concert with Schumann's C major Symphony, with which he achieved such success last season. The performance yesterday seemed more feverish than dazzlingly effective. The scherzo and the adagio are the great movements of this symphony. The speed of the former yesterday (marked *allegro vivace*) made the *allegro molto vivace* of the finale sound like a veritable slow coach. The adagio had more frenzy than poetry. Save for the Brahms, Mr. Bernstein's other two concerts were considerably superior to this.

Next week Serge Koussevitzky returns from his mid-winter vacation to conduct Vaughan Williams' 5th Symphony and Brahms' Violin Concerto, with Jascha Heifetz as soloist.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Although the storm thinned out the attendance at the Boston Symphony concert yesterday afternoon, there nevertheless was a sizable audience on hand to hear Brahms' Serenade in A major, No. 2; Bela Bartok's Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, and the Second Symphony of Schumann. With this program, which will be repeated tonight and tomorrow afternoon, Leonard Bernstein will conclude his stay as guest conductor.

Not much of Bartok's music is known in Boston, since we do not take easily to decidedly modern idioms. That is our loss, for Bartok was a powerful musical personality who, on the authority of composer Roger Sessions, was one of four men who left the music of their time quite different from what they found it. The other three were Alban Berg, Arnold Schoenberg and Igor Stravinsky.

The Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, which Mr. Bernstein actually introduced to this city at last Tuesday's concert, was composed in 1936 and is, I would gather, typical late Bartok. It is not music of horrendous dissonance, although there are a good many "fourths" bristling out of the contrapuntal texture. This is mainly spirited music, a study in rhythms, many of them irregular, and it has a definite fascination for the receptive listener.

Of the four movements, the first

is an eerie-sounding andante, the second a brisk allegro with very close counterpoint, the third an absorbing (if not exactly tuneful) adagio, and the last an allegro based on a dance melody in the Lydian mode. Throughout there are plain suggestions of Hungarian folk material. *2-22-47 Ned*

This unusual combination of instruments—strings with the "heavenly toned" celesta; kettle, snare and bass drums, harp, cymbals and piano with two players—results in very effective tone colors. Not the least evident is one obtained by beating the kettledrum with the wooden handles of the sticks.

Brahms' Serenade with the adagio omitted went well in its archaic, naive fashion, and the performance of the tricky Bartok work appeared

to be authoritative. Mr. Bernstein was less successful this time with the Schumann Symphony than he had been a year ago. The texture was not clear enough; the first allegro was a little too fast, and somehow Schumann's Spring-like music was just not gentle enough.

All the same, Mr. Bernstein's appearances have been proof that his extraordinary talent is developing rapidly. He may turn out to be America's first great native-born conductor.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In the matter of sonorities the current Boston Symphony program, conducted by Leonard Bernstein, is cunningly devised. The first number, Brahms' Second Serenade in A major, last played at a Boston Symphony Concert in 1895 (!), enlists an octet of woodwinds, two horns, violas, cellos and double basses. The next number, Bartok's Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta, gives the violins a chance and, in addition to the usual percussion instruments, calls for harp, pianoforte and xylophone. Then the full orchestra, as understood in Schumann's day, has its chance in that composer's Second Symphony. More specifically, the trumpets and the trombones are finally added to the picture.

Interesting as a study in sonorities, the program was otherwise rewarding

and, save for the fact that Mr. Bernstein overdrove every part of the symphony except the introduction to the first movement and the Adagio, the performances yesterday were also satisfactory. And in the Bartok, something more. *2-22-47 Ned*

The Brahms Serenade had not actually gone unheard here for 52 years, since Mr. Bernstein presented it at a pair of chamber concerts given by members of the Symphony Orchestra in the summer of 1943. Outside a rather dull first movement the music is not without charm, and although the instrumental setup leans toward heaviness, it is sufficiently unusual to be interesting in its own right. Written in Brahms' 27th year, the music is to a degree conservative and cautious, harking back to the 18th century, both in style and in spirit. *2-22-47 Ned*

In a different way, Bartok's music, first played here last Tuesday evening, is interesting as sheer sound. You are frequently reminded of the Gipsy orchestras of Hungary though Bartok scorned the typical Gipsy music and went to native Hungarian sources for much of his inspiration and melodic material. The Oriental tinge in this curiously fascinating work is easily accounted for. Hungary is the farthest east of the major European countries, outside Russia, and it was more than once overrun by the Turks. Yet to this primitivism, this exoticism, Bartok adds a good measure of strictly

classical procedure, and the fur movements of this suite with their contrasting moods, ranging from melancholy to wild excitement, add up to an extraordinary work of which we have been too long deprived—New York heard it 10 years ago. Although this music can hardly be called easy to listen to, it was received with genuine enthusiasm yesterday. The virtuoso performance of an exceedingly difficult and complicated score would, of itself, have justified the answering applause. As for the Schumann, one would rather recall Mr. Bernstein's more judicious performance of last season.

Bernstein Closes Term At Symphony

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Bartok's Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta came in for a second performance at the Boston Symphony concert on Friday afternoon, having been introduced to town on the Tuesday evening before. Leonard Bernstein again conducted. Two works of mid-nineteenth century times stood on the program with the example of modernism by Bartok. They

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were the Brahms Serenade in A major for Wind Instruments, Violas, Cellos and Doublebasses, and the Schumann Symphony No. 2.

Again Mr. Bernstein exercised his brilliant talent for directing orchestral players and his gift for analyzing symphonic compositions and for writing out upon the air the rhythm and dynamic of them for instrumental executants to see and follow. How much else he gave evidence of is another question; but that he got at the mathematical essence of the three items he presented for the delectation of his matinee audience, there can hardly be dispute.

To Mr. Bernstein's advantage, the musicians over whom he has been presiding in the absence of their regular director, Serge Koussevitzky, are the sort that can reproduce in sound the writing on the pages spread open on their desks exactly according to the conductor's indications, whether those indications are delineated by a baton, Dr. Koussevitzky's way, or with open hand, Mr. Bernstein's way. The result of such conditions is that we can refer complete responsibility for interpretation straight to the batonist.

Should we like a conductor of Mr. Bernstein's sort, we inevitably ask ourselves, all the time? An answer to that query would be that if all the music coming up for consideration were like the work by Bartok, composed for the strange ensemble of strings, percussion, and celesta, we could certainly do no better. For that is music of the higher mathematics, with which Mr. Bernstein seems an almost incomparable master. But music of so complex and involved a sort devolves upon our attention only occasionally. For the greater part of our listening hours we find ourselves in the company of the classicists or the romanticists, like Brahms and Schumann of Friday's scheme.

There we might fairly begin to take exception. It would be a friendly auditor indeed who would call Mr. Bernstein's study of the Brahms Serenade anything but prosaic or his study of the Schumann Symphony anything but, save perhaps for the Scherzo, commonplace. *2-22-47 Ned*

Speaking, though, of the Bartok specimen of present-day symphonic meditation, it seems fairly to mark a moment in the art of tone. With its two orchestras sitting together and giving out contrary and conflicting notions of

melody and rhythm and yet uniformly keeping in agreement, or in what theoretically we call harmony, it must be regarded as an extraordinary effort. Whether, though, it is just a passing record of today's outlook, or whether a valuable generalization, who will tell? Undoubtedly it is best at the beginning, when the music is all strings, and no percussion distractions. The first movement, Andante, were truly something good, had it been Bartók's entire say.

MUSIC

BY
WARREN STOREY
SMITH

THOSE with fairly long memories can recall a time when Mozart was less highly regarded than he is today. If there were few to question his place as the most important composer between Bach and Beethoven, he was by no means admitted to equal rank with those masters. He was too remote, too formal, too much the representative of an artificial and shallow era. You admired his workmanship but you complained that his music lacked the human touch. It charmed the ear and satisfied the mind but did not touch the heart.

If Mozart's operas did not disappear from the repertory they were nevertheless looked upon chiefly as test pieces for vocalists. Locally, the first intimation that they could be good fun to watch, that their characters were men and women of flesh and blood, came not from the major companies but from the adventurous group, the American Opera Company of Rochester, which provided us with lively versions of "The Marriage of Figaro," "And the Abduction from the Seraglio."

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The pendulum has indeed swung far the other way, and it is not difficult to come upon estimates of Mozart's music that smack of exaggeration. I have two in mind,

both to be found in articles intended for the general reader. In the Feb. 3 issue of Life there is a lavishly illustrated one by Winthrop Sargeant on "Don Giovanni." A headline asks: Is it the world's greatest work of art? Mr. Sargeant doesn't quite say yes, but he does say: "That 'Don Giovanni' is the greatest opera ever written there has never been any question." Well, I would say that there has been and still is, although it would undoubtedly get more votes than any other work, if all the responsible authorities in the world could be polled on the subject. There have been those who awarded first honors to Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." Today Wagner's stock has slumped as that of Mozart's has risen. I have an acquaintance, engaged for some time in writing a life of Verdi, who puts him at the top of the operatic heap and picks as his masterpiece not "Aida" or "Otello" but "Il Trovatore." So you never can tell.

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How many, even among well informed musicians, could identify offhand the last nine symphonies of Mozart? I tried and got as far as seven. The final three, the E-flat, G minor and "Jupiter," are among the most treasurable things in music. Slightly below them stand two symphonies in D major, the "Haffner" and the "Prague." There are two famous symphonies in C major, one of them the delightful "Linz" Symphony which Leonard Bernstein lately recalled to us. The two immediately preceding symphonies in G and B-flat are of relatively little importance. Immediately before them comes one of considerable celebrity, the "Paris" Symphony. Written when Mozart was 22, it marks a turning point in his style. Dr. Koussevitzky has made out a good case for a still earlier work in

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Seventeenth Program

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SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, at 8:30 o'clock

LEONARD BERNSTEIN Conducting

BRAHMS Serenade in A major, for Wind Instruments, Violas, Cellos, and Doublebasses

Allegro moderato
Scherzo, vivace
Quasi menuetto
Rondo, allegro

BARTÓK Music for Strings and Percussion

I. Andante tranquillo
II. Allegro
III. Adagio
IV. Allegro molto

INTERMISSION

SCHUMANN Symphony No. 2 in C major, Op. 61

I. Sostenuto assai; allegro ma non troppo
II. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio (I); Trio (II)
III. Adagio espressivo
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Williams' Fifth Symphony

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Finding a somewhat belated turn in the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Symphony No. 5 in D major of the English composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams, will be introduced by Serge Koussevitzky tomorrow afternoon and given a repeat performance on Saturday evening at

Symphony Hall. The work, first made known in London four years ago and brought to American notice in New York three years ago, stands in manuscript form, as though tentatively written. There is no telling, then, what the composer might do in the way of revision before it becomes a fixed number in the Vaughan Williams catalogue. It may conceivably be affected by its handling under Dr. Koussevitzky and by its manner of reception in this town, located so far from where the piece originates. 2.27-422

Boston audiences, accordingly, have an opportunity to do some of that creative listening which has been talked about of late. Not that Vaughan Williams would in the least alter his style for anybody; most likely he could not if he wanted to. But in any case the music remains in a liquid state, the folio from which Dr. Koussevitzky directs being no more permanent than a photostat reproduction of hand-written pages. Such a copy, we may reasonably assume, has the technical standing of a manuscript, even if, one way regarded, it is a print.

The leaves, done up into a sheaf and held in a black leather cover do, no disputing, constitute a book; and like a product of press and bindery, a book that spreads out and turns in the regular way. Not a bulky matter, either, though the photographic process takes effect on only one side of the paper and the sheets are double ordinary requirement.

Here, for one consideration, is good handwriting, whether the composer's own or a copyist's; pleasant, therefore, to the conductor's eye, as performance moves along. "A very beautiful score," Dr. Koussevitzky remarks, as the volume lies open on the piano top in his room at Symphony Hall. Whether he means the appearance of the notes on the ruled lines, or the sound of them when played, he does not say. Along through the parts for the different instruments at certain measures that look like moments of climax or transition occur dart-shaped markings in blue

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, at 8:30 o'clock

WEBER.....Overture to "Oberon"

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS.....Symphony in D major, No. 5

- I. Preludio
- II. Scherzo
- III. Romanza
- IV. Passacaglia

(First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Concerto for Violin and Orchestra,
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gresses. These are likely to be of no value whatever to the next man and may even prove so much clutter.

A volume of the kind is as rare to view as a Greek codex, and there is only a minute or two for study, while Dr. Koussevitzky picks up after rehearsal and starts homeward. The score is temporarily lent anyway, and he must have it by him what time he has the presentation to think of. But to make record of the outline of movements that follows the title, they run—Prelude, Scherzo, Romanza, and Passacaglia. To take a look into the Romanza, which, to judge by former symphonies, represents Vaughan Williams characteristically, we observe evidence of melody of an ingratiating sort assigned particularly to woodwinds and horns.

What is this? The tune marches in regular step as if to the regular and conventional close which is known in the theoretical treatises as a full, authentic cadence; and what does the composer do? Strangely, he swings off into a quaint string of harmonies in a style easily recognizable as antique. Is this what commentators mean when they describe the music of Vaughan Williams as modal? It is not rather something affectedly quaint? Does it sum up to anything, indeed, but a far-fetched flourish?

Certain tunes of the Romanza refer, according to the composer's indication, to an unfinished opera of his on the subject of "The Pilgrim's Progress," by John Bunyan. Quite arguably, the modal idea there applies with a certain historic appropriateness. More mark-worthy, though, in regard to the backward light on the Symphony No. 5, is the old-school passacaglia form in which the finale is cast.

Now in the practice of the contrapuntists of past days, the passacaglia was one of the severest and most mechanistic types going. It was as rigid as the Copernican astronomy. In modern adaptations it has all the elasticity and shapability that could be

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky has returned to the Boston Symphony Orchestra after his long mid-Winter vacation. At Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon he was welcomed home with

that especial warmth reserved for him. His program brings the "Oberon" Overture by Weber; Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony, new to Boston, and the Brahms Violin Concerto with Jascha Heifetz as soloist.

Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony, composed in England during the war and dedicated "without permission to Jean Sibelius," is music finely wrought, and carefully considered, in its way tuneful; too long but eloquent, of modest orchestration but sounding "big," and of spreading musical architecture.

With the knowledge that the distinguished English composer is approaching 75, it is easy to think of the Fifth Symphony as a work that looks back over his career and, as Somerset Maugham said of his book, forms a summing-up. Yet such is precisely the case, for the Symphony, far from attempting anything new, takes us in its modal harmony as far back as the "Tallis" Fantasia, and in certain colors and phrase-patterns back to the "London" Symphony. This is music spiritual and calm, which does not speak out very much, yet has its own depth and richness. It is also Vaughan Williams independent as ever.

Intermission lobby chatter made much of the Symphony's seeming monotony, but I venture to believe that longer acquaintance will reward a patient listener. This is an old man's music, and the art of old age can be elusive.

The Brahms Concerto has become a Heifetz specialty, and now his performance of the solo part glows with beauty of tone and a certain affection in the way he phrases it. Technically, of course, the Heifetz performance is without a blemish. Little wonder that he was cheered as well as applauded.

The Boston Symphony responds, naturally, to Mr. Koussevitzky as to no other conductor, and yesterday it sounded familiarly magnificent most of the time. Yet the players seemed on edge and displayed little faults like ragged entrances. The horns wavered at the beginning of "Oberon" and Vaughan Williams; the woodwind and even the strings were sometimes a shade out of tune. Mr. Koussevitzky whipped up too fast a pace in the Overture until the strings could not articulate clearly.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

On the theory that all's well that ends well, yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert, which marked the return of the chief conductor after his long winter holiday, was a great success. The final number was the Violin Concerto of Brahms, with Jascha Heifetz as soloist. This greatest of violin concertos has received what might be called a definitive recording

at the hands of Mr. Heifetz, Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony. Yesterday that supreme accomplishment was renewed. You could find no better performance anywhere.

To work backwards, the preceding piece, heard for the first time in Boston, was the Fifth Symphony of Ralph Vaughan Williams. Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation and the orchestral performance seemed to be unexceptionable. You could easily assume that everything was being done for the work that could be done for it. But the piece itself proved a rather dull affair.

Or rather, there is nothing in this latest symphony of the composer of the "London" and the "Pastoral" that we have not heard before. It is amiable; it is mellow, atmospheric, and obviously the work of a master-

craftsman. Any part of it would make an excellent accompaniment to a screen travelogue on the English countryside. But the four movements, offering little contrast of pace or mood, simply do not add up to an absorbing symphony. Composed during the war, it still goes its placid, its unruffled way. In that, and otherwise, it is typically British. Taking your cue from H. G. Wells' Britling, you might call this symphony "Mr. Williams Sees It Through."

As an afterthought Dr. Koussevitzky prefaced these numbers with the "Oberon" Overture of Weber, unheard at the regular concerts for many a year. In one respect, the choice was most unfortunate, since it made a third composition in the key of D major, and to present three works in the same tonality is not good program strategy. Also, it would have been much better if the conductor had let Weber go his own gait. Instead, the Overture was pointed up, streamlined, call it what you will. And because of this straining after effect it missed fire.

When the conductor came upon the stage the orchestra rose in greeting. Two or three members of the audience followed suit. The rest stayed put. And not until the end of the concert was there any evidence of real enthusiasm.

MUSIC Symphony Concert

The 18th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Jascha Heifetz, violinist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Overture to "Oberon" Weber
Symphony in D major No. 5 Vaughan Williams
Concerto for Violin and Orchestra in D major Op. 77 Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

No one who attended it will forget that concert in 1937 when Mr. Heifetz played both the Brahms and the 2nd Prokofieff Violin Concertos with the orchestra. Fortunately both those superb per-

formances were recorded, and we have thus been able to refresh ourselves at will with that glorious musical experience. But fine as those records are they do not provide quite the thrill of an actual performance in the hall. That Mr. Heifetz and the orchestra renewed for us yesterday afternoon.

I suppose that years hence when the youth of that day will have prated of some current performance of the Brahms Concerto we shall shake our white locks and murmur: "Ah, but you never heard Heifetz and the Boston Symphony in it." Again, of course, we shall be able to bring out our treasured album, turn on the machine and rebuke youth for its presumption. Truly it was a noble performance yesterday, so assured, so fused and so eloquent, that gratitude to all the participants is about all that can be expressed for their having achieved it.

Back from his mid-winter vacation, Serge Koussevitzky was greeted yesterday with effusive applause. He then turned his attention to the latest symphony by Vaughan Williams, the most respected of living English composers. It is a poetic, introspective work as a rule so quietly stating its message that it had yesterday a tendency to put people to sleep. Nevertheless it is worth staying awake for.

There is, perhaps, nothing very new about it. The modal harmonies, the peaceful lyricism, even the more vigorous bits, all these Vaughan Williams has said to us before; but there is no harm in that he gently insinuates them upon our ears again. It might be pointed out that this 5th Symphony is another case of the artist's being more prophetic than common mortals, in whose breast during the winter of 1943 when the symphony was composed the moods of optimism and peace on earth were not uppermost. Yet this is assuredly the spirit of the symphony. It is dedicated "without permission" to Sibelius, but the influence of that composer is not felt in its style or structure.

The Passacaglia I found exceedingly difficult to grasp technically,

but I do not doubt that the theme announced by the cellos can somehow be traced throughout the movement. Possibly it is better to listen to it unintellectually. The slow movement is the loveliest of all, and the scherzo is far from a conventional essay in that genre. I do not imagine that the Vaughan Williams' 5th will ever replace his London Symphony in popularity, but it is still a thoughtful and far from negligible work. The inter-

pretation which Dr. Koussevitzky gave yesterday was both carefully conceived and singingly expressed.

The concert opened with a rather fussed-up and uneven performance of Weber's Overture to "Oberon," not nearly so successful as that played at the Friends of the Boston Symphony meeting Wednesday. Better luck with it tonight!

The program next week offers Rachmaninoff's 3rd Symphony, Lukas Foss' Cantata, "The Song of Songs," and Stravinsky's Symphony of Psalms.

Vaughan Williams Work Heard in First Boston Performance

By L. A. Sloper

Returning after the longest vacation he has ever taken during a winter season in Boston, Dr. Koussevitzky was greeted with especial warmth at yesterday's Symphony matinee, the eighteenth of the Friday series. The occasion was notable also for bringing the first Boston performance of Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony, and further, for offering the Brahms Violin Concerto with Jascha Heifetz as soloist. The program opened with Weber's Overture to "Oberon."

Vaughan Williams has dedicated his Fifth Symphony, "without permission," to Sibelius. This should not be taken to mean that it is closely related to the work of the Finnish master. The only resemblances lie in the use of brief thematic fragments and in the prevailingly low-keyed palette. We have heard many compositions by other authors which would suggest an excessive admiration for Sibelius, but this is not such a one.

As the program book justly notes, this symphony was written in the early years of the battle for Britain, when things looked blackest; yet it contains no hint of fear or of despair. On the contrary, it expresses courage and

hope and faith. It speaks with the voice of old England, not only musically but spiritually. A quotation from "The Pilgrim's Progress" is written into the score over the Romanza, which is perhaps the most eloquent and the most moving of the four movements.

Several commentators have mentioned that in this symphony Vaughan Williams returns to his former modal writing, and this is worthy of notice, as showing that he was thinking not of falling bombs but of the England of the "London" and the "Sea" and the "Pastoral" Symphonies. And evidently, his reliance on the ideals for which Britain was then fighting was based on something deeper than blind confidence, something which justified the calm contemplation, the exaltation and the peace of which the music sings.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave a stirring performance, which was only slightly marred by a little raggedness here and there and by an overemphasis on the brass in a chorale-like passage toward the end of the opening Allegro and again in the last movement. But the beautiful Romanza and the quiet conclusion of the final Passacaglia were handled with impressive simplicity.

The concerto, of course had brilliant execution and interpretation, with conductor, soloist and orchestra apparently in complete accord. I enjoyed it less than Heifetz's last performance of the work in Boston. It seemed to possess less lyricism, and a shade too much vigor from all hands.

The "Oberon" Overture found Dr. Koussevitzky in one of his most willful moods, and the performance was correspondingly distorted. The opening was so slow and so pianissimo that some of the soloists had difficulties, and no wonder. The following section was taken at a furious pace. And so on, to the end, with inexcusable extravagances of tempi and dynamics. The result was theatrical, certainly, and it won acclaim from the audience; but where was Weber?

Koussevitzky Recalls Time Of Coolness to 'New Music'

By Albert D. Hughes

Staff Writer of The Christian Science Monitor

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who has done a lot of quiet propagandizing for the music of American composers in his 23 years of conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, today recalled a time when "new music" had its "disturbed" era. 3-1-47 mm

The notable Boston conductor told of contending with whistles and catcalls when he first had the "audacity" to present Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." The French composer was none too firmly established in the musical world and it was Dr. Koussevitzky who gave an invaluable impetus to his name and fame by inviting Debussy to appear in Moscow as guest conductor of Koussevitzky's own orchestra in a program of his works.

No auditors angrily stomp away from concerts nowadays when Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" is heard. But Dr. Koussevitzky had to fight such revolt when he first presented that provocative music. The Boston conductor's faith in modern music of world and American composers has now been backed in a commercial sense by RCA-Victor. The conductor has recorded for Victor such works as Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony, Debussy's "La Mer," Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring," and Randall Thompson's "Testament of Freedom."

Benevolent Propaganda

Dr. Koussevitzky pointed out that we owe the availability of some of our musical masterpieces to the foresightedness and propagandist energies of men who now belong to the past of music's history. It was Liszt, he recalled, who advanced the cause of Wagner in his time of need; Schumann who raised Brahms from obscurity by an ardent essay.

Records now are doing the work of promoting great music, much as individuals performed it for composers in the past, Dr. Koussevitzky indicated. "The greatest benefit phonograph records have brought to the world is that they enable people in com-

munities where there are no orchestras to become acquainted with the great masters of the past and the music of today," he said.

He held, furthermore, that symphonic music in particular is a powerful force that provides for all men a common tongue, and a universal language of the heart.

"Symphonic music," he declared, "has the driving force, the facility and freedom of crossing social, political, geographical, racial and religious barriers, and speaks a language accessible to all."

'Appreciation' Minimized

Dr. Koussevitzky asserted that music is an art intended to delight the ear, and that preparatory explanations and talk about "appreciation" are the wrong approach.

"It only makes for confusion and sometimes for boredom when there should be sheer pleasure in music as pure sound," he pointed out. "In the case of modern music, repeated listening made possible by recordings enables people to become familiar with it and learn to enjoy it."

Under Dr. Koussevitzky's leadership, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has performed more than 150 works by American composers, sixty-one of which have been premières, RCA-Victor pointed out.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Nineteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 7, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, at 8:30 o'clock

RACHMANINOFF.....Symphony in A minor, No. 3, *Op. 44*

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Adagio ma non troppo
- III. Allegro

(First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

LUKAS FOSS....."The Song of Songs," Second Biblical Solo
Cantata, for Soprano and Orchestra

- I. Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Allegretto con moto
- { III. Grave
- IV. Lento

(First performance)

STRAVINSKY....."Symphonie de Psaumes," for Orchestra with Chorus

- I. Psalm XXXVIII (Verses 13 and 14)
- II. Psalm XXXIX (Verses 2, 3 and 4)
- III. Psalm CL (Entire)

Chorus of the HARVARD GLEE CLUB and RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY
G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, *Conductor*

SOLOIST

ELLABELLE DAVIS

'Song of Songs' on Symphony Program

By Winthrop P. Tryon

"Every note of my music," said Lukas Foss, talking in the lower Green Room of Symphony Hall the other morning about his latest work, "The Song of Songs," for Soprano and Orchestra, "is related to the text; so that what you hear from the instruments, no less than what you get from the voice, is connected with the words."

It would be useless, in all conscience, to ask Mr. Foss to prove any such assertion; and no doubt it would be hopeless, too, for him to try to explain precisely how he accomplishes the association of the two modes of expression—language and sound. The only way we can learn how he comes out with his undertaking is to hear the cantata, as the subtitle designates it, performed; and opportunity for that occurs tomorrow afternoon and Saturday evening at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, in Symphony Hall. 2-3-47

Now as far as the program of the pair of concerts matters, the new composition might be a symphony as well as a cantata; for the score, which Mr. Foss opened out on the table, has a part for about everything in the orchestra, along with a soprano voice part, and the pages stand in four chapters, if we were to regard them as a book, with captions corresponding to the regular four-movement cycle—Allegro, to start with; then, some distance along, Aria Allegretto; more turning of the leaves, and another Italian adjective lost in the rustle; and within a little of the end of the folio, Lento.

Mr. Foss would not allow the term "symphony" to be applied to his manuscript, although he granted that something like regular symphony time—24 minutes—is required for performance. He declared, indeed, outright, that he had taken particular care that the piece should be a true cantata; that it to say, a libretto set to music with the idea that the words should be the dominating element. "In these days," he said, "composers do not always take the

words seriously which they connect up with an orchestra. But I do. I choose my verses from the Book of the Song of Solomon with all the care in the world; and I studied and pondered them deeply before setting them. I read every explanation of them I could find by rabbi, clergyman, and liberal scholar; and I found it all, for my hope and design, useless. I took my own meaning for the portions of the book which I selected, and I endeavored to express that meaning in the voice and the instruments."

Mr. Foss explained that the first movement is a kind of introductory, starting as a free fugue before the voice enters. The mood, if he hits it right, should be one of optimism.

The second movement he described as a da capo aria; that is to say, if the interviewer caught the meaning, a song, a contrasting passage, and a return to the song. There, suppose again he makes his point, the impression on the hearer should be of joyousness and fulfillment.

Now the third movement is on the order of recitative, with orchestral interludes. The feeling is of desperation, unfulfillment, and tragedy. The fourth movement, which in performance joins on the third without break, is a sort of prayer, and should induce

exalted, and if the purpose is attained, religious, emotions.

"While I take my words seriously," said Mr. Foss, "I do not go in for allegory, nor do I experiment in Oriental color, geography, or archeology. My music is my own invention, making progress and going through stages according to what the words signify to me."

The voice heard in the Boston Symphony production of the Cantata will be that of Ellabelle Davis, the Negro soprano. There will take place eight presentations in nine days, the piece being billed not only for Boston but also for the towns of the March tour next week. Dr. Koussevitzky will direct them all except that in Northampton, Mass., where Richard Burgin will have the concert but Mr. Foss will take charge in the "Song of Songs" number.

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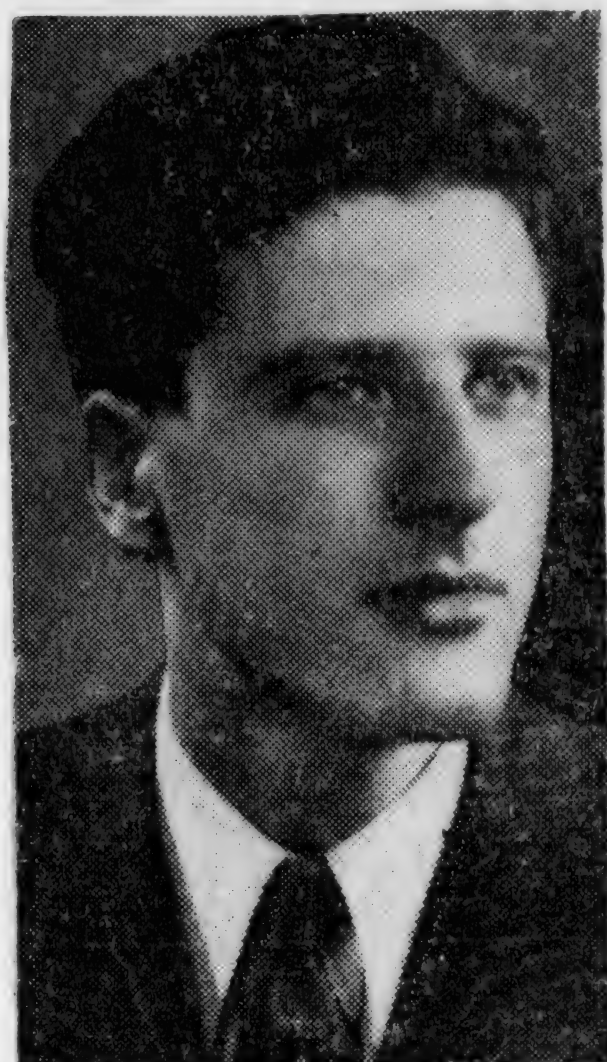
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Boston concerts of this week will be introduced to town the Rachmaninov Symphony No. 3 in A minor, op. 44; date of composition, 1936.



Parry

Lukas Foss, composer of "The Song of Songs," for orchestra with soprano solo, which will have its first performances at this week's Boston Symphony concerts. Ellabelle Davis will be the soloist.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky conducted the first performance of Lukas Foss' remarkable new Biblical Cantata, "The Song of Songs," at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program began with Rachmaninoff's Third Symphony, new to Boston, and ended with the "Symphony of Psalms" by Stravinsky, in which a chorus from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society participated.

"The Song of Songs" is a setting of some of the woman's verses from the Old Testament book, The Song of Solomon. The solo part is for soprano, and at these performances is sung with admirable skill and high beauty of expression by the young Negro artist Ellabelle Davis.

Mr. Foss has woven orchestra and

voice together into an organic musical texture, but the writing for voice is truly vocal and it is also sensitive and poetic. In the first of his four movements, the composer succeeds in doing what some contemporaries evidently cannot, and that is to achieve a sense of orchestral motion without writing mechanical "pattern" music. The soprano part of the slower third and fourth movements is decorated with long chromatic figurations which recall the ancient Oriental ancestry of Jewish music. Over the score as a whole hovers a spirit of richness and of Hebraic grandeur.

The orchestration fits the strictly modern style, and it clothes Mr. Foss' bold, but logical dissonance with color. But the most important thing about "The Song of Songs" is its beauty of emotional expression; when you have finished admiring the skill of Mr. Foss' counterpoint and so on, you realize that what counts most is its musical communication of the youth, freshness and ardor of the verses out of the great canticle. From first to last, this is a song, and that is unusual in music today. Composer, soloist conductor and orchestra were enthusiastically applauded.

Although 10 years old, Rachmaninoff's Third Symphony had not found its way to Boston before. It is something of a disappointment, for in spite of its rich sounds, its intermittent Slavic warmth and the distinction of orchestral detail, it seems an overlong and contrived Symphony. It does not suggest inspiration. Nevertheless Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra made it brilliant and there were some thrilling moments.

No doubt all went reasonably well in the performance of the "Symphony of Psalms." Nearly 17 years ago the score seemed to me dismal and dreary, static and sterile, and so it does to this day. A pity that bright, cheerful-looking young men and women from across the Charles should be put to praising God in such melancholy accents.

SYMPHONY PROGRAM

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

The current Boston Symphony program is a curious affair and hardly to be recommended to those who insist upon the tried and true, although as far as Rachmaninoff's Third Symphony is concerned, we have heard it all before, if not in that particular order. This work, written a dozen years ago and adding nothing to its composer's reputation, is merely a local novelty, whereas the next number, Lukas Foss' "The Song of Songs," for soprano and orchestra, Ellabelle Davis, soloist, received yesterday its first performance anywhere.

It was not the happiest thought on Dr. Koussevitzky's part to follow this

Composer and Soloist



Left, Lukas Foss, whose new cantata, "The Song of Songs," will be performed by Ellabelle Davis, soprano (right), and the Boston Symphony Orchestra here next Wednesday, Friday and Saturday

new and sometimes unconventional music with Stravinsky's acidulous "Symphony of Psalms." In these performances the choruses of the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society are replacing the Cecilia Society, which had been utilized in the six preceding performances in Symphony Hall.

There is not much more to be said about Rachmaninoff's Symphony except to express a certain surprise that, having put it off so long, Dr. Koussevitzky finally thought it was incumbent upon him to perform it here. The music is agreeable, effectively orchestrated and hopelessly unoriginal. Anyway, we probably won't have to hear it again.

Mr. Foss, now in the middle of his 25th year, is an enormously gifted young man with an impressive list of work to his credit, including a Symphony, that Boston has not yet heard. In this, his second Biblical cantata, the Symphony Orchestra's official pianist has gone to the King James version of "The Song of Solomon" for his text. He has set these marvel-

ous lines with great care, being sure that each word received its due, and Miss Davis yesterday sang them as painstakingly. But only here and there did Mr. Foss seem to capture the real spirit of the text. He began effectively and ended impressively, though in the closing passage he has resorted to the emphasis of understatement.

But much of the text, which is frankly voluptuous and seeming to call for an Eastern luxuriance of musical utterance, has been set in a fashion quite at variance with the sense of the words. Mr. Foss might have taken Goldmark for his model but he has gone to Bach instead, with hints of Stravinsky, whose own asceticism was to come immediately afterward. In his case it is, of course, perfectly appropriate. There are passages in "The Symphony of Psalms" that set your teeth on edge, and the suave third movement, which comes to nearly everyone as a blessed relief, is uncomfortably like the Te Deum in Puccini's "Tosca"—as has been already noted. Taken as a whole,

it is still one of the striking creations of our time and yesterday everybody concerned in the performance deserved the highest praise.

Symphony Concert

The 19th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Assisting were Ellabelle Davis, soprano, and the chorus of the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor. The program was as follows: Symphony in A minor No. 3 Op. 44 Rachmaninoff
"The Song of Songs," Cantata..... Foss
Symphony of Psalms..... Stravinsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

At the start of yesterday's concert Dr. Koussevitzky made a brief speech and then asked the audience to rise in memory of Bentley Warren, former President of the Trustees, whose death will be mourned by all friends of the Boston Symphony. Then followed the unusual program listed above.

Rachmaninoff's 3rd Symphony, which was composed in 1936, but not played in Boston until yesterday, is a thoroughly disappointing work. Although Rachmaninoff's style had crystallized many years before, he had proved as late as 1934 in the Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini that he could still write brilliantly effective music. But the Rhapsody has a solo piano in it and the 3rd Symphony has not. There's the rub.

It has always seemed to me that Rachmaninoff's music will live or die with and through the instrument of which he himself was so consummate a master. Without the piano his scores sound ineffective, disjointed and, in the last analysis, dull. The 3rd Symphony is perhaps the worst of these non-pianistic works. When it is not dull it verges on the trashy, and at that let us leave it.

Mr. Lukas Foss, the young official pianist of the orchestra, won an ovation for the first performance anywhere of his Cantata, "The Song of Songs," and so did Miss Ellabelle Davis, the soprano soloist, who very ably displayed her fine voice and musicianship in it.

With the brashness of youth Mr. Foss has essayed the task of setting the glorious love poetry of the Song of Songs to music. His musical score is clear and melodious, dramatic or lyrical according to the gist of the text and orchestrated with intelligence. As music, pure and simple, it is an attractive score, but as a setting of the Biblical text it leaves a great deal to be desired.

The composer is quoted as saying that the music "strives for an even greater presentation of the spirit

of the word," which I take to mean the poem as it is written down in the King James version. But in order to make the poetry fit his musical scheme he has been obliged to chop and change, and repeat the verses so that in the end you wonder why he bothered to set this particular text. Almost anything that would fit the moods of the music, even vocalise, might have served his purpose, especially as it was necessary to follow the printed words to know what Miss Davis was singing. In the final prayer the repetitions of the first two lines—and possibly something in the way Miss Davis sang them—reminded me of nothing so much as a Negro Spiritual.

In short, Mr. Foss has written a musical composition first and a setting of a poetical text a long way second. The best part of the Cantata is the second movement, which is a charming musical piece. But, granting all Mr. Foss' talents, I should not call this work a complete artistic success.

That is just what Stravinsky's Symphony of Psalms is, a thoroughly fused and conceived musical work on the Latin text of the Psalms. I have always felt that the last movement, in particular (the 150th Psalm in praise of God), is one of the most moving things in modern music. I thought this when I first heard it 17 years ago and have not changed my mind. The entire Symphony, indeed, bears up well through the years.

The program book let us down badly by not printing the text or at least a translation. It is hard to catch choral enunciation of Latin and harder to translate it and still listen to the music. The chorus from Harvard and Radcliffe and the orchestra, minus the high strings, combined under Dr. Koussevitzky to give us an excellent performance of this extraordinary work.

Next week the orchestra will be out of town. For the concerts of March 21-22 Bruno Walter will conduct the following program: Corelli's Concerto Grosso in G minor, Wagner's "Siegfried" Idyl and Mahler's 4th Symphony.

Foss Cantata, Rachmaninov Symphony Heard

By L. A. Sloper

For the nineteenth program of the Boston Symphony season, Dr. Koussevitzky submitted a program consisting of Rachmaninov's Third Symphony, in A minor; Lukas Foss' "The Song of Songs," second Biblical cantata, for soprano and orchestra, and Stravinsky's "Symphonie de Psalms." The Rachmaninov symphony had its first Boston performance yesterday; the Foss cantata, its first anywhere. Ellabelle Davis was the soloist in the cantata, and the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society furnished the chorus for the Stravinsky number. 3-8-47

This was not a very cheerful concert. It is well known that the Russians work hard over both their sorrows and their joys, and the treatment of Biblical texts by Messrs. Stravinsky and Foss tends to fill the listener with gloom rather than with exaltation. There is more true religious feeling in Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony, heard last week, than in either of these works. Stravinsky and Foss give us the outer shell; Vaughan Williams the inner essence.

"The Song of Songs" seems to be the thirty-first work written by its brilliant young composer, now 25, in 10 years. It is a very competent work, sparsely scored in the

manner of his teacher, Hindemith, and also recalling Copland. The light scoring leaves the solo voice free for soaring or for recitative. There is a good deal of repetition of musical phrases which are more dramatic than melodic. The ancient Hebrews, like the ancient Scythians, were not noted for their gentility, and there is some justification for using such an idiom for them as Honegger employed for the first of those races and Prokofiev for the second. Foss' music is barbaric but not forceful, and yet he does succeed to a degree in conveying the mood and spirit of the text he has set.

Much of course depends upon the soloist in a work of this type. Miss Davis brought to her task a voice of considerable natural beauty, with a good deal of body and power when it was freely used, which was rarely. Most of the way, the production was con-

stricted and the tone too weak for easy hearing in a large hall. Faulty methods or an unease caused by a first major appearance may have been responsible. It is probable that the singer will give a better account of herself when she has sung the music in public oftener. She will have plenty of opportunity, since the piece is going to be presented seven times within a week.

The new work had an impressive popular success, with several recalls for composer, conductor, and soloist.

The Stravinsky symphony, so far the most enduring of the works commissioned for the fiftieth anniversary of the orchestra, 1930-31, was also well received, although the length of the program had discouraged some listeners. Yet its final measures, designed evidently to give a celestial impression, sound merely formal today.

Rachmaninov's Third Symphony, which opened the concert, is just what you expect: a well-made symphony in the Russian manner, melodious, intense, and unoriginal. Throughout it, one remembers how much better Tchaikovsky said the same thing. This work served chiefly to remind us again of the tonal glories of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

BOSTON SYMPHONY BACK IN PROGRAM

Koussevitzky Offers Third of
Rachmaninoff—Foss' Biblical
Cantata Sung by Davis

By OLIN DOWNES

Dr. Koussevitzky returned last night with the Boston Symphony to Carnegie Hall. Reversing the originally planned order of his program he began his concert with Rachmaninoff's Third Symphony and ended it with a first New York performance of Lukas Foss' biblical cantata, "The Song of Songs." Neither of these works commended themselves as music of the highest value. Their interest lay mainly in the presentation.

Rachmaninoff rated his Third Symphony highly. He once implied in a conversation with the writer that he felt this score had yet to be estimated at its real value. Presumably Dr. Koussevitzky shares this opinion. The symphony impresses one as an echo, at the best, of the same composer's Second Symphony, which came thirty years before the Third was composed, in 1935. 2-14-47-V

The Third has its moments of power and Rachmaninoffian gloom and a certain melodic curve, long associated with his style. For the greater part it is repetition and variation of earlier ideas, ideas fresher in their original form than in the score heard last night. The audience warmly applauded this performance. It can be said that at least the symphony was the vehicle for some splendid orchestral playing. On that score there was reason for enthusiasm, but the power and splendor of Rachmaninoff at his greatest lie in other scores.

For his setting of verses of the King James version of "The Song of Songs" Lucas Foss had as his interpreter of the text Ellabelle Davis. The sensuous beauty of her voice when the music lay well and practicably for it, constituted a feature of the occasion.

It cannot be said that Mr. Foss' music, which is trivial and mannered, deserved this investiture. The verses chosen by him for setting only served to emphasize the inequality of the poetry and the composition. The melodic line given the singer is labored and artificial. The orchestral gimcracks which set off the song are mostly puerilities, having little or nothing to do with the inwardness of the text.

The most interesting score of the evening was Martinu's Concerto Grosso for chamber orchestra, an orchestration which included two pianos, played on this occasion by Mr. Foss and Bernard Zighera. We do not call this work music of the most original inspiration. It is music consciously made in emulation of the principles of the concerto grosso of the eighteenth century. There are solo and "tutti" passages, there is line against line and mass, and a pervading rhythmical vigor. The writing is excellent, shapely of phrase, masterly in the march of part against part, and the polyharmonic chords that replace, in a new way, the "continuo" of the harpsichord of other days.

One relishes and admires all this, but cannot help the feeling, at the same time, of a self-appointed problem, one carried out by the composer with conscience, ability, and invention; nevertheless, a problem, a species of stunt. Granting that, it is a fine job, by a most substantially equipped musician and man of taste. The ending is especially brilliant. The score enlisted all the qualities of the orchestra in a virtuoso performance. The composer, fortunate in Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation, was present. Singled out by Dr. Koussevitzky from the stage, Mr. Martinu reaped long applause.



Boeckel
Erwin Bodky, harpsichord soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at this week's concerts.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Twentieth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 21, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, at 8:30 o'clock

BRUNO WALTER *Conducting*

CORELLI.....Concerto Grosso in G minor, No. 8, *Op. 6*

Vivace — Grave — Allegro

Adagio — Allegro — Vivace — Allegro

Pastorale: Largo

Harpsichord: ERWIN BODKY

WAGNER.....A Siegfried Idyl

INTERMISSION

MAHLER.....Symphony No. 4, in G major (with Soprano Voice)

I. Bedächtig (Deliberately)

II. In Gemächlicher Bewegung (with leisurely motion)

III. Ruhig (Peacefully)

IV. Sehr behaglich (Very easily)

SOLOIST

DESI HALBAN

This program will end about 4:20 on Friday Afternoon
10:20 o'clock on Saturday Evening

Harpsichord built by Karl Maendler Schramm, Munich

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

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It cannot be said that Mr. Foss' music, which is trivial and mannered, deserved this investiture. The verses chosen by him for setting only served to emphasize the inequality of the poetry and the composition. The melodic line given the singer is labored and artificial. The orchestral gimcracks which set off the song are mostly puerilities, having little or nothing to do with the inwardness of the text.

The most interesting score of the evening was Martinu's Concerto Grosso for chamber orchestra, an orchestration which included two pianos, played on this occasion by Mr. Foss and Bernard Zighera. We do not call this work music of the most original inspiration. It is music consciously made in emulation of the principles of the concerto grosso of the eighteenth century. There are solo and "tutti" passages, there is line against line and mass, and a pervading rhythmical vigor. The writing is excellent, shapely of phrase, masterly in the march of part against part, and the polyharmonic chords that replace, in a new way, the "continuo" of the harpsichord of other days.

One relishes and admires all this, but cannot help the feeling, at the same time, of a self-appointed problem, one carried out by the composer with conscience, ability, and invention; nevertheless, a problem, a species of stunt. Granting that, it is a fine job, by a most substantially equipped musician and man of taste. The ending is especially brilliant. The score enlisted all the qualities of the orchestra in a virtuoso performance. The composer, fortunate in Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation, was present. Singled out by Dr. Koussevitzky from the stage, Mr. Martinu reaped long applause.



Boeckel

Erwin Bodky, harpsichord soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at this week's concerts.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Twentieth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 21, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, at 8:30 o'clock

BRUNO WALTER *Conducting*

CORELLI.....Concerto Grosso in G minor, No. 8, *Op. 6*

Vivace — Grave — Allegro

Adagio — Allegro — Vivace — Allegro

Pastorale: Largo

Harpsichord: ERWIN BODKY

WAGNER.....A Siegfried Idyl

INTERMISSION

MAHLER.....Symphony No. 4, in G major (with Soprano Voice)

I. Bedächtig (Deliberately)

II. In Gemächlicher Bewegung (with leisurely motion)

III. Ruhevoll (Peacefully)

IV. Sehr behaglich (Very easily)

SOLOIST

DESI HALBAN

This program will end about 4:20 on Friday Afternoon
10:20 o'clock on Saturday Evening

Harpsichord built by Karl Maendler Schramm, Munich

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

The Boston Symphony concerts this week are definitely an occasion, for at them guest conductor Bruno Walter presents the Fourth Symphony of Gustav Mahler. The soprano soloist for the last movement is Viennese Desi Halban, making her Boston debut. The other two pieces on the program, already performed last Tuesday, are the "Christmas" Concerto by Corelli, and Wagner's "A Siegfried Idyll."

Thanks to the efforts of Richard Burgin, when he has conducted, Mahler's Fourth Symphony is not precisely unknown here, although its performances have been infrequent. But the important thing, where the music of Mahler is concerned, is that no musician has a greater knowledge of it nor more sympathy for it than Bruno Walter.

First as disciple, then as a colleague and an intimate friend of Mahler, Mr. Walter ultimately became the composer's greatest prophet. To him fell the responsibility and honor of first performing, after Mahler's death, "Das Lied von der Erde" and the Ninth Symphony. Without exaggeration, it may be said that everything in the way of profound comprehension and special knowledge of Mahler's musical idiom is possessed, and uniquely so, by Bruno Walter.

As the Fourth is the shortest and the lightest in texture of all nine Mahler symphonies, so it is the most untroubled. The grotesquerie which pervades it is naive and serene rather than demonic. Yet, as in all Mahler, melancholy lies just beneath the surface. And over the whole symphony hovers that nervous restlessness which is expressed by a constant flow of counterpoint, from instrument to instrument of the entire orchestra.

Mr. Walter brought to the Symphony what may be assumed to be a peculiarly Viennese quality, soft and songful. His performance had an especial tenderness which I never had happened to come across with Mahler before. Responding magnificently to his wishes, the orchestra played with a dazzling virtuosity and an incomparable richness of tone. Miss Halban's light voice is especially suited to the solo of the last movement. Mahler's desire was that the singer should sound like a child expressing delight at the won-

ders of Heaven. This Miss Halban accomplishes admirably. *Shm*

Through the afternoon the orchestra performed with extraordinary clarity, as much in Corelli and the "Siegfried Idyll" as in Mahler. For its part, the audience was uncommonly enthusiastic, not least of all for Mahler. *3-22-47*

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 20th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Bruno Walter conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Desi Halban, soprano, was the soloist. The program was as follows: Concerto Grosso in G minor No. 8. Corelli; A Siegfried Idyll. Wagner; Symphony No. 4 in G major. Mahler.

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Yesterday's concert was memorable for the ingratiating performance of Mahler's 4th Symphony, perhaps the best possible introduction to the works of that composer. Under the expert guidance of Mr. Walter, who is probably the world's leading interpreter of Mahler, the 4th Symphony yesterday could be regarded as an acid test. Rest assured that if you did not care for this you will never succumb to Mahler's genius at all.

The performance was marred only by a false entry of the second violins in the first movement, but otherwise all was serenity, eloquence and a lyrical gaiety according to the utmost demands of the score. For a long work that has, when you come to reflect on it, astonishingly little variety of mood Mahler has yet contrived a work that is never tedious. In some of his other symphonies he did not escape this fault. There is, of course, variety of pace, though not widely so, and volume, but there is throughout a complete unity of spirit. The tender, child-like gaiety of the finale is at one with the ineffable peace of the slow movement and equally the other movements with each other.

Mahler is a composer whose name is too frequently coupled with that of Bruckner. Actually it should be possible to form independent judgments of the music of either composer without having both of them thrown at you like a pair of Siamese twins. This 4th Symphony is one of Mahler's happiest and least troubled creations. Its intimate charm is something very special among musical compositions, and a fine performance of it is something to cherish. *3-22-47*

Mr. Walter was fortunate in his choice of a singer, as we were lucky

to have him as interpreter of this music. Miss Halban sang the music of the finale simply, gracefully and clearly. As was to be expected under the circumstances it was a performance without exaggeration or parody, in the spirit in which Mahler conceived it. *Herald*

The program began, as it did last Tuesday, with Corelli's "Christmas" Concerto and Wagner's Siegfried Idyll. The former is a particularly fine example of the concerted music of the late 17th and early 18th centuries. It was ideal for the Boston Symphony's strings, with the harpsichord continuo in the trustworthy hands of Mr. Erwin Bodky.

Wagner's Siegfried Idyll was most persuasively performed yesterday, with the exception of one slip in a horn solo. Cosima's birthday music is rather a delicate flower in the concert hall and requires just the right handling for its bloom to make the best effect. Again Mr. Walter was just the man to turn this trick.

The concert will be repeated to-

night. Next week Mr. Walter will end his stay with the orchestra by playing Beethoven's 6th and 3rd Symphonies.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

By WARREN STOREY SMITH

It has been a great treat to have Bruno Walter again as guest conductor of the Symphony Orchestra (he was here for a week in 1923), and it has been an added treat to hear him in the music of Bruckner and Mahler, composers who are not for every conductor or even for every listener, but who find in Mr. Walter, and by common consent, their most sympathetic, most eloquent, most inspired interpreter. *3-22-47*

At the concerts of this kind Mr. Walter is playing the Mahler Fourth, with Desi Halban as soprano soloist. Previously we had heard the entire symphony but once, in March, 1945, and the last two movements three years before, both times from Richard Burgin. In view of the fact that New York has been hearing the work at intervals since 1904, the various conductors of the Boston Symphony may be said to have been singularly remiss. For the Fourth is a masterpiece, though not without its flaws.

The trouble with both Bruckner and Mahler is that they never could learn that enough is better than a feast. Even trifling cuts in the first and third movements of the Fourth Symphony would make it a work of unqualified delight, in spite of the fact that the four movements offer little contrast. They are all on the leisurely side, the only measures approaching real excitement occurring in one of the variations in the third. Hearing this division yesterday, as set forth

hypnotically by Mr. Walter, there was a temptation to proclaim it the most beautiful slow movement since the Cavatina in Beethoven's B-flat major Quartet. No other among Beethoven's successors had the secret of this quiet intensity, this almost unbearable sweetness. And yet we would not go far astray in calling Mahler the father of the modern symphony: in his disregard of symphonic conventions, in his capriciousness and whimsicality, in the astounding clarity of his orchestration and his "horizontal" writing. In the first movement of the Fourth we find the earliest example of neoclassicism, and that Shostakovich has sat at the feet of Mahler is common knowledge.

Desi Halban was the soloist yesterday in the fourth movement, a setting of a folk poem that depicts a peasant's or a child's naive concept of heaven. Miss Halban has, indeed, the light, floating, almost child-like voice that this music requires. Yet some still gratefully recall Cleora Wood's performance of five years ago. At the end of the Symphony yesterday there were cheers for all concerned. In the first half of the concert Mr. Walter repeated from last Tuesday his thrice-admirable performances of Corelli's "Christmas" Concerto and Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll."

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Bruno Walter returned to Symphony Hall last evening to begin his second fortnight as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. His program of five pieces traversed nearly two centuries of musical progress, and vast differences of style and temperament. From 18th century Italy came the "Christmas" Concerto of Corelli; from Central Europe of between 1782 and 1890 Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony (K. 385); "A Siegfried Idyll" by Richard the First (Wagner), and that still impressive tone poem, "Death and Transfiguration" by Richard the Second (Strauss). France of the late 1890s and the sensuous Impressionists was represented by Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun."

Once again the Symphony subscribers heard an art that slowly is becoming legend: the mellow, classically-proportioned and crystal-clear type of conducting that Germany contributed to music a half-century and more ago. Mr. Walter is one of its latest and finest examples. *3-19-47*

In a day when sharp colors and a certain hard brilliance of sound have become the object of composers and evidently are becoming the object of conductors, it is not too

common to hear such transparent sonorities as those Mr. Walter commands. This, of course, is a matter both of esthetic attitude and of a conductor's ear. No matter how loud the chord or who involved the counterpoint, Mr. Walter makes every instrument heard.

With Wagner and Strauss, especially, this approach gave new values, fresh subtleties and a keener definition of style to familiar music. For all these reasons the concert last night was a revelation, and not to be forgotten. All the applause and cheers were richly deserved. The orchestra played magnificently.

Youth Concert

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, in its ninth season of giving Youth Concerts, called a gathering of young folks from the Boston educational periphery yesterday afternoon, filling Symphony Hall, all but some spaces in the upper balcony—133 from Swampscott, 70 from Arlington, 37 from East Bridgewater, 35 from the Natick High School, and contingents from Woburn and Haverhill—just to mention a few.

The orchestra appeared in reduced numbers, with Mr. Krips, the assistant concertmaster, heading the first violins. It presented for soloist Miss Uni Sprengling, who took part in a performance of the Bruch Violin Concerto in G minor. An artist who assisted in giving instrumental illustrations was Mr. Speyer, the English horn (alto oboe) player. The conductor, under whose initiative the concerts first took shape, and under whose direction they have been carried on, was Wheeler Beckett.

The program contained but one number besides the concerto—the "Schéhérazade" Suite, in four movements, of Rimsky-Korsakov. There is no telling what preparation at school is made for the Youth Concerts; that must depend on what interest town officials and teachers entertain for music.

But by all evidence at the monthly meetings, the older subscribers are considerably instructed in the works that are played and the younger ones are keen to learn what the symphonic masters have to say.

The solo part of the concerto went off smoothly under the hands of Miss Sprengling, and attention was intently fixed upon her from beginning to end.

How the thing is done, if listeners try to put themselves in the artist's place, must be a marvel. Miss Sprengling has the notes to play as she has learned them in the studio with accompaniment of piano, and she has to fit them to an entirely different scheme of sound when she stands on the platform at the front of the orchestra. It is a question whether the

problem is simplified by the conductor's taking charge of affairs; for she has to consider his view of tempo, shading, and interpretation as well as her own.

The applause must have quite an effect of release and refreshment when it comes. But what a classroom for an aspiring violinist—Symphony Hall and the Boston Symphony men in support!

From the mild-sounding concerto to the exciting sonorities of "Schéhérazade" was something to furnish definition for the word, contrast; explaining more than the dictionary can tell. That is what music does, anyway. It defines things which in books are mere abstractions. It gives point and poignancy to emotions which in print cannot always strike deep. 3-20-47 W. P. T.

Mahler's Fourth Main Item of Program

By L. A. Sloper

Bruno Walter, now in his second term this season as guest conductor, led the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday in the twentieth of its Friday afternoon concerts, with this program: Corelli, Concerto Grosso in G minor, No. 8, op. 6; Wagner, A. Siegfried Idyl; Mahler, Symphony No. 4. Erwin Bodky was the harpsichordist in the Corelli, and Desi Halban was the soprano soloist in the Mahler.

It was an afternoon of mostly superb playing of, for the most part, dull music. We hear talk of conductors and orchestras who make music sound better than it is. What that means is that the sounds evoked are of such beauty that they make the listener forget or overlook the faults of the music played. Thus it is impossible to imagine more exquisite instrumental tone than we heard yes-

terday afternoon in the Siegfried Idyl and in the Mahler symphony—except for the solo horn in the Wagner. The conductor's shading and phrasing seemed unsurpassable.

What a pity that such rare loveliness had to be devoted to such inferior material. Yes, I know. Wagner and Mahler were masters of their trade. But they were also masters of symphonic sentimentality. Wagner did not realize that you can't expect everyone to enjoy as much as you do the examination and discussion of a portrait of your offspring. We know how he felt about Siegfried, but we cannot share his rapture in the same degree, nor for the same length of time.

As for Mahler's Fourth Symphony, it is not because of frequent hearings that it is tiresome. Dr. Koussevitzky has spared us this work, and Mr. Burgin has brought it out only twice, once to play half of it, then to let us savor the whole. On both occasions we heard of the delights of a childlike notion of heaven. But the music is a little too successful in its naïveté. If this kind of thing is to be done, it should be done by someone like

Ravel or Prokofiev, or even Humperdinck.

Miss Halban obeyed the composer's injunction not to parody the solo part, but the range seemed to be a little high for her voice, which is light and not well supported. Consequently the tones were wavering and the words were not clearly heard.

If Dr. Walter made a mistake in the choice of his vocal soloist, he made another when he insisted on having a harpsichord for the Corelli concerto grosso. Whatever historical arguments may be advanced for the use of this ancient instrument, surely, when it is used, the strings should be reduced proportionately. And it is extremely unlikely that the work was ever performed in Corelli's time in so large an auditorium. In any event, as a practical matter

the harpsichord was next to inaudible, and what is the good of a continuo that cannot be heard?

The concerto, if inferior to Bach or Handel, is interesting to hear, having at least the advantage of being pure music.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

The concert in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon under the direction of Bruno Walter was divided into two parts; a superb second half and something not quite up to that in the first period.

Beethoven's sixth (Pastorale) Symphony was the not too successful undertaking, in that it suffered from a highly subdued, even suppressed, exposition of rhythmic and dynamic features. The incredibly light and airy texture maintained throughout lost its effect through a tempi (especially in the second movement) that was *andante* without the *con moto*. In other words it dragged even in the vigorous sections.

But the same master's Third Symphony (Eroica) was another story. In it the elements of fire and majesty were combined with glowing results. But there was more than that. Unlike improvisatory jazz, symphonic music, by its very nature, must necessarily sound premeditated in its interpretative conception and physical execution of detail and general structure. There are the notes themselves, the explicit directions of the composer and the historical and traditional data that play a part in shaping the conductor's performance. Therefore, in the case of very familiar music such as a Beethoven's "Eroica," a veteran concert-goer gets most of his fun out of anticipation of what is to happen in the music and how the effect will be achieved.

But oddly enough, that wasn't the case at yesterday's concert. There was a quality of spontaneity in the performance, that on logical reflection, seemed impossible and yet the actual impression of it remained very strong. Perhaps the explanation is in the fact that Bruno Walter brought such a vast quantity of fresh vibrancy and concentration to the shaping of each measure and phrase that the mind tended to linger with the notes as they were played instead of leaping ahead to what was to come. The whole effect of the new passages, therefore, was one of surprise and delight.

Mr. Walter has again shown that he has a way with the Boston Symphony that no other conductor this season has emulated. There seems to exist a mutual affinity or magnetism—call it what you like—between the orchestra members and the conductor that is surpassed only when Dr. Koussevitzky himself is on the podium. That vital exchange seems to be the quality most responsible for distinguishing this guest conductor from others we have had.

MUSIC
SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
 By CYRUS DURGIN

Bruno Walter chose a wholly classical program of the kind he does superlatively well for his final concerts as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It consists of two Beethoven symphonies, the "Pastoral" and the "Eroica." 3-29-47 *slm*

In such music Mr. Walter is probably unexcelled by anyone, and it is doubtful that these two symphonies could be more beautifully or more authoritatively played than they were yesterday. Once again it was a matter of consummate technical mastery joined with a strong temperament, a fine mind and a great heart.

The technical aspects of Mr. Walter's conducting have been pointed out here during his previous concerts this season. These consist of a very keen ear for both richness and clarity of sound, so that no matter how many instruments are playing, or how loud, everything can be heard.

These aspects also consist of a prodigious working knowledge of the orchestra, and an ability to secure what he wants with a maximum of effect and a minimum of effort. Mr. Walter is always vigilant that every nuance, time value or other detail be observed. Consequently there are no loose ends, no fuzzy places in a Walter performance. All goes along with precision and order.

In the final analysis, however, it is not so much technic as it is understanding of a composer's style and sympathy for his music that really produces a great performance. Technic is the necessary means to the end, but that is all. Here it is that Mr. Walter's extraordinary powers are seen in proportion.

It is the most profound understanding that makes his Beethoven "sing," that makes every tempo right, and gives the entire performance the sense of structure and the emotional power that Walter readings of the classics always have. Furthermore, there is a certain mellowness, a sense that Mr. Walter has been playing this music in just such a way for a long time, that adds the final touch of authority.

When yesterday's concert was over, Mr. Walter received applause and cheers such as no other guest conductor within my memory has enjoyed. He was recalled to the stage time and again. Plainly his four weeks have made a deep impression on the public. It is to be hoped he will be invited back again next season.

MUSIC
Symphony Concert

The 21st regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
 Symphony No. 6 in F major Op. 68, "Pastoral" Beethoven
 Symphony No. 3 in E flat major Op. 55, "Eroica" Beethoven

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

After a week of concentrated opera, for a reviewer at least, it is rather a refreshing experience to hear a concert devoted entirely to Beethoven symphonies. To judge by the applause from yesterday's audience there was no objection in general to a program that was not exactly on the venturesome side. But then Bruno Walter is not a conductor who cares to stray very far from the beaten track. He is partial to Strauss among living composers, but for unfamiliar music he generally goes to the symphonies of Bruckner and Mahler.

If the field of his repertoire, judging from his four weeks with the Boston Symphony this year, is not wide, he at least gives very high value in the interpretations of the better-known works. His experience and knowledge of the classical and romantic composers of Austria and Germany is so profound and his ability to impart his conceptions to the orchestra under his command so great that we in the audience are privileged to listen and reflect. 3-29-47 *laved*

Neither the Pastoral nor the Eroica Symphony has been neglected at these concerts. Together with the 5th and the 7th they are the most frequently played of all Beethoven. Our task in the audience, then, was merely to sit back and absorb the beautifully exact and yet singing performances which were never fevered or harassed on the one hand nor lethargic on the other. This was Beethoven playing of great distinction.

Bruno Walter leaves us after the concert tonight. His four weeks with the orchestra have been thoroughly rewarding occasions. The Boston public, having been too long without the opportunity to appreciate his talents until this season, will give him a warm welcome back whenever he chooses or is asked to come.

Next week Serge Koussevitzky returns to conduct an all-Brahms concert, presenting the Variations on a theme of Haydn, the Alto Rhapsody and the 4th Symphony.

Beethoven
Symphonies
Guest Conductor
Concluding Second Visit

By L. A. Sloper

Bruno Walter is concluding this week the second of his two fortnights as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with a Beethoven program for the twenty-first pair of concerts: the "Pastoral" and the "Eroica" Symphonies. 3-29-47

The visitor could hardly have chosen better. These works display to advantage his great virtues as a conductor: the lyricism, clarity and architectural purity of his readings, his devotion to the spirit of the music in hand, his simplicity which is so obviously based on a profound knowledge and a creative imagination. No wonder the audience gave him an ovation at the close of yesterday afternoon's concert in Symphony Hall. *monit*

The Sixth Symphony was played with a regard for its pastoral nature, with a tender songfulness and an appropriate naïvete without condescension.

The second movement was perhaps a little too slow, but one need not dwell upon such a detail in view of the beauty and charm of the unfolding of the work as a whole.

The "Eroica" was an eloquent revelation of fire and passion, joy and grief, and ultimate faith. Technically, it had beauty of tone, flow of line, and a marvelous rhythmic agility. The men, responding warmly to the easy authority of the leader, gave him

what he asked, with dynamic results.

Mr. Walter is one of the greatest of living conductors, and we shall hope to welcome him again next year.



Bruno

Desi Halban, soprano soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Mahler's Fourth Symphony, with Bruno Walter conducting, at the Friday and Saturday concerts.

Twenty-first Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 28, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, at 8:30 o'clock

BRUNO WALTER *Conducting*

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 6, in F major, *Op. 68, "Pastoral"*

- I. Awakening of serene impressions on arriving in the country:
Allegro ma non troppo
- II. Scene by the brookside: Andante molto moto
- III. Jolly gathering of country folk: Allegro; in tempo d'allegro;
Thunderstorm; Tempest: Allegro
- IV. Shepherd's Song: Gladsome and thankful feelings after the storm:
Allegretto

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 3 in E-flat major,
"Eroica," *Op. 55*

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Marcia funebre: Adagio assai
- III. Scherzo: Allegro vivace; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

This program will end about 4:20 on Friday Afternoon,
10:20 o'clock on Saturday Evening.

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

Dr. Koussevitzky Returns to the Podium

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Brahms filled the day at the concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. His "Academic Festival" Overture opened proceedings; his Rhapsody for Contralto and Male Chorus and Orchestra and his Variations on a Theme by Haydn continued them to the intermission, and the Symphony No. 4 in E minor brought the conclusion. *4-4-47*

Assisting in the Rhapsody was Carol Brice, in the solo vocal part, and a chorus of men trained by Arthur Fiedler. The program was designed as a commemoration of the passing of the composer 50 years ago to the day.

The question whether an audience can enjoy an orchestral couple of hours devoted entirely to Brahms was favorably answered on this occasion, if the applause of the matinee subscribers for conductor, singers, and players meant all it appeared to

mean. The works offered were perhaps less entertaining than might have been chosen; but they represented Brahms well in his range of style and mood and may have been the better for not being all in the category of his most popular efforts.

The overture remains true to its description as Academic, which some listeners have made synonymous with Pedantic, and which possibly others have thought bordered on Collegiate. But there were the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, full of scholarship and at the same time abounding in charm.

So there we have a squaring-up. But in the case of the Rhapsody, in which a solo voice sings against a background of men's voices and classic orchestra, we are off balance again. Surely Brahms could have consolidated the whole thing into a song with piano accompaniment and given us something far more interesting. Here was vocal melody, admirably treated by the soloist, but held in a framework of sonorities of no particular relevance.

Then, the Symphony No. 4. There can hardly be dispute about the first three movements. They represent Brahms keeping up the

rich quality of sound and the ecstatic expression of the best passages of the earlier symphonies. But the fourth movement—is it the greatest of all the orchestral episodes he ever wrote, or the least? Have we Brahms originating something here and starting a new period of symphonic form, or have we Brahms relying upon his academic predilections and becoming pedantic again?

Possibly it will come out some time that Brahms in the Finale of the Symphony No. 4, far from falling behind, was really ahead of his time. It may be that he saw 50 years into the future, to the revival of methods of composing that in his time were lost. He may have simply anticipated the activity of the 1920's to the 1940's which we know as neo-classicism.

Symphony Programs

On returning from its last tour of the season, which will occupy the coming week, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will give the final concert of the Tuesday, evening series in Symphony Hall on April 15; the twenty-third pair in the longer series on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, April 18 and 19; and the final concert of the Sunday afternoon series on April 20, at 3:30.

At the Friday and Saturday concerts Dr. Koussevitzky will present the Orchestral Suite No. 3 in D major, by Bach; the first Piano Concerto in D minor by Brahms, and the Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Strauss. The soloist in the Brahms Concerto will be Rudolf Firkusny.

For the final Tuesday concert, Dr. Koussevitzky announces Bach's Suite No. 3, Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and Tchaikovsky's Symphony in F minor, No. 4.

At the final Sunday afternoon concert, Dr. Koussevitzky will present Bach's Suite No. 3, Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in A major.

Twenty-first Program

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 29, at 8:30 o'clock

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"Eroica," *Op. 55*

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★ ★ ★

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The overture remains true to its description as Academic, which some listeners have made synonymous with Pedantic, and which possibly others have thought bordered on Collegiate. But there were the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, full of scholarship and at the same time abounding in charm.

★ ★ ★

So there we have a squaring-up. But in the case of the Rhapsody, in which a solo voice sings against a background of men's voices and classic orchestra, we are off balance again. Surely Brahms could have consolidated the whole thing into a song with piano accompaniment and given us something far more interesting. Here was vocal melody, admirably treated by the soloist, but held in a framework of sonorities of no particular relevance.

Then, the Symphony No. 4. There can hardly be dispute about the first three movements. They represent Brahms keeping up the

rich quality of sound and the ecstatic expression of the best passages of the earlier symphonies. But the fourth movement—is it the greatest of all the orchestral episodes he ever wrote, or the least? Have we Brahms originating something here and starting a new period of symphonic form, or have we Brahms relying upon his academic predilections and becoming pedantic again?

Possibly it will come out some time that Brahms in the Finale of the Symphony No. 4, far from falling behind, was really ahead of his time. It may be that he saw 50 years into the future, to the revival of methods of composing that in his time were lost. He may have simply anticipated the activity of the 1920's to the 1940's which we know as neo-classicism.

★ ★ ★

Symphony Programs

On returning from its last tour of the season, which will occupy the coming week, the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will give the final concert of the Tuesday, evening series in Symphony Hall on April 15; the twenty-third pair in the longer series on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, April 18 and 19; and the final concert of the Sunday afternoon series on April 20, at 3:30.

At the Friday and Saturday concerts Dr. Koussevitzky will present the Orchestral Suite No. 3 in D major, by Bach; the first Piano Concerto in D minor by Brahms, and the Tone Poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Strauss. The soloist in the Brahms Concerto will be Rudolf Firkusny.

For the final Tuesday concert, Dr. Koussevitzky announces Bach's Suite No. 3, Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and Tchaikovsky's Symphony in F minor, No. 4.

At the final Sunday afternoon concert, Dr. Koussevitzky will present Bach's Suite No. 3, Strauss's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in A major.

Symphony Concert

The 22d regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday in Symphony Hall. Carol Brice, contralto, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Academic Festival Overture, Brahms
Op. 80 Brahms
Rhapsody for contralto solo, male chorus and orchestra, Op. 53 Brahms
Variations on a theme of Haydn, Brahms
Op. 56A Brahms
Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Brahms
Op. 98 Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

AS THE BOSTON Symphony's official recognition of the 50th anniversary of the death of Brahms, yesterday's concert was appropriate to the day. An all-Brahms concert is no novelty to Boston audiences, nor have his symphonies been allowed to fall into neglect. All four of them are, in fact, one of the mainstays of orchestra repertory, and they are now as familiar and beloved as they were once mistrusted and feared by many and even by some who should have known better. ~~4-4-47~~

Tchaikovsky, you may recall, thought that Joachim Raff was a giant compared to Brahms and that Anton Rubinstein was also an infinitely better composer! He held, too, that Brahms' Violin Concerto, which we now consider the greatest of all, was no finer than a well-constructed pedestal on which was placed, not a statue, but another pedestal. Even so can 50 years make the profound look foolish.

All of the music on yesterday's program was thrice familiar to Boston Symphony audiences, with the exception of the rhapsody for contralto solo, male chorus and orchestra. Mr. Koussevitzky revived this work at the Berkshire Festival last summer, as did he also the Double Concerto, Brahms' last orchestral composition. I wish that Mr. Koussevitzky had seen his way to letting us in Boston hear this latter work, even at the expense of leaving out the 4th Symphony. The 4th is my favorite Brahms symphony, but all the same I should rather listen at this point to the remarkable Double Concerto instead.

THE ALTO RHAPSODY is not one of Brahms' deepest or most important works, but it has a great deal of charm and a sensuous lyrical beauty that makes it well worth hearing now and again. The contrast of the solo contralto with the orchestra and the subdued male chorus as background is singularly effective and pleasant. The chorus for this occasion had been trained by Arthur Fiedler, but was otherwise nameless.

Miss Brice was singing beautifully yesterday, and the clarinet-like quality of her voice was perfect with the orchestra. As for the words of Goethe's poem, however, she might almost as well have sung in Arabic or Sioux. I finally made out with the aid of the program book that she was singing a variant of the English translation there provided and at length I distinctly heard the word, "enlighten," by dint of its being repeated so much. Lovely as Miss Brice's voice was, I suspect that an ideal performance would allow us to hear the text a little more clearly.

Mr. Koussevitzky was in capital form for the concert. He got all there was and then some out of the Academic Festival Overture, gave an intimate and expressive interpretation of the Haydn Variations and ended by imparting full value to the grandeur of the 4th Symphony.

The program will be repeated Saturday night. Next week the orchestra is out of town. For the concerts of April 18 and 19 Mr. Koussevitzky will lead Bach's Suite No. 3, Brahms' Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Rudolf Firkusny as soloist) and Strauss' "Also sprach Zarathustra."

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

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Fifty years ago yesterday morning Johannes Brahms was dying in Vienna of cancer of the liver. For 24 hours he had lain in a coma, his face to the wall. Then shortly before 8:30 on the morning of April 3, 1897, as his friend the pianist Anton Door described it, Brahms turned over in bed "with a sudden jerk, his splendid blue eyes became glazed with a film, and two great tears rolled softly and slowly down his cheeks." At 8:30 Brahms died, without pain, a little more than a month before his 64th birthday. The last of the great German symphonists was gone.

Through the circumstance that today is Good Friday, and therefore the afternoon Boston Symphony Orchestra concert this week was played at Symphony Hall yesterday, conductor Serge Koussevitzky was able to commemorate Brahms' passing on the very day a half-century afterward. For the purpose he chose an entire Brahms program (which will be repeated tomorrow evening at 8:30) consisting of the "Academic Festival" Overture; the Alto-Rhapsody on Goethe's "Harzreise in Winter," with Negro contralto Carol

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON - NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Twenty-second Program

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 3, 1947, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1947, at 8:30 o'clock

BRAHMS.....Academic Festival Overture, Op. 80

BRAHMS.....Rhapsody for Contralto Solo, Male Chorus, and Orchestra, Op. 53

BRAHMS.....Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56A

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andante moderato
- III. Allegro giocoso
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato

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Although there are those for whom so much Brahms is too much, even on a ceremonial occasion, this was a good selection of his orchestral music, almost from his earliest to his latest styles. Incidentally, from now to the end of the season, we shall have quite a bit more of Brahms. *4-4-47 Globe*

Considering the applause and stamping that followed the performance of the "Academic Festival" Overture, it must have been my ears and mood that were at fault, for the orchestra sounded to me unaccountably thick and heavy, and it continued to do so through the afternoon. I seemed to miss that usual, extraordinary blend of light and heat which makes the Boston Symphony sound like no other orchestra.

Certainly Mr. Koussevitzky, welcomed back most cordially after a month's absence from the stand, never strove more earnestly for power and eloquence. And it is true that no matter how beautifully his orchestra plays for the best guest conductors, it responds most fully to Mr. Koussevitzky. Miss Brice may not have been in her best voice yesterday, for she had difficulty with the pitch and some of Brahms' unreasonably wide vocal intervals. But she is an artist of perception and taste, and at her best Miss Brice can be infinitely satisfying. The chorus accomplished well its brief role in the Alto Rhapsody.

BRAHMS THIRD LED BY KOUSSEVITZKY

Boston Orchestra Ends Season
With Stirring Performance
of Symphony at Carnegie

4-13-47
By OLIN DOWNES

There has often been discussion of the "right" tempo of the opening movement of Brahms' Third Symphony, which began the final New York concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the end of its Brahms observances of the season, yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. Dr. Koussevitzky stirred us very much by the pace at which he took the movement,

one properly representative of the marking, "Allegro con brio," and especially suited to the projection of the lightning flash of the initial theme. Later in the movement the tempo became more elastic than in the opening part, fortunately free of retards or changes of pace. The movement was molded superbly by the conductor, who had only to command to see his utmost wish realized by the glorious orchestra.

But the first movement is not characteristic of the entire symphony. The two middle movements are almost chamber music. They are in parenthesis, as it were, between the spaciousness and splendor of the first movement and the finale. As such they were treated with the poetical insight that their contents ask of the perceptive interpreter. The last pages seldom fail to make the throat tighten, as the fierce energy of the lightning theme, heard first in minor, is transformed into a golden reflection in the major key and the shimmering figures of the strings. Dr. Koussevitzky played the symphony with a special solicitude for its innermost quality, which is of romantic beauty rather than of classic architectonics.

The symphony was followed by Carol Brice's appearance in the Brahms Rhapsody for contralto solo, chorus and orchestra, which, performed by the same artists last Wednesday night, made such an excellent impression. There is no need to review again Miss Brice's capacities as singer and artist. She was called many times back to the stage, led there by Dr. Koussevitzky who also brought on Robert Shaw, conductor of the Collegiate Chorale, for recognition of his work in preparing the singers.

Dr. Koussevitzky concluded the concert with the epic "First" of Brahms which he projected with immense effect. But perhaps "effect" is a misleading word. The performance lay so much deeper than passing "effect." Especially in the slow movement it pierced to the center of the music. The corollary to this lofty mood was the exultant finale and its proclamation of faith. The audience applauded and cheered as Dr. Koussevitzky repeatedly returning to the stage took leave for the summer.



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MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

A solidly German program including two of the classic B's furnishes the music for the last pair of concerts but one, this season, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It begins with the Suite No. 3, in D major, of Bach, and continues with the Brahms D minor Piano Concerto, with Rudolf Firkusny as soloist, and "Thus Spake Zarathustra," by Richard Strauss. Serge Koussevitzky conducts.

From every point of view, Mr. Firkusny's performance of the Brahms Concerto was as fine as any I can remember. This is a curious work, hard and granitic in some pages, lush and sentimental in others. The orchestration is decidedly immature and no matter how fine the orchestra and how hard they work, Brahms' fumbling treatment really does not "sound."

The Concerto requires, then, a pianist of solid technical attainments and thorough-going musicianship, an artist of both intellect and feeling, who knows the appropriate style. If it is played bluntly the Concerto can seem duller than it is in certain of its pages. If it is played with just the right nuances, the proper tempi and a shrewd and calculating sense of tone and emphasis, then music and soloist both emerge triumphant.

That is precisely what happened yesterday, for Mr. Firkusny is an artist of parts. When power was demanded, as in the first movement and the beginning of the finale, Mr. Firkusny was powerful. But he never thumped, nor did his tone once get hard. He clothed the solo part with a lyrical, poetic quality.

This Concerto always has been one of Mr. Koussevitzky's excellently-accompanied numbers, too, so that the total result was most enjoyable. Obviously the audience thought so, for they applauded generously.

Bach and Strauss both soared in clouds of orchestral virtuosity. Throughout, the texture was fine of grain, and clear of sound. Take, for example, such a small but important detail as the pizzicato bass in the misnamed "Air on the G String" (which in the original version is not on the G string). You could hear every note of it.

So could you hear the figurations of the gentler instruments, like the clarinets, flute and bassoons, which ripple through much of "Thus Spake Zarathustra." The much divided strings, in typical Strauss

fashion, were firm and clear, never a soft mush of sonorities. The organ was not quite in tune, but it was more nearly so than on some occasions in the past. From start to finish, a rewarding concert.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

As far as the Symphony concerts proper are concerned, the extensive commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the death of Brahms comes to an end this evening when Rudolf Firkusny repeats the performance of the first piano concerto that he offered yesterday afternoon. The remaining numbers of the current program are Bach's third suite for orchestra and Struss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

Although Mr. Firkusny got a big hand at the end, the performance of the concerto was not quite everything that it might have been. For some reason, the orchestra did not get completely in tune with the piano and sensitive ears were bothered by this detail. The work itself is a curious one that comes to full realization only in an extraordinary interpretation. I can think offhand of only one that met that requirement, namely, Artur Schnabel's. He made you believe that the concerto was everything that Brahms tried to make it. Though still a young man, in the first movement he strove to out-Beethoven Beethoven, using the key and endeavoring to capture the spirit of the first movement of the latter's Ninth Symphony. In the Adagio he would achieve the serenity of Beethoven's later and greater slow movements. In the right hands, he can seem to do both of these things. Yesterday this listener, at least, received the impression of strivings unrealized. Nevertheless, Mr. Firkusny did a very capable job, musically and technically, and after the labored exuberance, if you can call it that, of the last movement he was, as said above, warmly applauded.

Dr. Koussevitzky gave us the fine suite of Bach, that of the celebrated air for the violin, no later than last season. It seemed then that the overture sounded a bit heavy. Yesterday it was just right. The tone poem of Strauss, which we had not heard for four years, though there was a warming up last Tuesday evening, is one of the most brilliant, the most sensational offerings of Dr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra. Musically, "Zarathustra" is uneven. There are radiant pages. There are also those which are banal, however, amusing they may be to listen to; and you have the feeling that this attempt to put Nietzsche's philosophy into music was a tour de force of which even Strauss was not fully capable. But as a tonal show "Zarathustra" is hardly surpassed by anything in the orchestral literature. Every choir is put through its paces. And what paces.

4-19-47 Pm

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HOLE IN PAGE

MUSIC

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Serge Koussevitzky, conductor. Concert last night at Carnegie Hall. The program: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik. Serenade for String Orchestra. Mozart Symphony No. 3. Piston Symphony No. 2, in D major, Op. 43. Sibelius

The Piston Case

WHEN PISTON'S Third Symphony, a New York first hearing, was your reporter's occasion for visiting the Boston Symphony Orchestra Wednesday night in Carnegie Hall. Not that the orchestra itself and its still vigorous conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, are not worth a visit at any time. But New York offers a wealth of musical fare in any week, and the rest of Wednesday night's program, consisting of a familiar Mozart Serenade and the all-too-familiar Second Symphony of Sibelius, would scarcely of itself have provided material for review. Both were played agreeably enough, though neither rendering added any original or unusually authentic data to the history of interpretation. The Boston orchestra's string pizzicato remain unmatched for power and resonance.

Piston's Third Symphony represents a modernization of this composer's esthetic, long strictly neo-classic, in the direction of neo-Romanticism. It is, to my knowledge, his first work of major proportions based on rounded, on flowing, material, infallible clinical sign of an effort toward personalized expressivity. The first movement is leisurely, almost impressionistic in its deliberate floating of a mood. The second, a scherzo deals also with grace and probably evocation. The third, an adagio, sings and mounts. The fourth, a sort of rondo with fugal development, leaves the neo-

EDWIN PIANO

Pomantic plane of personalized expression and becomes an effective, if somewhat heavy-footed, march on a theme that fails to open up under development procedures because of its always-turning-back-on-itself conformation. The whole work thus fails of what I take to be its original expressive intention by giving up the effort at expansiveness just when this might have come to fruition.

It is, nevertheless, a step forward in Piston's creative life. Heretofore he has made perfect pieces somewhat meager in expressive content. Here he has made a rather more expressive piece, sacrificing perfection of form and stylistic consistency to that end. I doubt that the sacrifice of shapeliness was any part of his intention. Nor has he made such sacrifice in any radical way. The renouncement of stylistic consistency, in the final movement, may well have been deliberate. It is not, however, of any help to the work. The personal sentiment symphony has to open continuously; its last movement must be its climax and revelation. Like Prokofieff before him, in the latter's Fifth, Mr. Piston has walked out on the engagement. Let us hope that, now engaged in the new and, thankfully, dangerous path, he will see the matter through next time.

Piston has long been the most hermetic composer in America. The classical limpidity of his shapes and textures has proved, to this listener in any case, a barrier to the penetration of his thought. The removal of that barrier, however tentatively begun, can only

be applauded by the many persons who, like myself, have long known him for a master and long wished to divine the exact nature of his musical communication. That there is in his work, however modestly on cagily concealed, a communication, is certain. Nobody writes music as assiduously as that and as well, unless somewhere in him is a real, personal and private necessity for doing so. The full revelation of that necessity is the destiny and the privilege of the assiduous and skilled composer. That it will be eventually forthcoming from Piston is your reporter's faith. That this composer's Third Symphony gives reason to hope for a not too far-off fuller revelation is his diagnosis of that work as heard Wednesday night.

minor, Op. 15

phonic Poem
ietzsche)

Cont'd
over

VICTOR RECORDS

MATTER OF MUSIC

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

THE nearly 700 published compositions of Johannes Brahms were performed in Baltimore this season, under the joint auspices of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra and the Peabody Conservatory of Music. Reginald Stewart, who heads them both, deserves the title of world's champion Brahmsite. Such a program puts to shame Boston's season-long observance of the 50th anniversary of Brahms' death, which fell on April 3. The Symphony Orchestra has indeed done its part but other signs of awareness of this significant semi-centenary have been lacking. To be sure, the Conservatory Orchestra did play both the "Tragic" Overture and the Variations on a theme of Haydn, but it might have done that much any year. And I would say off-hand that the recitalists and other concert-givers have been less Brahms-conscious than usual. So if you did want to see—or hear—the job done up brown, Baltimore was the place for you. 4-26-47

As I say, the Symphony's contribution has been fairly extensive, and on Tuesday evening it will bring matters to a climax with a performance of the "German Requiem," the Harvard and Radcliffe choruses, Frances Yeend, soprano, and James Pease, baritone, assisting. The Third Symphony showed up locally only at a Tuesday concert. Bruno Walter gave us the Second and Dr. Koussevitzky the First and Fourth, while Leonard Bernstein contributed the Second Serenade. The actual "memorial" program of April 3 and 5 included, in addition to the Fourth Symphony, the "Academic Festival" Overture, the Haydn Variations and the Rhapsody with alto solo (Carol Brice) and male chorus. This last is one of Brahms' most moving compositions and I regret that a brief illness kept me from hearing it in its first Boston performance since 1930. Dr. Koussevitzky has also given us the Violin Concerto (Yehudi Menuhin) and last week the First Piano Concerto (Rudolf Firkusny), while at Tanglewood last August he staged a preview with a three-day Brahms Festival.

If the composer could miraculously be returned to earth he would find himself more highly regarded

than he was even during his lifetime, though there were perfervid Brahmsites then, such as Hans von Buelow, who coined that handy one about the three B's (Bach, Beethoven and Brahms), thus putting the last-named in company where, for all his greatness, he didn't quite belong. He himself knew better. For Beethoven and Mozart he had a wholesome respect and his humble-

ness in their figurative presence was one of the few winning things about him. Personally he was a bit of a curmudgeon, hiding his native shyness beneath a bearish exterior.

Not only has Brahms' popularity increased enormously, the prevailing notion regarding him has changed materially. It is difficult to believe that Philip Hale could have found his music "granitic." And there were many who breathed assent when he said that Symphony Hall should have a sign, "Exit in case of Brahms."

Our admiration instinctively goes out to the adventurer, the pioneer, the trail-blazer; but such artists are sometimes unsure of their paths. They stumble and falter. Brahms was more prudent. He looked not forward but backward. Mere opportunists jump on the current bandwagon and sometimes find themselves carried down the wrong street. Brahms took a long-range view. He saw where lay the eternal verities, in such classics as Bach, Beethoven and Mozart, and he realized that the romanticism of Schumann would make an excellent heaven for this formal loaf.

Yet it would be grossly unfair to call Brahms just a "copycat," for all his disturbing reminiscences. If his music is a synthesis, and an extremely adroit one, it still contains enough that is original to give it true validity. And in these days, when "get famous quick" is no less popular than "get rich quick," we cannot but admire his quest for perfection, which he held to be more important even than beauty. Our standards of beauty change, and sometimes with great rapidity. A good job remains a good job, and Brahms, a master craftsman, one of the very best, if perhaps not one of the very greatest composers, always did a good job. For that he has reaped his reward—that and his

—Firkusny Soloist With Symphony

Pianist Heard in Brahms D Minor Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

For the twenty-third program of the current Boston Symphony season, Dr. Koussevitzky has chosen to play the Bach Suite No. 3 in D major, the First Brahms Piano Concerto, in D minor, with Rudolf Firkusny for soloist, and Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra."

Conductor, soloist and orchestra had a big popular success at the Friday afternoon concert. The Overture of the Bach Suite again suffered from the conductor's tendency to inject too much emotion, too much tension, into music of the eighteenth century, to play it as if it were written by Tchaikovsky. The famous Air, to the contrary, was sung with a most lyrical beauty, and the dances which follow it were tossed off with grace and vigor.

Mr. Firkusny had appeared with the orchestra once before, in November of 1945, under Mr. Burgin's baton. At that time his virtuosity was noted, although his vehicle, Gian-Carlo Menotti's Piano Concerto in F, was not impressive.

In the Brahms D minor yesterday, he again stirred admiration for his technique and for his rhythmic precision and flexibility, but left us feeling that his

performance was more remarkable for its virtuosity in the bravura passages than for its lyrical beauty in the Adagio. In the second movement, and in the quieter passages of the first and third, his tone was a little hard and his legato not quite smooth enough for the best results.

The orchestral part of the concerto had the most fiery performance within memory. Here Dr. Koussevitzky could legitimately give rein to his romantic instincts, and he was in one of his most impassioned moods.

The high point of the afternoon was the Strauss "Zarathustra." This wonderful pattern of sound had a brilliant exhibition. No one has surpassed Strauss in display of tonal volume and color, and no orchestra could wear his orchestral robes with greater splendor. Vulgar? Yes; but magnificent in its vulgarity and its theatricalism.

Never before, it seemed, had Mr. Mager's trumpet sounded the principal motive with such a gloriously clear and rounded tone. Nor did his fellow soloists lag behind him in eloquence. Urged on by their indefatigable leader, they and their associates proclaimed Strauss' tidings irresistibly.

For Strauss has tidings to communicate. The way to receive them is to forget all the nonsense about philosophy and romance and heroes, and just listen to the music of these early tone poems as beautiful sound; for that's really all they are.



Mr. Koussevitzky works at home in a big study which is littered with music. Scores overflow from the piano to the table and the floor. The walls are covered with Koussevitzky's diplomas and citations. At far right

stands his neglected bull fiddle. Koussevitzky sits before a music table studiously going over a score. However familiar he is with the music he is going to play, Koussevitzky always rehearses at home before he goes out to rehearse his orchestra.

aforesaid ability to fuse the classic and romantic elements in a product that many now find more palatable than either one of them straight.

Nevertheless, he did not compose for posterity, but simply did what he thought was right, firmly expecting that his music would not long survive. Moreover, in the turbulent times in which he lived, it took courage to be a reactionary.

Symphony Concert

The 23rd regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Rudolf Firkusny, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Orchestral Suite in D major No. 3... Bach
Piano Concerto No. 1 in D minor Op. 15... Brahms
Tone Poem, "Also sprach Zarathustra" Strauss

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Yesterday's concert was a singularly fine one, with a nicely balanced and contrasted program; and in fact it makes one regret that the season is so nearly over. Bach's Suite, with the celebrated Air, is music of the purest beauty. I suppose the Bach scholars might be inclined to criticize the David orchestration, but it is probably the only way to hear the music at a symphony concert and in a large hall. Anyway it sounded beautiful yesterday and that, after all, is what counts.

Brahms' First Piano Concerto is one of those works which you greatly respect without ever feeling deep affection. You admire the variety, power and originality of the first movement and the touching lament in the adagio. You come away with the sensation of having had solid intellectual fare, but this Concerto would never survive the "desert island" test. If you could only have one Brahms concerto to take with you, who would not take either the Violin or the Second Piano Concerto? You would reject this one respectfully, of course, but it would be something of the cold shoulder just the same.

Mr. Firkusny gave a brilliant rendition of the solo part. Someone, though, should have seen to it that the orchestra was in tune with the piano. Those with ultra-sensitive ears in the audience yesterday must have had rather a trying session. The interpretation otherwise was a fine one, a searching revelation of a difficult score. Mr. Firkusny is new to me, but I am aware that his admirable pianistic talent is not exactly today's news.

After last Tuesday's performance I commented at some length on Strauss' "Thus Spake Zarathustra," so there is no need to repeat those

observations now. It is the best of the tone poems, the most eloquent, vulgar, luscious, ingenious and opulent. If you dislike it, rest assured that Strauss and all his works are not for you. "Zarathustra" has long been one of Koussevitzky's most stunning war-horses. Whenever he elects to take it out of the stable I shall be on hand to cheer. And if other conductors and orchestras choose to compete in this, my money, for what it is worth, is on the Boston Symphony and Koussevitzky. Even though it ends so quietly and mysteriously, "Zarathustra" is one of those pieces which send audiences out into the open air in a daze. This was its effect yesterday.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Koussevitzky will conduct Beethoven's 8th and 9th Symphonies for the final concert of the season.

BY MILTON G. LAMBERT

Next Tuesday night at Symphony Hall, 200 young voices will rise in song to join the Boston Symphony Orchestra on a nation-wide radio hookup that will broadcast the immortal music of Brahms' "Requiem."

The young people are members of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Chorus Society; 100 boys and 100 girls. They are the "varsity team," selected by the process of elimination after many long and intensely serious hours of competition. The concert at Symphony Hall will be the culmination of a long-cherished hope for each of them—and the music will come straight from their hearts. Serge Koussevitzky said so.

Nervous Moment

Were the students nervous? "Gee, yes!" exclaimed a Radcliffe girl. "Tonight, you know, Dr. Koussevitzky is coming to hear us, and to conduct the rehearsal. Just think! The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra!"

The Harvard students hid their breathlessness beneath a superb veneer of masculine nonchalance, but the excitement was there, just the same. John Morrison explained the schedule for the evening. "This," he said, "is probably our last rehearsal before we appear at Symphony Hall before the public. At any rate, this is a big night, because Dr. Koussy will be here." That fond shortening of the great conductor's name was heard frequently in the hall.



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Brahms' Requiem From the Symphony

Presented at Pension Fund Concert

By Winthrop P. Tyron

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave a presentation of the work by Brahms which bears the title, A German Requiem, for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, in Symphony Hall last night, in association with the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, and with the assistance of Frances Yeend, soprano, and James Pease, bass.

The concert was for the benefit of the Orchestra's Pension Fund. The advance choral preparation of the piece was done by G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor of the two college organizations. The orchestra, to accommodate itself to the platform space remaining after the chorus was provided for, necessarily took on proportions somewhat reduced from regular; but the principals were there and the highest quality of Boston Symphony playing was maintained. The date of the passing of Brahms, 50 years ago this month, noted on the program leaflet, furnished plain indication that the performance of the Requiem was commemorative.

The music, notwithstanding its appropriateness to the hour, hardly represents Brahms as he is commonly known in the songs, the quartets, the Violin Concerto, and the piano concertos. It almost seems to come from another hand than his; but it has great charm and impressiveness of a sort. In general mood and manner it seems rather secular. It stands a dignified, though hardly a majestic creation. It has nobility, yet it scarcely rises to ecstasy and exaltation. It discloses a certain meditative and contemplative character, without quite attaining the mystical. There is little religious devotion about it to cause a listener to forget that he is attending a concert, though moments of irresistible artistic passion are frequent.

What came off brilliantly on this occasion, as no doubt usually happens whenever the Requiem is done by a chorus highly competent technically and by an orchestra of the first order, was the episode, "How Lovely is Thy Dwelling-Place, O Lord of Hosts!" at the stopping point of the first half of the evening, and "Worthy Art Thou to Be Praised" next to the end of all. Here the composer displays his schooling in most entrancing fashion and puts himself as close up to Bach as a handler of the fugal mechanism as probably any nineteenth-century master can get.

It is surprising that Brahms should find himself in difficulty combining a solo voice with a choir; yet he offers little, to judge by the outcome in Symphony Hall, in his two scenes for baritone and chorus, and even less in his dialogue for soprano and chorus, to arouse a singer to action in a big way.

Not that it detracts too much from the interest of the Requiem, but here he loses track somewhat of that style which marks him off from other composers, and a considerable measure, too, of that exuberance, confidence, and eloquence that go with his name. He seems to be showing them that he can be as conventional a musician as the best of them when he tries.

One particularly good result is that he illustrates how to adapt orchestra to choral voices, and how to place instrumental and vocal color in contrast so that both colors, if singers and players are of the alertness of last night's combination, have their value.

With that knack, he could have done some remarkable scoring later in his career, had he wished to carry choral composing as far as he did straight orchestral.

MUSIC SYMPHONY HALL Brahms' Requiem

By CYRUS DURGIN

"A German Requiem" by Johannes Brahms was presented at Symphony Hall last night for the benefit of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's pension fund. Serge Koussevitzky conducted. The chorus was the combined Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, prepared by G. Wallace Woodworth. Frances Yeend, soprano, and James Pease, bass-baritone, were the soloists.

This special concert also brought to conclusion the local observance—which has extended over several weeks—of the 50th anniversary of the death of Brahms. The performance in the main was an eloquent recreation of what is really one of the great masterpieces in choral music. There were, to be sure, rough spots; as when the choral tone momentarily became hard or slipped from the pitch; when there seemed to be disagreement on tempo, but such moments were inconsiderable in comparison with the impressive total effect. The Harvard-Radcliffe choruses are good this year, even if that periodic shortcoming—weakness in the tenor and bass voices—again is evident. They had been carefully trained, and they responded well to Mr. Koussevitzky's demands.

Both Miss Yeend and Mr. Pease were remarkably successful with the exacting vocal solos, although from time to time—and unaccountably, for both are excellent singers technically—their tones were produced too far back in the throat. They not only sang their parts, they brought expression and feeling to them. As for Mr. Koussevitzky's conducting, his conception of the Brahms Requiem has become deepened and more refined over the years. He has never done it better than last night.

Why, O, why, does musical Boston permit vacant seats at a pension fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra? Even so, the large audience present gave all hands, including Mr. Woodworth, tumultuous applause when the concert was over.

Pension Fund Concert

The 103rd Pension Fund Concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The chorus of the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, participated, as did also Frances Yeend, soprano, and James Pease, bass. The program was as follows:
A German Requiem, Op. 45...Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

As the culmination of the performances in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of Brahms' death his German Requiem was the obvious choice for the pension fund concert last night. It was last performed, also as a pension fund concert, in 1939 and then drew a not very gratifying attendance. Last night there was almost a full house, but the austerity—and it must be admitted the occasional boring passages—in the Brahms Requiem still does not mean that the SRO sign is posted in Symphony Hall when it is given.

The fact that the Brahms Requiem was not designed for a Requiem Mass in any sense may tend to confuse people. It was actually written to a scriptural text in German, and therefore the resemblance of the words so often to the Beatitudes and the liturgy of the Church of England is another confusing factor. It was also composed in memory of the dead in the War of 1870, but the lovely fifth movement was a direct, personal acknowledgement of the loss of Brahms' beloved step-mother.

The performance by all the forces under Mr. Koussevitzky's command last night was singularly eloquent and moving. The opening chorus was sung with a beautiful soft tone. Later the female singers were often unduly shrill, but the memory of this first chorus is one to be treasured. Another remarkable feature of the performance was the superb singing by Frances Yeend in the 5th movement. Her voice soared forth by itself and against the chorus with extraordinary effect. We had most of us known that Miss Yeend was a fine soprano, but last night's singing was something far beyond that mild appraisal.

Mr. Pease, who distinguished himself in Britten's "Peter Grimes" in Tanglewood last summer, renewed that favorable impression by his excellent work in the baritone solos last night. Mr. Woodworth, who also trained the chorus for the '39 performance, deserves the greatest praise for the results that the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society achieved last night. He was present in the audience and must have felt the satisfaction of a job well done. Mr. Koussevitzky at the outset of the season had promised us Bach's B minor Mass for this spring, but the appropriateness of the Brahms anniversary and the vividness of the performance were excuse enough for the Requiem, if any were needed, in its place. After all, in Baltimore this season they gave all 700 of Brahms' compositions!

Beethoven Program For Conclusion

By Winthrop P. Tyron

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, gave the closing concert of the Friday series in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, presenting for its crowning effort of the year the Symphony No. 9 (Choral) in D minor, op. 125, of Beethoven. Here it had the assistance of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor; and of Frances Yeend, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Joseph Laderoute, tenor; and James Pease, baritone. The concert opened with a performance of the Symphony No. 8 in F major, op. 93, of Beethoven. The program is repeated tonight at the closing of the Saturday series.

Great as the enterprise is for everybody associated with an orchestra—governing body, management, players, and singers—subscribers, too, in an indirect way, to bring the Ninth Symphony to realization, it falls comfortably into the routine today of Boston Symphony affairs. To handle it will always be heavy artistic industry; and highly trained performers and well-practiced listeners will be, except under experimental and pioneer conditions, inevitably implied.

But if it could be done at all 100 years and more ago, when it was new, it ought to be done in these advanced times with confidence and relish, whatever the labor. We may leave out, then, conventional praise for the doings of instrumentalists and vocalists yesterday, even those of the solo quartet, which is drawn directly from the community anyway, being chosen out of the summer classes at Tanglewood.

To consider, rather, the general interpretation of the work by Dr. Koussevitzky and to compare it, if we may uninvincibly, with that by a conductor like Arturo Tosca-

nini—the Bostonian treats the Ninth Symphony like a thing of inexhaustible meaning, of which more can be made at every performance, while the New York man regards it as a matter which says its say for once, and there is the end. Dr. Koussevitzky, to speak broadly, takes the Platonic view, and Mr. Toscanini the Aristotelian. The one is a romantic who explores; the other, a grammarian, who rationalizes. Dr. Koussevitzky will ignore his orchestra to search out a detail of expression somewhere in the woodwind choir. Mr. Toscanini will see that every executant in the ensemble, even down to the kettledrummer, does precisely what the composer indicates for him to do, and will leave it to the listener to find out what the sound as a whole signifies.

This for a summary view of two men who have figured pre-eminently in the American orchestral scene for a generation; though no opinion of either should be pushed too far and be subjected to literal proof. Slightly illustrative of the Boston conductor's manner yesterday was his handling of the unison passage for double basses and cellos in the closing section of the Choral Symphony, where the main subject is introduced softly. Probably no other conductor would have the audacity to demand so subdued a singing of that tune on the big strings as Dr. Koussevitzky asked for; and very little chance that he would obtain the result if he tried.

Listeners will forget much about the occasion as the days pass, but they will be long letting that moment slip from recollection. When it is a difference between the possible and the impossible, Dr. Koussevitzky goes after the impossible every time.

Then, regarding the Symphony No. 8, John N. Burk points out in his "Life and Works of Beethoven" that modern conductors are unreasonably rapid here with the Finale; or at any rate they are by nineteenth-century habit and standard. Dr. Koussevitzky, indeed, runs off the main portion of the Finale as briskly as any of them; yet when a passage intervenes at a slackened tempo, he secures a contrast that cancels all effect of haste and hurry. Briefly, whenever he falls in with the altering fashions of conducting, he does so with good taste. Should doubt, therefore, arise about him with respect to discernment and classic propriety, he is likely to survive all inquisition.

SIXTY-SIXTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SIX AND FORTY-SEVEN

Twenty-fourth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 25, 1947, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, 1947 at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 8 in F major, *Op. 93*

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio
- II. Allegretto scherzando
- III. Tempo di menuetto
- IV. Allegro vivace

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 9 in D minor, with final chorus on Schiller's Ode to Joy, *Op. 125*

- I. Allegro, ma non troppo, un poco maestoso
- II. Molto vivace: Presto
- III. Adagio molto e cantabile
- IV. Presto; Allegro
Allegro assai
Presto
Baritone Recitative
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro assai
Tenor Solo and Chorus: Allegro assai vivace, alla marcia
Chorus: Andante maestoso
Adagio, ma non troppo, ma divoto
Allegro energico, sempre ben marcato
Quartet and Chorus: Allegro ma non tanto
Chorus: Prestissimo

HARVARD GLEE CLUB and RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY
(G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor)

Soloists

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JOSEPH LADEROUTE, Tenor

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New Music and Classics; Symphony's Season in Review

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The Boston Symphony has just completed its 66th season, and the time has come again to look at the record. The most interesting feature of this is always the comparison between what Mr. Koussevitzky in the fall planned to do and what in fact he did. Here's what happened. Of the six new symphonies he announced four were performed: Shostakovich's No. 9, Copland's No. 3, Milhaud's No. 2 and Guarnieri's No. 1. Neither Piston's 3rd nor Messiaen's was played, but Mr. Koussevitzky at the time he told us of his plans expressed some doubt as to whether the parts would be ready. Four other brand new works were announced, and three were heard: Foss' "Song of Songs," Harris' Variations on a theme by Howard Hanson and Strauss' "Metamorphosen." Paulenc's Concerto in G minor for organ with strings and kettledrums was announced but not played. My guess would be the condition of the Symphony hall organ as the reason why in this instance.

On the whole this is a consistent record and might well be recalled when anyone complains that Mr. Koussevitzky changes his mind often about his programs. The record of new works to be repeated is amusing for the substitutions in those which were announced. Thus we heard Bartok's Music for strings and percussion instead of his Concerto for orchestra, Martinu's Concerto Grosso instead of his Symphony No. 1, Prokofiev's "Chout" instead of his Symphony No. 5; and instead of Stravinsky's "Ode" we had his "Sacre," Symphony in three movements and Symphony of Psalms. 4-27-47 Herald

As for "firsts" here is what happened. There were four "firsts anywhere": the Copland and Milhaud symphonies and the Foss and Harris works. The two symphonies were both interesting new music. Copland's was repeated during the season and will be done at Tanglewood, but the Milhaud should not be neglected in spite of the fact that it is not easy to assimilate. The Foss Cantata had a certain superficial musical attraction, but was not a deeply thought out artis-

tic achievement. Harris' tribute to Howard Hanson may be conveniently forgotten, even its full orchestral intonation of "Happy Birthday Dear Teacher."

Pieces performed for the first time in other connections can be tabulated and briefly commented upon as follows: Guarnieri's Symphony (first U. S.—not very distinguished); Hanson's Serenade (first B.S.O.—critical comment as for Harris above); Honegger's Symphony for strings (first U. S.—absolutely first class); Jaubert's Sonata a due (first U. S.—rather like but not nearly so good as Martinu's Concerto Grosso); Rachmaninoff's Symphony No. 3 (first B.S.O.—distinctly minor Rachmaninoff); Roussel's "Ariane et Bacchus" 2nd Suite (first B.S.O.—brilliant orchestral piece and one Koussevitzky should by all means undertake on his own hook); Shostakovich's Symphony No. 9 (first Boston—Shostakovich at his least pompous and most beguiling); Strauss' "Metamorphosen" (first U. S.—technically expert but emotionally cloying and stale); Vaughan Williams' Symphony No. 5 (fairly impressive, poetic and introspective work, though not the English composer at his best).

Of the revivals of contemporary music the most rewarding were the Falla pieces in commemoration of his death in November of last year, the Hindemith Violin Concerto, Martinu's Concerto Grosso, Prokofiev's "Chout" and the Stravinsky pieces. All in all I don't think there was much reason to complain about the quantity or quality of modern music this season.

Actually there was rather less modern music than in 1945-46. In fact, the composer who far and away out-distanced any others in the number of his works performed was Brahms with 10 (12 if you count the 3rd Symphony at a Tuesday concert and the Pension Fund Requiem). Beethoven came next with 7, Strauss with 5, Haydn and Wagner with 4 each, Stravinsky and Falla with 3 each and Bruckner, Debussy, Mozart and Tchaikovsky with 2. I don't think, in commenting upon these figures, that we need have had quite so many repetitions of Brahms and Beethoven Symphonies from the previous season or

quite so much Strauss. I am all for the rise over last season in the Haydn figures, if slightly distressed at the falling-off in Mozart. We should really hear some of the latter's piano concertos, which are scandalously neglected.

The figures on guest-conductors and soloists make interesting reading as compared with the New York Philharmonic. Last season we had five of the former. Koussevitzky conducted for 13 pairs, Walter for 4, Bernstein and Burgin for 3 each and Muench for 1. In addition Milhaud and Guarnieri each conducted his own symphony. The Philharmonic last season had 9 conductors, but next season the number will be only 5. As for soloists, this past season we had 10, of whom three were singers in symphonic works and one the viola soloist in Berlioz' "Harold in Italy." Next season the Philharmonic has announced 19 soloists, of whom 10 are pianists, 7 violinists and 2 cellists. Draw your own conclusions.

So much for the Boston Symphony's 66th season. We can anticipate that the 67th will be much the same. The broadcasting problem has been solved with, I imagine, satisfactory financial results; and, with the shift to Tuesday nights, the menace which a radio commitment always is to good program-building has been removed from the regular series. We can also be sure that the orchestra and Mr. Koussevitzky will continue in that superb form which we are sometimes prone to take too much for granted.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 24th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Assisting were the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor, and Frances Yeend, soprano, Eunice Alberts, contralto, Joseph Laderoute, tenor, and James Pease, bass. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 8 in F major Op. 93
Symphony No. 9 in D minor Op. 125, with final chorus on Schiller's "Ode to Joy" Beethoven

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

As was the case last year Mr. Koussevitzky elected to end the season with the triumphant notes of Beethoven's 9th Symphony ringing in our ears. If the effect yesterday was a little less electrifying than in 1946, that was only to be expected and had nothing to do with the quality of the performance which was again one of impassioned eloquence. 4-26-47 Herald

Beethoven was a genius who was not afraid to state a simple truth

without equivocation or philosophical misgivings as to whether that truth were all it was cracked up to be. The brotherhood of man was for Beethoven a good and a true idea and he sang its praises with all his might, which posterity has come to agree has never been equalled on a symphonic scale.

Mr. Koussevitzky imbued the forces at his command with the dramatic passion and the grand line of this work. The nuances were there too and the subtleties of tonal sonority. The orchestra played beautifully for him, and the chorus from Cambridge, having been well schooled by Mr. Woodworth, sang with extra fervor. The vocal quartet also sang well. It might be observed, too, that all four singers have participated in the Berkshire Music Center and therefore proved, if proof were needed, the high standards of that institution.

Last year Mr. Koussevitzky opened the concert with a Haydn Symphony, and yesterday he chose Beethoven's 8th for the same office. It has often been pointed out that the even-numbered Symphonies of Beethoven are the cheerful products of his genius, an exception being the First which is also bright. The 8th is the most cheerful of all of them. It has no slow movement, yet no one could complain that its gaiety is monotonous. Again the orchestra played superbly in this work, with a marvellous lightness which is well nigh inimitable.

This 66th season has been a Brahms - Beethoven - Strauss year. There were nine (not 10 as the program has it) works of Brahms, and you could say there were eleven if you counted the Requiem and the 3rd Symphony on a Tuesday. Beethoven added up to seven, and Strauss had five (not four) to his credit. I have summarized the season in Sunday's paper and was misled by the Brahms figure, though I managed to catch the Strauss. If these familiar works formed the back-bone of the season there was also plenty of modern music, though no world-shaking or controversial novelty.

The concert will be repeated tonight. On Tuesday night at 8:30 the 62nd season of the Pops will open under the direction of Arthur Fiedler.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

The final program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 66th season is devoted to Beethoven, and

in its latter half, appropriately ceremonial. There are two Symphonies, the Eighth, in the key of F major, and the Ninth, in the relative minor key of D minor. Serge Koussevitzky conducts. The chorus consists of members of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, prepared by G. Wallace Woodworth. The four vocal soloists are Frances Yeend, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Joseph Laderoute, tenor, and James Pease, bass-baritone.

If you are going to have an all-Beethoven and semi-ceremonial program, there is no better combination than the Eighth and Ninth Symphonies. The Eighth is sufficiently small in size and scope to provide good contrast with the vast, imposing structure of the Ninth and its chorale finale. At the same time, the Eighth is nearer in style to the Ninth than the comparatively short First and Second of the Beethoven Symphonies, and therefore more appropriate than either of those two.

Mr. Koussevitzky seemed to be in especially fine fettle yesterday, a fountain of energy and rhythm. It may be that he made the beginning of the Eighth and part of its finale too "big" dynamically, although the work is curiously uneven in its scoring. Certainly the delicate little allegretto went very delicately, and the tempo di menuetto was in its right frame. At any rate, here was a vital and cheery performance that was extremely satisfactory.

As the years go by, Mr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the cosmic Ninth Symphony grows more balanced in details, with a better sustained long classic "line." Yesterday he read the score better than I can ever remember hearing it from him before, and that is saying a good deal. One detail that must not be overlooked was the exquisite voicing of the cello and double bass recitative at the outset of the finale. Here were strength and power, and at the same time absolute precision and a tone that was light but not dry. What virtuosity it takes to play this demanding passage so beautifully!

Seldom has a chorus grappled more successfully with Beethoven's merciless vocal writing than yesterday, and seldom has choral tone sounded so rich and full in those agonizing high A's. The soloists were as excellent, James Pease carrying off first honors with his noble singing of the bass recitative. Miss Yeend is certainly the finest soprano for this Symphony that I have heard. The contralto of Miss Alberts did not stand out, but it formed an important strand in the

texture as a whole. Mr. Laderoute labored hard but effectively with the tenor part, although his tones seemed throaty now and again. All in all, a fine ending for the season.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

For the third consecutive season Dr. Koussevitzky is winding up the Symphony Concerts with a performance of Beethoven's Ninth. Two years ago it was heard alone, last year Haydn's Symphony No. 88 came before it. Yesterday afternoon, as will be the case this evening, it was preceded by Beethoven's very different Eighth Symphony. This or the other Beethoven overture has also served the same purpose. One thing is certain, the Ninth must be the last number. There is nothing that could follow it on the same program.

Now, as before, the chorus essential to the last movement is drawn from the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor. The excellent quartet of solo singers consists of four vocalists, now identified with the Berkshire Festival: Frances Yeend, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Joseph Laderoute, tenor, and James Pease, bass. The four, on the whole, provided what was the best quartet we have had in some time. Beethoven's vocal writing is notoriously awkward and ungrateful, yet these singers did not make you unduly conscious of the fact. These passages, more suitable to instruments, were really sung, and what can be a painful experience became yesterday an agreeable one. Mr. Laderoute did well with his long solo and Mr. Pease with the measures with which he introduced the choral finale.

I have had occasion to quote before the rather sour observation made by Ernest Newman, who made the address at the Beethoven Centenary of 1927, that in England they had men and women sing such things as the "Missa Solemnis" and the finale of the Ninth. Be that as it may, there is something to be said for Dr. Koussevitzky's use of these collegiate choristers—at least in the last-named work. If their youthful voices do lack body, they enter marvelously into the spirit of the thing, and this enthusiasm, without which the last movement of the Ninth is dead letter, amply compensates for any lack of tonal substance. The young women even make that prolonged high A sound plausible.

Dr. Koussevitzky does many things superbly, but there is nothing that he

does any better than the Ninth of Beethoven. Into it he puts his heart and soul, and players and singers cannot help responding. The one complaint you can make is that the first announcement of the choral melody by cellos and basses should not be so soft. In their extraordinary recita-

tives these instruments have already rejected the themes of the first three movements, and when the composer gives them a suggestion of the choral tune, they accept it gladly. And while they are not supposed to shout it, they certainly should not whisper it. In retrospect, the merry little Eighth was overshadowed by its mighty successor. At the time of playing it had the requisite charm and humor.

Guest Conductors, New Music; Symphony Season in Review

By CURTIS DURGIN

The 66th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra ended at Symphony Hall last night with the joyful if not triumphant call to brotherhood of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. In looking back over this season it appears to have been one of about average quality, with now and then an event of special importance and excitement.

This represents a new peak of technical achievement and expressive beauty for Mr. Copland, who indisputably is a leading composer of the time, in whom you find natural and progressive but unaffected modernity. Next I would rate the "Song of Songs" by Lukas Foss, in whose performances the soprano singing of Ellabelle Davis was so important. The New York reviewers blasted the daylight out of Mr. Foss' music, but I consider it vital and forward-looking in idiom if archaic in its technical device of repeating phrases of the verses taken from the Old Testament book.

Of Camargo Guarnieri's Symphony I cannot remember a note, nor can I (except the "Happy Birthday" phrase) remember any of Roy Harris' "Celebration." Milhaud's Second Symphony was strong and salient, not too easy to get at a first hearing but worthy of repetition. Roussel's "Ariane et Bacchus," heard here at long last from Mr. Muench, was completely pleasant.

Astringent Shostakovich

Of the Shostakovich Ninth Symphony you can say it, too, is pleasant and slightly astringent but no great shakes. Richard Strauss' "Metamorphosen" was a total loss for my money. Opinion was divided over the Fifth Symphony of Vaughan Williams which, Heaven knows, is too long and on the soporific side. Yet to me it is music which has a large outlook and reassuring lyricism.

Erica Morini, the violinist, was an outstanding "new" soloist. It was a treat to have Dame Myra Hess back again. Soprano Frances Yeend and baritone James Pease covered themselves with credit in the pension fund performance of

Brahms' "A German Requiem." Incidentally, to make a bit light of a solemn concern, the weeks-long observance of the 50th anniversary of Brahms' death seemed like too much Brahms. But perhaps that was because it was Spring, when the sap and the blood flow quicker than Brahms.

For the rest the season passed in familiar courses, both as to music and soloists. It passed also in the continuing recognition that the Boston Symphony Orchestra is still the greatest in the world. And now let thy servant depart for what music the Summer will bring, together with perhaps a little swimming.

Over a period of several years Conductor Serge Koussevitzky gradually has been lightening the burden of his own work. That is natural, since he will be 73 in July. Thus far an undeclared policy of guest conductors interspersing Koussevitzky's own appearance has worked well. That is because Mr. Koussevitzky is a dominant figure and so long as he continues as music director (his title now in the program book) the orchestra will continue to reflect his character and his will. That is as it ought to be.

Perhaps the greatest interest of the season was found in the guest conductors rather than in any new music. The outstanding event was the return to this orchestra of Bruno Walter after an absence of 24 years. The symphonic Walter was a revelation to many concert-goers. Certainly he is a unique and unequalled master in the performance of the German classics, also in Bruckner and Mahler.

The "great" G minor Symphony of Mozart, Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration" and "Don Juan," the Second Symphony of Brahms,

the original version of Bruckner's Ninth Symphony, and the Fourth Symphony of Mahler, with Desi Halban giving a lovely performance of the soprano solo, were done as I had never heard them done before. In other music, such as Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," Mr. Walter fell short of what we are accustomed to hear at Symphony Hall. In his field, however, Mr. Walter is superlative, and it was a rare privilege to have him here.

Triumphant Mr. Muench

Second only to Mr. Walter was the triumphant appearance in an all-French program of Charles Muench. His technical command, his ear for a rich, yet pliant and clear tone and his good taste and sense of style made his concerts remarkable. He ought to be invited again. As for Mr. Bernstein, that talented if not thoroughly experienced young man continues to develop. He gave us an amazingly good "Le Sacre du Printemps." Yet I balk at conceding that he is now a fully rounded artist as technician and interpreter. His concert here with his own City Center Orchestra of New York, in November, proved that to my satisfaction.

Of the new music, to my mind, the Third Symphony of Aaron Copland was emphatically the best.

SYMPHONY SEASON

In Retrospect, Much of Orchestra Year Was Interesting and Some of It Laudable

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

WITH the performance last evening of Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symphonies—which meant that we heard all but Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5—the 66th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra passed into history. Ahead of us now lie the orchestra's supplementary activities, the Pops, beginning next Tuesday evening, the Esplanade concerts and the Berkshire Festival.

What with five conductors functioning and two more, Camargo Guarnieri and Darius Milhaud, conducting their own symphonies, this season did not lack variety. Whether that is good for the orchestra is another matter, but until Dr.

Koussevitzky finally decides that he has had enough, that is what we are in for. The present system is not without its advantages, especially if we are to have guest conductors of the caliber of Bruno Walter, who was with us for four weeks, and Charles Muench, who was with us for one. Since leaders of their stature are rare, we should have them both next season and there seems to be a good chance that we will.

Even though he conducted a pair of Boston Symphony concerts in 1923 and of late years has appeared here frequently in the opera house, Mr. Walter's concerts were still in the nature of a revelation, both of his own extraordinary gifts and of what our orchestra can do under his direction. It was plain enough, even if you did not hear it from the players themselves, as it was quite possible to do, that he inspired in them both admiration and affection. In these days when conductors tend to turn the spotlight on themselves, Mr. Walter's utter absorption in his task, his attitude of devotion, of consecration, is refreshing. And you are more likely to be affected by it than by all the podium posings and posturings in the world.

Especially memorable were his performances of Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony, Strauss' "Don Juan" and "Death and Transfiguration" (the last-named at a Tuesday concert), the Ninth Symphony of Bruckner and the Fourth of Mahler. The Mahler was the most remarkable of all, and after the Saturday evening performance the conductor is reported to have remarked that it was the most exalted moment of his life.

We are not likely to get novelties from Mr. Walter, who is now content to play the music that he has long cherished. Mr. Muench gave us three: an insignificant "Sonata a due" by Jaubert, a fine string Symphony by Honegger and a glowing Suite from Roussel's ballet, "Ariane et Bacchus." He also put new life into the Third Sym-

phony of Saint-Saens. In the three weeks when he conducted Leonard Bernstein gave us only one new piece, Bartok's Music for Strings and Percussion, one of the most exciting novelties of recent years. Mr. Bernstein excelled in this music and, by report, in Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring." He gave us an admirable version of Mozart's "Linz" Symphony, the revival of which, like that of Haydn's "Oxford," was long overdue. A novelty, as far as the Symphony Concerts are concerned, was Gluck's Overture to "Alceste," though the piece itself is nearly 200 years old.

As for Dr. Koussevitzky, in the matter of novelties, he equalled all of the others put together. Decidedly rewarding was Copland's Third Symphony, given its world premiere and repeated at a later pair of concerts. Pleasurable, but hardly stimulating, were Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony, Strauss' "Metamorphosen," Lucas Foss' Biblical Cantata, "The Song of Songs" (with Ellabelle Davis), Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony and Hanson's Serenade for flute, harp and strings. Hardly worth the trouble of preparing them were Harris' "Celebration" and the Third Symphony of Rachmaninoff.

To the above list Richard Burgin added a pleasant enough Divertimento by Alexei Haieff. Guarnieri's Symphony was no great shakes but the Milhaud Second (another world premiere) was certainly the prize new work of the season. The large dose of Brahms was offset by the scant attention paid to that other popular favorite, Sibelius, represented only by his First Symphony (Mr. Burgin). Dr. Koussevitzky did us great service by restoring to the repertory the Eighth Symphony of Bruckner, and this was as logically a Bruckner season as a Brahms one. What was really interesting was the emphasis placed, as in days gone by, on the Germans and Austrians: 16 composers represented by 42 works. Conversely, there were only 11 Russian pieces from 8 composers, while as many Frenchmen contributed 9 compositions. There were five Americans represented, only three of them native-born, and by one piece each. Between them, the remaining countries contributed nine works, from seven composers. . . . Not Yehudi Menuhin, as stated here

last Sunday, but Jascha Heifetz, played the Brahms Violin Concerto. One of those unaccountable slips. And Mr. Heifetz's performance was outstanding.

Boston Symphony

Season in Review

By L. A. Sloper

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, closes its sixty-sixth season with the concerts of this week, at which Beethoven's Eighth and Ninth Symphonies are being presented.

The orchestra continues at the height of its tonal beauty, power and expressiveness, even though the number of concerts assigned to guest conductors is increasing. This season Dr. Koussevitzky surrendered his baton for 11 of the 24 weeks.

Two of the visitors were men of particular mark. Charles Münch, the distinguished Paris conductor, made an excellent impression, and it is expected that he will return next year, although there has been no official announcement of his engagement.

He was responsible for two of the season's novelties: Jaubert's "Sonata a due" for violin, cello and strings, played for the first time in the United States, and the second suite from Roussel's "Ariane et Bacchus," heard for the first time in Boston.

Bruno Walter

Bruno Walter presided over the orchestra for four weeks, to the delight of all who admire profound musicianship and dedication to the highest artistic ideals. This includes even some of us who do not share Mr. Walter's enthusiasm for Bruckner and Mahler.

Leonard Bernstein conducted for three weeks in Boston and one in New York. His technical mastery and his showmanship are beyond question, and he again proved his excellence in modern music. He has not yet mastered the interpretive problems of classical and romantic music.

Richard Burgin, associate conductor, directed three pairs of concerts with his usual efficiency

and authority. Camargo Guarneri, Brazilian composer, conducted the first performance in the United States of his First Symphony, which is in the conventional style of modernism.

Four works had their first performances anywhere, and three of them were by contemporary Americans. Aaron Copland's Third Symphony is well composed in the mood of the "Appalachian Spring" ballet score, with passages reflecting the noisier aspects of the composer's talent. Lukas Foss' Biblical cantata, "The Song of Songs," for soprano and orchestra, is a competent work in the manner of Hindemith but also recalling Copland.

Vaughan Williams' Fifth

Roy Harris' "Celebration," Variations on a Theme by Howard Hanson, was in the nature of a birthday present from the composer to his teacher. The theme is from the Scherzo of Dr. Hanson's Third Symphony, and Mr. Harris has enhanced it with his special prairie idiom. The fourth world premiere, Milhaud's Second Symphony, I did not hear.

Of the works heard for the first time "at these concerts," the most impressive was the Fifth Symphony of Vaughan Williams. As everybody knows by now, this work was written during the height of the Battle for Britain, yet it contains no indication of fear. On the contrary, it is an affirmation of courage and faith, spoken in the spiritual voice of the England of Bunyan.

Richard Strauss' "Metamorphosen" is another story. Written for

23 solo string instruments, it has for principal subject a theme which recalls that of the Funeral March in Beethoven's "Eroica." The score also bears the inscription, "In Memoriam. Garmisch, 12 April, 1945." The piece is in a subdued but passionate mood, in marked contrast to the old Straussian exuberance. If the man who played for the Nazis throughout the war intended this piece as a Twilight of the Nazi godlets, he was guilty of insolence in borrowing Beethoven's melodic idea.

Shostakovich's Ninth Symphony was commented on in these columns when it was produced at Tanglewood last summer for the first time in America.

The return of Dame Myra Hess

as soloist in Beethoven's G major Concerto was one of the major events of the season. Heifetz's performance of the Brahms Concerto was another.

Two visiting orchestras have

been heard during the season. It was a pleasure to welcome back Pierre Monteux after 23 years. He came at the head of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which he has directed for 11 years. The performance bore further proof of his ability as a drillmaster, even though, because of its relatively small numbers, the orchestra lacked the sonority of some of the older and larger American ensembles.

Leonard Bernstein brought his New York City Center Symphony Orchestra to town for the first time, but the audience was so scanty that he may not be disposed to return soon. This orchestra is also small, and it has the extra handicap of a relative paucity of strings. Nevertheless, its accomplishment is admirable. Mr. Bernstein on this occasion placed us in his debt by introducing Britten's Violin Concerto, with his concertmaster, Werner Lywen, as soloist.



by Martha Burnham

Serge Koussevitzky at rehearsal

less than a day. Miss Arlyne and Dorothy Connor, United States, place an Hawaiian lei over her.

Held Need

the Association's program for family life and better relationships between young people. She was formerly New York representative of the Social Hygiene Association and served as Educational Director for the organization during the war.

mother of six grown children, and eight grandchildren. Mrs. Sever advises that a successful pattern in life, mothers should learn to raise their children more. She

Conductors Inspire

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Bassoonist, Plays

By TRUDY NELSON

Women have pioneered in business and politics, law and medicine, bloomers and covered wagons. But it remained for Miss Anne de Guichard of Hyde Park to pioneer in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. 5-11-47 *SLH*

As one of its four bassoonists (five if you count the contra bassoonist) Miss de Guichard has shattered the tradition that only men shall serve the famous orchestra musically. She made her first telling blow against this tradition in 1943 when she joined the Boston Pops Orchestra and consolidated her position the following year by becoming an established member of the Symphony proper.

In addition Miss de Guichard has blazed a number of other cultural trails. She plays four instruments besides the bassoon and has sung professionally. She is one of the few bassoonists who can eat a hearty meal before performing (bassoonists are skittish about pre-concert meals because of the effect eating may have on their breathing and lips). And she is carrying on research in the art of making reeds (cane mouthpieces) in order to produce new tones on the bassoon.

But perhaps her greatest achievement in relation to this instrument has been her addition within the past year of five notes to its range. Previously the bassoon had been good for only three and a half octaves—an upper limit of F sharp was the most composer could expect of any bassoonist. By dint of much experimentation, involving painstaking synchronization of "lips, breathing and fingers in split seconds," (experimentation

13,773,000 tons which the Commerce Department credits to Baltimore, Md. Philadelphia also passed Boston in both volume and value of seaborne trade. In the attempt to capture some of this tonnage, especially a share of the huge trade which is cur-

- Today's Programs**
WLAW—Lawrence, 680kc—ABC
 5:30 p. m.—Jack Armstrong, sketch.
 5:45 p. m.—Tennessee Jed, sketch.
 6:00 p. m.—WLAW News; Sports.
 6:15 p. m.—Jack Stevens.
 6:30 p. m.—Don Roger's Orchestra.
 6:45 p. m.—Guy Borrelli.
 7:00 p. m.—Headline Edition.
 7:15 p. m.—To be announced.
 7:30 p. m.—The Lone Ranger, sketch.
 8:00 p. m.—Lum 'n Abner.
 8:15 p. m.—Round the Town.
 8:30 p. m.—Court of Missing Heirs.
 9:00 p. m.—Dance Orchestra.
 9:30 p. m.—Beulah, sketch.
 10:00 p. m.—The Bing Crosby Show.
 10:30 p. m.—The Henry Morgan Show.
 11:00 p. m.—WLAW News.
 11:15 p. m.—Joe Hasel, Sports.
 11:30 p. m.—Gems for Thought; Dance Or.

WRUL Short Wave Programs
Thursday, May 1
 (Radiocast on 11.73 and 15.29 meg.)

and authority. Carnieri, Brazilian conductor, conducted the first performance of the United States Symphony, which is in the conventional style of music.

Four works had the honor of being performed anywhere in the world.

They were by Americans. Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" is well known. The mood of the "Spring" ballet score is reflected in the compositions of the composer being arranged for the early fall.

Lukas Foss' "Bibli" "The Song of Songs," and orchestra, is a work in the manner of the myth but also recalls

Vaughan Williams

Roy Harris' "Variations on a Theme by Hanson," was in the birthday present from his teacher. The Scherzo from the Scherzo

son's Third Symphony, Harris has enhanced it with his special prairie idiom. The fourth world premiere, Milhaud's Second Symphony, I did not hear.

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The return of Dame Myra Hess

Boston Symphony Expected To Visit London in September

By a Staff Correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor

London

A musical event of the first magnitude in this war-torn Capital—a visit and concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its world-famous conductor, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky—is in process of being arranged for the early fall.

If present plans here are confirmed from Boston, the musicians will come to London at the end of September.

The orchestra is tentatively scheduled for the vast Royal Albert Hall which has a capacity of 7,500. It will come to a city whose valiant, but overworked, orchestras have labored against great handicaps of short personnel and changing conductors, and standards unavoidably have declined.

Mr. Bernstein on this occasion placed us in his debt by introducing Britten's Violin Concerto, with his concertmaster, Werner Lywen, as soloist.



by Martha Burnham

Serge Koussevitzky at rehearsal

Although postwar London is teeming with musical events, and orchestras like Amsterdam's famous Concertgebouw have played to very enthusiastic audiences here, nothing comparable to a visit by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston orchestra has yet occurred. The visitors will be assured of having musical London at their feet.

Both the manager of Royal Albert Hall and Harold Holt, Ltd., who is handling the arrangements, told a representative of The Christian Science Monitor today that plans were "in the melting pot." The question is whether dates late in September are satisfactory to Boston, and they expect to have definite word "within a few days."

Conductors Inspire Only Woman in Boston Symphony Orchestra

The Maddier They Become the Better Anne de Guichard,

Bassoonist, Plays

By TRUDY NELSON

Women have pioneered in business and politics, law and medicine, bloomers and covered wagons. But it remained for Miss Anne de Guichard of Hyde Park to pioneer in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. 5-11-47 Sdk

As one of its four bassoonists (five if you count the contra bassoonist) Miss de Guichard has shattered the tradition that only men shall serve the famous orchestra musically. She made her first telling blow against this tradition in 1943 when she joined the Boston Pops Orchestra and consolidated her position the following year by becoming an established member of the Symphony proper.

In addition Miss de Guichard has blazed a number of other cultural trails. She plays four instruments besides the bassoon and has sung professionally. She is one of the few bassoonists who can eat a hearty meal before performing (bassoonists are skittish about pre-concert meals because of the effect eating may have on their breathing and lips). And she is carrying on research in the art of making reeds (cane mouthpieces) in order to produce new tones on the bassoon.

But perhaps her greatest achievement in relation to this instrument has been her addition within the past year of five notes to its range. Previously the bassoon had been good for only three and a half octaves—an upper limit of F sharp was the most composer could expect of any bassoonist. By dint of much experimentation, involving painstaking synchronization of "lips, breathing and fingers in split seconds," (experimentation

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spread over ten years and which she compares to a man climbing a rope painfully, hand over hand) Miss de Guichard has raised this limit from F sharp to B.

"Slur Up to Them"

Occasional bassoonists may be able to play a few of the five de Guichard high notes, she admits, but they have to "slur up to them" and can't negotiate all five. Miss de Guichard on the other hand plays each and any of these notes at will

and "on the nose" thus giving them definite concert possibilities.

Her bassoonist friends however, aren't wholly delighted with Miss de Guichard's unleashing of bassoon resources. They are afraid some composer will hear about the new notes and build a piece of music around them, forcing them to follow Miss de Guichard up to B.

"They've begged us not to let on about it," she says. "When they read this they will probably come out in a posse and shoot me."

Like all good pioneers, however, Miss de Guichard thrives on such opposition.

From the time she took up the bassoon at the age of 17, the sight of a conductor, incensed at the presence of a woman in his orchestra, has inspired her to bassoon heights. The madder a conductor became the better she played. She would be so good in fact that after hearing her perform visiting conductors would swallow their pride and prejudices and offer her touring jobs.

"At first they would look at me as though I were a two-headed monster," recalls Miss de Guichard with a trace of bitterness. "Then after I'd played, they'd offer me engagements to go away."

In staging her offense (or defense) musically, Miss de Guichard has relied on two rules. She has always been a perfectionist as far as her playing was concerned, because "a woman bassoonist simply can't afford to make mistakes," and she has underplayed the fact that she is a woman.

"To do what I've done you have to forget that you're a woman, and act as little like one as possible," she explains. "You have to be calloused and insensitive."

Not that such a description actually fits her. She is tall and blonde, with pretty brown eyes and a handsome face which lights up frequently with a radiant smile as she talks. But her clothes do carry out her theory. Her usual "uniform," to prevent her being conspicuous in the symphony, is a black suit and white blouse. With it, however, she wears sheer stockings and chic high heeled pumps.

Following the pattern of musical pioneers, Miss de Guichard began getting in trim for her vocation early in life. At 4 she took up the piano and violin and studied them at home while she learned her school subjects from a tutor before entering the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Newton. As a result of this home training she found she was "so far ahead" once she was enrolled in the school that lessons were the least of her worries. So she filled her time by taking up the saxophone, the bassoon and the clarinet in that order, allowing a year to each for mastery.

Becomes Professional Musician

While still in her teens she also took her first step into the professional world. In 1927 she became violinist in the Boston Women's Symphony. But the violin had never been able to hold a candle to the bassoon in her affections, so the following year she convinced the orchestra's conductor, Ethel Leginska, to take her on as bassoonist. For the next two years she went on cross-country concert tours playing one-night stands under Miss Leginska. But the stock market crash put an end to the orchestra's activities.

Miss de Guichard's other experiences which eventually led to the Boston Symphony include a period in vaudeville when she sang, danced and played the saxophone, clarinet and violin, and a period as bassoonist under Fabian Sevitsky in the People's Symphony. Because she was the only woman in the orchestra "no one would speak to me for a year," she remembers. "But," she adds, "when the other players were convinced that I could play, we

became best friends."

Although she has reached a high level in her career, Miss de Guichard is still pioneering. Since her success in adding new notes to the bassoon she has turned her attention to developing new tonal qualities for the instrument's notes.

Makes Her Own Reeds

The way a bassoon sounds, the brilliance or softness of its tone, is determined by the reed. And because buying reeds is fairly hazardous, a bassoonist can't tell until he tries them whether they're good or bad. Miss de Guichard has learned, in the past year, to make them herself.

She finds this occupation even more interesting than actually playing the bassoon. One reason for this is that she has managed to produce reeds which not only suit her personally, but are in demand by bassoonists in New York, Texas, Canada, South America and Palestine. Another is that she is experimenting with reeds which will bring the bassoon even "fuller" tones than have been sounded on it before. And lastly, as an added pleasure to reed making (which she gets at in earnest in the Spring), is the fact that she can listen to baseball games at the same time.



Photo by Hugh O'Donnell, Globe Staff.

SOLE FEMININE MEMBER of the Boston Symphony, Anne de Guichard attributes her success as a woman bassoonist to being a perfectionist.



HER BLACK JACKET and white shirt complete with bow tie provide protective coloring for bassoonist Anne de Guichard when she plays with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Symphony Concert

The 10th regular concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Darius Milhaud and Richard Burgin conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Luise Vosgerchian was the piano soloist in Manuel de Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." The program was as follows: Symphony No. 2.....Milhaud Suite from "El Amor Brujo".....Milhaud "Nights in the Gardens of Spain".....Falla Symphonic Impressions.....Falla Three Dances from the Ballet, "El Sombrero de Tre Picos".....Falla

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Yesterday's concert was a singularly interesting occasion. All of the music was contemporary, that is to say within the last thirty-five years, and all of it was artistically distinguished. None of the music, with the exception of Falla's "Three Cornered Hat" Suite, was familiar to the concert-going public; and indeed the Milhaud Second Symphony was given its "world premiere," as the theatrical people like to describe such things.

Milhaud is a highly individual and somewhat difficult composer. This new symphony, which he conducted himself for the most part seated at the stand they use at rehearsals, is not at all an easy work to take in at a first hearing. You have to become accustomed to the composer's idiom. In my own case I did not really begin to like the Symphony until the third movement, "Douloureux." After that I felt that I was getting the composer's message and thus thoroughly enjoyed the serene and gracious fourth movement and the splendid fugal finale.

The entire Symphony has a curious antique ring to it. It seems to me to reach back into 16th century art and even earlier. In a sense it has an affinity with Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," which, you will recall, was inspired by a painting by Matthias Grunewald. Although there are plenty of dissonances and other things we associate with modern music, the Symphony clearly conjures up the remote past.

Milhaud has devised some strange effects in the Symphony. Take, for example, that passage of ghoully laughter for the bass clarinet in the second movement, "Mysterieux." And there are many others, mainly effects of orchestral sonorities. The symphony had a mixed reception, but there were enough admirers of it to bring M. Milhaud back to the stage three times. He is evidently not in the best of health, but I should say that he nonetheless secured from the orchestra a fine performance of his music.

Manuel de Falla died last month. He was not by any means a prolific composer, but, like Debussy, and Ravel in this same category, he seldom wrote stale or undistinguished music. I don't believe that there would be much dispute in acclaiming him as the greatest Spanish composer. 12-21-46 R.W.

It came as a great surprise to me that his "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" has apparently not been played at these concerts since 1930. I suppose it is that all of Falla's music has so strikingly individual a style that we are inclined to think, from having heard some other of his works, that we are familiar with them all. I suppose this is the place to say that Falla's music is fascinating and exotic. It is all of that, but it has more merit than mere exoticism.

Mr. Burgin got some admirable performances out of the orchestra, save that some of "Three Cornered Hat" Suite was not impeccably finished. But in the main the music was most persuasively set forth. Miss Vosgerchian did a brilliant job with the piano solo in "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," for which she won great applause.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Charles Munch will be guest conductor of the following program: Maurice Jaubert's Sonata a due; Roussel's Suite from "Ariane et Bacchus" (not the Messiaen work announced in the program); Honegger's Symphony for strings; Saint-Saens' Symphony No. 3.

MUSIC

Sunday Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was heard in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon in the first of the Sunday afternoon series, playing the following program:

Weber Overture to "Oberon"
 Ravel. "Pavane pour une Infante defunte"
 Strauss Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks, after the old-fashioned roguish manner in Rondo Form, Op. 28
 Brahms Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68.

By DORIS SPERBER

A pleasant potpourri of familiar selections made up the opening program of the Sunday afternoon series, played in Symphony Hall yesterday by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky. By now the gentlemen of the orchestra must be thoroughly tired of Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel," which was given its third performance in as many days. However, except for an occasional fuzziness in the brasses, the work had all the impish sparkle which makes it one of Koussevitzky's best minor offerings. 10-21-46

Returning to the repertory after an absence of several seasons, the overture to "Oberon" was given a glowing performance. Although the selection as a whole lacks unity, the shimmering fairy tale quality of the slow introduction was brilliantly set off by the verve of the following passages. Ravel's exquisitely haunting "Pavane pour une Infante Defunte" proved once again that this orchestra has few peers in the performance of the late French master. The richly sensuous tonal quality and deeply emotional projection of the work left little to be desired. 10-21-46

It is hard to realize, when witnessing the enthusiastic audience response to Brahms' First Symphony, that Boston's music lovers once walked out on his music. Certainly the symphony was the most popular selection on yesterday's program, and after the breathtaking sweep of the finale, both orchestra

and conductor received a warm ovation.



Sunday Symphony Concert

The second program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's Sunday afternoon series was conducted by Richard Burgin in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The formal list, not limited to one

sphere of taste, was made up of Haydn's Symphony in C minor, No. 95; Prokofiev's Suite from the Ballet "Chout," and Sibelius' Symphony No. 1 in E minor.

That Mr. Burgin knows the powers of the orchestra was evident in the Haydn performance. Both the solemnity and the humor of this mature symphony were well projected, as were its regularity of form and rhythmic expansion. The third movement, a Minuet on a large scale, was pointed up by Mr. Bedetti's polished cello solo in the Trio.

The Prokofiev ballet music, using much percussion for bizarre effects, was not too successful by itself in building moods of burlesque and lively caprice. It needs the accompaniment of the ballet stage to give it meaning. Six movements of the original Suite of 12 were played. 11-25-46

Yesterday's orchestral lyricism reached its height in the Sibelius symphony. At the end, conductor and orchestra received an ovation. 11-25-46 I. E. Y.

Sunday Series Is Concluded By Symphony

By Winthrop P. Tryon

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, appeared for the sixth and last time in the Sunday afternoon series of concerts in Symphony Hall yesterday, presenting the Suite No. 3 in D major of Bach, the "Also Sprach Zarathustra" of Strauss, and the Symphony No. 7 of Beethoven. 4-21-47

The Bach and Strauss works have been on other programs that the orchestra has given since Dr. Koussevitzky's return from resting and they were consequently under perfect and complete command. If earlier performances were good and better, then the Sunday study of them could be

considered as best. The Beethoven Seventh was a fresher offering, and for that reason may have had a sort of interest that the others had not. 11-25-46

In any case, a Beethoven event contains especial satisfactions; for whatever else is to remark about Beethoven, he must always be called the first and foremost of composers when the orchestra plays in Symphony Hall. There his name stands emblazoned on the medallion at the peak of the proscenium arch, and it must be made to deserve to remain there.

With Dr. Koussevitzky, anyway, the interpretation of a Beethoven symphony regularly amounts to a high ceremonial. It may be doubted if he ever showed a slack, neglectful, or forgetful moment in any page of Beethoven for the entire time he has been conducting in Boston.

Nor has he brought to bear peculiar devices of his own on Beethoven. He has numerous individual fancies which he exercises upon the music of other composers—Brahms, Strauss, or almost anybody else, but if it is true that he reads off a Beethoven score with enthusiasm and fiery zeal, he also does it with restraint. Whoever is looking to define the word, classic, as it applies to the art of tone in its loftiest connotations, should make it a part of his inquiry to hear a Beethoven symphony, whether the Seventh or another, directed by Koussevitzky. 11-25-46

The Sunday Series was started with uncertainty as to the outcome, and it has proved a success. The audience seems to be of a sort that simply wants the best the orchestra has to give, and no fault found; nor, again, extrava-

gant acclaim awarded. It can by no quirk of imagination be described as a popular audience; that is to say an audience that wants easy entertainment.

There is one thing, though, that it would in all likelihood both enjoy and appreciate that the management seems inclined to withhold. If it can take pleasure in such matters as were provided yesterday, perhaps in the next season's course it would enjoy bestowing attention and applause on a soloist or two of first rating.

MUSIC

Tuesday Symphony

The second concert of the Tuesday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Concerto Grosso in D minor for Strings, Op. 8 No. 10 Handel
Suite from the Ballet, "Chout" Prokofieff
Divertimento Haleff
Symphony No. 1 in E minor Haleff
Op. 39 Sibelius.

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Since all but one of the works on last night's program will be heard at the regular Friday afternoon and Saturday night concerts this week, detailed comment on them may be reserved for that time. The new work which will not be repeated was the Divertimento by Alexei Haleff and was played last night for the first time in Boston. A first performance was given last spring in New York by the Little Symphony, Joseph Barone conducting. The composer was present last night in the hall and was induced by Mr. Burgin to come forward and acknowledge the applause. *10-30-46 Herald*

Mr. Haleff is, I believe, an associate of Stravinsky, for it was he who came out last season in Symphony Hall and conducted Woody Herman's band in the Ebony Concerto of that master to the consternation of the fans. There is more than a hint of the later Stravinsky in this Divertimento. I found it on first hearing a little thin and rather monotonous. The Aria, the Scherzo and the Lullaby, all, for instance, sounded very much alike except for the tempo. Nevertheless, it is not a futile piece of composition. It is a modest effort to be musically diverting and is reasonably successful in this aim.

The Divertimento would have sounded better, I suspect, if it had not followed Prokofieff's Suite from "Chout," which, though written in 1915, is original and entertaining music of a higher order. This is a curious habit of conductors—to put a fairly good modern work against a much better one. Still, more than a generation has intervened between the dates of "Chout" and Mr. Haleff's Divertimento, so that it is perhaps not quite fair to book Mr. Burgin on that charge.

MUSIC

Tuesday Symphony

The third concert in the Tuesday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Overture to "The Creatures of Prometheus," Ballet, Op. 43 Beethoven
Symphony in G major, "Oxford," No. 92 Haydn
"Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20 Strauss
Symphony No. 2 in D major Op. 73 Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Last night's supremely successful concert under Bruno Walter's guest-conductorship was also the first in which the Boston Symphony broadcast under the sponsorship of the John Hancock Life Insurance Co. This is an event which the Symphony and the Company can now look back upon and anticipate with mutual satisfaction. The Boston Symphony can henceforth be heard an hour earlier on Tuesday evenings, which is a benefit to the radio public. The benefit to the Boston Symphony itself is obvious; and the Company can take a vicarious pride in an artistic achievement and such other usufructs as accrue to their business acumen.

Mr. Walter repeated for this occasion the program which he offered the regular Symphony public on Friday and Saturday, with the addition to fill out the time commitment, of Beethoven's early Overture to the Ballet, "The Creatures of Prometheus." As was the case with Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony, this Overture is another example from the vast reservoir of the classics which has long been neglected locally, for it has apparently not been played by the Boston Symphony since 1919. It is a delightful, exuberant and bouncing piece which only takes five minutes and therefore must be, I should have supposed, the obvious filler for symphonic programs where time to the second has to be considered.

The Haydn Symphony again was a sheer delight, with its enchanting finale and lovely slow movement. Only the minuet and trio sound like routine Haydn, which in itself is practically a compliment. Mr. Walter again wrought a most eloquent performance of Strauss' familiar "Don Juan" and ended the concert to the complete enjoyment of all with the Brahms Second Symphony.

MUSIC

Tuesday Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter conducting, gave the 5th concert of its Tuesday evening series last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
 Concerto Grosso in G minor.....Corelli
 Symphony in D major K. 385.....Mozart
 "A Haffner".....Wagner
 "Siegfried Idyl".....Wagner
 Prelude to "The Afternoon of a Faun".....Debussy
 "Death and Transfiguration," tone Poem.....Strauss

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Bruno Walter returned last night to start the second half of his four weeks' engagement as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony. He was greeted with hearty applause and offered a program only two numbers of which will be repeated at the Friday and Saturday concerts of this week. Thus, the audiences of the regular series will hear the Corelli Concerto Grosso and Wagner's Siegfried Idyl, but will miss the Mozart Symphony, the Debussy and the Strauss. Instead they will get Mahler's 4th Symphony. 3-19-47 *Hand*

Wagnerians will rejoice that they will have another chance to hear Mr. Walter's sensitive and sympathetic interpretation of the Master's most tender and intimate score, but the Mozartians will be put out that the delicious Haffner Symphony is not on the week-end program. The former may point out that we have already heard Mr. Walter's reading of Mozart's G minor Symphony. So, too, the latter can complain that we have equally listened to his performance of Wagner's Faust Overture. In short, one group is bound to be dissatisfied; and the fact that I am on the Mozartian side at least causes me to be grateful for last night's concert.

The Haffner Symphony is one of those amazingly forward-looking works that Mozart so often turned out. I am as sure as can be that Prokofieff had it in the back of his mind when he wrote his Classical Symphony. The finale is certainly spiced with what we like to think of as the neo-classical spirit, while the andante is one of the most utterly captivating of Mozart's slow movements.

Mr. Walter conducted a splendid performance of Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration." Not the greatest of the tone poems it nevertheless emerged last night as a glowing recreation of a score than can, in

other hands, be either tedious or affected. Mr. Walter also led a lovely performance of Debussy's famous Prelude. Though it could be allowed that the program was not well arranged, the beauty of the playing redeemed it.

Tuesday Subscriber

Hear

A Miscellaneous Program

By Winthrop P. Tryon

Bruno Walter, in town for a second fortnight of directing the Boston Symphony Concerts for Serge Koussevitzky, led the orchestra at Symphony Hall last night in a program comprising Corelli's Concerto Grosso for Strings, in G minor, No. 8, op. 6 (Erwin Bodky, harpsichord); Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony in D major, No. 35 (K. 385); Wagner's "Siegfried Idyl"; Debussy's Prelude, "Afternoon of a Faun"; and Strauss' Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration," op. 24.

In accordance with the planning, then, of the year's schedule, Mr. Walter brought the Tuesday subscribers illustration of his particular style of conducting and his outlook on the repertory, at the fifth of their six monthly meetings. 3-19-47 *Hand*

Mr. Walter gave evident pleasure to his hearers and obvious satisfaction to his performers as well; and so the occasion proved the value of the visiting conductor policy now prevailing with Boston Symphony officials. He compelled to attention the incapable, and indeed pleasant, truth that music is one thing under one interpreter and another thing under another; and further, that an instrumental ensemble of the facility and elasticity of the Boston Symphony can respond on notice to whatever demands of method and expression are made.

For it is to be expected that a conductor, if he has distinction at all, will be himself and nobody else and that he will manifest his individuality in whatever he does. It follows, naturally enough, that no conductor will possess every possible characteristic of greatness. * * *

What we want is the best of each man; and without much chance of dispute, Mr. Walter's distinction resides in an elegant outlining of the general orchestral melody and in a beautiful realization of instrumental tone. Where these qualities stand in highest requirement, as in the greater part of Tuesday night's program—the old-school Concerto Grosso, the "Haffner" Symphony, the "Siegfried Idyl," and the "Afternoon of a Faun," Mr. Walter shone.

In Corelli, the Boston Symphony violins gave out a sound they surely never surpassed, no matter what days or conductors. The concerto sang in all four voices with equal clarity and precision. Second violin was as good as first; viola as good as cello; and doublebass as exquisite as any of them. Even the harpsichord found its voice for a sensitive moment.

So, too, in Mozart, the strings achieved their ideals as a quartet; and speaking of style, there was something about Mr. Walter's treatment of the Minuet not readily analyzable — a certain break in the strict dance rhythm that was itself the essence of rhythm.

Wagner and Debussy—in them some enthusiastic listeners might find Mr. Walter quite unapproachable. Remarkable how he causes those two summaries of their composers' architecture to seem like one and the same thing.

But Strauss — what avails charm of phrasing and delicacy of color there? No use: Strauss will not submit to prettiness of treatment. Let us rather have him as he is, with all his assertiveness and impetuosity. Hold nothing back. Let the strings drive and let the brass make its full, honest noise.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By JOHN W. RILEY

Last night's symphony concert was an occasion for some of the most intense and affecting music-making we have heard this season. It was the final concert of the Tuesday evening series, with Serge Koussevitzky conducting an all but perfect program with the devotion and emotional fervor for which he is famous. 4-16-47 *Hand*

The program: Bach's Third Suite in D major; the symphonic poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra" of Richard Strauss, and the Fourth Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

The purity of thought and the clarity of musical line of the Bach made excellent and objective preparation for the emotional richness of the following Strauss and Tchaikovsky. Mr. Koussevitzky played the Bach serenely and from a lofty outlook. And the strings spoke eloquently throughout.

"Zarathustra," probably Strauss' finest and most grandiloquent work, was given the kind of interpretation one may eventually look back upon as classic. The sheer beauty of sound, the piling up of sonorities, the orchestral techniques (except for an occasionally faltering solo instrument) were quite marvelous. But more than these, the heightened religious atmosphere, the largeness of concept, are deeply moving.

From long experience we know that the Tchaikovsky Fourth is one of Mr. Koussevitzky's favorites. Upon this work he lavishes the greatest care and respect. His love and understanding for the work showed last night, for he gave it a breathtaking and touching performance.

Tuesday Symphony

The final concert in the Tuesday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program follows:
 Orchestral Suite in D major No. 3....Bach
 "Also sprach Zarathustra".....Strauss
 Tone Poem
 Symphony No. 4 in F minor.....Tchaikovsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

This last of the six Boston Tuesday concerts had much in common with what we are going to hear on Friday afternoon, save that Tchaikovsky's 4th Symphony will be replaced by the less frequently heard Brahms First Piano Concerto. Furthermore, because of the radio commitment to one hour's time, two of the movements of the Bach Suite were omitted, a fact which should make the Friday-Saturday subscribers more than ever grateful that the radio no longer dominates their programs. 4-16-47 *Hand*

The concert was one of great popular appeal and offered the Boston Symphony and Mr. Koussevitzky every possible opportunity to shine. No section of the orchestra nor any first desk but had a chance last night to excel and prove individually what a splendid ensemble the Boston Symphony is. In the middle of the Strauss there were one or two instrumental solos which were uncertain, but this was most unusual and I doubt if there is any repetition of them on Friday afternoon.

For me Strauss' "Zarathustra" is his greatest work outside of his operas. In it you will find the mag-

nificance and the vulgarity, the great technical skill in keeping aloft his balloon of orchestral polyphony and the ambitious literary and philosophical program to which no one any longer pays much heed. You must take it for what it is—a wonderfully rich texture of orchestral sound, a little too juicy for some tastes, perhaps, but still perfectly gorgeous for the kind of art it is. If you cannot so revel in it, Strauss is not your composer and you had better take permanent refuge in Palestrina.

The performance of the Tchaikovsky 4th Symphony once again wrought its magical spell over the audience, thanks to Mr. Koussevitzky's amazing understanding of its content. The Bach Suite, the noblest music of all, can better be praised when we hear the whole of it later in the week.

out the little episodes of contrast, established a mark not to be surpassed, or perhaps even approached, for time to come.

Another thing possibly quite as possible is that those main passages for the full string choir have never been so competently performed in the whole 200 years of their existence as they are today. But however that may be, they were set going last evening with a style, a vigor, and an ecstasy that will bear being plentifully talked about.

Nevertheless, all that, for the conductor and the executants of the Boston Symphony, was mere exercise in the antique. For them, the eighteenth-century piece, notwithstanding its exalted musical quality, was but an orchestral

that contains more orchestral stuff, page for page, that calls out the talents of the man with the baton better, that more urgently compels performers to their highest efforts, or that transports listeners to higher realms.

Bach, Strauss, Tchaikovsky Make Up the Final Program

By Winthrop P. Tryon

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, closed its Tuesday concerts in Symphony Hall last night, giving the sixth program of the series, which comprised the Bach Overture, otherwise designated as Suite No. 3 in D major; the Strauss Symphonic Poem, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," and the Tchaikovsky Symphony No. 4 in F minor. *4-16-47 Monit*

The three works were the best possible means for the orchestra to illustrate its powers in lines of its own peculiar preference and mastery. The Bach Suite stands scored in a general way for orchestra; but that does not mean orchestra either in the classic or in the modern meaning of the word. For the full choir of strings entirely dominates the situation, and certain passages for a light ensemble that includes a few wind instruments merely supply surprise diversions.

The scheme seems very primitive in the present era; though, historically regarded, it can have a quite striking effect. What probably went unrealized in the composer's period was that the music as written for strings, with-

étude. They are ready to play it any time and are sure to accomplish the same brilliant result. Where they got down to business and did the job they are hired for was in the Strauss symphonic poem. Here was a great modern orchestra interpreting a masterly modern score.

Why in the world the methods of Strauss have been ignored by aspiring twentieth-century composers in favor of impressionism, and in favor of complex and abstruse systems of rhythm, is hard to make out. Another thing to be laid, no doubt, to war; or if not, then to the beguilements of the Faun and Pétrouchka.

All sorts of remarks can be made on the insight and skill of Dr. Koussevitzky with "Zarathustra," and comment without end on the response of his players; nor could things have transpired as was the case had not the book from which he was reading and the printed notes which they were transforming into sound represented the art of composing at the top of inspiration.

"Zarathustra," indeed, survives; and we may well ask ourselves what contemporary of its composer has produced anything

BOSTON SYMPHONY OPENS ITS SEASON

Koussevitzky Launches New
Year at Carnegie Hall With
Well-Played Program

By OLIN DOWNES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Koussevitzky's leadership, opened its New York season of 1946-47 last night in Carnegie Hall, with the customary concomitants of these occasions. The auditorium was packed with the most musically distinguished audience that this city affords. The performances were received with intense satisfaction, manifested, however, with restraint. After the first movement of the Mendelssohn "Italian" symphony, performed in well-nigh matchless fashion, a brave person cried "bravo," while others began to applaud. They were promptly corrected for this by the action of the leader, who plunged into the second movement, which silenced them if it also in some measure dampened the reception of the symphony. But this hieratic if not snobbish procedure is now customary at our orchestral concerts, where the audiences are nothing if not well bred. The applause waited till the symphony's end. 11-15-46 *Tim*

Dr. Koussevitzky had arranged a program of three of the orchestra's most popular and renowned performances—those of the Mendelssohn symphony aforesaid, of Debussy's "La Mer," and of Tchaikovsky's Fourth. Some may have asked why this orchestra, whose concerts are oversubscribed before its New York season begins and which therefore has no particular need to bait program traps for an unwary public, should have spent its magnificent resources entirely upon familiar works of its repertory. In former seasons we could confidently look to the Boston Symphony programs for new works and modern repertory.

The answer last night, acceptable in varying degrees to different people who listened, was in the sheer glory of the playing—play-

KOUSSEVITZKY AT HUNTER

He Conducts Boston Symphony
Before 2,000 in College Hall

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave an extra concert last night in the Hunter College Assembly Hall for people who could not be accommodated at the orchestra's regular New York series at Carnegie Hall. 11-16-46 *Tim*

A waiting list of more than 2,000 persons took advantage of this opportunity to hear Serge Koussevitzky conduct a program consisting of Weber's Overture to "Oberon," Ravel's "Pavane pour une Infante defunte," Strauss' "Tyll Eulenspiegel" and Brahms' Symphony No. 1.

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concert yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, with Myra Hess, pianist, as soloist. The program:
Symphony No. 3.....Copeland
First performance in Manhattan.
Piano Concerto No. 4, in G major...Beethoven
Till Eulenspiegel.....Richard Strauss

Boston's Recovery

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra seems to have undergone a rejuvenation over the summer. Of recent years it has given somewhat the effect of a marvellously intricate but bloodless automaton. Today its sound is live again. Its precision of balance and pitch, its purity of color are not diminished but heightened rather. And a bloom of health has replaced the waxen texture that has caused to more listeners than this one inquietude.

Real life has come back to its programs, too, if that of Saturday afternoon's concert in Carnegie Hall may be taken (hopefully) to indicate a trend. For not only did Serge Koussevitzky, the conductor, give us a new work; but that work was a mature full-length symphony by America's No. 1 composer, Aaron Copland. 11-17-46 *Tim*

For good measure there was Myra Hess, too, playing Beethoven's passionate and lyrical Fourth Piano Concerto. And she did play it beautifully, every bit of it careful and sweet and intelligent and perfect as to taste, with no false notes and no banging. If her interpretation was conditioned by her lack of ability to play loud, she at least did not essay a dynamic range that is not part of her technical equipment. Everything came off clean and genuinely

musical; and the work was all there, if somewhat small and short of fervor.

The only fault that this listener remarked (for the respecting of one's technical limitations is no fault, a virtue rather) was over-personalization of the slow movement. Dr. Koussevitzky apparently understood the mood of this (and correctly, I think) as one of mystery. Dame Myra seemed to consider it one of sadness. She took the metrical liberties appropriate to sorrow. Unfortunately, metrical liberties of any kind destroy the effect of mystery, which requires a rigid observance of time values, especially during silences. The result was a loss of expressivity through the disagreement between soloist and conductor as to what the nature of the piece is.

Aaron Copland's Third Symphony is a commanding and original work. It ranks with the Third Symphonies of Roy Harris and of Charles Ives in the urgency of its communication, and that communication is related to the emotional substance of those works. Beethoven and Shostakovich are also present, I think, in the author's thought. Here is at once a pastorate and a heroic symphony. The pastoral expression, though early American in melodic and contrapuntal contour, is Beethoven's by its tender, jolly descriptions of landscape and birds and country dancing. Shostakovich's example is present in the use of brass instruments and drums to express a frankly military thesis, a procedure new to Copland's symphonic writing.

There is not space in a simple concert review to analyze the work further. I shall do that next Sunday. But I should like to go on record right now as full of gratitude to the composer, to the conductor and to the executant musicians. The symphony has some minor faults, but it has such major virtues that the former need not worry us, I think. It is the reflected work of a mature artist, broadly conceived and masterfully executed. There is nothing insincere about it, nothing tentative. Also, much of it is very beautiful; and all of it is, or will be when the novelty of its sounds has worn off, clear.

Dame Myra Hess



Piano soloist yesterday afternoon with the Boston Symphony Orchestra

ing which had a finish, a luster, a color and exuberance of completeness that in themselves represented an art. To have played anything as these works were played would have represented a triumph, and an irresistible joy to the listener.

The music was reborn in the performances. With the Tchaikovsky symphony, equally far from Mendelssohn's formalism and Debussy's impressionistic style, Dr. Koussevitzky played one of his most popular pieces, and reaped the expected success.

COPLAND AS GREAT MAN

By VIRGIL THOMSON

AARON COPLAND'S Third Symphony, which the Boston Symphony Orchestra played twice recently in New York, once at the Brooklyn Academy and once in Carnegie Hall, is a work that improves on acquaintance. It is not an unfriendly work at any time, for it contains no deliberate obscurity, no voluntary hermetism of style. On the contrary, the composer seems to have made every effort to express his thought clearly and to keep that thought objective, limiting it to matters about which every man and woman has plain feelings. No sentiment expressed is a private one, and no meretricious ornamentation or merely formalistic observance has been allowed to obtrude itself upon the direct communication. Few pieces of that length are more simple, more straightforward.

Nevertheless, many have found the piece confusing. It is the very simplicity of Copland's musical language, in fact, that has long made his music seem difficult. Laymen and even musicians are so accustomed to composers' exploiting prefabricated stylistic complexities that obscure more thought than they express that they easily mistake transparency for willfulness. Will is involved, of course, but not, on Copland's part, willfulness. I have known him and his work too long to believe him capable of obfuscation. The will that is involved is a determination to communicate, to share with others through music thoughts and feelings that by their common humanity all men can recognize. Copland aspires, I assure you, to no Jove-like pronouncements. Nor is he any double-tongued oracle. He is much more, for all his skill and personal enlightenment, Henry Wallace's "Common Man."

Copland's Style

11-24-46 Trib.

CLARITY, however, cannot exist separate from originality. Staleness of language gums up transmission. Some freshness is ever required to dissolve the greases that collect in the machinery of meaning. A novel thought or feeling is often best transmitted through conventional language; its very novelty forces new arrangements among the commonplaces of speech and restores to them significance. Commonly shared thoughts and feelings merit no expression at all unless new phraseology can restore their vigor. Otherwise they get trampled to death by repetition. They become slogans and cease to mean anything.

Copland has spent twenty-five years working before the public, and with good co-operation from the public, at the problem of forging a style that will be simple, clear, fresh, of our century and comprehensible to all. He has worked at this in the theater, in the films and in the concert forms. He has discarded in his progress many a too-personal mannerism and mastered most of the still-serviceable classical procedures. If the resultant style remains highly personal, that is because style, real style, is always personal. If it were not, it would have no carrying power. Copland's style, at forty-five, has carrying power. And his Third Symphony, the reflected work of a mature master, is a highly personal work. Nobody else could have written it. It is destined for that very reason, I think, to occupy a niche of some importance in the history of American music.

Copland's Scoring

WHETHER it will achieve currency in repertory depends on whether our symphony orchestras continue, as they seem to be doing at present, to make a loyal effort to reflect in their programs historical values as these are understood by the professional world of music. It depends also, I venture to propose, on some revision of the scoring. As the work stands, it is difficult to play, even for Boston Symphony musicians, and I think unnecessarily so. It lies high for the brass,

especially the trumpets, and also for the strings. This elevated tessitura is not only risky for players but uncomfortable for listeners, since it gives an effect of strain and produces a purely nervous anxiety that is no part of the work's intrinsic emotional expression.

A predominance of treble ranges is, however, necessary to the desired expression. The work is conceived all through as high and shining in sonority, and for the most part it comes off that way. That is one of its great beauties. It is only that in certain passages, on account of instrumental (and auditory) fatigue, that the sound of it ceases to glow, becomes small and cold and ineffective. This is particularly true at the end, where a lack of freshness, both thematic and tonal, adds to the sonorous disappointment. A systematic obscurity in the bass pitches, due partly to tonal contradictions and partly to undue percussive reinforcements, seems also, to this listener, to require correction. And the final peroration needs, if only for acoustical reasons, counterpoint.

Orchestration, as a matter of fact, is the imperfect element in Copland's musical mastery. He expresses himself freely only through keyed instruments—the piano, the woodwinds, the trumpets, the horns and the keyed percussion. He is stiff in his dealings with violins and with trombones, and he is a bit heavy-handed with the larger drums. These instruments do not respond to his will as joyfully as the keyed ones do. Copland's music has always a certain tension, both tonal and rhythmic; that is one of its most commanding traits. Inefficiencies of instrumentation that add to this natural intensity acoustical blur and a strained tonal quality due to executional uncertainty tend to make the expression itself seem precariously balanced over a chasm of some kind.

Copland's Meaning

I DO not think that that balance is permanently so precarious in Copland's music as it sounds on first hearing, though I do find that his orchestral works lack freedom in string writing. The Third Symphony is no less stiff in that regard than his earlier ones. The musical material itself, on the other hand, is more interesting, for the most part, and more expressive. The nature of the work's expressivity is as plain as a newspaper editorial. It is pastoral and military, the two theses being contrasted through three movements which do not differ much from one another either thematically or emotionally. They are resolved in the fourth by a transformation of the chief military material into a hymn and of the first theme, hitherto pastoral and meditative, into a sort of triumphal affirmation of faith in the pastoral virtues.

There is nothing to question about such a program, since it is obviously sincere. Neither is there anything to question about the composer's choice of musical material, his thematic and contrapuntal handling. These are the result of reflection and not subject to invalidation through anybody's veto, since what a mature artist says is usually what he means. We cannot contradict that; we can only listen or walk away or, as critics, describe and comment. I think Copland has said what he meant to say, minor inefficiencies of rhetoric notwithstanding. If this is true; and if it is also true that Copland is emotionally sincere, as he has always given both friends and public every reason to suppose, then he is a great man. And his Third Symphony, whether it is a masterpiece or not and whether or not it ever becomes a popular favorite, is great music, if that term has any meaning.

What is great music? It is real music. What is real music? It is music that says, on the whole, most of what its author, as a mature artist, no matter what his age, has wished to say. What is a mature artist? It is any free-lance worker who has practiced his profession long enough to know on inspecting his finished work whether it really says most of what he has meant to say and who is willing for his work to mean forever what it does in plain language really say. Any composer who crawls thus naked out on a limb has written great music. Shooting him down will not wipe out that fact. It will merely prevent his doing it again. I should like Copland to do it again.

Boston Symphony

Copland 3d Symphony, 'Eroica'
Played at Carnegie Hall

By Francis D. Perkins

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the first concert of its second 1946-'47 visit to New York Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall, where Serge Koussevitzky conducted this admirable ensemble in two third symphonies—Aaron Copland's latest work in this form and Beethoven's "Eroica."

The Bostonians had introduced the Copland symphony to us last November, when it was played both in the Brooklyn Academy of Music and at Carnegie Hall. A noteworthy feature of Dr. Koussevitzky's program-making is that when he presents a new work which he considers of particular consequence he gives it an introduction that is as widespread as possible. Mr. Copland's third symphony, for instance, not only has had three performances here but four in Boston and several others in this orchestra's westward tour. This is a good record for a work completed only a little more than three months ago. The symphony fully justifies Dr. Koussevitzky's desire to make it widely known. In inventiveness, emotional content, construction and orchestration it is a work of unusual consequence, and its vital and eloquent interpretation was followed by much applause for the composer, the conductor and his instrumentalists.

The "Eroica" symphony also found the conductor and orchestra in excellent form. The first movement gave, here and there, an impression of swiftness, but the interpretation as a whole was vital and expressive, with a persuasive realization of the various moods of this mighty work. The funeral march was marked by dignified eloquence, but also by a momentum which did not conflict with the essential spirit of the movement, and the close of the symphony was memorably climactic. The concert left no doubt as to the high position of this conductor and orchestra among the symphonic organizations of our day.

BOSTON SYMPHONY PLAYS COPLAND 3D

**Koussevitzky Presents Strong
Reading of Composition on
Carnegie Hall Program**

By OLIN DOWNES

Aaron Copland's Third Symphony was played for the second time in this city by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting, last night in Carnegie Hall, and it was given a superlative performance. Heard for the first time by this writer, it impressed first of all by the complete sincerity and the genuinely symphonic conception of the music. Many are the works given the title which are not symphonic in their real nature—in the sense of the grand line, germinal growth of the ideas and the proportional relations of the parts that make the whole.

The symphony is very classic in concept; admirably concentrated in workmanship, and lofty in mood in the opening movement, with a vigorously written scherzo and a final two movements, linked together, which do not impress us as completely successive in the sequence and the cohesion of the idea. Prevailing the symphony is vigorously and clearly written and, if one may say so, without superciliousness, it shows an enormous development on Mr. Copland's part in resourceful development and extension of main ideas, and an over-all unity of design. It is entirely honest writing; there is no mere verbiage in any page of it.

And the style is Copland. One might point to a faint spook of the cloven hoof of Stravinsky, or a derivation from Mahler in a certain vein, or an allusion to Prokofieff. It is nevertheless the fact that whatever the thematic elements present, they are assimilations, not imitations; they have been absorbed into style immediately identifiable as the composer's own.

This is the biggest work of Mr. Copland's that we have heard. He has written earlier formative pieces and given them the symphonic title. In our opinion this is the first time that he has emerged as an authentic symphonist, for reasons previously given. On further hearings this symphony may

reveal a greater degree of concision than one finds on preliminary acquaintance in what we now believe to be its weaker spots. As the matter stands we prefer to call this score not Mr. Copland's third but his first symphony, and look forward expectantly to his future works in this as in other forms.

One may well ask how this symphony would have sounded in a less masterly performance. So far as hasty perusal of the score and impressions of the occasion go, it could not have been more eloquently presented. And there is another reason to ask this question, a question which applies farther than the fortunes of any single work, since it has to do with the immense indebtedness of the composer to the worthy interpreter, the composer's dilemma, if he had not an adequate interpreter, and, finally, what commensurate interpretation means, to even the greatest masterpieces.

Beethoven's "Eroica" made the second half of Dr. Koussevitzky's program. Its performance, especially in the first and last movements, was a towering accomplishment. The presence of the "Eroica" on a concert program is taken as a perfectly ordinary affair by superficial or inexperienced listeners. It is nothing of the kind. When we find an actor who can worthily interpret Oedipus or King Lear we remember it as a historic event. When a conductor, through a lifetime of experience and the wisdom that only long thought and searching experience can confer, gives an interpretation such as Dr. Koussevitzky gave last night of Beethoven, he has accomplished a task of equal greatness.

The Bostonians

Ruth Posselt Joins Orchestra in Hindemith Concerto

By Francis D. Perkins

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Leonard Bernstein, guest conductor, third concert of its New York afternoon series yesterday at Carnegie Hall. Soloist, Ruth Posselt, violinist. The program: Symphony No. 36, in C major, "Linz" (K. 425) Mozart Concerto for Violin and Orchestra Hindemith Symphony No. 7, in A major Beethoven

Leonard Bernstein conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra for the third time here and the second at Carnegie Hall yesterday afternoon. In last fall's concerts of the New York City Symphony, he made a point of including in each program a previously performed but still relatively unfamiliar work by

a composer of our day. Presenting Paul Hindemith's violin concerto in yesterday's concert was in line with this policy—which is a laudable one, although, in this case, the work did not prove to be particularly rewarding. 2-16-47 Tml.

The Hindemith concerto was introduced to New York by Ruth Posselt and the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky on Jan. 9, 1941; it also received a pair of performances from the New York City Symphony, then under Leopold Stokowski, in January, 1945, with Robert Gross as the soloist. Yesterday, what with Miss Posselt's previous acquaintance with the work and Mr. Bernstein's evident understanding of it, the concerto was performed under particularly favorable circumstances. Yet, as in 1941, it gave an impression of frequent aridity. This did not seem due to difficulties of assimilation existing in the music itself, such as unusual complexity of form or structure, or aggressive harmonic acridity. The idiom is of the present, but occasional romantic touches are not absent. The work is ingeniously wrought, but it gave a sense of little expressive communication or intensity of mood.

It was well played. The solo violin part, which seemed exacting and is not particularly effective as a vehicle for technical brilliance, was presented by Miss Posselt with thorough technical skill and a consistently good quality of tone, in a musicianly, if somewhat cool interpretation. Coolness, indeed, characterizes much of the music, but the playing of the orchestra under Mr. Bernstein had color and variety of mood as well as clarity of detail, fully realizing the limited expressive resources of this work. The balance between the solo and the concerted music was well adjusted.

Mozart's "Linz" symphony fared well so far as the actual execution was concerned, in quality and proportion of tone, in unflinching lucidity, yet seemed a matter of skillful routine rather than of interpretative persuasiveness. The spirited performance of what the reviewer heard of the Beethoven symphony revealed more of the essential atmosphere of the music.

MUSIC

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Leonard Bernstein, conductor. Heard Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall. The program: Symphony No. 7 in C major Schubert "Le Sacre du Printemps" Stravinsky

Leonard Bernstein



Guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra

You Can Listen to Him

STRAVINSKY'S "Rite of Spring," which closed Wednesday night's concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, is probably the most influential work of music composed in our century and the most impressive in performance. Not having heard its execution in November by the Philharmonic under Artur Rodzinski, the present writer has no basis for a comparison of that reading, which was much admired, with Wednesday's by Leonard Bernstein. He has heard many another, however; and none has seemed to him more straightforward or more moving. 2-14-47 Tml.

The work does not stand much interpretative tinkering, as a matter of fact. The more rigid its beat the greater its expressive power. What it needs is clean rhythm, clean tonal balances and understanding. Its subject, human sacrifice, is too grand and terrible to require the aid of personal posturing. And Mr. Bernstein, often a sinner in that regard, gave it none. If he did not extract from the score one-tenth of the detailed refinement that older hands at it do—conductors like Monteux and Ansermet and Désormière—he nevertheless got the rhythm right and made the meaning more clear than usual. One felt that he loved the music, understood it and submitted his will in all modesty to its relentless discipline.

The work is not a clear masterpiece, like the same composer's "Petrouchka"; but it is more original. It cuts farther below the surface of musical convention, goes straight to the heart of the whole stylistic problem of Romanticism, comes out both deeply expressive and completely impersonal. Its complex rhythmic interest, its high harmonic tension and its rigid orchestral textures are justly famous. Its patent of mobility, however, lies in the extreme beauty of its melodic material. Partly Russian folklore and partly inventions in the same manner, its themes are short, diatonic and narrow. They rarely cover a larger

range than the perfect fifth. They are as plain as granite and as resistant to time. If the work did not lose intensity in the early part of its second half, it would be the solidest single monument of musical art our century has erected. Just possibly it is that in spite of everything.

Mr. Bernstein's reading of the Schubert C-major Symphony, which preceded the Stravinsky work, was open-hearted, animated, youthful and full of life. Texturally it was a little rough, and at no point was it particularly Viennese in lilt. But it was passionate and sweet. Anybody can question another artist's interpretation. What seems to be beyond question in Mr. Bernstein's case is that he is a real interpreter. His orchestral hand is still young and a little heavy, and sometimes his personal projection is overbearing. But his is a real temperament for making music. What he conducts rarely sounds beautiful to a sensuous spirit. And his musical culture is far from mature. But you can listen to him. That is the first and the last test of any interpreter.

BERNSTEIN LEADS BOSTON SYMPHONY

Conducts Program of Works
by Beethoven, Hindemith,
Mozart at Carnegie Hall

2-16-47
Leonard Bernstein appeared as guest conductor at the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. The program, which made severe demands on the youthful leader's directorial powers, consisted of Mozart's Symphony in C major (K. 425); Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, and the Hindemith Violin Concerto, with Ruth Posselt as soloist.

The Mozart symphony performed, popularly named the "Linz" after the city in which it was composed, is a difficult work to conduct because of its constantly shifting moods. Mr. Bernstein was signally successful not only in capturing its spirit, but also and in bringing out the subtle meanings of each change of tonality as well as in indicating the significance of the constant fluctuations from the major to the minor modes, characteristic of this music.

The reading was poetic, and showed real insight into the intentions of a composer whose creations have a way of eluding the majority of interpreters. It exhibited a genuine feeling for Mozart's grace of melodic outline on Mr. Bernstein's part. He knew where to intensify phrases, and how to give them shape and proportion, throughout an account of the four movements that was always musical and musicianly.

"Pianissimo" Held Lacking

If the dynamics were not as sharply varied as the symphony asks, and the orchestral tone not always of the best, it is somewhat difficult to know where to lay the blame for these deficiencies, which also were in evidence in the rest of the offerings. A real "pianissimo" was seldom supplied, during the concert, and the difference between "piano" and "forte" was sel-

dom sufficiently marked to become duly effective.

The fine sensitivity disclosed by the conductor in the Mozart masterpiece was strangely missing in the first two movements of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, where results were largely of a pedestrian nature. The introduction of the first division was heavy in sound, and the transitional measures leading to the Vivace, like the rest of the opening movement and the entire Allegretto, displayed only a partial comprehension of their inner life.

Hindemith Reading Rewarding

Much more rewarding was the performance accorded the iViolin

Concerto of Hindemith. Mr. Bernstein's approach to this fine score was deeply sympathetic, and he was especially communicative in the "tutti's," where his temperament could be freely unleashed.

Miss Posselt, who had played the work here at its local premiere by the same orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, in 1941, evinced her long familiarity with it in a presentation of the sole part that disclosed a firm grasp of its character and had great sweep and intensity. But, probably because the orchestral support was seldom subdued enough in softer measures, Miss Posselt kept her brilliant playing, in general, on a somewhat unvaried dynamic plane. . . N. S.

MASTER'S PIANO SURVIVED BOMBING



The small instrument used by Mozart on trips is now stored along with other musical exhibits at the Offenbach Arts and Crafts School. It was removed from the Offenbach Schloss Museum after the building was hit by Allied airmen.

The New York Times (Frankfort Bureau)

MUSIC

BY
WARREN STOREY
SMITH

WITH Artur Rodzinski out of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, because he and the orchestra's autocratic manager, Arthur Judson, could not come to terms, that organization finds itself with a "musical adviser," Bruno Walter, whose position is analogous to that of Dr. Koussevitzky in his new role of Music Director of the Boston Symphony. Mr. Walter will lead some of the concerts next season and the rest apparently will be divided among Leopold Stokowski, Dmitri Mitropoulos, George Szell and Charles Muench. From them, supposedly, a new permanent conductor will be selected. As for Mr. Rodzinski, he will go to Chicago next fall to replace Desire Defauw, who is returning to his native Belgium.

Except for Messrs. Stokowski and Rodzinski, all of the above have more or less recently functioned as guest conductors in Boston. To what may be called the local "active" list must be added the name of 28-year-old Leonard Bernstein, Dr. Koussevitzky's pupil, protege and particular pet. As Mr. Bernstein assumes an increasingly important role hereabouts, misgivings regarding him are growing in proportion. The fact is that, for all his remarkable gifts, Mr. Bernstein is still very limited as interpreter—he has no difficulty in handling an orchestra. To what extent the above shortcomings may be charged off to his youth and how much may be attributed to basic defects of temperament cannot be ascertained until he has definitely emerged from the fledgling stage.

It is quite in line with contemporary musical trends that Mr. Bernstein should be more at ease and more convincing in the music of the 18th and 20th centuries than in that of the 19th. Yet it is here that the bulk of the standard repertory still resides. Nor is the matter quite as simple as that. I could speak with more conviction if I had heard his interpretation

of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which was praised in certain quarters and disapproved of in others. Brahms' early and unfamiliar Serenade in A major, which he received in his last week here, is no great shakes as music, but Mr. Bernstein seemed to be doing all right by it. That brings us to two important symphonies, both in C major, the Ninth of Schubert and the Second of Schumann, the one an early, the other a later product of the Romantic movement.

The chief fault to be found with the performance of Schubert's masterpiece was that everything was unduly pepped-up, even the Andante, with the result that in the very long the needed element of repose was almost entirely lacking, while the forcing of dynamics in the last movement resulted to something close to vulgarity. In the case of the Schumann, the

Adagio was slow enough, but it had an uncomfortable feverish quality. After the slow introduction, the first movement was badly hurried and the Scherzo was played so fast that disaster almost resulted and we were treated less to a realization than to a perversion of the composer's intentions. Yet a year ago Mr. Bernstein had done a more than satisfactory job with this same symphony. Are we to infer that when it comes to romantic music, he is losing, not gaining in sympathy and insight?

Against these misadventures with Schubert and Schumann may be set Mr. Bernstein's success with Stravinsky, Hindemith and Bartok and also with Mozart in the "Linz" Symphony—and he must be warmly thanked for recalling to us so choice a work. We are hardly in a position to make final judgment upon him as conductor of 19th century music. He should be given full opportunity to prove his worth and ability, as well as to learn the repertory and in any case his development will be interesting to watch.

3-2-47 *part*

MUSIC

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concert Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall. Soloist, Ellabelle Davis, soprano. The program: Concerto Grosso for Chamber Orchestra Bohuslav Martinu
Pianists: Lukas Foss and Bernard Zighera
The Song of Songs, Cantata for soprano and orchestra Lukas Foss
First Performance in New York
Symphony in A minor, No. 3, Op. 44 Rachmaninoff

One Good Piece 3-14-47

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra, playing Wednesday night in Carnegie Hall under Serge Koussevitzky's direction, gave the first New York performance of a four-movement work for soprano and orchestra, "The Song of Songs," by Lukas Foss, a League of Composers' commission.

Fail.

The text of this cantata (what there is of it, for even Handel at his most repetitive never overworked so shamelessly as Mr. Foss has done a few brief phrases) is out of the Biblical "Song of Solomon." The four movements are well contrasted in character without any one of them being striking for expressive power. The most satisfactory in melodic material is the second, a sort of old-English style hornpipe. The rest, though they contain a few near-Eastern references, are neutral in character; and their themes, though appropriate enough to musical development in the imitative contrapuntal manner, are neither unusually picturesque nor very good for song.

The piece as a whole, though clearly the work of gifted composer, is instrumentally stiff, vocally ungrateful and harmonically rather a jumble; being full of facile contradictory dissonances where clean intervals would be acoustically more advantageous both to the voice and to the sentiment of the text, which is in every way straightforward. There are a few excellent moments, and the general conception has amplitude; but the work drags from a lack of pointed and apt musical ideas. If Ellabelle Davis had not been present to charm us all in the solo part with her lovely voice and perfect musicianship, I am afraid that the whole number would have fallen pretty flat.

Rachmaninoff's Third Symphony fell even flatter, the conductor just managing to get off the stage after one return before the meager applause died away. It is a long piece, loosely sewn together out of bits of piano-style improvisation, souvenirs from the memory of a great and cultured musical personality. One by one these have sentimental appeal. Together they make a sort of scrapbook, better suited to inattentive radio listening than to formal concert presentation.

The evening's one first-class piece was Martinu's Concerto Grosso (for two pianos and, in Wednesday's version, a rather large small orchestra). This has animation, style and ingenuity. Its harmony is original, its instrumentation skillful, its melodic content first-class and its rhythm no end invigorating. Its performance was impeccable, particularly stylish being the execution of the piano parts by Lukas Foss, composer of "The Song of Songs," and Bernard Zighera. The orchestra was in form for this piece. The others did not sound so well, because they are not so well written. No orchestra can make a fine effect with poor musical ideas and an unbalanced score, not even the Boston Symphony; and both the other scores were like that.

The Bostonians

Carol Brice and Collegiate Chorale in Brahms Works

By Francis D. Perkins

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, music director; last concert of its evening series at Carnegie Hall Wednesday, with Carol Brice, contralto, and a men's chorus from the Collegiate Chorale (Robert Shaw, director), in the following program of music by Johannes Brahms:
Academic Festival Overture
Rhapsody for contralto solo, male chorus and orchestra, Op. 53
Variations on a Theme by Haydn, Op. 56a
Symphony No. 4, in E minor, Op. 98

In commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Johannes Brahms, Serge Koussevitzky is devoting all three programs of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's last New York visit of the season to that eminent composer's music. Wednesday night's concert at Carnegie Hall presented three works which have been long and deservedly entrenched in the standard repertoire, and also the less frequently heard but hardly unfamiliar Rhapsody on Goethe's "Harzreise im Winter." This work, usually and more briefly designated as the Alto Rhapsody, will also be performed by Miss Brice, the men of the Collegiate Chorale and the orchestra tonight in Brooklyn and tomorrow afternoon at Carnegie Hall. *4-11-47*

The last performance here of the Rhapsody by a major orchestra was given by the Philadelphians three year ago, with Marian Anderson as the soloist. The work wears well, both musically and emotionally; the instrumental and vocal color of the score reproduce and enhance the contrasted expressive hues of the three verses taken from Goethe's poem. The performance was well proportioned in its balance of solo vocal, choral and instrumental sonorities, and persuasive interpretatively. The text was sung in English. *Int.*

Miss Brice sang with emotional conviction, with an impressive volume and basic quality of tone. This is a voice of unusual caliber and promise; its use on this occasion suggested a need for more consistent clarity and concentration of tone and clearer English enunciation to make its assets fully realized. The chorus sang well, and its director, Robert Shaw, shared the applause with Miss Brice and Dr. Koussevitzky.

The program was well selected as to contrast, with works representing different periods in Brahms's activity in the orchestral field. The Academic Festival Overture had a high-spirited interpretation; the Haydn Variations were performed with notable lucidity. Tonal opulence and interpretative eloquence, along with a few idiosyncracies in regard to tempi, characterized the performance of the Fourth Symphony.

BRAHMS PROGRAM BY KOUSSEVITZKY

Conducts Boston Symphony in
Tribute to Composer—Brice
and Chorus Are Heard

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra is paying its respects to Brahms in its final New York concerts of the season this week. The occasion, of course, is that this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of Brahms' death. Not that such an excuse is required to put on a Brahms program. But anniversaries in round numbers are an amiable tradition, and they sweeten the life of a conductor who has many programs to make each season. *4-11-47*

Mr. Koussevitzky and the Bostonians did not stray far afield from the expected works at Carnegie Hall last night. There were the "Academic Festival" Overture, the Variations on a Theme of Haydn and the Fourth Symphony. These are standard Brahms offerings. Less often heard is the Rhapsody for Contralto Solo, Male Chorus and Orchestra, and this work had a performance of somber splendor.

The soloist was Carol Brice, the American contralto, whose voice is a noble instrument, comparable to that of Marian Anderson some years ago. Miss Brice is young, and her singing has not yet the emotional depth and insight it will have some years from now. But it is a voice of majestic size and fullness, rich in color and wide in range. Miss Brice has a tendency to slide into tones in the upper part of the

voice, but it is a fault that can be corrected. In a work like the Brahms Rhapsody, the dark-hued grandeur of the voice made a deep impression.

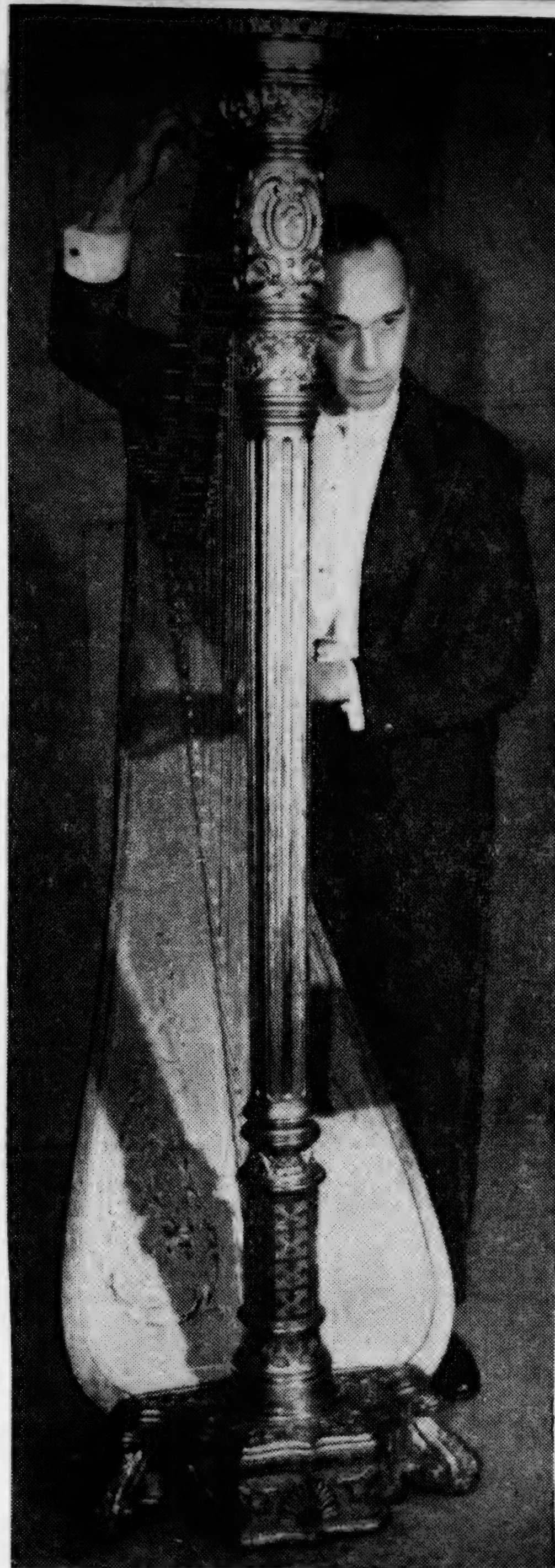
A large male chorus from the Collegiate Chorale, of which Robert Shaw is the director, sang with its accustomed command of refined nuances, adding measurably to the quality of the performance. And the Bostonians did their share handsomely.

Mr. Koussevitzky began the evening with the overture which was burnished until it gleamed. The Variations were played with precision and with the transparent orchestral tone that is a hallmark of the Boston Symphony. As for the Fourth Symphony, it has long been one of Mr. Koussevitzky's favorites. He conducted it with an incandescence that might have led one to forget that he and this orchestra had played it many, many times in their years together.

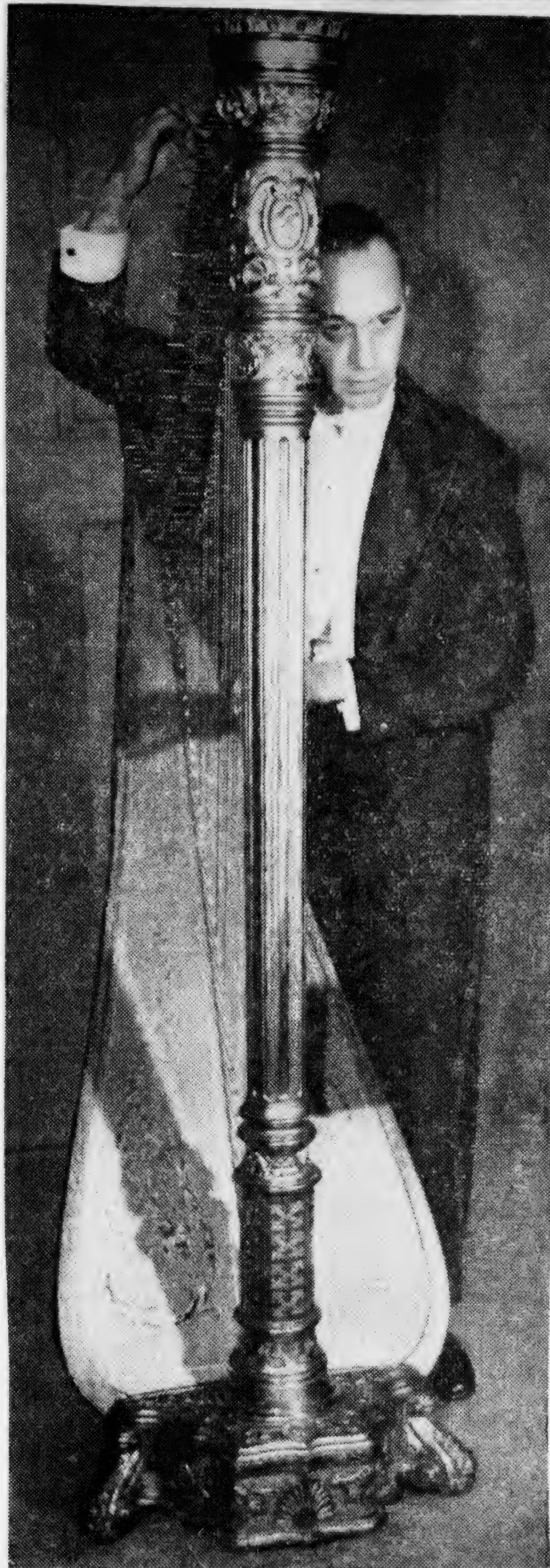
H. T.

*Members of the Boston Symphony,
in Town This Week,
Warm Up for Concert*





It's usually the conductor on whom the spotlight falls. For a change, then, we turn to some of the less publicized players. Left, Bernard Zighera tunes his harp. Upper left, Willem Valkeneier, first horn player, and upper right, Eugene Adam, bass tuba player, try out a few preparatory notes. Lower left, Roman Szulc tunes up his kettle drums. Lower right, Rosario Maseo tries out his bass clarinet. The Boston Symphony will be directed by Leonard Bernstein on this visit to New York.



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BOSTON SYMPHONY IN SEASONAL BOW

Koussevitzky Makes Bruckner
8th Chief Feature as Group
Plays at Carnegie Hall

By OLIN DOWNES

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Koussevitzky, gave its first New York concert of the season in characteristically brilliant fashion last night in Carnegie Hall. The program was unusual, beginning with the vast Eighth symphony of Anton Bruckner, undoubtedly that composer's greatest work in the classic form. Contrasting with the fundamentally Germanic score were two of the most sophisticated and skillfully organized works of the Frenchman, Maurice Ravel.

These scores called for completely different interpretive approaches. They tested variously the powers of the orchestra, which remains unrivaled for the glow of its tone, its technical precision and finesse and consummate virtuosity which it has attained under its present leader. As a result Bruckner came out differently than he ever had before in the writer's experience, the difference being thrown into the stronger relief by the effect of the Ravel pieces which followed.

For the symphony was not traditional Bruckner. The tempi were mostly faster than those adopted by German conductors; the orchestral tone was lighter in texture and in color more luminous than it was deep and rich in baroque style.

At the same time, in point of rhetoric and sheer orchestral effect, the score never sounded more gorgeous and dramatic. Dr. Koussevitzky, if memory faithfully serves us, made advantageous cuts which remedied the discursiveness of various pages—a defect which can lessen the effect of Bruckner's grandest passages when they come. It was striking, also, to hear the grand phrases given a suppleness and a sensitiveness of nuance which at moments made one think of Franck. (Indeed there are analogies between the music of the Austrian and the Belgian mystics, both organists, both apostles of the faith.)

And what a symphony! Only the last movement is irremediably weak. The others are all masterpieces. There is the inner drama of the soul that supplicates and cries out in its need, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." The peasant laughter and smack of the soil are in the inimitable scherzo. The slow movement, which is as the vision of John of Patmos, is perhaps the supreme flight of Bruckner's spirit. Then one asks, "Is Dr. Koussevitzky's

conception, profoundly felt, that of Bruckner?" and must leave that question, in the light of a new interpretation, for the present unanswered. Let it suffice that the symphony was given a singularly eloquent and effective performance.

The works of Ravel were the "Mother Goose" suite, which is writing of adorable fancy and tenderness, if also sophistication, and the second part of the "Daphnis and Chloe" suite, in performance a chef d'oeuvre of this conductor and orchestra.

It was particularly interesting and delightful to hear the "Mother Goose" music again. This is not music for the apple-cheeked children of the Hansel and Gretel family. These are Parisian children and the tale is told them by a consummate master of style. Such style! Such craft! Such felicity not only in the ideas but in their jeweled orchestration!

This exquisite score could not have been played with more taste and finesse. It became the pendant of the "Daphnis and Chloe" performance which brought the end of the concert. When other orchestras attempt this particular score, even when they do it very well, they only emphasize the triumphant virtuosity in its projection by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony.

Boston Symphony

Afternoon Series Opened
With Schuman Work

By Francis D. Perkins

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, first afternoon concert of its New York series Saturday in Carnegie Hall. Soloist, Lukas Foss, pianist. The program:
Symphony No. 3.....William Schuman
Piano Concerto No. 1, in G minor, Op. 25.....Mendelssohn
Symphony No. 4, in E minor.....Brahms

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky's conductorship, began and ended Saturday afternoon's concert in Carnegie Hall with a passacaglia.

Brahms, indeed, did not call the finale of his fourth symphony a passacaglia, although its form is unmistakable, as well as its imposing musical eloquence. The passacaglia that opens William Schuman's third symphony is a notable example of the effective use of a classic form in music which is modern in character as well as in date. *11-17-47 Tail.*

It has often been said that rehearsals are as important as premieres, or more so, in obtaining recognition for worth-while contemporary American works. In regard to his third symphony, the talented president of the Juilliard School of Music has been fortunate; Dr. Koussevitzky introduced it to New York six years ago, and, at intervals of two years, it has also been played here by the Philharmonic and the New York City Symphony. It deserves repetition, on account of its musical ideas, their formal treatment and the skill shown in Mr. Schuman's orchestration.

One can note that a sense of variety within a particular movement is not always accompanied by one of over-all broad contrasts of mood in the symphony as a whole; there is an occasional suggestion of preoccupation with the deftly wrought structure of the work. But it has much expressive force as well as structural skill, and the composer was called to the stage to acknowledge warm applause.

Lukas Foss, the Boston Symphony's official pianist, is already well known, at the age of twenty-five, both as a composer and an interpreter. Mendelssohn's G minor concerto fared well under his skillful fingers in a performance that gave an impression not only of a notably well developed technique, but also of interpretative sensitiveness. Fluency was accompanied by unerring clarity, and the momentum of his playing never became mechanical. In certain passages marked mainly by lightness and display, the musical and appealing tone quality seemed slightly on the sober side, but the performance as a whole told of the pianist's essential

musicianship and his understanding of this particular concerto. He won fervent applause.

The conductor and orchestra did their best for the American work and the Mendelssohn concerto, and closed the program with a satisfying interpretation of Brahms's familiar music.

TO HONOR DR. WEIZMANN

Boston Symphony Will Give Concert on His 73d Birthday

The Boston Symphony and its conductor, Serge Koussevitzky, will give tomorrow night in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel a program in honor of the seventy-third birthday of Dr. Chaim Weizmann and the Weizmann Institute of Science in Rehovoth, Palestine. The orchestra will open the concert with the "Star Spangled Banner" and Kurt Weill's orchestration of "Hatikvah." *11-17-47 Tail.*

The event, which will forego the usual speeches and banquet proceedings in deference to the musical program, is sponsored by the American Committee of the Weizmann Institute, whose patrons include Dr. Albert Einstein, former Governor Herbert H. Lehman, the former Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau Jr. and William S. Paley. Guests will pay \$250 per plate for a midnight supper, the proceeds to go to the institute.

BOSTONIANS PLAY HINDEMITH WORK

Koussevitzky Offers 'Mathis der Maler' With Prokofieff, Tchaikovsky Symphonies

By HOWARD TAUBMAN

There is no longer much argument about Prokofieff's Classical Symphony or Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," or at least there should not be. Both works seem to have won their way into the repertory. When Serge Koussevitzky coupled them with Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony in last night's Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Carnegie Hall he was probably presenting them as a matter of course, as one would any works that had established their right to belong. *1-16-48 Tail.*

Mr. Koussevitzky, who is not averse to fighting hard for new scores in which he believes, does an equally important service when he programs contemporary works in the routine way one would schedule any staple of the repertory. However, if the scheduling was without fanfare, the performances last night were anything but routine.

The Hindemith Symphony, the more difficult and ponderable of the two scores, was played with a spaciousness and impact worthy of its subject. This work, written in 1934, may turn out to be one of Hindemith's best; in it matter and manner have been matched perfectly. The composer seems to catch the emotional flavor of an era long past and at the same time to reflect upon it illuminatingly from a modern vantage point.

The performance by the Bostonians had dignity and breadth of line without losing the sense of pathos that underlies the music. Conductor and musicians, never in better form, gave the work color, stride and power. The brass section in particular distinguished itself, but on the whole it was an outstanding job of team-work.

The Prokofieff Symphony, a gay, charming work written more than thirty years ago, was done with lightness, precision and clarity, qualities it needs to shine forth at its best. As for the Tchaikovsky Symphony, its interpretation by Mr. Koussevitzky and his orchestra is so familiar in its virtuosity and passion that nothing further need be added.

Boston Symphony

Program Includes Prokofieff, Hindemith, Tchaikovsky

By Francis D. Perkins

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, concert Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall. The program: Classical Symphony, Op. 25, Prokofieff; Symphony, "Mathis der Maler," Hindemith; Symphony No. 6, in B minor ("Pathétique"), Tchaikovsky.

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra presented no novelties for the consideration of their Wednesday night subscribers in the second concert of this series at Carnegie Hall. All three works of the well contrasted program had been performed here before by these eminent interpreters in the last four years. The concert began in a relatively light vein with Serge Prokofieff's perennially pleasing "Classical" Symphony and closed in a tragic one with the "Pathétique" Symphony of Tchaikovsky. The intervening twenty-seven minutes (not counting the intermission) were devoted to Paul Hindemith's symphony, "Mathis der Maler," which, if not yet definitely elected to the modern section of the standard repertory, can be regarded as a candidate for this status; Wednesday night's performance was its fourteenth in this hall in a little more than thirteen years. *1-16-48 Tail.*

Consisting of three orchestral excerpts from Hindemith's opera of the same title, it impresses not at a mere series of extracts but, according to the composer's designation, as a fully integrated symphony, whose expressive purport needs no more detailed indication

for its full revelation than the titles of the three movements and that of the work, although it is helpful to know that they refer to Mathias Guenewald's famous Isenheim altar piece in Alsace. The symphony wears well on repeated hearing. There are a few measures here and there in which a listener may be reminded more of the composer's mastery and instrumentation than of the expressive significance of the music, but for the most part emotional communicativeness and conviction is as marked a characteristic of the work as is Hindemith's notable technical craftsmanship.

The Bostonians' memorable performance did full justice to both these characteristics. Dr. Koussevitzky and his musicians were also in their best form for the "Classical" Symphony, in which the composer has not surrendered his individuality in taking some retrospective glances toward the late eighteenth century. Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the "Pathétique" Symphony has long set a standard for performances of this work. What the reviewer had time to hear Wednesday night was impressive both in the quality of its execution and in its eloquence.

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Richard Burgin conducting, concert Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall. The program: Symphony in C minor, No. 95.....Haydn
Symphony in Three Movements.....Stravinsky
Symphony No. 1 in E minor, Op. 39.....Sibelius

With Gusto 2-20-48 Phil.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra always sounds grand no matter who conducts it. Richard Burgin always gives you a piece clearly no matter what the piece is. Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall he gave us, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra, three symphonies—a Haydn, a Sibelius and a Stravinsky. And if all were a little rough and broad, they were at the same time about as frankly and straightforwardly read as any one could wish. Finish is not Mr. Burgin's forte, but he makes jolly music.

The Haydn Symphony in C minor, No. 95, profited least from the conductor's lusty approach. It came out mostly just loud and soft, though the rhythm was there. The Sibelius No. 1 benefited hugely from the breadth and gusto, sounded like honest outdoor stuff for once, or rather like a sound-track for a real outdoor film. It is a silly piece if you take it too seriously. Played for sentiment and melodrama, it is good clean fun and not without ideas.

Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements (No. 3) is good clean fun too, but of another intellectual order. It is fun because it dances all the time and because you never know what it is going to do next. It is a complex dance routine that only Balanchine could set (and probably will). It is intricately put together out of the best materials, many of them quoted (or paraphrased) from his own works. One composer called it Stravinsky's "Heldenleben" for that reason. And yet the references are not, I think, specific quotes but rather pieces in a game. Recognition is not essential, because the context and meanings have all been changed; it is merely a pleasure. Following the orchestral ingenuities is a pleasure too. The work is a delight from every intrinsically musical point of view. It has humor, fancy, wonderful workmanship and constant surprise.

Expressively it remains obscure to this listener. When the composer directed it here himself a year or two back, I took it for an evocation of Romantic Russia. Wednesday night it seemed to me to be a ballet, in the sense that Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony is really a ballet evoked rather than a personal statement. Perhaps the Stravinsky work is both a ballet evoked and a symphonic epoch evoked. I do not know. Wednesday night all I could hear in it was dancing. Dancing and the most intricate musical games. Either way it is a pleasure. I suppose one of the conductors will be making a sex piece out of it next. That is what they are likely to do with any work whose expressive content is the least little bit obscure.

Igor Stravinsky



Whose Symphony in Three Movements was performed Wednesday night in Carnegie Hall

Boston Symphony

Program Includes Orchestral Set by Charles Ives

By Francis D. Perkins

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA. Richard Burgin conducting; third concert of its afternoon series at Carnegie Hall Saturday. The program:
Prelude from Violin Partita in E major (arr. for string orchestra by Pick-Mangiaga). Bach
Symphonia Serena.....Hindemith
"Three Places in New England" (An Orchestral Set).....Ives
Boston Common; Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut; From "The Housatonic at Stockbridge."

Symphony No. 2, in C minor, Op. 17. Tchaikovsky

The belated discovery of Charles Ives's music has been going on for several years, but, if the record has been read correctly, none of his orchestral works had been played in Carnegie Hall's main auditorium before Saturday afternoon, when his "Three Places in New England" was performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under its highly able concertmaster and associate conductor, Richard Burgin. 2-23-48 Phil.

Members of the Boston Symphony, in a group known as the Chamber Orchestra of Boston, had given the first and probably the only previous New York performance of this remarkable "orchestral set" in a program of modern

music under Nicolas Slonimsky's direction at Town Hall on Jan. 10, 1931. It was a long concert, and the Herald Tribune reviewer, pressed for time, wrote that detailed comment must await some other occasion—which has arrived seventeen years later.

The work, like many others by Mr. Ives which have been brought to light recently, was composed early in this century, between 1903 and 1914; it was orchestrated in 1929. Without this factual information, a listener might easily be induced to assign much of this music to a later date. It is American music in its spirit as well as in the nationality of its composer; American tunes are woven into the background of the first movement and into the foreground of the second, but its musical expression of the atmospheres suggested by the topical subjects is innate in the work itself.

Snatches of Civil War Songs

The subject of the first section is the St. Gaudens monument of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw and his Negro regiment (the 54th Massachusetts) which faces Beacon Street. A poem printed in the score gives an anticipation of the atmosphere of the music, with its long, brooding melodic lines over a distantly pervasive rhythmic bass; fragments of Civil War songs emerge at times from the background of this expressive, if slightly drawn-out musical meditation. The second section moves from an oldtime Glorious Fourth celebration in Redding to thoughts of an event of Revolutionary times, and then back to the festivities. Here the "snatches of songs and marches in polymetric simultaneity," to quote Mr. Slonimsky's description, "are so used that the listener receives a vivid, unified impression of the color of the time and place; the vitality and gusto of the music suggesting that the village celebration could well arouse nostalgic thoughts in many hearers over a certain age."

The third section, however, which is based on lines from Robert Underwood Johnson's "The Housatonic at Stockbridge," is the most impressive; it provides four minutes of poetic imaginativeness with a broad, ingratiating melody accompanied by high, luminous

and rippling figures. The appeal is partly descriptive, but this movement gives a sense of contemplative emotion rather than of one limited to effective depiction in musical terms.

Skill in Treatment of Ideas

The performance under Mr. Burgin's direction seemed to realize fully the composer's expressive ends; it also revealed the skill in his treatment of his musical ideas, and in his scoring.

Paul Hindemith's "Symphonia Serena" was played here earlier this month by the Philharmonic, and needs no additional comment; it has considerable geniality of mood, along with the masterly craftsmanship which one expects from this composer. The performance was lucid, spirited and well proportioned, and Mr. Hindemith was called upon for bows.

The Bostonians' strings played Pick-Mangiagalli's arrangement of the familiar Bach prelude with sweep and brilliance, and the orchestra also played admirably in Tchaikovsky's not often performed "Little Russian" second symphony. While Tchaikovsky's craftsmanship has not yet reached its full development in this work, it has vitality and melodic appeal, and should serve, from time to time, as a very acceptable substitute for the perennially played fourth, fifth and sixth symphonies.

[From Late Editions of Yesterday's TIMES.]

MALAPIERO WORK CONCERT FEATURE

Koussevitzky Leads Boston
Orchestra in Composer's
4th Symphony Here

By OLIN DOWNES

The introduction of a new work, gripping in its sincerity and distinction of utterance, and a series of especially brilliant performances signalized the concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Koussevitzky last night in Carnegie Hall.

The novelty, for New York, was G. F. Malapiero's Fourth symphony ("In Memoriam") composed by commission of the Koussevitzky Musical Foundation and performed for the first time by this orchestra in Boston on Feb. 4. "In Memoriam" might well be supposed to refer to Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky, to whom his score is dedicated, and in whose memory the Koussevitzky Musical Foundation was instituted. But there is implicit in the music a broader interpretation of the Latin phrase.

On receiving the score, Dr. Koussevitzky wrote the composer, "Your symphony . . . infused with human anguish and great sorrow . . . will remain not only a link with the memory of my wife, but also as a recollection of the tragic years that we have lived and continue to live." With these words the essential character of this symphony is indicated. 3-19-48 *Tenn*

For the music is a lament, not only for a person, but a past. One could say that a younger man than Malapiero, who is 66 and one of the few important survivors of the promising but eventually disappointing group of the young "neo-Italian" composers of the turn of the century—such a younger man, with youthful strength and genius, might look ahead to the period now a-borning in the world with such agony, confusion and distress, and see in that future vistas of inspiration. But Malapiero is not such a character, or an artist of the future. Or rather, let us say,

his future as an artist rests upon the integrity of his allegiance to the past. Intellectually speaking, he is an aristocrat, the modern product of an ancient culture, a man of subtle discernments and uncompromising ideals, and a supersensitive seeker after beauty.

For him the retrospect, the nostalgia and fundamental pessimism of his generation and his world order are fittingly the subject of his inspiration and his profoundly sincere and impressive lament.

The musical language in which this message is couched is highly

significant. It is wholly aristocratic but the subject is in terms which have the unmistakable stamp of a modern mind and a brilliant culture. The style is so fascinating in its distinction and selectiveness that one is not entirely sure that repeated hearings of the work would confirm very high estimates, or whether its principal attraction would prove to be its stylistic appeal to the esthetic sense. Enough that after a first hearing one is eager for a second, and that this tonal language, though unexpected in certain of its characteristics sounds so distinguished and so natural.

The modernity of it is neither forced nor doctrinaire. Relations of keys and chords are not what the grammars have prepared us for; nevertheless, when they strike the ear, they are instinctively accepted. Music has gone that far since Malapiero astonished the modern music world with his orchestral work, "Pauses of Silence," produced about thirty years ago—a work which has virtually disappeared from the repertory, yet a work, one would say, which alone had prepared us for certain of the pages of the symphony heard last night. It is very personal, and wholly Latin in essence. The form is in many respects new. It seems as near to an escape from the Domination of the classic sonata form as any modern symphonist has achieved. It is the music of an explorer, yet also the music that springs from a subconscious depth of a man's nature which no conscious exploration may reveal. It is to be added that the audience was deeply impressed with this carefully wrought, but unconventional work.

The performance was sheer virtuosity. So much can be said, lacking preliminary perspective of the score. Two great Russian composers, who, at least in America, are not excluded by government from performance, completed the program: Prokofieff of the "Scythian Suite," and Shostakovich exemplified by his remarkable Fifth symphony. The magnificent playing would have made lesser music arresting. Prokofieff's music may be suspect, here and there, of artifice and impudences consciously planned to set the bourgeois by the ears and possibly to outdo the Stravinsky of "Sacre du printemps," which had appeared a year previous. But one of the most audacious and breath-taking pages of modern music remains the final passage of this suite—the portrayal of the pagan sunrise. The conservatives must have turned purple when first it was heard. But it could not have been much use arguing. There is genius.

With Shostakovich's Fifth symphony approached by Dr. Koussevitzky in a different style and a different emotional orientation, he has ere this worked wonders. Each of his performances last night was a peak of achievement. Shostakovich, no less than Prokofieff, was furiously applauded.

Serge Koussevitzky



Who conducted the Boston Symphony Wednesday night in Carnegie Hall

MUSIC

By VIRGIL THOMSON

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, Serge Koussevitzky, conducting. Concert Wednesday night at Carnegie Hall. The program:
Symphony No. 4 ("In Memoriam")...Malipiero
Scythian Suite, "Ala and Lolli," Op. 20 Prokofieff
Symphony No. 5, Op. 47.....Shostakovich

Malipiero's "Fourth"

GIAN-FRANCESCO MALIPIERO, whose Fourth Symphony was played Wednesday night in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has long been admired, and deeply, by your scribe. It is therefore a matter of regret to report that if his acquaintance with the work of the contemporary Venetian master were limited to this peice he would wonder why Serge Koussevitzky, also a long-time musical acquaintance of Malipiero, should have bothered to commission him. The same composer's Third Symphony, written during the war, is a lively and interesting work full of fine bell sonorities. The Fourth, sub-titled "In Memoriam," essays the accents of sadness without achieving, in this writer's opinion, the plangent note or any other clearly passionate expression.

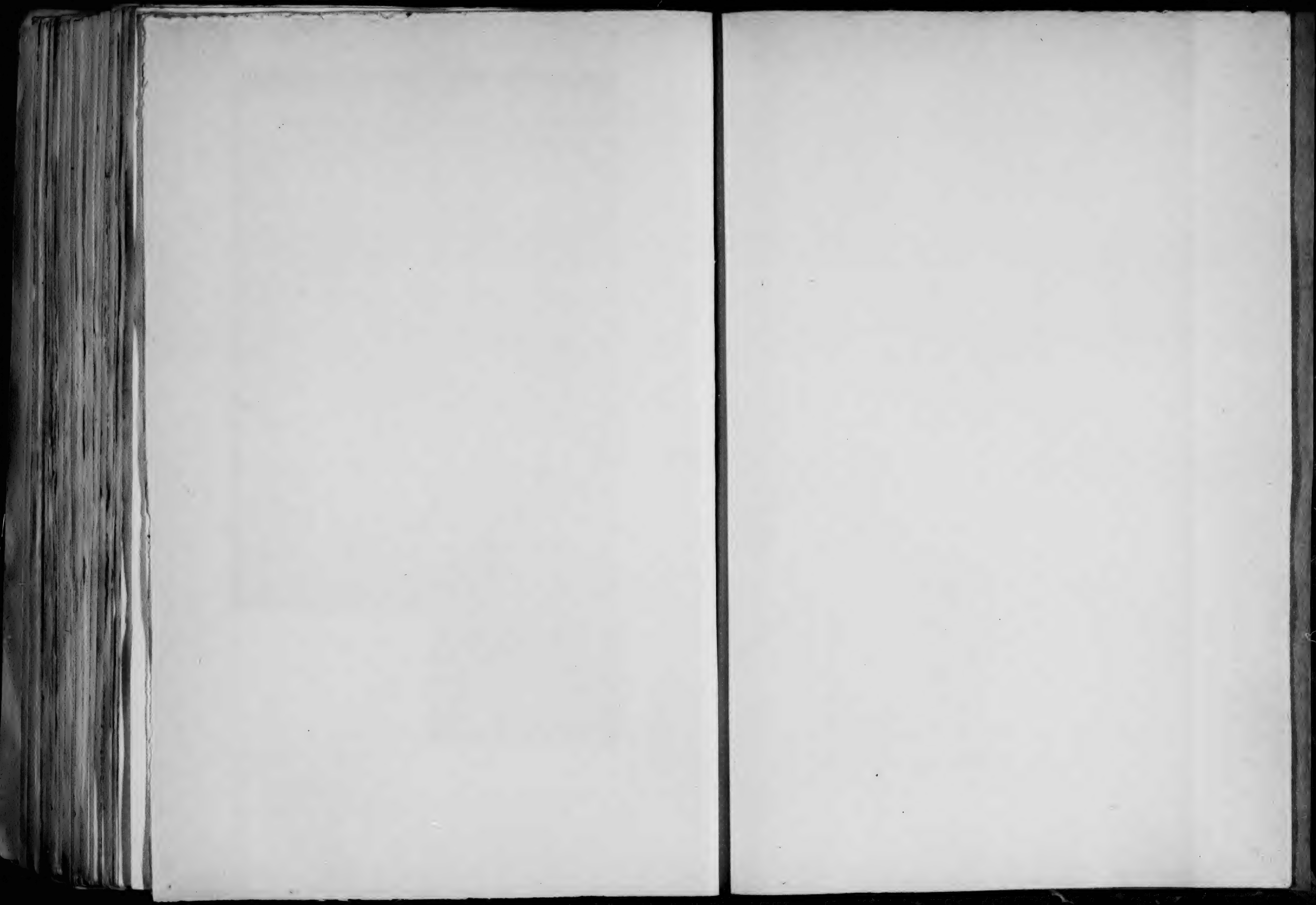
The symphony is perfectly lucid in construction, and its harmonic language (simple pan-diatonicism) presents no difficulty to the ear. The furnished program analysis, moreover, contained quotations of all the chief themes, so that I do not think much of the work's physical content escaped me. Its expressive content did, however,

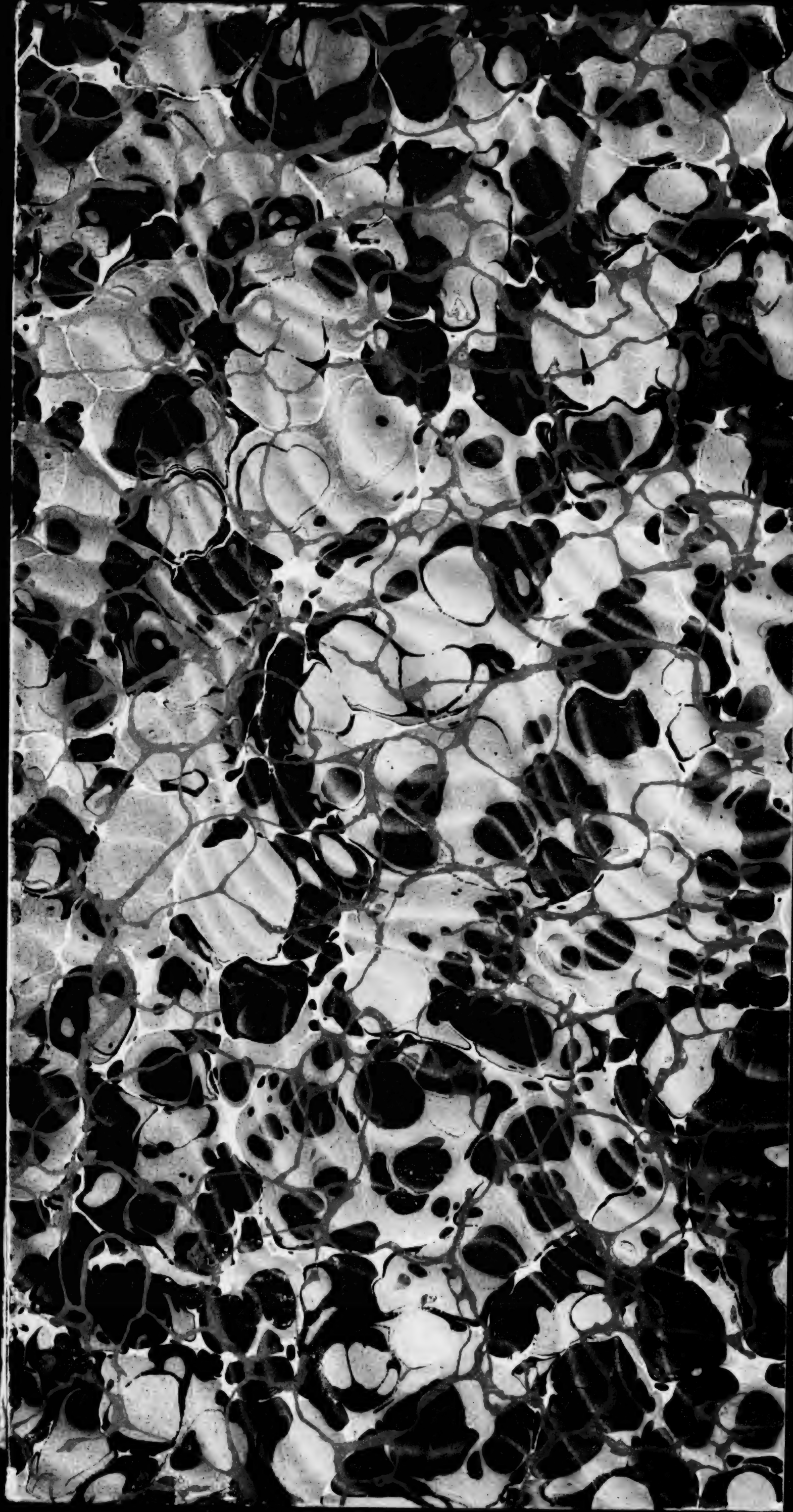
seem lifeless and its discourse uncommunicative. The themes did not speak, nor did the work's progress take flight. Visitors from Boston who had heard the work there tell me my view of it is shared by many. I hope further acquaintance will reveal beauties missed Wednesday night. Malipiero has not previously, to my experience, written music of so little character.

Prokofieff's "Scythian Suite," which followed it, was all color and shine. Long beloved of Koussevitzky, this work has for twenty years been a dependable show-piece of the Boston Symphony. Nobody conducts it better and no other orchestra habitually plays it half so well. And though your reviewer has always found it longer on picturesque sonorities than on tunes, the final picturesqueness, an evocation of blinding sun-rise, remains for him one of the great landscape effects of music. Mendelssohn's sea cave, Debussy's rainy gardens, Wagner's inside-the-Rhine and anybody's storm are child's play compared to it. It is as powerful and as specific in suggestion as it is dazzling in sound.

The evening closed with Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony, a work that your reviewer finds tedious. Many persons in the hall seemed to be of the same mind, though there was applause, of course.

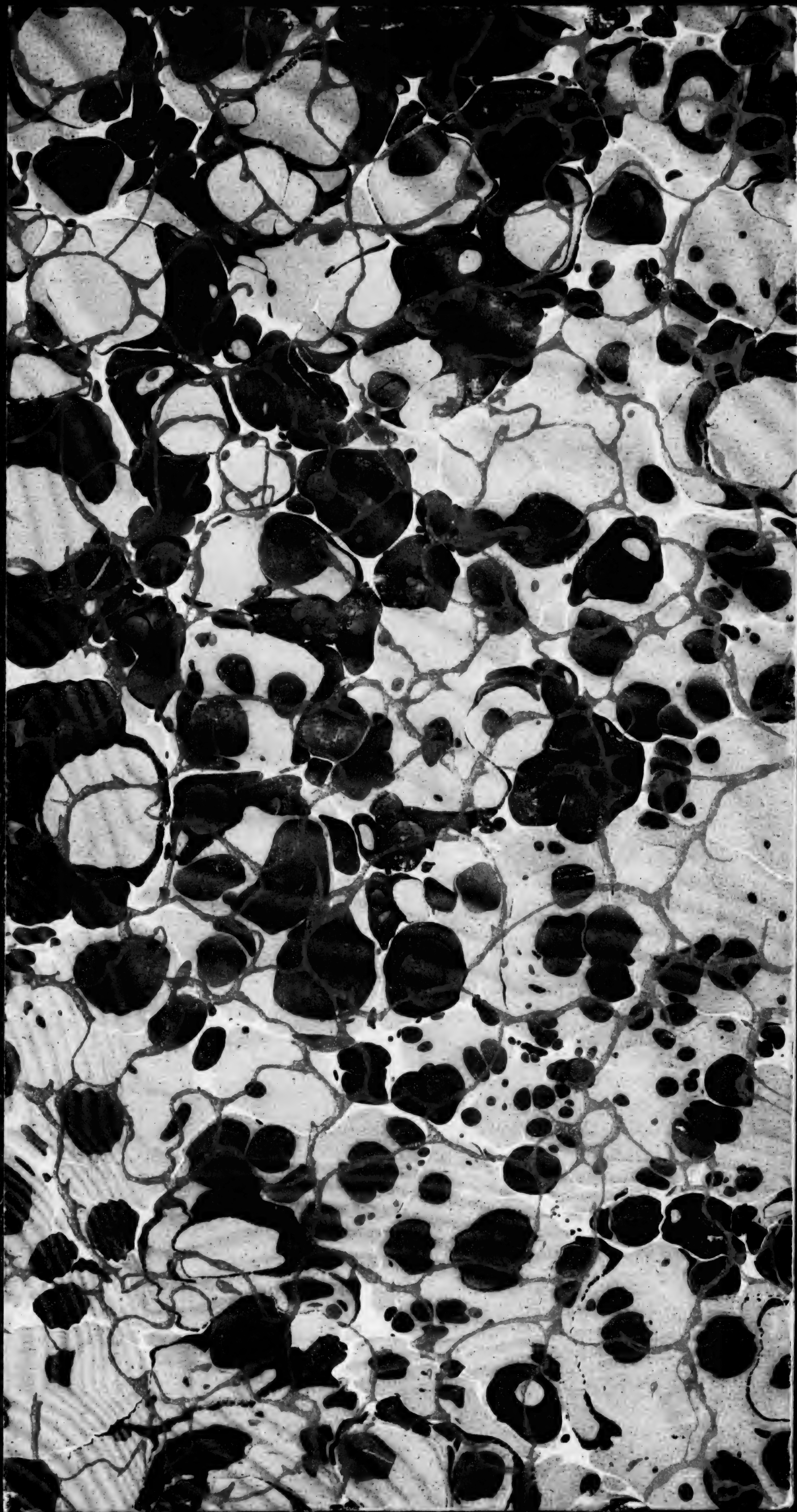
This was certainly as much a tribute to the conductor and his orchestra, both being in form, as to the work. Even that, however, has its qualities. It has, for all its musical thinness, its facile and scarcely disguised quotations and its rickety climaxes, a personal gesture. Shostakovitch is no musical master, but his raucous little voice does carry.





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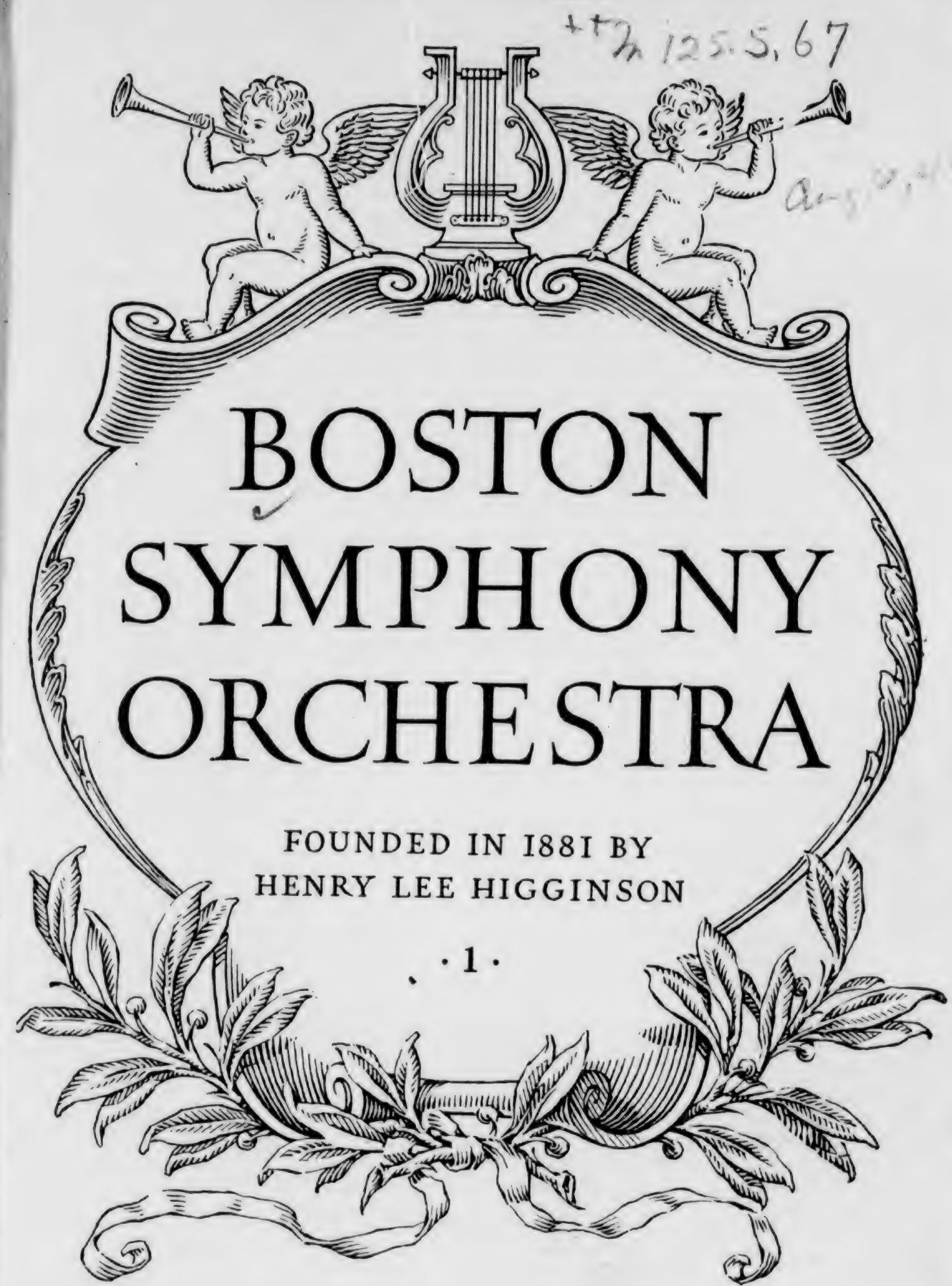
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SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON

1947-1948

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Boston Public Library Music Department
August 19, 1948.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

[Sixty-seventh Season, 1947-1948]

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Music Director*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

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VIOLINS

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Concert-master
Alfred Krips
Gaston Elcus
Roland Tapley
Norbert Lauga
George Zazofsky
Paul Cherkassky
Harry Dubbs
Vladimir Resnikoff
Joseph Leibovici
Einar Hansen
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Norman Carol
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Paul Federovsky
Harry Dickson
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Frank Zecchino
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Pierre Mayer
Manuel Zung
Samuel Diamond
Victor Manusevitch
James Nagy
Leon Gorodetzky
Raphael Del Sordo
Melvin Bryant
John Murray
Lloyd Stonestreet
Henri Erkelens
Saverio Messina
Herman Silberman
Stanley Benson
Hubert Sauvlet

VIOLAS

Joseph de Pasquale
Jean Cauhapé
Georges Fourel
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Emil Kornsand
Albert Bernard
George Humphrey
Louis Artières
Charles Van Wynbergen
Hans Werner

Jerome Lipson
Siegfried Gerhardt

VIOLONCELLOS

Jean Bedetti
Alfred Zighera
Jacobus Langendoen
Mischa Nieland
Hippolyte Droeghmans
Karl Zeise
Josef Zimblér
Bernard Parronchi
Enrico Fabrizio
Leon Marjollet

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ENGLISH HORN
Louis Speyer

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Manuel Valerio
Pasquale Cardillo

BASS CLARINET
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BASSOONS

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Principals
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Harold Meek
Paul Keaney
Harry Shapiro
William Gebhardt
Osbourne McConathy

TRUMPETS

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Roger Voisin
René Voisin
Harry Herforth

TROMBONES

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John Coffey
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HARPS

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HUNTINGTON AND MASSACHUSETTS AVENUES

Telephone, Commonwealth 1492

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON, 1947-1948

CONCERT BULLETIN OF THE

Boston Symphony Orchestra

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, *Music Director*

RICHARD BURGIN, *Associate Conductor*

with historical and descriptive notes by

JOHN N. BURK

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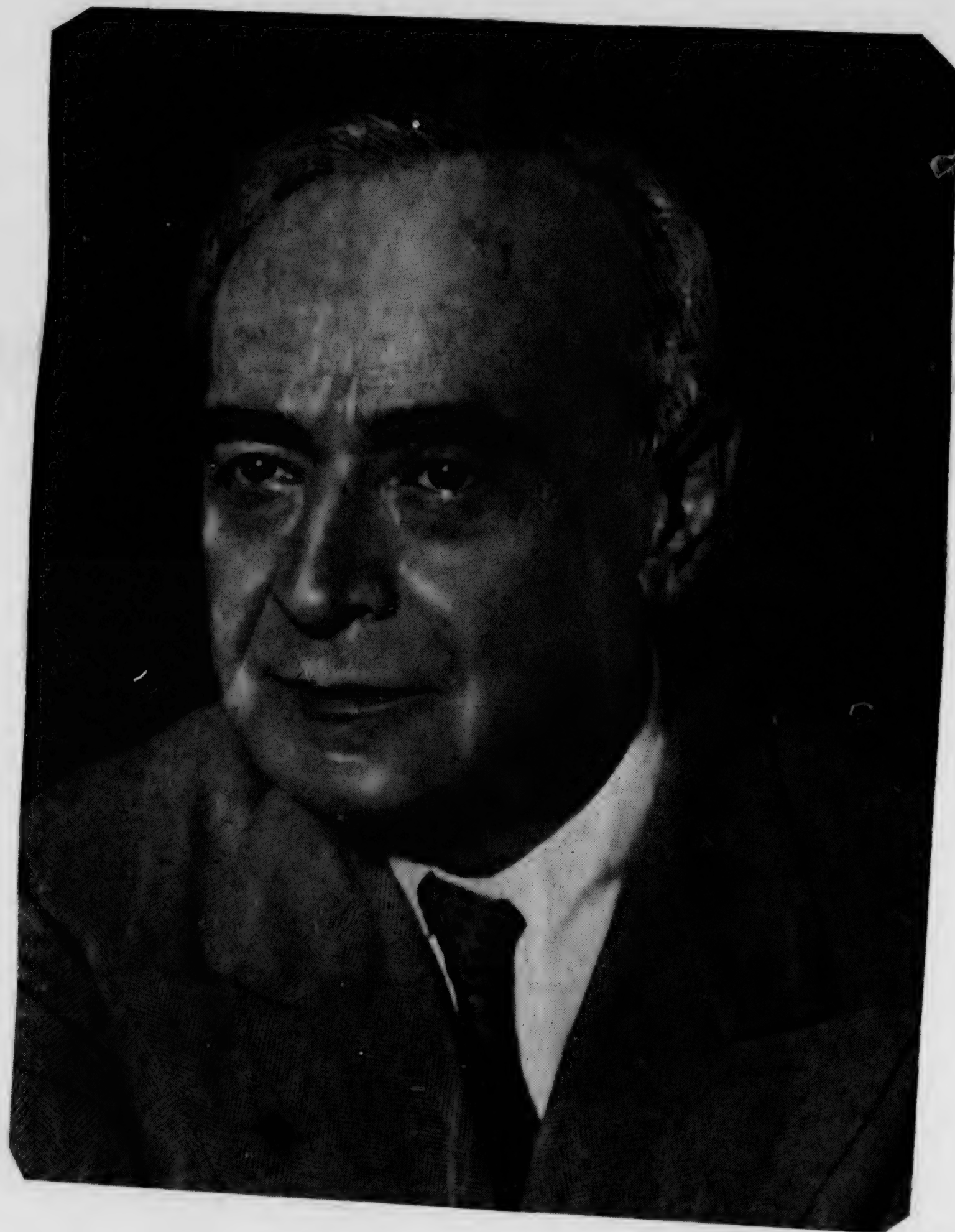
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SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON 1947 - 1948

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(Omitting November 14, December 5, January 16, February 20, March 19, April 16)

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Series entirely subscribed.

Six Tuesday Evening Concerts — October 14, November 4, January 27, February 24, March 23, April 20 (at 8:30)

Series entirely subscribed.

Six Sunday Afternoon Concerts — October 26, November 23, December 28, January 25, February 29, April 25 (at 3:30)

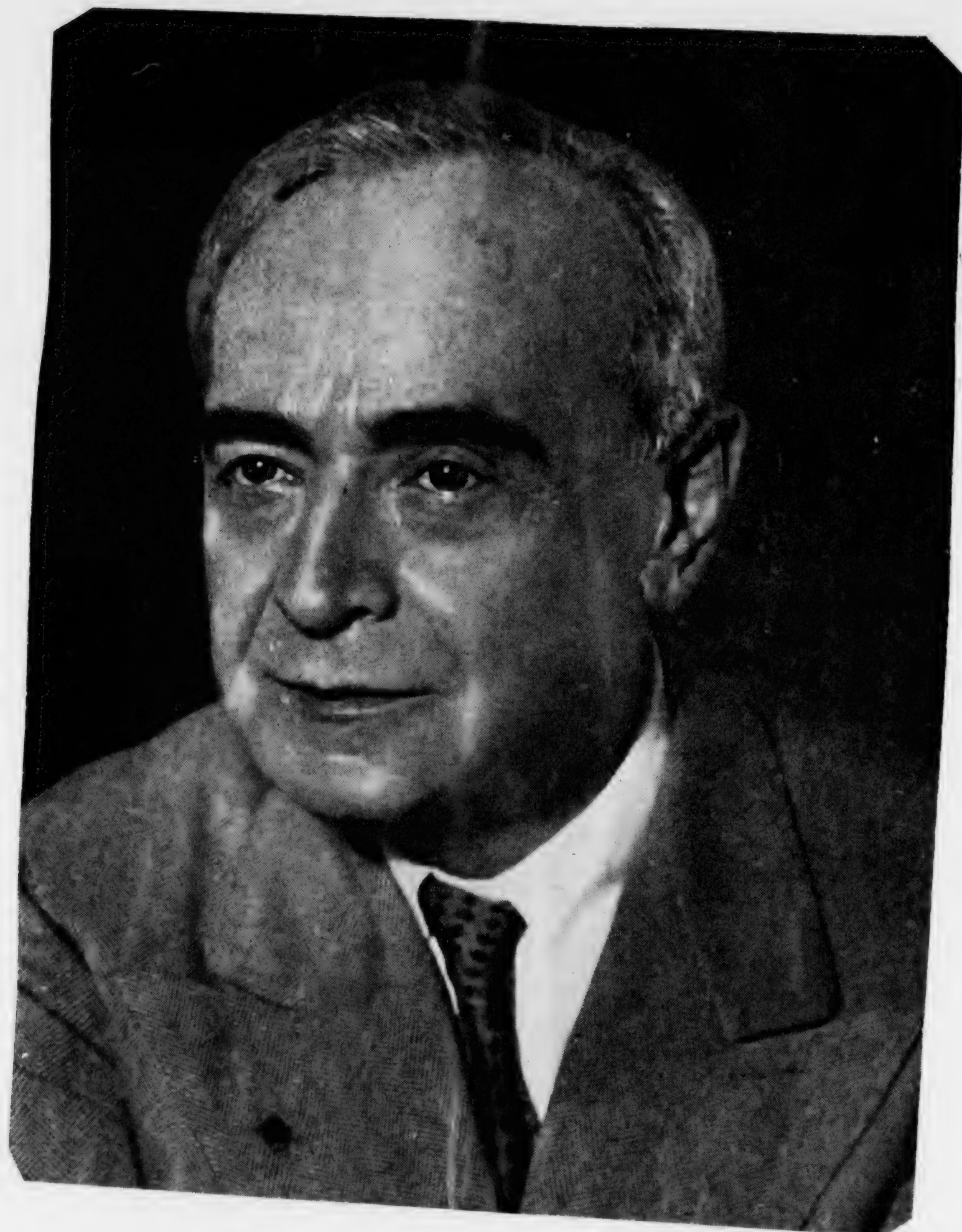
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TICKET INFORMATION

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MATTER OF MUSIC

Comments Inspired by Eighth Annual Survey of Our Symphony Orchestras

10-5-47
BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

It is one thing to write music and another to get it performed. Last week this column was devoted to a discussion of Claire Reis' "Composers in America." Including foreign-born composers now resident here, the book, as reported at the time, lists with biographies and representative works 332 men and women who have written in the larger forms and 424 others who, for this or that reason, did not rate detailed information regarding them. The copy for the aforesaid article was no sooner out of its author's hands than there arrived some more statistics that furnish an illuminating commentary on those of Mrs. Reis.

This new data is the findings in the eighth annual survey of the programs of our major symphony orchestras, prepared by the National Music Council. The various tables give numbers and percentages of works by foreign-born naturalized and native-born composers featured by these 25 orchestras in the season of 1946-47. A major symphony orchestra is here understood as one with a budget of \$100,000 or more, and this year the Columbus Philharmonic is included for the first time. We learn at the outset that the number of American-born composers represented on these programs decreased from 69 in 1945-46 to 61 last season. Their names are listed and it is interesting to note that the following were ignored by Mrs. Reis: Walter Franklin Anderson, George W. Chadwick, Newell Chase, Otis Clements, Con Conrad, Martin G. Dumler, Arthur Foote, Emanuel Leplin, Edward MacDowell, Arthur Penn, Robert Rohe, David Sheinfeld, Alan Shulman, Horace Tureman and Constant Vaclaïn. In fairness to Mrs. Reis, it should be explained that Chadwick, Foote and MacDowell are not in her book for the reason that it is primarily concerned with the American scene since 1915.

Supplementary List

And these composers merely made Mrs. Reis' supplementary list: Lionel Barrymore (did you know that he was a symphonic composer as well as actor?); Cecil Effinger, Walter Huffman, Jerome Kern, Arne Oldberg, Richard Rodgers and

Oley Speaks. Mr. Speaks, of course, is primarily a writer of songs and Messrs. Kern and Rodgers are composers for the lighter theatre. Mrs. Reis expressly states her position in regard to these two categories.

As I mentioned last week, Mrs. Reis quoted Dr. Koussevitzky as saying that he had always deemed it his duty to play American music, despite the protests of those who complain that this country has failed to produce a Beethoven or a Brahms! And not only has he programmed the existing pieces of American composers and commissioned others, he has been at pains to keep the world informed of that fact. Nevertheless, the Boston Symphony did not make too good a showing last season in this respect. According to this survey, we heard compositions by only three American-born composers at Symphony Hall last season. But two orchestras did no better than this and only three did worse. Pittsburgh was on top with 15, Oklahoma followed with 11 and Cleveland and Indianapolis each boasted 10.

Nine Others

However, we heard nine works by naturalized composers; 18 orchestras fell below that figure and four equalled it. This time the Oklahoma Symphony led, with 13, and Pittsburgh took second place with 10. In the matter of percentages of works by native-born composers, the Boston Symphony made the poorest showing (3.7) of any save the Baltimore Symphony (2.2). In respect to pieces by American-born and naturalized composers plus foreign-born composers now living in the United States, the Boston Symphony was in 13th place. New Orleans and Washington tied for 18th; Baltimore was at the foot of the list, and Cleveland at the top. As far as Dr.

Koussevitzky is concerned, it should be borne in mind that he conducted only 13 of the 24 pairs of regular concerts. The three native Americans (Copland, Hanson and Harris) are to be credited to him. The naturalized composers, by the way, were Bartok, Foss, Haieff, Hindemith, Martinu, Milhaud (didn't know he was), Rachmaninoff and Stravinsky. You might almost call 'em Yankees.

Announcement is made of the forming of the Greater Boston Orchestral Society, Edgar Curtis, conductor. This organization will support a junior orchestra and a senior orchestra, with about 80 players in

the first and 60 in the second. The ranks of both will be chiefly recruited from the public and private schools of the Greater Boston area. Boys and girls between the ages of 12 and 17 will make up the junior orchestra, and young people between the ages of 17 and 25 are eligible for the elder group. Trained in Europe, Mr. Curtis has already established himself favorably in these parts as conductor. The remaining auditions will be from 4 to 7 on Oct. 13, 14 and 16 at Community Recreation Service, 739 Boylston st., Boston, telephone Kenmore 3324. It is expected that the senior orchestra will give four concerts during the season and that the younger group will participate in the final one, besides playing in schools during the winter.

Symphony Concerts

The Symphony Concerts get under way this week with the following program: Bach, First Brandenburg Concerto; Hindemith, "Mathis der Maier"; Beethoven, Fifth Symphony.

Two Whopping New Symphonies Are on Koussevitzky's Schedule

By CYRUS DURGIN

Two whopping new symphonies, by a Frenchman and a Britisher, figure importantly on Serge Koussevitzky's plans for the new season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. One, by Olivier Messiaen, will require "the most tremendous orchestra" ever, while the other, by Benjamin Britten, is "the most original symphony ever composed."

The Boston conductor, on his way back from a trip to England, France and Switzerland with his new bride and former secretary, Olga Naumoff

Koussevitzky, did not hesitate to bring on the superlatives. He settled back in his compartment seat aboard the Yankee Clipper, between Providence and Boston, and told more.

10-5-47 gem
"Messiaen's work is in 10 movements and it will take an hour and 18 minutes to play. You can make an intermission after the fifth movement. I shall have to have at least 12 rehearsals for it, because this symphony is the most difficult music I have ever seen for orchestra. Yet it is of the greatest beauty imaginable. Messiaen's harmonic ideas are new and fresh, and even his notation is different.

"He calls for that electrical instrument, the theremin, and 12 percussion players. You know, all sorts of drums, bells, in fact, every sort of percussion.

Britten's Choral Symphony

"Benjamin Britten's symphony is so remarkable because it is for chorus and orchestra, and the chorus is treated just like an instrument. It is very logically worked out. For example, the first theme is for orchestra, the second for chorus. Later on, every time the second theme is brought in you hear it always from the chorus.

"No, there are no words at all. The chorus just produces musical sounds. The adagio is almost all for chorus, with a little orchestral accompaniment."

Whether Boston will actually hear these works depends upon their composers finishing them in time. The Britten work was promised for Tanglewood last Summer, but the English composer just didn't get it done. As for Messiaen's work, the composition is finished, but the instrumentation is incomplete.

Other composers have promised Mr. Koussevitzky music for the sea-

son which begins next Friday and Saturday. Florent Schmitt has promised a piece, and so has Arnold Schoenberg.

Definitely Set

Definitely set, however, are the first performances of the Second Symphony by Henry Cowell, and the Fourth Symphony by Malipiero, the latter—like the Messiaen work—

—commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation. From Aram Khatchaturian there will be a new cello concerto with Edmund Kurtz as soloist. The work has "deep Oriental feeling."

The Symphony by Walter Piston of Harvard, intended for last season but not completed in time, is now ready and will be heard. The Brazilian Villa-Lobos will supply something that seems unusual, music for soprano voice and seven cellists. There will be two other pieces involving soprano solo, one by Samuel Barber (exact nature unspecified) and a setting by Nicholas Nabokoff of a text by Pushkin. Howard Hanson has written a Piano Concerto.

There will be numerous pieces already performed here which will be done again: Copland's "Appalachian" Suite; Prokofiev's Second and Fifth Symphonies (Mr. Koussevitzky is awaiting his new Sixth Symphony, too, but Prokofiev is not well and cannot work many hours a day); Roussel's Fourth Symphony and "Le Festin de l'Araignée"; Honegger's Symphony for Strings and perhaps his "Liturgical" Symphony; William Schuman's Third Symphony.

Mendelssohn Centenary

Mr. Koussevitzky will observe the 100th anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn, which occurred Nov. 4, 1847, with a program devoted to that now underrated composer. It will include one of the piano concertos and the "Reformation" Symphony.

There will be more Debussy this season, including "Rondes de Printemps", "Gigues" and, with the Cecilia Society, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" will be done with the participation of the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. If he can find the singers, Mr. Koussevitzky would like to do excerpts from the opera "Pique Dame" by Tchaikovsky.

The conductor has exacted from each guest conductor a promise to do a new work. Leonard Bernstein will proffer David Diamond's Fourth Symphony, and Eleazar de Carvalho will present something by Villa-Lobos.

"Bernstein and Carvalho, they will be the best conductors in five years," pronounced Mr. Koussevitzky.

Mr. Carvalho also will do the "Fantastic" Symphony of Berlioz. That French master will further be represented, in performances by Koussevitzky, by the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony, and, to show the public the prowess of the Boston Symphony's new first viola, Joseph de Pasquale, the "Harold in Italy" Symphony.

Liszt will be revived also, to the extent of the Psalm No. 13 and the "Faust" Symphony.

New Soloists, Guest Conductors

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky, conductor, will open its sixty seventh season on Oct. 10 in Symphony Hall. The usual series of concerts will be given in Boston and out of town.

Four soloists will make their first appearances with the orchestra in the Friday afternoon-Saturday evening series. They are Ginette Niveu, French violinist who is making her first American tour; Isaac Stern, violinist; Nadia Reisenberg, pianist, and Marina Koshetz and Eleanor Steber, sopranos. 9-13-47

Three pianists already known to symphony subscribers will reappear: Myra Hess, Witold Malcuzynski and Artur Schnabel.

Guest conductors will be Charles Münch, of Paris; Eleazar de Carvalho, of Rio de Janeiro, and Leonard Bernstein.

The Saturday evening and Tuesday evening series in Boston and the series in Cambridge, Providence, New York and Brooklyn are already fully subscribed. Concerts will also be given in New Haven, Hartford and New London, Conn.; Northampton, Mass.; New Brunswick, N. J.; Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, Pa.; Washington, D. C.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Bloomington and South Bend, Ind.; Chicago; Ann Arbor and Detroit, Mich., and Rochester, N. Y.

The Symphony Hall management reports "a record attendance for a symphony orchestra" last season. More than 800,000 persons heard the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the year completed this fall. These concerts included nine subscription series, seven of which were fully subscribed in advance. At Tanglewood, in addition to the Festival concerts, 47 performances were given by the Berkshire Music Center before audiences totalling 50,000. Forty-five Tuesday evening concerts were radio-cast over the ABC network.

There were 300,000 listeners

at the 109 winter concerts, 12,000 at the six youth concerts, 135,000 at the Pop concerts, 250,000 at the Esplanade concerts, and 105,000 at the Berkshire Festival.

Conductor Discusses Symphony Prospects

By L. A. Sloper

Back from their honeymoon in Europe, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and his bride arrived in Boston this week. The conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was, as usual, full of enthusiasm over the coming season, his twenty-fourth in Boston, which opens next Friday.

Musical composition is lagging abroad, he found, and there will be comparatively little in the way of European novelties in this winter's programs. But there will be plenty of new works by Americans, and a number of revivals of recent or standard compositions. The Mendelssohn centenary will be recognized by a single program, which will include the "Reformation" Symphony.

Most important of the younger Continental composers, said Dr. Koussevitzky, is Olivier Messiaen, a member of the group of four who call themselves "La Jeune France." Messiaen's short piece, "L'Offrande Oubliée," was introduced to Boston by Dr. Koussevitzky in 1936.

The new work by Messiaen

which he plans to produce this season is at an opposite extreme, so far as size goes. It is a symphony in 10 movements, requiring an hour and 18 minutes for its performance and calling for 12 percussion instruments and a Thereminvox. 10-4-47

Another work of unusual form is Benjamin Britten's Symphony for chorus and orchestra, "a most original work," says the conductor, with the chorus used like an orchestral choir, without words. The first theme is introduced by the orchestra, the second by the chorus.

Still another novel composition is that of Villa-Lobos for soprano and an orchestra of cellos, which is also on Dr. Koussevitzky's

schedule. And there are two other compositions for soprano and orchestra, one by Samuel Barber, and one by Nicolas Nabokov based on a text of Pushkin.

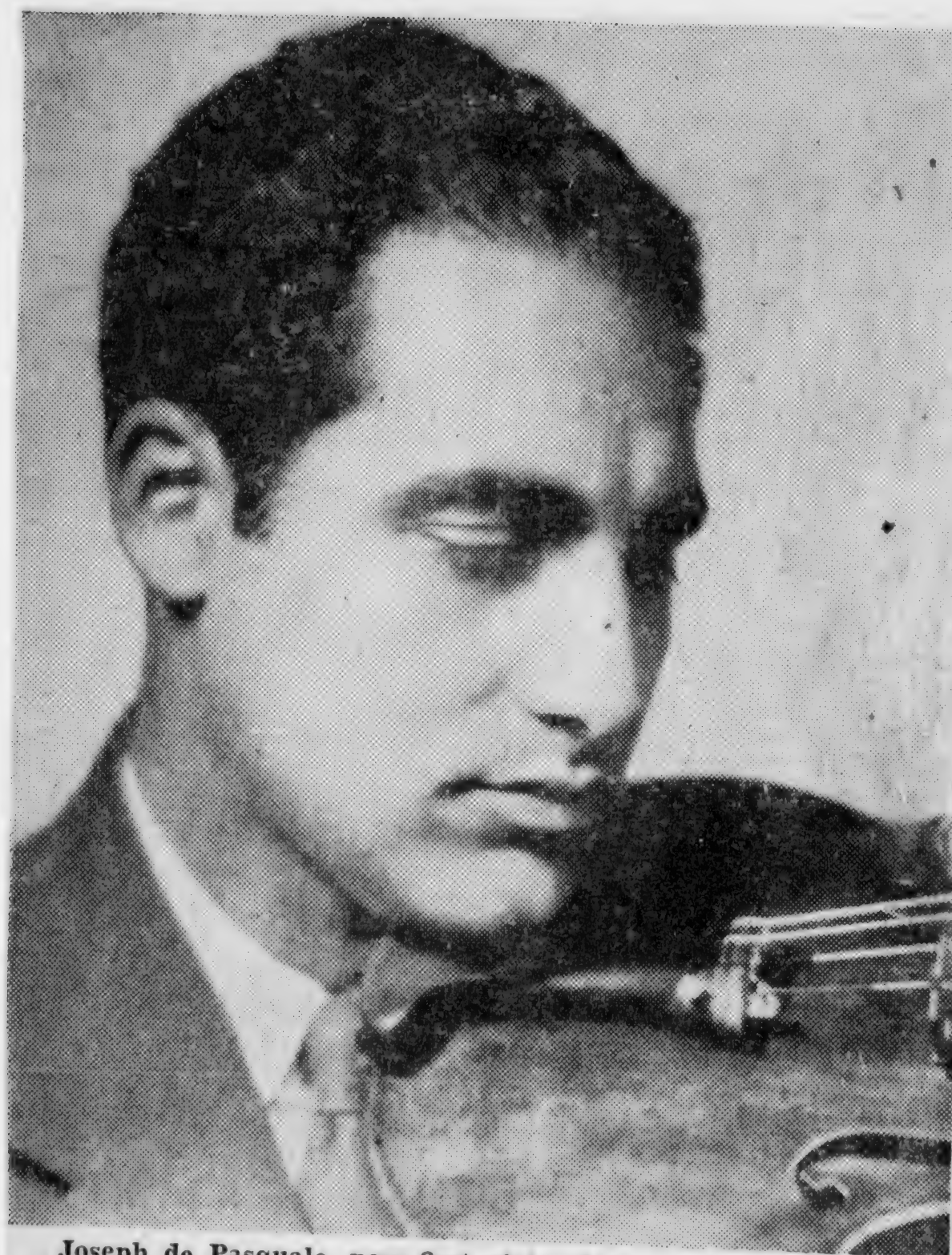
Other important new works are the Third Symphony of Walter Piston, the Fourth of David Diamond (under Leonard Bernstein's baton), and the Sixth of Prokofiev. William Schuman's Third

will be among those to be repeated.

More premières, American or world will be those of the Cello Concerto of Khachaturian, the Piano Concerto of Howard Hanson, the Second Symphony of Henry Cowell, the Fourth of Malipiero. Schönberg has also promised the conductor "something—I don't know what, but something."

It is not certain that all these new works will be ready this season, Dr. Koussevitzky hopes they will.

Among the revivals will be Roussel's Fourth Symphony, Copland's "Appalachian Spring" Suite; Honegger's Symphony for Strings, Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," Beethoven's "Missa Solennis," Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," and Liszt's "Thirteenth Psalm."



Joseph de Pasquale, new first viola player of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. A veteran of the Marine Corps, he comes to Boston from the American Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra. He played in the Bach-Mozart concerts at Tanglewood last summer.

ORCHESTRA SURVEY

By FRANCIS D. PERKINS

FOR eight years the National Music Council, Inc., has been making surveys of the programs of the regular subscription concerts of this country's major symphony orchestras in their home cities, in order to offer a comparison between the number of American and foreign works performed by them and also to show the percentage occupied by American works in these concerts. The survey for the season of 1946-'47, which has just been published, shows a falling off in both the number and percentage of American works, as compared with 1945-'46.

The survey concerns orchestras with budgets of at least \$100,000; the Council lists twenty-five of these, with the Columbus Philharmonic as a newcomer in this class. Repetitions of a work by the same orchestra are not counted. The number of works by composers of all nationalities performed by these orchestras in the 1946-'47 season was 1,968, fifty-five more than in the previous season, and more than any of the other seasons surveyed by the Council. American-born composers provided 152 of these works; composers naturalized or living here provided 140—that is, 7.7 and 7.1 per cent, respectively. In 1945-'46 the totals were 1,913 works; of which 175 (9.2 per cent) were by American-born composers and 152 (7.9 per cent) by naturalized composers or other composers living in this country. Sixty-one American-born composers were represented in the 1946-'47 programs, eight less than in 1945-'46.

The number of compositions by American-born and naturalized citizens or resident aliens played by these orchestras last season was:

10-12-47
Baltimore, American-born, 2; naturalized and others living here, 3; Boston, 3; Buffalo, 2, 3; Chicago, 6, 9; Cincinnati, 4, 5; Cleveland, 10, 9; Columbus, 7, 2; Dallas, 3, 6; Denver, 9, 5; Detroit, 4, 3; Houston, 4, 3; Indianapolis, 10, 2; Kansas City, 2, 2; Los Angeles, 7, 5; Minneapolis, 5, 8; New Orleans, 3, 4; New York (Philharmonic-Symphony), 8, 9; Oklahoma, 11, 4; Philadelphia, 7, 13; Pittsburgh, 15, 10; Rochester, 6, 1; St. Louis, 7, 9; San Antonio, 6, 7; San Francisco, 4, 4; Washington, 7, 6.

The position of these orchestras in regard to the number of works by American composers performed last season is:

(1) Pittsburgh, 15; (2) Oklahoma, 11; (3) Cleveland, Indianapolis, 10; (4) Denver, 9; (5) New York, 8; (6) Columbus, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Washington, 7; (7) Chicago, Rochester, San Antonio, 6; (8) Minneapolis, 5; (9) Cincinnati, Detroit, Houston, San Francisco, 4; (10) Boston, Dallas, New Orleans, 3; (11) Baltimore, Buffalo, Kansas City, 2.

If works by naturalized composers and others living in this country are included, the ranking is:

(1) Pittsburgh, 25; (2) Philadelphia, 20; (3) Cleveland, 19; (4) New York, 17; (5) St. Louis, 16; (6) Chicago, Oklahoma, 15; (7)

Denver, 14; (8) Minneapolis, San Antonio, Washington, 13; (9) Boston, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, 12; (10) Cincinnati, Columbus, 9; (11) Dallas, San Francisco, 8; (12) Detroit, Houston, New Orleans, Rochester, 7; (13) Baltimore, Buffalo, 5; (14) Kansas City, 4.

But, since the number of concerts in these subscription series varies considerably, the relative amount of attention devoted to American music by these orchestras is not indicated by the above figures. The percentage of works by American-born composers in last season's programs was:

Indianapolis, 17.3; Columbus, 16.7; Oklahoma, 15.9; Cleveland, 14.9; Denver, 13.4; Rochester, 12.8; Los Angeles, 10.8; Pittsburgh, 10.3; Houston, 8.9; St. Louis, 7.4; Philadelphia, Washington, 6.7; San Francisco, 6.3; Minneapolis, San Antonio, 6.1; Buffalo, 5.6; Dallas, 5.5; New Orleans, New York, 5.4; Kansas City, 5.3; Detroit, 4.8; Chicago, 4.4; Cincinnati, 4.3; Boston, 3.7; Baltimore, 2.2.

Including works by naturalized composers and other composers living here, the percentages are:

Cleveland, 28.4; Oklahoma, 21.6; Columbus, 21.4; Denver, 20.9; Indianapolis, 20.7; Philadelphia, 19.2; Los Angeles, 18.5; Pittsburgh, 17.2; St. Louis, 17; Minneapolis, 15.9; Houston, 15.6; Rochester, 14.9; Boston, 14.6; Dallas, 14.5; Buffalo, 13.9; San Antonio, 13.3; San Francisco, 12.7; New Orleans, Washington, 12.5; New York, 11.4; Chicago, 10.9; Kansas City, 10.5; Cincinnati, 9.8; Detroit, 8.3; Baltimore, 5.6.

In the results of the survey the Pittsburgh Symphony wins the 1946-'47 honors for the number of works by American-born composers performed, and the Indianapolis Symphony the honors for the greatest proportion of such works in its programs. In all the seasons considered by the Council the percentage of works by native American composers has varied as follows: 1939-'40, 8; 1940-'41, 6.5; 1941-'42, 8.8; 1942-'43, 11.4; 1943-'44, 10.3; 1944-'45, 9; 1945-'46, 9.2; 1946-'47, 7.7.

In the local surveys presented each spring by this newspaper's music department the practice has been to class as American composers both those born here and those who have pursued a substantial part of their careers since their arrival here. On this basis, the number of American works played by large professional orchestras last season was thirty-two, fourteen less than in 1945-'46. Speculations for this falling off, both local and national, must be left to our readers; to present theories based on facts rather than impressions would require another survey as thorough and painstaking as that which the National Music Council has provided for us.

THE MAESTROS

Our Music Critic's Reflections on Jobs and Qualifications of Best Ones

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The American orchestral picture changes so rapidly that it is hard to keep the run of things. We now boast some 150 symphonic organizations and, with so many posts available, the native-born conductor is getting his share. Boston's Joseph Wagner has gone to Duluth and Werner Jannsen to Portland. Eugene Goossens has removed to Sidney, Australia, and Thor Johnson will take his place. Karl Krueger, formerly of the Kansas City Philharmonic, is starting his second season in Detroit. Leonard Bernstein could easily get an orchestra of his own, but evidently prefers to be a free lance. However, he can properly be called the permanent assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony as opposed to concertmaster Richard Burgin, whose official title is that of associate conductor.

After a tiff with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony manager, Arthur Judson, Artur Rodzinski resigned as head of that organization and was promptly snapped up by the Chicago Symphony, whose Désire Dufauw has returned to Belgium. If the truth be told, he was not too well liked in the Windy City. Rather than fill Mr. Rodzinski's post immediately, the Philharmonic management appointed Bruno Walter "musical adviser." He will share the Carnegie Hall podium with Leopold Stokowski, who starts off the season; Dimitri Mitropoulos, George Szell and France's Charles Muench, a very respectable array of talent. Walter Hendl, the young American assistant conductor, will officiate occasionally. The Sunday afternoon concerts will again be broadcast, but no longer under the sponsorship of the U. S. Rubber Co.

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Is it because he is too busy that Bruno Walter will not return to Boston? One of the trustees confided to me last spring that if he were younger that they would like to engage him for half a season. Actually, he is Koussevitzky's junior by two years. But if we can't have Walter again, and more's the pity, we shall renew our acquaintance with Mr. Muench, who made a more than favorable impression in his one week at

Symphony Hall and was subsequently received no less warmly by New York. He will also conduct there, as aforesaid, and in Los Angeles, Montreal, Minneapolis, Cleveland and Houston.

Mitropoulos Coming

Speaking of Minneapolis, Mr. Mitropoulos will bring the orchestra of that city to Boston next winter. He remains one of the most stimulating men in the business. In addition to Messrs. Muench and Bernstein, we are to have a new guest conductor in the person of Eleazar de Carvalho of Rio de Janeiro, who has been a member of Dr. Koussevitzky's conducting class at Tanglewood.

Dr. Koussevitzky, who went to France with his bride and former secretary at the conclusion of the Berkshire Festival, will be back shortly to begin rehearsals for the first pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony's 67th season, those of Oct. 10 and 11. He will again assemble the music scribes and divulge the details of the repertory. The only information on that score available at present is that the 100th anniversary of the death of Felix Mendelssohn, which falls on Nov. 4, will be observed to a greater or lesser extent by Richard Burgin, who conducts that week.

When Dr. Koussevitzky last returned from abroad he reported that western Europe was dead, musically speaking, and that America, along with Russia, was the hope of the world. Will he tell us now that there is a renaissance? Could be. The spring festivals in Prague and Copenhagen bespoke a considerable activity on the other side. Even Germany and Austria seemed to be staging a comeback. In addition to possible new music American and European, there is always the rich field of the past that has not been fully explored or exploited. Besides the tried and true and the altogether new, there is, as we are constantly being reminded, a lot of fine, even important music that we have forgotten or never knew.

Soloists Named

If I cannot report on the repertory at this time, I can at least tell the names of the soloists who

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Too often, he noted, good music, especially that of American composers, is brought out for a single performance, and then neglected, or shoved aside by more urgent requirements. Thus the public has no opportunity to become better acquainted with such scores. He wanted to do something about this.

He begins at this week's Friday-Saturday concerts with a revival of William Schuman's Third Symphony, dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky, which had its world première in Symphony Hall just six years ago. Six years would seem to be a long enough period of waiting to justify another performance.

The symphony is unusual in form. It is divided into two movements, with classical designations. The first is a Passacaglia and Fugue, the second a Chorale and Toccata.

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The only composer in Europe who seemed to Mr. Koussevitzky to be producing original and outstanding work was the Frenchman, Olivier Messiaen. He has written an immense Symphony in ten movements and requiring an hour and eighteen minutes to play. The score is immensely difficult and would require at least 12 rehearsals to get it in hand. The harmonic idiom, Mr. Koussevitzky says, is fascinating once you get accustomed to it. The orchestration is also on a vast scale, requiring no less than 12 percussion players, a piano, 5 trumpets, 4 trombones, 2 tubas and, strangest of all, a theramin. If the score can be got ready, we shall probably hear it at the end of the season. Mr. Koussevitzky also met Florent Schmitt and Jacques Ibert in France, and a couple of scores are promised from these composers. But the conductor's enthusiasm on the continent was almost exclusively for Messiaen.

He also stopped in England and found that distressed country thinking musically mainly of Vaughan Williams. Not so Mr. Koussevitzky. For him Benjamin Britten is the man of the day, and the next most unusual score that he contemplates is Britten's latest. This is a Symphony for chorus and orchestra. The chorus, however, is

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.....\$500 each class
.....\$250 each class
.....\$100 each class
.....\$50
.....\$25

the Sunday Post contest, in addition to those shown on this page, are:

S A
amian, 123 Norwood ave., New-
ite, 11 Porter st., Everett, Mass.
S B
rfield, 20 Aborn Pl., Lynn, Mass.
mlin, 208 Spring st., Brockton
S C

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

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Koussevitzky Discloses Plans for the 67th Season

ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Some of us local music critics journeyed down to Providence the other day and travelled back on the train bearing Serge Koussevitzky northwards to the Boston Symphony Orchestra and its 67th season which starts this week. The eminent conductor, just back from Europe seemed in excellent spirits and I have never passed a quicker trip from Providence to Boston than in listening to him expound his views and plans. At first he appeared

treated instrumentally. It sings to no text and is balanced to the orchestra as another instrumental body. For example, the orchestra plays the first theme and the chorus comes in alone with the second. This extraordinary work will also be heard towards the end of the season.

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Schuman's 3rd Symphony will be repeated. Mr. Koussevitzky laid strong emphasis on the necessity of repeating arresting works which have only been done once or twice. Thus he will also repeat Copland's Appalachian Suite. For other new American scores he has in mind a couple of works for soprano and orchestra, one by Samuel Barber and the other by the resident foreigner, Nicholas Nabokov. Leonard Bernstein will conduct David Diamond's 4th Symphony.

As a matter of fact all three of our guest conductors have been asked to include a new work on each of their programs. Charles Muench will be with us for one pair in November and two in April, but it is not known what he will offer. Mr. Koussevitzky warmly praised the work of our other two guest conductors, Bernstein and Eleazar de Carvalho. The latter will, of course, bring us one of Villa-Lobos' more than a thousand compositions; and Mr. Koussevitzky will introduce a piece for soprano and cello only.

Questioned about Prokofiev, the conductor said he was eagerly awaiting his Sixth Symphony and would meanwhile repeat the fifth, which he considers one of the greatest of modern compositions. He will also repeat Honegger's Symphony for Strings, which he did in Tanglewood last summer and which Muench conducted last winter; and we shall also hear Honegger's Sym-

phonie Liturgique. Mr. Koussevitzky says he is going to give us quite a bit of Roussel and Debussy this season. From the former he mentioned the Fourth Symphony, the "Festin de l'arraigne" and a piece whose title escaped him but which on referring to the books I think must be the "Pour une fete de printemps." We shall get some of the less familiar works by Debussy, the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, "Gigues" and "Rondes de printemps."

Mr. Koussevitzky waxed very enthusiastic over a new Cello Concerto by Khatchaturian, which will be given its first American performance in Boston. A new piece by Schoenberg is also promised. For further choral works we shall get Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and Beethoven's Missa Solemnis with the Harvard-Radcliffe choruses and Liszt's 13th Psalm with the Cecilia Society. Mr. Koussevitzky would also like to do a concert version of parts of Tchaikovsky's "Pique Dame," but he added ruefully that he required "a tremendous tenor with a beautiful voice"—not an easy order to fill.

Mendelssohn, who died 100 years ago this November, will be commemorated with a concert, probably the Reformation Symphony and one of the piano concertos. Of Berlioz we shall hear again, in all likelihood, "Harold in Italy," in order to show off the orchestra's new first viola player, Mr. De Pasquale. As another Liszt work the Faust Symphony will be revived.

Mr. Koussevitzky said in Providence that he had little to disclose, but the train was slowing down back of the Arena before he had finished the tale I have attempted to tell. And, as I am writing this, comes a telephone message of two other new works forgotten in the interview, namely Henry Cowell's Second Symphony and Malipiero's Fourth Symphony! A dull season? I defy anyone to fit the above listed works into the schedule and emerge with dullness. And remember that we have heard only one or two hints as to what the guest conductors may have up their sleeves.

Petrillo Ban On Recordings Hits Symphony

By Frederick W. Carr
Staff Writer of
The Christian Science Monitor

Further making of records by the Boston Symphony Orchestra and a cut in its income are threatened by the discontinuance of records and radio transcripts announced for Dec. 31 by John C. Petrillo, President of American Federation of Music (AFL).

Royalties of the Boston Symphony Orchestra last year to the neighborhood of \$1 million. This set a new high mark last published figure, for 1945-46, showed \$112,477.

As income from all sources 1946-47 came to \$1,033,000, royalties furnished more than 10 per cent, and last year the percentage was substantially the same. The royalties were through retail sales of recordings.

\$700-\$800 Yearly

In addition, the members of the orchestra have been receiving extra remuneration from recordings averaging \$700 to \$800 a year for

a player. These pay are entirely apart from royalties. The orchestra members number 107.

Mr. Petrillo said the executive board of the musicians' union had made the ban after a five-day meeting in Chicago, and that union members of the United States and Canada were "determined once and for all that they will not allow their instruments to be destroyed."

He said the ban would cost the musicians about \$5,000,000 in wages at this time. It was designed to increase the employment of musicians.

de Repertoire

Records of the Boston Symphony are more widely purchased than those of any other orchestra, according to leaders in this field. They also offer more variety, they added. Including both the symphony and the "Pops," they comprise a wide repertoire. Starting two summers ago, this was broadened further by the recording of chamber music during the Berkshire Festival.

Should the edict of the musicians' union become operative Dec. 31, when the union's contracts with the recording companies expire, the public will still be able to buy new Boston Symphony records for a considerable time, as many already made are waiting to be released.

This supply is sufficient for a year and a half, it is estimated. The orchestra management keeps that far ahead of the market.

Enactment of a copyright law to protect recordings has been proposed as a possible way out of the union's prohibition of recordings and transcriptions.

Petrillo Defended

Authorities in the field of recordings said there was some ground for the stand of Mr. Petrillo and his union, and that their action was not directed as a grievance against symphony orchestras and recording companies.

"As things now stand, anybody can buy a record for \$1 and play it a hundred times for revenue," this professional man pointed out. "There is a copyright for the composer but none for the interpretation, though this may be just as individual."

"Much is to be said for a copyright law protecting the record. Fundamentally this would put the player in a position to make terms. Then the musicians would

get their share, and this doubtless would dispose of the need the union feels of discontinuing recordings."

Strike Recalled

"The availability of such a solution already has been indicated in the payment of a fee for the making of each record to the musicians' union by the recording companies."

"Detailed questions on the formulation of a copyright law would be incidental to the Petrillo action. Some means to keep the production of records going without interruption should be found, particularly to avoid the disappointment of the public."

"How effective an American stoppage of recordings would prove seems somewhat doubtful, as foreign orchestras would be under no ban and certainly would increase their records to ship them to the United States to make up for the shortage of new pieces here."

Symphony Orchestra

Begins a New Season

Koussevitzky Conducts Program of Bach, Hindemith, and Beethoven

By L. A. Sloper

The sixty-seventh season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was opened in Symphony Hall yesterday. Dr. Koussevitzky, beginning his twenty-fourth year at the head of the organization, conducted with all the fervor he displayed at his first Boston concert.

The program consisted of Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 1, in F major, which, oddly enough, had never before been heard at these concerts, although the orchestra played it at Tanglewood last summer; Hindemith's so-called symphony, "Mathis der Maler," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The hall was filled as usual, the conductor was greeted by a rising audience and orchestra, and there was warm applause after every number. *10-11-47*

The orchestral personnel is almost unchanged. The only major substitution is that of Joseph de Pasquale as leader of the viola section in place of Jean Lefranc, resigned. The orchestra therefore begins the season, as it has for some years now, in full cry. If anything, it is perhaps overtrained a little, what with the long summer sessions and the brief vacation. Yesterday, anyhow, there were technical slips.

The First Brandenburg Concerto proved to be as delightful as its more familiar fellows. Written for strings and continuo with two horns, three oboes, bassoon, and violino piccolo, it is in four movements. In this performance, a solo violin was used for the obsolete violino piccolo.

There is fascinating design in the first movement, and there is special interest in the Minuet movement, with its three trios, the first for two oboes and bassoon; the second, a polacca, for

strings, and the third for horns and oboes. These were charmingly performed. The Allegro movements were given rather more passion than seems suited to Bach.

The excerpts from Hindemith's opera have been among the most

successful of his orchestral compositions. Dr. Koussevitzky has made this work one of his happiest adventures since he took it over from Mr. Burgin, who introduced it to Boston. If we forget the programmatic associations, he brings the score clearly before us in its musical beauty. Otherwise we are in danger of feeling that the first movement is a little noisy for an angelic concert, that the

emotion of the Entombment is a little too Russian, and that the Temptation of St. Anthony is taking place in an ancient Hebrew night club.

But if we listen to the music as music, we shall be charmed, especially by the contrapuntal texture of the first movement and by the tenderness of the second. In the second movement yesterday, there was an unfortunate

disagreement among the woodwinds as to when they were to come in after a rhetorical pause; due probably to the indefiniteness of the conductor's beat.

The Beethoven Fifth had the highly dramatic interpretation that is customary with Dr. Koussevitzky, but seemingly with less than its usual authority. The Allegro had too much brio at the expense of tonal quality, and the Andante con moto sounded like a Beethoven "Surprise" — diminuendo, ritardando, pianissimo . . . Bang!

Other exaggerations helped to spoil the effect, the whole work lacked lyrical flow, and throughout it, as throughout the Hindemith, the brass was much too loud and piercing. It is saddening when Dr. Koussevitzky sacrifices quality to volume of sound.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

First Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 10, 1947, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 11, 1947, at 8:30 o'clock

BACH Brandenburg Concerto No. 1, in F major

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio
- III. Minuet; Trio; Polacca
- IV. Allegro

HINDEMITH Symphony, "Mathis der Maler"
("Matthias the Painter")

- Angelic Concert
- Entombment
- Temptation of St. Anthony

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante con moto
- III. } Allegro: Trio
- IV. } Allegro

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

This program will end about 4:15 on Friday Afternoon,
10:15 o'clock on Saturday Evening

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- IV. Allegro

HINDEMITH Symphony, "Mathis der Maler"
("Matthias the Painter")

- Angelic Concert
- Entombment
- Temptation of St. Anthony

INTERMISSION

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante con moto
- III. } Allegro: Trio
- IV. } Allegro

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

This program will end about 4:15 on Friday Afternoon,
10:15 o'clock on Saturday Evening



By a Staff Artist

Serge Koussevitzky, conducting the first pair of Boston Symphony concerts of the season this afternoon and Saturday evening.



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Koussevitzky Given Ovation As Symphony Opens Season

By CYRUS DURGIN

The 87th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra began at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Serge Koussevitzky, beginning his 24th year as conductor, was greeted, as usual on such occasions, with warmth that amounted to affection. Both the orchestra and the audience rose, and thus remained until, with his usual gesture, he bade them all be seated.

The opening program was solidly German: Bach of the First Brandenburg Concerto (hitherto unplayed at these concerts); Hindemith of the "Matthias the Painter" Symphony, and Beethoven of the Fifth Symphony. It was played superbly, from first to last, as everyone expected it would be.

And how magnificent the orchestra sounded! The semi-open air festivals at Tanglewood are all very nice, but you have to hear the Boston Symphony in an auditorium like Symphony Hall or Carnegie Hall to experience the full depth and richness of the strings, the complete range of woodwind color and the mellow power of the brass.

10-11-47 *SLK*
First Brandenburg More Varied

Now that Bach's First Brandenburg Concerto has been introduced to the "regular" series, we may all hope for reasonably frequent repetition. It is far more varied and interesting than that old standby among the Brandenburg Concertos—the No. 3—and the horns and oboes of the concertino have a very fetching sound quality. The minuet, with a polacca among the trios, is Bach at his most ingratiating.

After nearly 14 years, there can be little doubt that Hindemith achieved a masterpiece in the symphonic excerpts from his opera "Matthias the Painter." Here you have modern music at its finest: carefully wrought and with no little complication, to be enjoyed by listeners of well developed taste, and yet simple in its effect upon one's emotions.

This is not sensuous music, for

Hindemith is almost never sensuous. It is austere, occasionally a little dry, frequently nervous in its jump counterpoint and at all times rhythmically alive. The harmonic effects involve a great deal of strong dissonance, but it is dissonance logical and well-ordered, with never a suggestion of confusion or "wrong-note" composition.

These three movements have much intensity, all the same, and they have color and feeling within the limits of Hindemith's artistic nature. Let us pray that we shall never hear "Matthias" from any but a first-rate orchestra, because it can be done properly only by virtuosi.

Changes Among Players

As Beethoven's Fifth Symphony plunged along in strength and splendor it occurred to me that Mr. Koussevitzky was taking it faster than he used to do. It was not too fast: the phrasing was not distorted or the notes scrambled, but except in holds and diminuendos no one had a chance to linger.

There are three changes in the orchestra. Joseph de Pasquale, from the ABC network radio orchestra, is the new first viola, in succession to Jean Lefranc. Vinal Smith has moved over to the tuba to replace Mr. Adam, who has gone to St. Louis. Norman Carol, a young violinist who was concertmaster of the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra last Summer, now occupies the seat of the late Nicolai Kassman.

Whatever the economic troubles of the world, this season bids fair to set a record in the symphonic world. It is said that most orchestras report notable increases in subscription. The Boston Symphony is no exception, with the Saturday, Sunday and Tuesday series sold out, and only a handful of seats left for the Friday concerts.

This program will be repeated at 8:30 tonight. Next week: William Schuman's Third Symphony, "Don Juan" by Strauss, Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite and the Fifth Symphony by Sibelius.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Paul Hindemith, the eminent German composer who has become an American citizen, found himself in distinguished company at yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. On this opening program of the orchestra's 67th season and his own 24th as its conductor, Dr. Koussevitzky has placed Hindemith's "Matthias der Maler" between Bach's First Brandenburg Concerto and the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. 10-11-47

"Matthias der Maler" is in reality an opera, as yet heard on the stage only in Zurich, where it had its premiere in 1938. The three orchestral excerpts, now familiar in the concert room and one of the acknowledged masterpieces of our day, were first heard 4 years earlier. Those who have seen "Matthias" on the stage say it is undramatic, and until we are in a position to refute that judgment, we must accept it. There is plenty of drama, however, in the third of the three tone pictures inspired by Matthias Gruenewald's celebrated altar-piece at Isenheim, "The Temptation of St. Anthony." Here Hindemith, modern though he is, has written true program music, portraying the saint's fortitude and his ultimate victory over his tormenters. There is high pictorial content also in the other movements, "Angelic Concert" and "Entombment." In all there is a vitality of invention, a mastery or workmanship, a display of constructive power that place Hindemith in the royal line of German composers. Is he the last? We can only wait and see.

In certain respects yesterday's performance of this remarkable music was eloquent. Yet to one familiar with the recorded performance by the Berlin Philharmonic, with the composer conducting, Dr. Koussevitzky's version might well seem over-soft, unduly romanticized, too flexible of pace. A more rigid, more strongly rhythmed performance would better impart the archaic flavor that Hindemith undoubtedly intended besides giving the music its personal character. Hindemith is Hindemith; he is not Strauss. Tonally the performance was magnificent, and the final "Alleluia" set off a tumult of applause. post

The First Brandenburg has been played at Tanglewood but never before in Symphony Hall. The reason for this neglect was made clear enough yesterday. The instrumental setup is curious: two horns, three oboes, a bassoon, a small sized

violin, replaced yesterday by the ordinary fiddle, and strings. Bach's horn parts, like his trumpet parts, run high, the common practice with the valveless instruments of the time, but they are not exactly grateful to play or to hear. The three oboes make for decidedly reedy effect, and we are reminded that Bach had little feeling for color, as we now understand it. Moreover, outside the Minuet, the music itself is less appealing than that of the other five concertos of the Brandenburg series. If the Adagio is not devoid of beauty, the Allegros are on the mechanical side—the old contrapuntal mill a-grinding.

Symphony Concert

The first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's 67th season was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Serge Koussevitzky conducted the following program:
Brandenburg Concerto No. 1 in F major
"Matthias der Maler" Hindemith
Symphony No. 5 in C minor Op. 67 Beethoven

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Yesterday's concert was certainly one of the most auspicious openings to any season that most of us can recall. Orchestra and conductor were in top, mid-season form. The program was attractive and well-balanced; and the interpretations were glowing with vitality. To take the last first, that old,

familiar stand-by, Beethoven's Fifth, was played yesterday as though it were a new composition to fire the imagination of conductor and musicians. That is to say, it was recreated with a freshness of inspiration that was astonishing when we consider that most orchestras know it backwards. It was a magnificent artistic feat.

Why Bach's First Brandenburg Concerto should have been so long neglected in favor of the other five is a mystery. It is, of course, very difficult for instrumentalists to play, especially the horns and the solo violin; but, equally, that is nothing to faze the Boston Symphony men so that the mystery remains the more impenetrable. At any rate we may all rejoice that Dr. Koussevitzky saw fit to revive it at Tanglewood and to bring it here at last. The music is of enchanting quality with one or two rather startling features, for example the suspended cadence and curious close of the adagio and the two trios with the minuet. The orchestration is remarkable and indeed the whole piece is fascinating to listen to. The performance was beautifully polished. 10-11-47 *Heard*

Between Bach and Beethoven we had a modern German, Hindemith represented by his "Matthias der

Maler" Symphony, which is by now thoroughly familiar to Boston audiences. It would be interesting sometime to hear the opera from which it stems. I can't myself envisage it from this completely symphonic work, with its stunning brazen climaxes in the finale.

The "Mathis der Maler" Symphony is still an impressive work, though it no longer presents any listening difficulties. Perhaps because we are now on such intimate

terms with Hindemith's stylistic tricks it seems as though these were repeated with too much emphasis. The Symphony thus emerges more and more as one of fine purple passages and less as a consistently splendid work. Nevertheless these passages are ample reward for listening to the entire Symphony. Once again Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra did a glorious job of presenting the music.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week, Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct William Schuman's Symphony No. 3, Strauss' "Don Juan," Ravel's "Ma mere l'oye" and Sibelius' 5th Symphony.

Symphony Concert

The second concert by the Boston Symphony Hall. The program was as follows: The program was as follows: Symphony No. 3.....William Schuman "Don Juan," Tone Poem, Op. 20. Strauss "Ma Mere l'Oye," Suite.....Ravel Symphony No. 5 in E flat Op. 82.....Sibelius

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

It was rather an oddly contrasted program that we heard yesterday and which Mr. Burgin conducted owing to the indisposition of Serge Koussevitzky. Yet the juxtaposition of these strange contemporary bed-fellows—for all save Ravel are still alive—proved not unrewarding. Mr. Burgin had the orchestra well in hand, and all in all it was an interesting musical afternoon.

William Schuman's 3rd Symphony had a considerable critical success when it was first played throughout the country in 1941. In form, though not always in spirit, it delves back into the late 17th century, since its movements—Passacaglia, Fugue, Chorale and Toccata—came to their highest development at that period and some years later with Bach. If the Symphony were no more than an ingenious imitation of the musical baroque, however, there would be no special point in repeating it. Mr. Schuman starts strictly enough in both the Passacaglia and Fugue, but soon he wanders far afield, then returns fitfully only to veer off again.

I should say that the Symphony is now less emotionally overpowering than when we first heard it. Its appeal is more to the intellect than the emotions. In the first movement, particularly, the listener is taken up with following the composer's track in the Passacaglia and Fugue. We are more interested in what he is going to do with his material, how he is going to vary it and depart from it on a new tack than we are in the general effectiveness of the material itself. It is how he says it rather than what. The final toccata is more of a display piece for a virtuoso orchestra, but even here it is the manner, not the matter, which holds our attention. The Symphony is obviously difficult and I imagine that Mr. Burgin will be just as glad of this performance yesterday before the composer is himself on hand to hear it tonight. 10-18-47 Herald

Strauss' "Don Juan" and Ravel's "Ma Mere l'Oye" are at opposite ends of the artistic pole from each other. The former might perfectly well be the first movement (for it is in sonata form) of some large Wagnerian symphony. It is a gorgeous cataract of sound and is dotted on by conductors of first-class orchestras for the tremendous effect, in spite of the quiet ending, which they can achieve with it. Ravel's Suite with its acidulous, modal harmonies and its magically transparent orchestration is lovely sound of a radically different school. You can easily take your pick; and Mr. Burgin and the orchestra gave

splendid interpretations of both for the choosing.

Sibelius' 5th Symphony is an old friend at these concerts and is beloved for its resounding finale, a remarkable demonstration of what a composer can do by way of creating his own miracle of the loaves and the fishes. The slow movement I find less and less to my taste. There are disquieting little patches of vulgarity in it and the preceding movement, which you don't mind, in fact crave, in Strauss but which are disconcerting in Sibelius' artistic aim. It may be too that in the last 15 years we have been overdosed with Sibelius in Boston. The chances are that may account for a certain carping spirit about Sibelius which can be noted by any ear close to the ground of the public taste.

Next week's program offers Henry Cowell's Short Symphony, Honegger's Symphony for Strings and Brahms' Violin Concerto with Ginette Neveu as soloist.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Second Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 17, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 18, at 8:30 o'clock

WILLIAM SCHUMAN.....Symphony No. 3
(In two parts, and four movements)

- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| I. a. Passacaglia | b. Fugue |
| II. c. Chorale | d. Toccata |

STRAUSS....."Don Juan," Tone Poem
(after Nikolaus Lenau), Op. 20

INTERMISSION

RAVEL....."Ma Mère l'Oye" ("Mother Goose"),
Five Children's Pieces

- I. Pavane de la Belle au Bois Dormant
(Pavane of Sleeping Beauty)
- II. Petit Poucet
(Hop o'My Thumb)
- III. Laideronnette, Impératrice des Pagodes
(Laideronette, Empress of the Pagodas)
- IV. Les Entretiens de la Belle et de la Bête
(Beauty and the Beast Converse)
- V. Le Jardin Féerique
(The Fairy Garden)

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 5 in E-flat, Op. 82

- I. { Tempo molto moderato
- II. { Allegro moderato, ma poco a poco stretto
- III. Andante mosso, quasi allegretto
- IV. Allegro molto

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BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

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Symphony No. 5 in E flat Op. 82 Sibelius

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

It was rather an oddly contrasted program that we heard yesterday and which Mr. Burgin conducted owing to the indisposition of Serge Koussevitzky. Yet the juxtaposition of these strange contemporary bedfellows—for all save Ravel are still alive—proved not unrewarding. Mr. Burgin had the orchestra well in hand, and all in all it was an interesting musical afternoon.

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Schuman's Prize Work

Has Second Hearing

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CURUS DURGIN

Richard Burgin conducts the second program in the "regular" series of concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, due to the continuing illness of Serge Koussevitzky. This program begins with a welcome revival of the Third Symphony by William Schuman, and otherwise consists of "Don Juan" by Richard Strauss; Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite, and the Fifth Symphony of Jean Sibelius.

The performances yesterday afternoon revealed the able Mr. Burgin at his best. "Don Juan," which he had conducted last Tuesday night, was far more intense and fiery, with firmer outlines. "Mother Goose" was also an improvement over Mr. Burgin's reading earlier in the week.

There was consistent and true Ravellian richness and spirit, together with a greater sense of imaginative play and narration music.

Mr. Burgin also gave the Symphony by Sibelius a salient and persuasive interpretation; not remarkably eloquent, to be sure, but correct in style and poetic to a degree. The texture of this still curious work, with its repeated figures and involuted rhythmic patterns, was very clear. Except when the weight and thickness of the orchestration, notably in the finale, so prevented, you could hear all the instruments. This Symphony is one to stand a certain amount of interpretive rhetoric; it is more effective that way than when played completely "straight." But Mr. Burgin is not what you would call a rhetorical conductor.

The Third Symphony by William Schuman is both an important step in the creative evolution of its composer and a by no means negligible work in itself.

The scheme of the two movements, each of which divides into two parts, betrays, I think, a young man giving very serious thought to form. The Passacaglia, Fugue, Chorale and Toccata suggest intellectual preoccupation with the theoretical side of composition.

In its length and its oftentimes very thick orchestration, the Symphony probably was over-written. Schuman here does go on and on, and his counterpoint is frequently

more arbitrary than expressive. Now and then he seems to be groping, not entirely free in communicating what he has to say.

Even so, this is real music, because it is solid of ideas, and it is imaginative and passionate. Here you find nothing of the dry futility of men who compose according to a system and entirely from the head.

There is no reason whatever why we should not hear this Symphony more frequently than we have in recent seasons. How else are we all to know it well? Let it be done again and again until it is truly familiar.

The program next week will be as follows: Violin Concerto, Brahms (Ginette Neveu, soloist, in her American debut); Symphony for Strings, Honegger; "Short Symphony" (No. 4), Henry Cowell (first performance).

By L. A. Sloper

Richard Burgin took the baton for the second Friday afternoon concert of the Boston Symphony season yesterday, in the forced absence of Dr. Koussevitzky. The program, planned of course by the music director, consisted of William Schuman's Symphony No. 3, Strauss' "Don Juan," Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oye," and the Fifth Symphony of Sibelius. It was an odd collection, the scheme of which is difficult to discover.

Schuman's so-called symphony, dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky, had had its first performance exactly six years earlier. It is now having its first revival here since then. But it has been played elsewhere, and has been honored by the Critics' Circle of New York.

At this performance the impression was renewed that it is a work of great competence and interest. On a second hearing, however, it seemed to have more emotion in it than at first. This may have been due to the reading, but it is more likely that at the first performance one was listening

so hard to the form that one missed the feeling.

At all events, the piece sounded on this occasion not only like an orchestral suite but like a suite

drawn from an opera. It was surprising how much ardor was projected from behind the façade of Passacaglia, Fugue, Chorale and Toccata, even though it is well known that dramatic tension can be and has been expressed through these classic forms in the lyric theater itself. The composition is good enough to keep in the repertory.

10-18-47

Mr. Burgin secured a spirited performance of the Schuman symphony, and was rewarded with prolonged applause, which he shared with the players. He also provided a vivid realization of "Don Juan," with its soaring themes and its magnificent orchestral colors. This masterpiece was inevitably the high light of the program, and Ravel's charming "Mother Goose" pieces sounded pale and thin after it—an unfair bit of program making.

But if Ravel seemed tame after Strauss, he served at least as a

useful prelude to the Sibelius Fifth, which no doubt would have sounded even more redundant, empty and pompous without its help. We have heard this work almost annually for years. Why not give it a rest of five or six seasons? It might seem less tiresome then, though it never will rank with Tchaikovsky's Fifth, even as a warhorse.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

In the continued, though happily not serious, illness of Dr. Koussevitzky, Richard Burgin is conducting this week's "regular" Symphony Concerts, as he did that of last Tuesday evening. This second program is more agreeably varied than that of the opening pair of concerts and it contains nothing so familiar as the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, though in the case of Sibelius' Fifth, which serves as closing number, Dr. Koussevitzky has been making up for lost time.

And we have been hearing quite a lot lately of the "Don Juan" of Strauss. The program-book inadvertently informed us that Walter Bruno conducted the performances of last January. Measured by that high standard, and to continue the transposition, Burgin Richard's reading, while admirably proportioned and faithful to the spirit of the music, still lacked a little in emotional warmth. Wholly successful, however, was yesterday's performance of Ravel's "Mother Goose,"

which along with the youthful Strauss' impetuous tone poem, had had a working-out on Tuesday. Ravel has been called a little master, though he is not always so diminutive as in this particular work. But little or big, this Suite fully merits that overworked adjective "charming." And this is the sort of music in which the Boston Symphony is without peer.

The other composer yesterday was William Schuman, a fourth modern and an American to pit himself against the German, the Frenchman and the Finn. In point of fact, there is nothing recognizably American about his Third Symphony, which the composer dedicated to Dr. Koussevitzky and which had its previous performance here exactly six years ago yesterday. Nor is there anything particularly personal in the music. We can detect various influences, notably those of Mr. Schuman's teachers, Roy Harris, Hindemith and Stravinsky.

Moreover, in choosing such forms as the Passacaglia, Chorale, Fugue and Toccata, which respectively comprise the four divisions of the work, the New York composer is in line with the current trend to go back to the early 18th and late 17th centuries. The technical name for it is neo-Baroque. The year after its Boston premiere, the symphony won the first award of the Critics' Circle of New York. You could hardly say that the award was not deserved. The piece is sound, sober and scholastic, with a sonorous proclamation at the end that yesterday brought the inevitable applause. It is still a work calculated to compel admiration rather than to inspire affection.

10-18-47 B/S



NEVEU

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Third Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON OCTOBER 24, 1947 at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING OCTOBER 25, 1947 at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN *Conducting*

COWELL.....Short Symphony (No. 4)

- I. Hymn: Allegro
- II. Ballad: Andante
- III. Dance: Vivace
- IV. Fuguing Tune: Moderato con moto
(First Performance)

BRAHMS.....Concerto for Violin and Orchestra,
in D major, Op. 77

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace

INTERMISSION

HINDEMITH.....Symphonia Serena

- Moderately fast
- Geschwindmarsch by Beethoven, Paraphrase
- Colloquy
- Finale; gay

(First performance in Boston)

SOLOIST
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Novelties by Hindemith And Cowell on the Program

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Richard Burgin, has been rehearsing two new works for tomorrow afternoon's program. Henry Cowell's Fourth Symphony will receive its first playing anywhere, and Paul Hindemith's Symphonia Serena will have its first Boston hearing.

Mr. Hindemith is not making the trip from New Haven, where he is head of the Yale School of Music, but Mr. Cowell is on hand, very anxious to hear the initial performance of his composition.

Its movements are entitled Hymn, Ballad, Dance, and Fuguing Tune. Actually, three hymns are infused in the first movement. A rapid violin passage, which states the principal theme of the whole symphony, leads into a choral hymn. Later on, the oboes introduce a lyric hymn. And, finally, the movement closes with a folk hymn. 10-23-47

The folk hymn is certainly the most remarkable of the three. Mr. Cowell's aunts and uncles from the Ozark region were folk hymnners, so he is quite an authority on this kind of music. It began in New England, he says—probably in Boston with William Billings, who wrote "The New England Psalm Singer."

The most conspicuous feature of the folk hymn is its use of "shape" notes: do is symbolized by a square, sol by a circle, la by a triangle, etc. Carried to the Southern mountains by so-called "singing masters," folk hymns became the mainstay of revival meetings and can be heard even today, still written down with shape notes.

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In general, Mr. Cowell's fuguing tune is characterized by severe polyphony. It is followed by a recapitulation of the choral hymn, led by the brass section, which Mr. Cowell likes to score heavily because of a long association with military bands. The symphony takes something less than 20 minutes.

Hindemith's symphony was written for the Dallas Symphony Orchestra and received its first performance in Dallas last Feb. 1. Its playing time runs around 25 minutes. Mr. Burgin rehearsed only the first and last movements yesterday morning, but for what was played, Symphonia Serena was the right name. The music is happy and graceful enough, in parts, to be adapted conceivably for ballet. The woodwinds, in particular, are given some very lovely ideas to express.

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The happy temper of Hindemith's symphony promises to create an excellent balance for Cowell's work, which, as the composer himself remarked, has, in its Hymn and Fuguing Tune, a certain Puritan austerity. M. M.

Symphony Concert

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The first and last movements are nothing especially new if you are at all acquainted with Hindemith's output, though they represent the composer at his very best. The scherzo is a paraphrase of a Beethoven quick-step march and is cunningly orchestrated for wind, brass and percussion without strings. The slow movement, a colloquy, is for strings alone, divided into two bands with solo violin and viola both forward and off-stage. The result of this novel arrangement is some of the loveliest writing for strings that has been heard in some time. This movement is also really the key to the Symphony's title.

Although the score is complicated and difficult to play—the complexity and variety of the solos for a large number of different instruments would cause any but the best of orchestras to quail—the listener can fairly readily grasp the content of the music. It is both invigorating and beautifully contrived. For some of us the "Geschwindmarsch" provided the sheerest delight, but the whole Symphony should be heard soon again.

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She was too apt to creep up on a phrase with a feline pounce. She missed the whole point of the adagio by a good deal, for she lacked the repose and the opulent singing tone that the music cries out for. In the first movement she was at her best, though I did not approve of her taste in the mixed cadenza which she elected to play. The finale found her full of nervous energy, but again it did not come off with full effectiveness. It would be better to hear Miss Neveu in some other concerto or in a recital, for she is obviously a remarkable fiddler in many ways.

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Novelties by Hindemith And Cowell on the Program

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Richard Burgin, has been rehearsing two new works for tomorrow afternoon's program. Henry Cowell's Fourth Symphony will receive its first playing anywhere, and Paul Hindemith's *Symphonia Serena* will have its first Boston hearing.

Mr. Hindemith is not making the trip from New Haven, where he is head of the Yale School of Music, but Mr. Cowell is on hand, very anxious to hear the initial performance of his composition.

Its movements are entitled Hymn, Ballad, Dance, and Fuguing Tune. Actually, three hymns are infused in the first movement. A rapid violin passage, which states the principal theme of the whole symphony, leads into a choral hymn. Later on, the oboes introduce a lyric hymn. And, finally, the movement closes with a folk hymn. 10-23-47

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You can interpret this one as evidence either of a shrinking world or an expanding America. In New Haven, Conn., in 1946 Paul Hindemith, the greatest composer that modern Germany has produced, writes a symphony on com-

mission for the orchestra of Dallas, Tex., of which Antal Dorati is the conductor. This "Symphonia Serena," a title suggestive of its unemotional content, though it is far from dry, had its first Boston performance at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, under the highly capable and sympathetic direction of Richard Burgin, who still carries on while Dr. Koussevitzky recovers from a persistent cold. On first hearing the new Symphony's finale was the hardest to get of the four movements. The second, a paraphrase of Beethoven's "Geschwindmarsch" (quick-step) is excellent fun. The first is immediately engaging, the third, "Colloquy," is marked by a contemplative beauty all too rare in the music of our day.

There is another new symphony on this week's program, the fourth of the American composer, Henry Cowell, who was present yesterday to receive the plaudits of the audience. Mr. Cowell calls this work a Short Symphony. The short part is all right but I am not so sure of the symphony end of it. Possibly "Suite in the Early American Manner" would be a better title. The initial Hymn and the final Fuguing Tune (both of which were heard here last season) hark back to Boston's William Billings. The ballad is folksy, the dance is American with overtones of the Irish reel. The work as a whole is direct and uncomplicated, save for the counterpoint of the finale. Mr. Cowell, the inventor of the tone-clusters, played by the pianist's forearm, has always courted these simplicities in his melodic and harmonic writing—the tone-clusters aside. And there are none of them in this symphony. *10-25-47*

In this eventful pair of concerts there is also a new violinist. And what a violinist! She is a French woman, Ginette Neveu. She is tall and slender. She is possessed of an exceptional technique and she has oodles of temperament. Moreover, when she plays she is so overcome by the music that she must sway with it and step with it, this way and that. Yesterday she crouched, she stalked her prey—seemingly, Mr. Burgin, and you were concerned for his safety. Her piece was the Concerto of Brahms, and something more Gallic, less Germanic would have suited her better, let us say, Lalo's "Spanish Symphony" or Ravel's "Tzigane." As for the audience, plainly delighted in her. *Pax*

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts at Symphony Hall this week are three-quarters novelty: Ginette Neveu, a Parisian violinist, makes her North American debut, and there are new symphonies by Henry Cowell and Paul Hindemith. The one-quarter of familiarity is the Brahms Violin Concerto, in which Mlle. Neveu gave a splendid account of herself yesterday afternoon.

She is a tall, rangy woman, whose playing seems consistently intense. Yet she has a free, relaxed bow arm, her tone is rich, full and clear, and she plays with excellent musicianship. Every department of the fiddler's art is tackled with an over-mastering technical ease, and while she appears visually to labor over the music, it actually sounds effortless. *10-25-47*

Her legato is flawless, and pure song. Her Brahms style is profound, with nothing understated, nothing over-sentimentalized. She has a brilliant sense of the ensemble flexibility essential to playing with an orchestra. Everything was clear, focussed and neatly articulated. Plainly Mlle. Neveu belongs in the first rank of the artists of the violin. The Friday audience received her warmly.

Henry Cowell's "Short Symphony" (No. 4) received its first performance yesterday. It is short, it is diatonic, simply constructed, easily assimilated, and nicely written for the orchestra. The manner, though not the substance of the "Hymn," "Ballad," "Dance" and "Fuguing Tune" which comprise the four movements, was inspired to large extent by William Walker's collection of old tunes, "Southern Harmony," which Mr. Cowell first examined in 1941. The Symphony is modest, sincerely felt, and it is completely enjoyable. Mr. Cowell acknowledged applause from the stage.

Hindemith's "Symphonia Serena," composed for the Dallas, Tex., Orchestra, and now having first performances in Boston, is short, too. But it does not go down easily at first, which is usually a sign of music with considerable substance and merit. Anything new you can get the first time generally does not wear well. I wish I knew whether Hindemith wrote part of his seemingly fragmentary work as a sort of private joke on the style of Shostakovich. I also wish I knew whether the title "Symphonia Serena" is also a joke, for most of the piece is restless as all get-out, anything but "serena."

The obvious conclusion is that more hearings are going to be neces-

sary before the music yields all its quality. The second movement is unique: a paraphrase of a double-quick march by Beethoven, which comes in, against chattering wind instruments, is thematic scraps. So is the finale, whose trills and chirps must indicate birds in the trees or something. At any rate, let us hear it again.

Richard Burgin conducted again or the still indisposed Serge Koussevitzky. Again he accomplished an admirable piece of work. The program next week: Honegger: Symphony for Strings; Rachmaninoff: Third Piano Concerto (Witold Malcuzyński, soloist); Prokofiev: Fifth Symphony.

Southern Revival Singing Gave Cowell "Short Symphony" Idea

By CYRUS DURGIN

Henry Cowell got the idea for part of his new "Short Symphony," No. 4, from hearing hill people in the south sing old hymns. The piece will be played for the first time, at Symphony Hall this afternoon and tomorrow night, by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Cowell has made a flying trip from California to hear it. This is literally a flying trip for he will plane back to Berkeley for a lecture next Tuesday morning. *10-24-47*

The first movement of the "Short Symphony" is called "Hymn" and it contains various treatments of hymn-like melodies.

"The melodies are my own," said Mr. Cowell after rehearsal at Symphony Hall yesterday morning, "but the style in which they are written was suggested to me by hearing southern hill people sing at a sort of revival meeting. Down there they sing together, but without any accompaniment. For one thing, many of the hymns begin right in the middle of the measure with a long-held note. The idea, of course, is to let the people find the right pitch and get squared away, so to speak, before launching into the hymn itself."

In the last movement is a "fuguing tune," which is to say, a tune treated in counterpoint, one instrument after another taking it up. William Billings, the famous 18th Century Boston tanner, wrote many "fuguing tunes."

"Here again," added Mr. Cowell, "the tune is my own but the style came from southern revival singing. Out in the Ozarks of Missouri you find people singing a crude sort of counterpoint, which they call 'fudging tunes.' The leader of one of the groups I heard there was a whisk-

ered farmer who had been born in Sweden. I asked him if he had ever heard anything like the 'fudging tunes' in Sweden, but he said no, he first came across them when he arrived in the Ozarks."

Mr. Cowell is the man who some years ago invented the musical device called "tone clusters," which consist, roughly, of several or even many adjacent notes being sounded at the same time. On the piano you can play them with fingers, fists, elbows and even your whole forearm.

The composer obligingly sat down at a piano conveniently nearby and gave a quick demonstration.

"The idea is to reinforce certain points of a composition with the richness you get from mixed chords like these," he smiled, as his arms, fists and elbows wove a peculiar arabesque of motion over the keyboard.

He's right. They do. But there aren't any "tone clusters" in the "Short Symphony."

11-1-47
[From Late Editions of Yesterday's TIMES.]

Two Receive Music Awards -

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30 (AP)—Luther Marchant, dean of music at Mills College, Calif., and Louis Speyer of the Boston Symphony Orchestra today received the Cool-

idge Foundation medal of the Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge Foundation "for eminent services to chamber music." Mrs. Coolidge, who established the foundation in 1925, made the awards personally at a concert in the Coolidge Auditorium in the Library of Congress.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky, evidently rid of the cold which has beset him for the past two weeks, returned to the conductor's stand of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon. The program for that concert (and for tonight) twice was changed, and finally emerged as follows: Honegger: Symphony for Strings; Rachmaninoff: Third Piano Concerto, with Witold Malcu-

zynski as soloist; Brahms' Fourth Symphony. *11-1-47 Herald*

The first and last parts of the afternoon were so absorbing that it is a moot question with which to begin. Let us go chronologically, then, with the marvelously-wrought Honegger Symphony that was composed in Paris during the first 18 months of the Nazi occupation. This is troubled music, with a good deal of harshness and yet to some degree tender in a delicate style that suggests chamber music more than symphony. Overall, however, is a big sense of structure and intellect.

I suspect that Honegger's Symphony for Strings is going to take quite a while to make its way into public favor, for it is pre-eminently musicians' music. It asks an advanced taste and no fear of dissonance, together with active concentration upon its complications and its lengths.

Yet there is one passage dramatic as lightning, and that is when the trumpet chorale bursts out in the last movement, not only varying the color of the massed strings, but sounding (as I like to think) defiance to the Nazis and confidence in ultimate victory.

Mr. Koussevitzky probably has never conducted a dull performance in his life, but there are times when his fiery temperament takes hold of a familiar piece and makes it awesomely brilliant. That happened yesterday to the Brahms' Fourth Symphony, which was one long crescendo of strength and emotional outpouring. I don't think I have ever heard the andante and the scherzo done with such heat, clear detail or such full-bodied richness of tone.

After a vigorous but not to my mind distinctive performance of the Rachmaninoff D minor Concerto, Mr. Malcuzyński was given a rousing ovation by the Friday subscribers. Technically he again showed himself the virtuoso, but interpretively his work did not show the emotional character or the electrifying brilliance that Vladimir Horowitz gets out of the Concerto.

The program next week: Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Schumann's Piano Concerto with Dame Myra Hess as soloist; Berlioz: "Harold in Italy" (Joseph de Pasquale, viola solo).

Symphony Concert

The 4th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Witold Malcuzyński, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Symphony for Strings.....Honegger
Piano Concerto in D minor
No. 3, Op. 30.....Rachmaninoff
Symphony No. 4, in E minor.....Brahms
Op. 98.....

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Serge Koussevitzky has fortunately recovered from his indisposition and was on hand yesterday to conduct a brilliant concert. Unfortunately he did not have time to prepare properly the Prokofiev 5th Symphony, so that we shall probably have that magnificent work later this month; and meanwhile the Brahms 4th, which we heard only last April, did solid duty in its stead.

Mr. Koussevitzky's faith in Honegger's Symphony for strings was made evident by his opening the Berkshire Festival with it last summer and further justified by his repeating it yesterday. The work grows on the listener with every performance. Its somber and despairing mood, that of a defeated and prostrate country, is relieved only in the end with the trumpets sounding a chorale of defiance and hope.

It was rather a pity that late-comers had to be admitted after the first movement, for the adagio really grows out of it. We need to have our listening faculties intent upon the piece from beginning to end. (On the other hand it would be too much to keep the tardy waiting through the whole symphony.) This music of Honegger's is not easy to listen to, in spite of the clarity of the musical thought and the expertness of the writing for strings; but it well repays a little effort.

Rachmaninoff's Third is not my favorite piano concerto by a long shot, and I have seldom been more bored by it than yesterday. Mr. Malcuzyński is an excellent pianist and he certainly worked hard to achieve the utmost. His technical dexterity is remarkable and he is capable of highly sensitive phrasing. But for some reason, which I find hard to put a finger on, the Concerto did not come to life except fitfully. The final grand climax, of course, is sure-fire, so that Mr. Malcuzyński reaped his fair share of applause. But the effort on both orchestra's and soloist's part was too obvious. *11-1-47 Herald*

I have often wondered whether, had Brahms known the telephone as we do, he would have scored the triangle so heavily in the scherzo of the 4th Symphony. And I wish that some intelligent musician, blasphemous though it might be called, would rescore the movement. The finale, as we all know, is one of the grandest things in all symphonic literature. Brahms was never better than when he was writing variations, and this passacaglia found him at his most inspired. The performance was a very fine one.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Myra Hess will

Fourth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 31, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 1, at 8:30 o'clock

HONEGGER.....Symphony for Strings

- I. Molto moderato
- II. Adagio mesto
- III. Vivace, non troppo

RACHMANINOFF.....Concerto in D minor No. 3 for
Pianoforte with Orchestra, Op. 30

- I. Allegro ma non tanto
- II. Intermezzo: Adagio
- III. Finale

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andante moderato
- III. Allegro giocoso
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato

SOLOIST

WITOLD MALCUZYNSKI

Mr. Malcuzyński uses the Steinway Piano

zyski as soloist; Brahms: Fourth Symphony. 11-1-47

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It was rather a pity that late-comers had to be admitted after the first movement, for the adagio really grows out of it. We need to have our listening faculties intent upon the piece from beginning to end. (On the other hand it would be too much to keep the tardy waiting through the whole symphony.) This music of Honegger's is not easy to listen to, in spite of the clarity of the musical thought and the expertness of the writing for strings; but it well repays a little effort.

Rachmaninoff's Third is not my favorite piano concerto by a long shot, and I have seldom been more bored by it than yesterday. Mr. Malcuzyński is an excellent pianist and he certainly worked hard to achieve the utmost. His technical dexterity is remarkable and he is capable of highly sensitive phrasing. But for some reason, which I find hard to put a finger on, the Concerto did not come to life except fitfully. The final grand climax, of course, is sure-fire, so that Mr. Malcuzyński reaped his fair share of applause. But the effort on both orchestra's and soloist's part was too obvious. 11-1-47

I have often wondered whether, had Brahms known the telephone as we do, he would have scored the triangle so heavily in the scherzo of the 4th Symphony. And I wish that some intelligent musician, blasphemous though it might be called, would rescure the movement. The finale, as we all know, is one of the grandest things in all symphonic literature. Brahms was never better than when he was writing variations, and this passacaglia found him at his most inspired. The performance was a very fine one.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Myra Hess will

Fourth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 31, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 1, at 8:30 o'clock

HONEGGER.....Symphony for Strings

- I. Molto moderato
- II. Adagio mesto
- III. Vivace, non troppo

RACHMANINOFF.....Concerto in D minor No. 3 for
Pianoforte with Orchestra, Op. 30

- I. Allegro ma non tanto
- II. Intermezzo: Adagio
- III. Finale

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 4 in E minor, Op. 98

- I. Allegro non troppo
- II. Andante moderato
- III. Allegro giocoso
- IV. Allegro energico e passionato

SOLOIST

WITOLD MALCUZYNSKI
Mr. Malcuzyński uses the Steinway Piano

be the soloist with the orchestra in Schumann's Piano Concerto. Mendelssohn's Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" complete the program.

Malcuzyński Soloist in Rachmaninov Concerto at Symphony

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky received a warm welcome when he returned to Symphony Hall to conduct the Friday afternoon Boston Symphony concert of Oct. 31, after an absence of two weeks. His program, changed considerably from that first announced, consisted of

Honegger's Symphony for Strings, Rachmaninov's Third Piano Concerto, in D minor, and the Brahms Fourth Symphony. Witold Malcuzyński was the soloist.

Honegger's Symphony for Strings had its first Boston performance, which I unfortunately missed, a year ago under Charles Münch as guest conductor. After its first hearing in Basel in 1945, Willi Reich reported in these columns that the piece, written in October, 1941, "embodies much of the mood of occupied Paris, to which the composer remained faithful under all difficulties."

This is undoubtedly a just comment, so just that it would not be unfair to describe the work as a tone-poem. For Honegger is known less for absolute than for program music—"Roi David," "Horace Victorieux," "Pacific 2-3-1," "Rugby"—and it is not difficult to see the first movement of this symphony as a picture of the despair of Parisians at the Germans' approach, with the march of the invaders to underline it; and the second as an account of the grief and suffering in the occupied country.

The third movement, a lively, dance-like section, is harder to account for as of 1941, but it could be an anticipation of liberation. In any event, if the score is not notable, looked at as absolute music, it does skillfully provoke the mood that the composer presumably intended. *Amey*

Mr. Malcuzyński first won our suffrage three seasons ago as soloist in Chopin's Second Concerto, and he has retained it by means of recitals since. He is an artist of distinction, with a lovely tone, a superb technique, lyrical phrasing, exquisite taste and a profound musicianship. He made a tremendous success in this concerto, which is really not his affair at all. *11-1-47*

The work is all compact of the less admirable aspects of late nineteenth-century romanticism, and is particularly worthy of the virtuosity of Mr. Horowitz, who has played it three times with the Boston orchestra. But it is not worth the attention of Mr. Malcuzyński, even if he can make it sound better than it has any right to sound. He should be engaged in something more serious.

Dr. Koussevitzky was in fine fettle throughout the afternoon,

and he brought the concert to a close with one of the most stirring performances he has ever given of the Brahms Fourth—full of youth, zest and fire, and, in spite of some details to which exception might be taken, an eloquent exposition of the music.

Poll of American Music, Radio Critics Has Boston's Symphony in Big Lead

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

For a fourth consecutive year musical America polled music and radio critics and editors throughout the United States and Canada, 600 of them, and—for the first time, unless I am greatly mistaken—the Boston Symphony was the favored orchestra, with its chief rivals, the NBC Symphony and the New York Philharmonic—Symphony, making second and third places respectively. Otherwise, the NBC Symphony won out. Its principal conductor, Arturo Toscanini, was for a fourth time the favored regular leader, with Koussevitzky and Ormandy following him in that order. And Toscanini's production, in two installments, of Berlioz's dramatic symphony, "Romeo and Juliet" was voted the outstanding musical

event of the year, with that conductor's air version of "La Traviata," another NBC offering, a close contender. *6-29-47 Post*

The Metropolitan Opera Company stands alone in its particular field, so the voting, where it is concerned, is all on the season's outstanding broadcast. The choices, in that order, were "Tristan and Isolde," "Boris Godounov" and "Romeo and Juliet"—Gounod's, this time. I don't know why "Romeo," an agreeable enough representation, was singled out, unless it was because your correspondent was on the Round Table that afternoon and so gave tone to the whole affair!! Seriously, and quite impersonally, however, I applaud the selection of the Met's radio entr'acts as the best of the many intermission features. And Boston can pat itself on the back on the strength of this one, too, since Boris Gold-

tions is a common radio fault. "Paddlehill" for Paladilhe, contributed to the symposium by Cyrus Durgin of the Globe, sounds like a "whopper" but we have all heard some pretty funny ones. After all, there are books that set one straight on these matters.

With the radio it is a case of take it or leave it, unless you are willing to stay near the dial. The program book at a symphony concert provides you with a deal of information from which you can take your pick. You may read or skip such matters as dates, the work's instrumentation, anecdotes and technical analysis. The radio commentator, if he sticks to the music in hand, and it is my firm conviction that he should, must say what he thinks is right and proper, knowing that some will relish his remarks and others chafe at them. That is something that cannot be helped.

Applauds Suggestion

I find myself applauding the suggestion that the title of a piece be given after its performance as well as before. Lots of people tune in after a performance has begun and would still like to know, in case they don't spot the work, just what it is to which they have been listening. Years ago the Transcript published an amusing article from a cultivated listener who tuned in a minute too late, Strauss' "Ein Heldenleben" and gave in detail her mental processes during the next 45. It is also unfortunate that any piece of a descriptive character, such as this or any other of the Strauss tone poems—"Don Quixote" is an extreme case of musical literal-

ism—should have to be heard by the uninitiated as music per se. And when something can be done about this, it should be done.

ovsky's Opera News on the Air is one of them, and by far the most entertaining and instructive. I also applaud the selection of Milton Cross, who officiates on these occasions, as the best announcer and commentator.

Eleanor Steber Named

Other winners were Bruno Walter, guest conductor, Eleanor Steber, best woman singer, and another feather in Boston's cap, since she graduated from the New England Conservatory; James Melton, man singer; Artur Rubinstein, pianist, and Jascha Heifetz, violinist. The favored organist was the Boston Symphony's E. Power Biggs.

This year the pollees were asked to give their views on intermission comments in general, and the New York Philharmonic's science talks came in for a considerable drubbing. To quote the magazine's own summary: "Most voters checked one or another of the suggestions outlined for script improvement and many added extensive comments of their own. Some wanted more information about the music and the composer; more musical knowledge on the part of the announcer; others advocated a lighter treatment and more anecdotes. Several suggested 'less comment and more music' and one went so far as to recommend a period of silence between musical numbers. Curtailing studio applause to gain time and dignity was another suggestion."

You just can't satisfy everyone. Some people want anecdotes about the composers and others scorn them. Some want technical comments on the music and others do not. Mispronunciation of the names of composers and composi-

Fifth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 7, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, at 8:30 o'clock

BRUCKNER.....Symphony No. 8 in C minor

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Scherzo
- III. Adagio
- IV. Feierlich (nicht schnell)

INTERMISSION

SCHUMANN.....Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, Op. 54

- I. Allegro affettuoso
- II. Intermezzo: Andantino grazioso
- III. Allegro vivace

SOLOIST

Dame MYRA HESS

Dame Myra Hess uses the Steinway Piano

Myra Hess

Is Soloist With Symphony

Heard in Schumann's Piano Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

Dame Myra Hess was the honored guest of the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday at the fifth concert of the Friday afternoon series in Symphony Hall. She played the Schumann Concerto. The only other number on the program was Bruckner's Eighth Symphony.

Dame Myra is to Bostonians an old and admired friend. She had a tremendous reception in her recital and in her appearance with the orchestra (Beethoven's Fourth Concerto) last year on her return from long and devoted war service. She had, of course, appeared with the orchestra on several occasions previously, three of them in the Schumann Concerto.

Yesterday's audience, then, knew what to expect. Dame Myra played with her usual technical polish and musical expression. Nevertheless, in the first two movements her tone, customarily so limpid, had a strange hardness, even a dullness, and her rhythms seemed dead. Her performance in these two movements lacked the sparkle and the bounce which are necessary if this concerto is to be made acceptable to present-day audiences.

The last movement, however, came suddenly to life; the tone was purer, the lyricism more fluent, the rhythms were more supple. The performance came to a triumphant conclusion, and the audience gave soloist, conductor and orchestra an ovation.

No doubt Dame Myra was unfortunate in following with the Schumann Concerto the C minor Symphony of Bruckner. For al-

though this symphony has its longueurs and its bombast and its prolixity, it has also the benefit of the progress in harmonization and orchestration which were bequeathed to Bruckner by Wagner and others—and it had also in this instance the advantage of a superb performance in which its tonal glories were revealed and its constructional virtues put in the most favorable light. There were moments when the brass got a little out of control, but generally the balance was just.

Dr. Koussevitzky's way with a program, however, still puzzles us. Again this week he made major changes in his list, substituting the Bruckner for Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture and the "Harold in Italy" Symphony of Berlioz, which was to have displayed for us the accomplishments of our new first violist, Joseph de Pasquale. The original order was to have been Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz—obviously a far better balanced and better arranged program than the one we heard.

Virtually every other conductor in the United States announces full programs for the entire season before the first concert. But in Boston we never know what we are going to hear until a concert begins. Usually no reasons are given for the changes, and often the final choice of works

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Changed programs have been the rule at the Symphony Concerts this season. Those who expected to hear yesterday Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" and Mendelssohn's Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" got instead the Eighth Symphony of Bruckner. The Schumann Piano Concerto with Dame Myra Hess as soloist kept its place, though it was moved from the middle of the program to the end. *11-8-47*

Bruckner is always good for a debate, an argument, or even a first class row. When Sir Adrian Boult was last here he made the not entirely original suggestion that Bruckner's music could not be successfully transplanted. It was all right in Linz (the Austrian master's birthplace and once the scene of an annual Bruckner festival) but no go in London. In point of fact, Bruckner's music can be transplanted, but only a conductor entirely sympathetic to his music, his peculiar style and idiom, can do the job. Dr. Muck was such a one and so is Bruno Walter, who last year gave us an unforgettable performance of the Ninth. Dr. Koussevitzky's Bruckner is up and down. When he revived the Eighth a year ago last month he hit it off better than he did yesterday, when his interpretation tended to be hysterical; and the Bruckner brass, which should be nobly sonorous, became mere brazen blare, so that what should have been the glory of the Symphony became its worst blemish.

Then there is the matter of the considerable and wholly unwarranted cut in the great Adagio. Dr. Koussevitzky's excuse last year was that by this excision he did the composer a service. To deprive any work of its most beautiful portion is not some people's idea of service. And if the length of the Symphony is such an obstacle, it were far better to discard the finale entirely, since after the Adagio, this labored movement is only an anti-climax.

Dame Myra's performance of the Schumann Concerto has long been familiar to us. Moreover, it has been preserved on the records for the benefit of future generations, who are not likely to hear a more poetic version of this most poetic of concertos than hers. The only flaw in her performance is to be

found in the final movement. Here, and here only, is there opportunity for virtuoso display, and technically and temperamentally Dame Myra hasn't got it in her. She was rapturously received by the audience, which had already warmed to the Symphony of Bruckner.

Symphony Concert

The 5th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Dame Myra Hess, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 8 in C minor... Bruckner
Piano Concerto in A minor... Schumann Op. 54

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Dame Myra Hess was yesterday's heroine in Symphony Hall, and she was warmly applauded when she came out on the platform and given an ovation when she finished the Schumann Concerto. This was, moreover, no more than her due, for she read this lovely romantic music with an intensity of poetic feeling that was remarkable. We have long known that she has a way with this Concerto. It is not only that she has completely mastered its technical difficulties, which are considerable on the rhythmic side in the finale, but it is also that she seems able, as almost no one else, to reveal to us its inmost meaning.

I had thought that the combination of Dame Myra Hess and the Schumann Concerto would for once put a stop to that irritating creature, the early leaver. But I reckoned without the toughness of the Friday afternoon audience, for there were several who got up in the middle of the finale and headed for the doors. As a sociological note this was the more mysterious in that the concert was not a long one. It is beyond me to conceive how anyone could leave in the middle of yesterday's performance.

Bruckner's 8th Symphony was played last season, and I have not got much to add to what has already been said about it. The important movement is the long adagio, which, I believe, Koussevitzky streamlines to some eight minutes less than its actual length by an ingenious cut. At any rate what remains is quite enough Bruckner for me. In fact, the finale after the adagio always strikes me as an overpowering anti-climax.

The Symphony is a field day for a conductor like Koussevitzky, who

has the most delicate ear for sonorities and can, with the Boston Symphony at his command, make the most of the thunderous, brazen fortissimi and the sudden shift to the lightest pianissimi. The many summits of nobility in the music have to be compensation for the excessive repetitiousness. It is possible, too, to get a surfeit of sonority in the Bruckner 8th, so that there are times when we long for the astringency and the orchestral transparency of a Ravel.

Next week the orchestra will be on tour. For the concerts of Nov. 21 and 22 Charles Muench will be guest conductor. His all-French program offers Rameau's Suite from "Dardanus," Honegger's Symphonie Liturgique, Debussy's "Iberia" and Ravel's Symphony No. 3. *11-8-47*

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

For reasons which he has not confided to the public, Serge Koussevitzky changed the program for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and tonight. The scheduled music of Mendelssohn and Berlioz was taken off to make way for Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. This massive, nearly hour-long work, together with the Schumann Piano Concerto, now forms the list. The soloist is Dame Myra Hess. *11-8-47*

Actually the change was not unwelcome, since the Eighth of Bruckner is splendid music and contains one of his most heavenly adagios. Nevertheless, I do hope that later we shall have an opportunity to



MYRA HESS

hear the orchestra's new first viola, Joseph de Pasquale, do the solo part in Berlioz' richly romantic "Harold in Italy."

Dame Myra Hess was rewarded with cheers, handclapping and stamping, yesterday, for one of the most glorious concerto performances in memory. She has always been a favorite in Boston, but seldom has Symphony Hall resounded to so intense a reception. The audience couldn't wait for the last chord and broke in upon the music.

This was not a virtuoso performance in the limited sense of a brilliant pianist just showing off—although Miss Hess could do so, if she wished. But she is too good a musician for mere fireworks. The glory of her work lay not only in keyboard mastery but in the way she made the concerto "sing" and the beautiful and subtle interplay between piano and orchestra. That is the highest type of virtuosity.

In these days it probably is necessary to make cuts in the monumental scores of Bruckner, with their long sequences and what Felix Weingartner called "terraced progression." Mr. Koussevitzky accordingly does make cuts in three movements, leaving only the scherzo intact. But why does he find it essential to cut out anything of the adagio which, to make a very unoriginal observation, is the finest movement of the four? Surely no

audience would grow restive while music of such celestial beauty was going on!

Yesterday's performance was indeed a miracle of orchestral magnificence, with all intricate details, wealth of counterpoint coming out in superlative clarity and detail. As in the Schumann Concerto, everything "sang" all the way. The brass sections, which are the foundation of Bruckner's orchestra, covered themselves with glory—and, probably, exhausted themselves at the same time, for the Austrian composer demanded a lot of hard blowing. The quality of the four "Bayreuth tubas," especially, was rich and poised.

Next week the orchestra makes its first trip to New York. Two weeks hence, Charles Muench, the first guest conductor, will offer this program: Rameau: Suite from the opera "Dardanus"; Honegger: "Liturgical" Symphony (first times in Boston); Debussy: "Iberia"; Roussel: Third Symphony.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Where do these conductors get their energy? As though guiding a hundred men through the intricacies of a modern score were not enough to do, they must needs put on an act that may be described as a cross between a workout in a gym and interpretative dancing. One of the busiest of these podium athletes is Charles Muench of Paris, who yesterday returned to the Symphony Concerts. When Mr. Muench appeared here a year ago he made a favorable impression which, in these particular ears, was not strengthened yesterday.

There was on this later occasion no re-creative feat comparable to what Mr. Muench did last season with the C minor Symphony of Saint-Saens, nor was there anything in the new music he had to offer as arresting as the String Symphony of Honegger and the Suite from Rousel's "Ariadne and Bacchus." Both of these composers were, in fact, represented yesterday, the former by his Third Symphony, "Liturgique" (new to Boston) and the latter by his Third Symphony, written for our orchestra's 50th anniversary. The other numbers on the current list are a suite from Rameau's "Dardanus" another local novelty though more than two centuries have passed since the opera was written, and Debussy's "Iberia."

The music of Rameau has an old-world charm, but there are plenty of composers of the same period, or even earlier, whose music offers something more than that today. Few commissioned pieces turn out very well. Certainly, Roussel's Symphony is not standing up. There is next to nothing in the first movement. The adagio has its points, but it can't make up its mind whether it is that or an allegro agitato; the scherzo is pleasantly inconsequential; and the finale, except for a pleasing slow interlude, comes close to being plain silly.

One of Latest Works

The Symphony of Honegger was also commissioned (by the Swiss) and is one of its composer's latest works. The three movements are entitled "Dies Irae," "De Profundis

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Next week the Orchestra will give concerts in New Haven, New York, New Brunswick and Brooklyn. The next regular pair of concerts will take place November 21 and November 22

Sixth Program

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CHARLES MUNCH Conducting

RAMEAU.....Suite from the Opera "Dardanus"

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- II. Rondeau du sommeil
- III. Rigaudon
- IV. Rondeau gai

HONEGGER.....Symphony No. 3, "Liturgique"

- I. Dies Irae — Allegro marcato
- II. De profundis clamavi — Adagio
- III. Dona nobis pacem — Andante con moto
(First performance in Boston)

INTERMISSION

DEBUSSY....."Iberia" ("Images" for Orchestra, No. 2)

- I. Par les rues et par les chemins (In the streets and byways)
- II. Les parfums de la nuit (The fragrance of the night)
- III. Le matin d'un jour de fête (The morning of a festival day)

ROUSSEL.....Symphony No. 3 in G minor, Op. 42

- I. Allegro vivo
- II. Adagio
- III. Vivace
- IV. Allegro con spirito

hear the orchestra's new first viola, Joseph de Pasquale, do the solo part in Berlioz' richly romantic "Harold in Italy."

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- III. Vivace
- IV. Allegro con spirito

Clamavi" and "Dona Nobis Pacem." There is considerable drama in the music and there are passages of great beauty, but you cannot escape the feeling that the work is too long for what it contains and that in the more strenuous passages the composer has fallen back upon well-used tricks of rhythm and dissonance. *11-22-47 Post*

The serene conclusion, however, puts one in the mood to forgive and forget and the audience's reception of the piece was decidedly cordial. We have heard more imaginative performances of "Iberia" from conductors who are not French. Mr. Muench was disposed to coarsen the first and last movements, though happily all the poetry of the second did not escape him.

The program will be repeated this evening, and tomorrow afternoon. Mr. Muench will offer the Debussy and Honegger items, adding to them Faure's "Pelleas and Melisande" music and the Symphony of Franck.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

Charles Muench wound up his current visit as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony with another all-French program played in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Mr. Muench will return for another appearance in the Spring. *11-24-47*

In every respect the program of Debussy, Roussel, Faure and Franck served to show Mr. Muench's remarkable baton techniques and stature as a musician. The variegated colors of Debussy's "Iberia" flashed like the light from a kaleidoscope. The Roussel Third Symphony, composed in 1930 for the Boston Orchestra's 50th anniversary, was strong and vigorous. Faure's Suite from his incidental music for Maeterlinck's "Pelleas and Melisande" was a subtle delight and the Franck D Minor Symphony emerged as a mighty thing. *11-24-47*

Here, as elsewhere in the program, one could note Mr. Muench's extraordinary manner with a slow movement. All soft chords, all slow sections are done in a pure, shimmering light and with glass-clear tone. Light rapid passages, too, are played with a smart rhythmical bounce and in perfect balance. But Mr. Muench is inclined to give the orchestra free rein in loud passages, even to drive it to stupendous, shattering climaxes. The results are moving but hard on the ears and not always in character with the rest of the work at hand.

All the same, Muench is a gifted interpreter, a fresh and exciting force in modern music.—J. W. R.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

BY CYRUS DURGIN

Charles Muench, gifted and impressive Alsatian, conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts this week as first guest of the season. As on the occasion of his American debut here a year ago, his program is all-French, bringing Rameau's Suite from the opera "Dardanus"; Honegger's "Liturgical Symphony"; "Iberia" by Debussy and Roussel's Third Symphony. *11-22-47 Herald*

Once again Mr. Muench showed us he is a conductor of enormous technical skill, athletic gestures, excellent taste and high sensitivity. His delicate "echo" effects in the little "Sleep Rondo" of Rameau's Suite (new to these concerts) were almost unearthly. Yet he can whoop up the full orchestra, as in Honegger and Roussel, to terrific volume which is yet always musical. He insists upon grace of phrase and the purest of tone. When he returns later in the season I hope he will show us his prowess with non-French music.

Honegger's "Liturgical" Symphony, dedicated to Mr. Muench and new to Boston, runs in three movements named after sections of the Mass: "Dies Irae," "De Profundis Clamavi" and "Dona Nobis Pacem." What is further signified remains for the composer to tell. The first movement and much of the last are big, clangorous and powerful, as if all the Furies were let loose at once.

The orchestra is made to snarl and bark, with some of the abrupt rhythmic tricks and off-beats of Honegger's once famous "Pacific 231." The Symphony is probably much too long, and apart from a tender slow section at the end, uncompromisingly dissonant. It will take repeated hearings to figure out what it is all about. Yet, as aforesaid, the main impression is one of unusual power.

Debussy of "Iberia" was nicely done, not too fussed up, and Roussel's polished, well-proportioned and heavily orchestrated trivialities had a good advocate in Mr. Muench. But Roussel coming on top of Debussy and Honegger made too much spice for my taste. A cooling touch of Brahms or something like that would have been better.



Rehearsal sketch by Martha Burnham

Charles Muench, guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week. *11-20-47 Herald*

Symphony Concert

The 6th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Muench conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program is as follows:
Suite from the Opera, "Dardanus" Rameau
Symphony No. 3, "Liturgique" Honegger
"Iberia" Debussy
Symphony No. 3 in G minor Op. 42 Roussel

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Charles Muench renewed yesterday, the highly favorable impression as interpreter which we had formed of him when he conducted the orchestra last season. After yesterday's unusual and stimulating concert it is comforting to reflect that he will be with us later in the season for two more pairs of concerts. He has exceptional command of the orchestra and gets the finest results in tone quality and in the personality of his readings.

Honegger is at last coming into his own in Boston after long years of neglect between his visit here in 1929 and this post-war interest

in his music. The Liturgical Symphony, which was played for the first time in Boston, is a very different work from his Symphony for Strings. Partly this may be that the latter was written in the darkest days of the war, while the former was composed immediately after it. Mr. Muench sees in it "man's revolt against the higher will" and a final reconciliation to it. As the Symphony is dedicated to Mr. Muench and since he gives a dynamic performance of it, his view of the emotional content should be considered with respect. *11-22-47*

The first movement, "Dies Irae," is violent and stormy, with brusque rhythms and the most savage dissonances of the whole work. It is also exciting and dramatic music. The adagio, "De Profundis Clamavi," is a hymn of a tragic and yet peaceful nature. It rises to a climax and then subsides to a quiet conclusion, this last being a feature of each movement. The finale, "Dona Nobis Pacem," also reaches a tremendous, dissonant

climax, at which some in the audience started clapping, though what sort of peace they thought Mr. Honegger had achieved I can't imagine. Finally the Symphony closes in a mood of ineffable, tranquil beauty. The entire Symphony is an immensely impressive work. The audience for the most part obviously liked it, and there were bravos mingled with the applause.

Another modern French masterpiece is Roussel's Third Symphony, one of the best scores to emerge from our orchestra's 50th anniversary. By now it should be fairly familiar. The emergent bustle of the first movement, the intellectual interest of the adagio and the towering good spirits of the scherzo and finale no longer need either explanation or weighing in the balance. The Symphony has arrived, so to speak. Mr. Muench and the orchestra gave it a superb performance. *Harold*

Mr. Muench began the concert with a charming Suite from Rameau's opera, "Dardanus." The first two movements, "Entree" and "Rondeau du sommeil," are slow and stately, with some curious echo effects in the latter. The last two are as lively as can be. Edited by Vincent d'Indy, the Suite is a pleasant addition to the concert repertoire.

After the intermission and before the Roussel we had a sensitive performance of Debussy's "Iberia." Mr. Muench brought out the extraordinary rhythmical variety to be found in it and the spicy and subtle quality of the orchestration. This may not be Debussy's greatest orchestral work, but it is certainly one of his cleverest.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Serge Koussevitzky returns to conduct Mozart's Divertimento K. 287, Ravel's 2nd "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite and Berlioz' "Harold in Italy."

Honegger's Symphony 'Liturgique' for First Time in Boston

By L. A. Sloper

Charles Münch returns to Boston as guest conductor of the Symphony Orchestra this week. At yesterday's concert in Symphony Hall he presented a program consisting entirely of French music. Rameau, Suite from the opera, "Dardanus"; Honegger, Symphony

No. 3, "Liturgique"; Debussy, "Iberia" (Images for Orchestra, No. 2), and Roussel, Symphony No. 3 in G minor. The Rameau was performed for the first time at these concerts; the Honegger for the first time in Boston.

There is some question whether a program of French music alone is desirable, especially a program that contains so much music in the same or similar vein as this one. One gets a little tired of the formula, one longs for a good, honest, Teutonic chord, or at least for the posturing of a Berlioz.

This Suite of Rameau's is charming enough, but a little dull. It lacks brilliance of invention, variety of resource; it repeats itself. The Rigaudon was perhaps the most appealing of the four movements. *11:22 AM*

Mr. Honegger also repeats himself. This Symphony "Liturgique," for all its Dies Irae, and De profundis clamavi, and Dona nobis pacem, is not essentially different from "Roi David," "Horace Victorieux," or "Pacific 2-3-1." There is nothing in any of the three movements to connect them with these designations. There is a great deal of noise and a few pages of quiet. The composer seems to suffer from a too great a facility in composing. He seems to say, "Let us write a symphony," and proceeds to put together the compositional tricks that have succeeded before. All in vain.

Mr. Münch gave an extraordinarily vivid reading of the Debussy. He was a little forthright in the first movement, but in the slow movement he secured some striking pianissimo effects, and in the finale he was electric. He is a conductor of enormous vitality and a vivid imagination.

We have now heard Roussel's Third Symphony five times. It does not grow dearer upon further acquaintance. About all that is left of it is the fugue in the slow movement. I suspect that it will finally appear as merely an "occasional" piece.

MATTER OF MUSIC

Charles Muench Conducts With Vigor ---and Perhaps More Than Enough Vigor

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Certain people have wondered why this reviewer took such strong exception to the platform manner of Charles Muench, who recently led the Boston Symphony as guest. They point out that Mr. Muench is not the first to display such physical exuberance, and cite Sir Thomas Beecham and Dimitri Mitropoulos as quite typical specimens of the bodily-active orchestra leader. They adduce also the unmistakable enthusiasm of three audiences and the approval of other critics. One of the latter found the Parisian visitor "fascinating to watch," while another, in reporting the Sunday afternoon concert, alleged that Mr. Muench was "energetic, but not overly so." *12-7-47 PM*

And it was on Sunday that Mr. Muench really went to town. Before he had finished the first movement of Franck's Symphony, with which the program concludes, his hair was dishevelled and his clothing in disarray. Such violence hardly

suits the symphony, as most people regard it, but did accord perfectly with the conductor's curious conception of it. Franck's foremost and most understanding disciple, Vincent d'Indy, found the D minor to be the tonal record of religious experience, in which final faith overcomes initial doubt. Unfortunately for Franck, his Symphony readily lends itself to a sensuous, a dramatic or, as with Mr. Muench, a theatrical reading.

Suggested Football

Certainly Mr. Muench's demeanor on this occasion savored more of the football game or the political rally than it did of the concert hall. But it looks as though we might have to revise our definition of suitability. Mr. Muench is no isolated phenomenon, as I have already suggested, and the tendency that he exemplifies is spreading. Discussing in the London Sunday Times the recent Strauss festival in the British capital, Ernest Newman delivered himself of the following:

"The 'Frau ohne Schatten' music was conducted by Norman Del Mar, who evidently knew his job inside out but indulged in a choreographic-corybantic display with the baton that must have been rather distracting. I fancy, for the Royal Philharmonic. To flog a dead horse is futile enough, but what sense is there in thrashing Bucephalus? Sir Thomas Beecham's normal condition on the platform is hardly what one would call comatose; but to return to him after Mr. Del Mar was like passing in a picture gallery from a frenzied battle scene to a still-life study."

"Corybantic" Now

The word corybantic also occurred to Musical America's Herbert F. Peyser, in commenting on Leonard Bernstein's performance of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony at the hands of his New York City Symphony on Oct. 20. "Mendelssohn," writes Mr. Peyser, "who cared so little for his 'Reformation' Symphony that he would gladly have burned it, might have been the most astonished person in the world if he had seen to what corybantic frenzies this rather stolid work was capable of moving a youthful conductor more than a century after it was written. Indeed, the composer might have been gravely disquieted had he imagined the symphony contained even half the emotions Mr. Bernstein's visible ecstasies and impassioned choreography seemed to imply. At any rate, the lithe shepherd of the New York City Symphony found in this irreproachably sober score all sorts of invitations to ardent gestures, swooning glances and other signs of yearning immeasurable."

Mr. Peyser goes on to say that "there was no such alarming correspondence as might have been anticipated between these exhortations and the performance the orchestra gave in response." An unusual state of affairs; generally orchestras are affected by this sort of thing, and audiences too.

Well, Mr. Bernstein may get over it. Gustav Mahler was once given to violent gestures and outgrew them. "In his last years," writes Bruno Walter, "his conducting pre-

sented a picture of almost uncanny quiet, although the intensity of expression did not suffer by it. I recall a performance of the *Symphonia Domestica* by Strauss under Mahler's direction at which the contrast between the uproar of the orchestra and the immovable attitude of him who had unleashed it made a most eerie impression." What matters most is results, and each conductor is entitled to get them in his own way. If the interpretation is sound and the performance eloquent, we should overlook conductorial mannerisms, however distracting. The trouble is that exhibitionist conducting and distorted interpretations all too often go hand in hand. When that occurs, protests are in order.



Nilsson

Joseph de Pasquale, new first viola of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who will be soloist in Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" Symphony Friday and Saturday.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Seventh Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 28 at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 29, at 8:30 o'clock

MOZART.....Divertimento in B-flat major, for Strings and Two Horns (Koechel No. 287)

Allegro
Theme with Variations; Andante grazioso
Adagio
Minuet
Andante; Allegro molto

RAVEL....."Daphnis et Chloé," Ballet, Suite No. 2
Lever du jour — Pantomime — Danse Générale

INTERMISSION

BERLIOZ....."Harold in Italy": Symphony in Four Movements, with Viola Solo. *Op. 16*

- I. Harold in the Mountains, Scenes of Melancholy, Happiness and Joy (Adagio; Allegro)
- II. March of Pilgrims Singing Their Evening Hymn (Allegretto)
- III. Serenade of a Mountaineer of the Abruzzi to his Mistress (Allegro assai; Allegretto)
- IV. Orgy of Brigands; Recollections of the Preceding Scenes (Allegro frenetico)

SOLOIST
JOSEPH DE PASQUALE

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SOLOIST
JOSEPH DE PASQUALE

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Yesterday's concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall was another experience of the marvelous—and almost incredible—beauties of modern orchestral performance and interpretation. It left you, at the end, thrilled and exalted and just a little stunned.

Serge Koussevitzky and his orchestra of virtuosi accomplished this feat with Mozart's B-flat Divertimento (K. 287); second of Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" Suites, and "Harold in Italy" by Hector Berlioz. The soloist in the last-named was Joseph de Pasquale, the new first viola of the orchestra.

When you become accustomed to the best orchestral performance, as do those who have the good fortune to hear the Boston Symphony weekly, you are inclined to say: "Ravel's 'Daphnis and Chloe' has never been so well played, and it couldn't be done better."

For once, I think such a claim is justified, for Koussevitzky's reading of it is one of the finest things he has ever accomplished.

This example of "decorative art," as Mr. Koussevitzky himself might call it, requires unlimited technical virtuosity, richness of tone, color of sound and passionate imagination. Yesterday's performance met every requirement. The same was true with Berlioz' fervid romantic masterpiece of musical suggestion and description.

Mr. de Pasquale's share of the performance was admirable in every sense, and the instrument on which he played gave out a truly noble tone. He brought extreme grace of phrasing to the solo part and yet he did not make it stand out above the rest of the score, as might a violist accustomed to playing solos all the time. He is a superb musician.

Mozart's B-flat Divertimento frequently suggests the sad, introspective and troubled Mozart of the Requiem and the last three symphonies. It has a recitative-like character in the final movement that looks ahead to Beethoven.

Accordingly, Mr. Koussevitzky was probably entitled to read it as he did, with strong emotional tension. Yet, purely as a matter of individual opinion, I feel that he laid too heavy a hand upon this lovely music, which could have been more relaxed and lyrical. But it did "sound" with incomparable brilliance of string tone.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Whereas at the Symphony Concerts of last week, presided over by Charles Muench, everything was new—new music, new interpretations and a new high in platform strenuosity—yesterday everything was familiar, as to conductor, program and performances. The last part of this statement needs a bit of qualifying. Dr. Koussevitzky's pretext for playing Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" so soon again (we had heard it four times since he revived it in the spring of '42) was that the orchestra has a new first viola, Joseph de Pasquale, and this is the piece in which one displays a new first violist. And perhaps some would say that Mozart's charming Divertimento in B-flat, for strings and two horns, was not exactly familiar, since there have been but two previous performances at Symphony Hall, one in October, '38, and the other in January, '45. There was also a performance at last summer's Berkshire Festival.

Several years ago in New York's Carnegie Hall the late Maurice Ravel heard Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony play the Second Suite from his ballet, "Daphnis and Chloe," and he declared that he did not know that his music could sound so well. If he had been in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon he could have made the same comment, no matter how many orchestras and how many conductors he had heard do the piece in the meantime. The music wears well, particularly when presented in such splendid fashion. We think of Ravel as a musical etcher; in this work, however, he spreads a large canvas and fills it with colors rich and brilliant. By little other music is the ear so caressed and stimulated.

Neither Mozart nor Berlioz would have believed the evidence of their senses had they heard their respective pieces on this occasion. To be sure, Mozart had no such large body of strings in mind when he wrote this Divertimento at the age of 21. As heard yesterday the work had the sound of a true symphony, and since it lasts well over a half hour, it has also the dimensions of one.

Mr. De Pasquale is an excellent viola player, and the orchestra is fortunate in having him. That his performance made you forget the recent ones by Messrs. Bailly, Primrose and Veissi may hardly be said. And now, Dr. Koussevitzky, will you please give "Harold" a rest? For all the genius that the work exhibits, it is not good enough to deserve such emphasis. And it may be said that no symphony of comparable importance ever began so well only to end so badly.

Symphony Concert

The 7th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Joseph de Pasquale, violist, was the soloist. The program was as follows: Divertimento in B flat major for Strings and Two Horns (K. 287); Mozart Suite No. 2 from "Daphnis et Chloe"; Ravel "Harold in Italy," Symphony Op 16. Berlioz

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The Orchestra and Dr. Koussevitzky were in superb form yesterday and delivered three performances, at least one of which could not have been duplicated, it might safely be hazarded, in the world today. That, of course, was the extraordinarily brilliant realization of Ravel's 2nd "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite. The fact that Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra have done this same miraculous feat so often in the past does but make it the more remarkable that the interpretation is just as fresh and the sonorities as miraculously clear and lovely as ever. That there were bravos after it as well as applause is not surprising.

Mozart's utterly charming Divertimento for strings and two horns, which opened the program, was also beautifully played by those instruments. The piece has come to be reasonably familiar through Dr. Koussevitzky's espousal of it, and it can readily stand repetition. Some of the novelties in the score must have startled the guests at the Countess' party, if they listened at all attentively. I suppose it was more fun for Mozart to compose original and interesting stuff in these occasional pieces to order than to turn out routine work which would have bored him. At any rate the Andante Theme and Variations, to name only one movement, is captivating music and highly ingenious. It is amusing to note the quantity of syncopation he got into it. But all the movements have their special points of beauty, and as a whole the Divertimento is one of those sunny and ingratiating scores which Mozart had the secret of more deftly than anyone else

Berlioz' "Harold in Italy" was also given a resplendent performance and amply demonstrated the beautiful tone and fine execution of the orchestra's first viola, Joseph de Pasquale. The work has become a great favorite with Dr. Koussevitzky, and I note that he is not neglecting it on the orchestra's amiably named "western" tour next week (ultimum occidental stop—Chicago)! But is it not time that he turned his attention to other, more neglected music by Berlioz?

The solo viola acts as a sort of Byronic meditator on the scenes and music of Berlioz's imagination. Beyond that it would be unwise to explore the influence of Byron on the composer. The finale I find the least satisfactory of the Symphony. The Brigands' Orgy no longer sounds as such a festivity must surely have, and the recollections of the preceding scenes are a little like the turkey warmed over after Thanksgiving. Still there is lots of wonderful music in the other three movements.

The concert will be repeated tonight. The program for Dec. 12 and 13 offers Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5, with Nadia Reisenberg as soloist, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 6.

Mozart, Ravel, Berlioz at Week-End Symphony

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky returned to his stand at Symphony Hall yesterday to conduct with tremendous vigor the seventh program of the season. This consisted of Mozart's Divertimento in B flat major, for strings and two horns (K. 287); Ravel's Second Suite from the Ballet, "Daphnis et Chloe," and Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" Symphony, with the new first viola, Joseph de Pasquale, as soloist.

The Mozart Divertimento had a performance full of zest, as if the conductor and the men were enjoying to the full the invention, the variety, the playfulness of this eventful piece written by a boy of 21 for a patron's birthday or some other casual celebration. It is astonishing that so much musical thought should be expended for such a trivial occasion. Evidently the composer never held anything back, never worried about his inspiration.

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The performance was of the utmost virtuosity. The allegro, the theme with variations, the min-

uet, all sparkled with wit and joy. The Adagio was perfect except for a little overemphasis in a ritard just before the end. And what a delightful fancy is the play on the idea of a recitative and aria in the final movement.

Alas, this work had the effect of making everything that came after it seem not only labored but empty and pompous. Ravel's Suite, which ordinarily seems so exciting, yesterday sounded repetitious and banal. Had the man only one or two ideas in his head? Can orchestration cover up poverty of thought? Not after Mozart.

So with "Harold in Italy." We have heard this work when it seemed melodious, nostalgic, sentimental, and frenetic. Dr. Koussevitzky worked as hard as ever, but he was unable to make the piece come to life. Partly it was Mozart, still weaving his spell and mocking at all this fuss and fury. Partly it was Mr. de Pasquale, who, perhaps because of nervousness, failed to put life into the work. His tone at the beginning was broad and full, but presently it was drowned by the orchestra, and it never reappeared. Intonation became insecure, the approach was tentative, and the playing lacked assurance, power and authority. No doubt this was due in part to the difficulty of a first performance, and very likely we shall hear Mr. de Pasquale again under happier circumstances.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, back from their annual tour of mid-Western cities, gave a concert of only two pieces at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. They were Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, with Nadia Reisenberg as soloist, and the Sixth, or "Pathétique," Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

Miss Reisenberg, making her first appearance in Boston, proved herself a competent technician and a worthy interpreter of this Concerto. The work rippled along serenely and made its customary effect. But to say it was a distinguished performance, either orchestrally or pianistically, would be wide of the mark. Miss Reisenberg's playing was clear and clean, apart from a clipped phrase here and there. But it did not reveal a force of artistic individuality, nor an ardor of temperament, to lift it into the sphere of striking musical communication. 12-13-47 Jdk

It is possible the orchestra was tired from its travels, for there were little roughnesses in attack, nuance and rhythm that ordinarily are the last thing you would expect from the Boston Symphony. Even so, yesterday's performance would be grade-A for an orchestra of less than the celestial qualities of this.

Tchaikovsky probably never had an interpreter better qualified or more devoted than Serge Koussevitzky. His reading of the "Pathétique" Symphony, for our time, must be the last word in authority and emotional drive. Yesterday the work had all of its usual persuasion, even though it seemed very fast and very loud in the third movement, and a bit coarse of texture here and there elsewhere in the other three movements. But, as aforesaid, the Boston Symphony's second best is better than the finest of some orchestras.

The program will be repeated tonight. Next week Eleazer de Carvalho will be guest conductor in Schuman's Symphony for Strings, the Chamber Symphony by Arnold Schoenberg, and the "Fantastic" Symphony by Hector Berlioz.

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SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Next week the Orchestra will give concerts in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Bloomington, Chicago, South Bend, Ann Arbor, Detroit and Rochester. The next regular pair of concerts will take place December 12 and December 13

Eighth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 12, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E-flat major, *Op. 73*

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio un poco mosso
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non tanto

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathétique," *Op. 74*

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro con grazia
- III. Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

SOLOIST

NADIA REISENBERG

Miss Reisenberg uses the Steinway Piano

50

The performance was of the utmost virtuosity. The allegro, the theme with variations, the min-

uet, all sparkled with wit and joy. The Adagio was perfect except for a little overemphasis in a ritard just before the end. And what a delightful fancy is the play on the idea of a recitative and aria in the final movement.

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By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, back from their annual tour of mid-Western cities, gave a concert of only two pieces at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. They were Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, with Nadia Reisenberg as soloist, and the Sixth, or "Pathétique," Symphony of Tchaikovsky.

Miss Reisenberg, making her first appearance in Boston, proved herself a competent technician and a worthy interpreter of this Concerto. The work rippled along serenely and made its customary effect. But to say it was a distinguished performance, either orchestrally or pianistically, would be wide of the mark. Miss Reisenberg's playing was clear and clean, apart from a clipped phrase here and there. But it did not reveal a force of artistic individuality, nor an ardor of temperament, to lift it into the sphere of striking musical communication. 12-13-47 JH

It is possible the orchestra was tired from its travels, for there were little roughnesses in attack, nuance and rhythm that ordinarily are the last thing you would expect from the Boston Symphony. Even so, yesterday's performance would be grade-A for an orchestra of less than the celestial qualities of this.

Tchaikovsky probably never had an interpreter better qualified or more devoted than Serge Koussevitsky. His reading of the "Pathétique" Symphony, for our time, must be the last word in authority and emotional drive. Yesterday the work had all of its usual persuasion, even though it seemed very fast and very loud in the third movement, and a bit coarse of texture here and there elsewhere in the other three movements. But, as aforesaid, the Boston Symphony's second best is better than the finest of some orchestras.

The program will be repeated tonight. Next week Eleazer de Carvalho will be guest conductor in Schuman's Symphony for Strings; the Chamber Symphony by Arnold Schoenberg, and the "Fantastic" Symphony by Hector Berlioz.

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SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Next week the Orchestra will give concerts in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Bloomington, Chicago, South Bend, Ann Arbor, Detroit and Rochester. The next regular pair of concerts will take place December 12 and December 13

Eighth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 12, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 13, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E-flat major, *Op. 73*

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio un poco mosso
- III. Rondo: Allegro ma non tanto

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathétique," *Op. 74*

- I. Adagio; Allegro non troppo
- II. Allegro con grazia
- III. Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Adagio lamentoso

SOLOIST

NADIA REISENBERG

Miss Reisenberg uses the Steinway Piano

Koussevitzky in Great Form With Tchaikovsky Symphony

Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, both apparently much invigorated by their Western trip, returned to Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon for the eighth concert in the Friday subscription series. The program consisted of two masterpieces: Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto and Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony.

The pianist in the concerto was Nadia Reisenberg, making her initial appearance with this orchestra, although she gave her first American recital in New York more than 20 years ago. She brought to her task a sound technique, and a good tone in the softer passages. When it came to a trill or a run, she was in her element. When she attacked the more formidable sections, she was less fortunate. Her rhythms were stiff, her tone was hard. She seemed to be struggling to meet the demands of this monumental work. There was no sense of mastery. But it would be interesting to hear her in Mozart.

Dr. Koussevitzky was in great form for the symphony. Never, it seemed, had the violins wailed with such agony, the brass shrieked so dreadfully, the woodwinds moaned so pitifully. Yet it had been heard less than two years ago, and with precisely the same effect. You would think that the conductor had just unearthed it, so devotedly and so vehemently does he call forth its very Russian grief.

Again yesterday the audience burst into irrepressible applause at the end of the third movement. In this symphony only may there be such interruption. Dr. Koussevitzky does not actually authorize it; he stands with a gently reproving back. But he does not forbid it. He understands.

Symphony Concert

The 8th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Nadia Reisenberg, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Piano Concerto in E flat major Op. 73 Beethoven
Symphony No. 6 in B minor, "Pathetic" Tchaikovsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

After completing its most arduous tour of the season it must be a great temptation for the orchestra to coast on its return. But, if the Pathetic Symphony is hardly a news event of great interest on a program of orchestral music, the performance yesterday was neither tired nor stale. It is a piece which Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony play superlatively well. Each time this symphonic monument to melancholia is recreated with shattering eloquence.

Such again was the case yesterday, and you would never have known from their playing that the orchestra could scarcely have been rested or fresh for their task. The performance revealed the extraordinary interpretative talent of Mr. Koussevitzky as well as the virtuosity of the entire orchestra.

Beethoven's best known and liked Piano Concerto, rather foolishly known as the "Emperor," was given, I regret to say, far from an electrifying performance. The soloist, Nadia Reisenberg, played either in a loud and brittle fashion or so softly that it was a strain to listen to. Though her technique is certainly adequate, the runs were neither as clear nor as effortless as they can be. She had a rhythmically awkward way of playing the opening theme of the finale which differed considerably from the way the orchestra stated it. It may be that there was not much time for rehearsal, but the total result was one of the duller performances of this masterpiece on record.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will be conducted by Eleazar de Carvalho, who has chosen the following program: William Schuman's Symphony for Strings, Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony Op. 9 and Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Not a great deal need be said about yesterday afternoon's Symphony Concert. The current program lists but two numbers, both of them familiar: Beethoven's Fifth, the so-called "Emperor" piano concerto and the "Pathetic" Symphony of Tchaikovsky. The soloist in the concerto was Nadia Reisenberg, who was making, if I am not mistaken, her first Boston appearance.

At this particular time there was no opportunity for Dr. Koussevitzky to prepare anything new and elaborate for his Friday and Saturday subscribers. Last Wednesday evening the orchestra played in Rochester, N. Y., the last city touched in an extensive western tour, and it arrived in town Thursday morning. That either the conductor or the men were wearied by this ordeal was not apparent yesterday. Everything was tip-top.

The Tchaikovsky "Pathetic" was one of the numbers featured on the trip, and to judge from the reviews, the various performances of it served to astonish the natives. This is one of the things that Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony do to perfection. You could go further and say that no other performance can seriously be compared with theirs.

You think of the "Emperor" as a man's concerto, and not only because of its title. At least it did not have to be changed to "Empress" for Miss Reisenberg's benefit; the Russian-born pianist played it in the heroic fashion that befits it. If some of her brother pianists have played it with more magnificence of tone, Miss Reisenberg did not let you down, and she shone in the more delicate portions of the work. So discerning a musician, so well-equipped a virtuoso deserves to be better known hereabouts. Yesterday's audience gave Miss Reisenberg the hearty and long-continued applause that was her due.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

While I couldn't do much for the young man's program, I am willing to agree with Dr. Koussevitzky that his Brazilian protege, Eleazar de Carvalho, has talent. Conducting the Symphony Orchestra yesterday, sans stick and sans score, Mr. de Carvalho had his men and his music well in hand and with a commendable absence of fuss and feathers. With so many of the younger conductors, and some of the older ones, going in for platform exhibitionism Mr. de Carvalho's restraint and composure were gratifying to see. Even in the wildest moments of Berlioz' "Fantastic" Symphony, with which the current program closes, the guest-conductor did not find it necessary to express that excitement in terms of bodily motion.

Besides Berlioz' romantically extravagant Symphony, which we were in no particular need of hearing (it being one of Dr. Koussevitzky's most cherished war horses), Mr. de Carvalho's list offered the String Symphony of William Schuman, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, and, for the first time in Boston, the Chamber Symphony that Arnold Schoenberg composed a little more than 40 years ago. This work stirred up fierce opposition when it was first played in Vienna and it didn't go down easily with most of its hearers yesterday.

One cause for complaint was that a piece for 15 instruments, lasting close on half an hour, was not what a Symphony audience paid its money to hear. And though in this work Schoenberg had not yet deserted tonality, and though for all the daring independence of his counterpoint, with its resulting dissonance, there are many echoes of the later German romanticism, this Kammer-symphonie does not make easy listening. Moreover, it was probably a mistake to perform it at a Symphony Concert. In a smaller hall conductor and players could have accomplished their task with less striving and effort. The slow sections came off well but elsewhere there was a sense of strain.

Schoenberg was to write things far more radical than this, yet in retrospect it made Mr. Schuman's String Symphony seem relatively conservative. If the American composer's first movement is a bit on the acid side, the other two movements are not calculated to set anyone's teeth on edge. However, like other things of Mr. Schuman that have been heard here, this Symphony seems more contrived than inspired.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Ninth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 19, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 20, at 8:30 o'clock

ELEAZAR DE CARVALHO, *Conducting*

WILLIAM SCHUMAN.....Symphony for Strings

- I. Molto agitato ed energico
- II. Larghissimo
- III. Presto leggiero

SCHÖNBERG.....Chamber Symphony, Op. 9

Sehr rasch — Scherzo: Sehr rasch — Development: Viel langsamer
aber doch fließend — Finale: Haupt Zeitmass

(First performance at these concerts)

INTERMISSION

BERLIOZ.....Fantastic Symphony, Op. 14A

- I. Dreams, Passions
Largo: Allegro agitato e appassionato assai
- II. A Ball
Waltz: Allegro non troppo
- III. Scene in the Meadows
Adagio
- IV. March to the Scaffold
Allegretto non troppo
- V. A Witches' Sabbath
Larghetto: Allegro

Schuman, Schönberg, Berlioz Make Up Brazilian's Program

By L. A. Sloper

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave the ninth subscription program of the season in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon and they will repeat it tonight. Eleazar de Carvalho, guest conductor, made his first appearance here. His list of works included William Schuman's Symphony for Strings; Schönberg's Chamber Symphony, and Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony. 12-20-47

Mr. de Carvalho is from Brazil. He is a young man whose progress has been rapid. He has served as a seaman in the Brazilian Navy, in the orchestras of casinos, cabarets and circuses, and in the Teatro Municipal, opera house in Rio de Janeiro. He became assistant to the conductor of the Brazilian Orchestra, and eventually succeeded him. He studied conducting with Dr. Koussevitzky at Tanglewood, and returned last summer to assist in supervising the class and to conduct the school orchestra.

L. A. Sloper

Mr. de Carvalho is not one of your athletes of the podium. True, he has one gesture recalling a boxer, but on the whole his movements are restrained, and he keeps his feet on the stand. It is evident that he knows his scores, knows how he wants them to sound and how to get the orchestra to play them that way.

It seems that his conception of the music he plays is straightforward, not to say literal. Schuman's Symphony for Strings, for example, made in his hands an impression less favorable than it had given when we first heard it four years ago. The first movement sounded more like a pattern, the Larghissimo did not sing. But the Finale was gay and lively.

Schönberg's Chamber Symphony was having its first performance at these concerts. It is an early work, written when the composer was turning his back on tonality and about to embark on compositions built on the 12-tone scale. You hear in this work some of the last gasps of the post-Wagnerians. You also see the gropings of the composer along the 12-tone path. But there is not so much romanticism here as in "Verklärte Nacht" or "Pelleas und Melisande." The author was about to make the final plunge into atonality.

Schönberg himself deplored this talk of techniques. He wanted to have his music treated as an intelligent person with something significant to say; of course, he said, it had a skeleton. But note that in his recent works he has been returning to tonality. Is this a home-coming? Acknowledging the Award of Merit from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, in 1947, he declared that the "achievement" credited to him seemed to be an "overestimation." During his career, "I had the feeling that I had fallen into an ocean of boiling water." Now, perhaps, he has managed to get out.

For me this symphony, like Schönberg's other radical works, is a musical experiment, an adventure in tonal patterns, a class-book example of a system which may be useful to students of the future—but not a composition which stands up as music. Schönberg may be admired as the program notes suggest, for his independence and his courage, but does one make a career of getting out of an ocean of hot water?

Mr. de Carvalho's reading of the Berlioz came to a resounding

conclusion, which provoked the usual plaudits. But it lacked the shadings, the balance between choirs, the subtle variations of tempi that would give it character. In short, it lacked imagination, without which Berlioz is pretty hard to take nowadays.

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MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 9th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony for Strings, William Schuman
Chamber Symphony Op. 9, Schoenberg
Fantastic Symphony, Berlioz

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Mr. de Carvalho, appearing for the first time as guest conductor of the orchestra, won an ovation for his spirited interpretation of that well-known score, Berlioz' Fantastic Symphony. It is no denigration of his talent and efforts to say that the performance was to some extent tailored for him by Mr. Koussevitzky's preparation of it in past seasons. As a conductor this young Brazilian is not one of your acrobats and shadow-boxers. He tends to his job with a minimum of gestures with his hands. As is the modern fashion in actual performance he uses no score. The superb recreation he achieved with Berlioz' romantic, lovable and sometimes long-winded Symphony entitles him to respect as a new figure in the field and leads us to anticipate his next concerts with keen interest. 12-20-47

It is a great pity that some effort is not made to coordinate the programs with the holiday season. With the school vacation many forward-looking parents take their offspring to the Symphony. But I scarcely think the audience of the future is going to be made out of the young people who heard the first part of yesterday's program. Rather do I imagine that they will employ every subterfuge in their arsenal to avoid ever attending a symphony concert again. A good modern work would have been fair enough, but two such witless and unattractive pieces as the Schuman and the Schoenberg hardly constitute a persuasive introduction to symphonic music.

I suppose Mr. Schuman had some idea when he sat down to compose this Symphony for Strings, but he failed to communicate it to this listener. The program notes talk of brilliance and vigor and so forth. I can only say that it didn't seem brilliant to me—just dull. As Mr. Schuman has written other music of considerable distinction it is not an agreeable task to report unenthusiastically about this score.

Schoenberg's position in the history of modern music I can well understand, but I have yet to hear a work of his, early, middle or late, tonal or atonal, which I like. That his scores make what the Germans call good "Augenmusik" can be conceded. I merely maintain that they

don't sound well. Whenever a Schoenberg work is announced who would not ten times rather hear something by Hindemith, Stravinsky, Prokofieff or, to choose from his own school, Berg instead?

The Chamber Symphony is music which hovers on the borderland of Strauss and sometimes crosses over. Whenever this occurs the piece almost sinks home, but for the most part it fumbles around without achieving anything except technical difficulties for the players. Once again it was given us to note that curious phenomenon, a work by so significant a figure in the world of music being so singularly unwanted.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. de Carvalho will conduct Guarneri's Prologue and Fugue, Villa-Lobos' "Madona," Falla's "El Amor Brujo" Suite and Dvorak's 5th Symphony.



MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Eleazar De Carvalho is at the helm of the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts this week, as the second guest conductor of the season. His actual first appearance was made at Sanders Theatre last Tuesday, but the Symphony Hall program of yesterday afternoon and tonight may be regarded as his debut in the wider sense, since it is these concerts which generally are regarded as the most important of the Boston Symphony's activity. 12-20-47

Mr. De Carvalho is an adventurous young man, as his Symphony Hall list testified. The Symphony for Strings by William Schuman; the Chamber Symphony Op. 9 (new to these concerts) by Arnold Schoenberg, and the "Fantastic" Symphony of Berlioz are both an unconventional and a tricky, not to say difficult, program. That Mr. De Carvalho is also a talented, perceptive, imaginative and forceful conductor presently was made evident to everyone in the hall. Last October Serge Koussevitzky said in my hearing "in five years Bernstein and De Carvalho will be the country's leading young conductors." On the evidence of what he accomplished yesterday, that may prove to be true.

One concert does not make a career, indeed, but Mr. De Carvalho, who led without either baton or printed score, is obviously a serious musician who really memorizes his work, and one with an excellent ear, who asks for fine sonority and precise detail. His sense of rhythm is both vital and flexible, and although he is an intense conductor, Berlioz' hot, romantic "Fantastic" was neither course nor noisy. I would like to know whether he studied it in detail with Mr. Koussevitzky, for De Carvalho's reading often reminded me of Koussevitzky.

It was a mistake to put Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony on a program for full symphony orchestra. Why banish 95 men to play bridge backstage while the other 15 labor over an involved, tricky contrapuntal number? Especially when, as here, the music is obviously so repugnant to a large section of the public? The Chamber Symphony dates from 1906, and it is part post-Wagnerian, middle-Strauss and early-Schoenberg. The rest of it sounds like a toothache. It is all restless, neurotic "pattern" music, no doubt looking marvelous on paper and sounding like you know what in actual performance. 'Nuff sed.

William Schuman's Symphony for Strings was due for a repetition. It probably is too long, and no doubt appeals to advanced tastes, but it is serious, careful writing with some extraordinary harmonic effects and unusual sonorities. It is awfully sober music, which is perhaps what caused some of yesterday's audience to mutter balefully about it.

Next week Mr. De Carvalho will conduct Guarneri's Prologue and Fugue (first performance); Villa-Lobos' Symphonic Poem "Madona" (first performance); Falla's "El Amor Brujo" and the "New World" Symphony of Dvorak.

De Carvalho in Symphony Preview—

Brazilian Conductor to Give Première of Schönberg Work

Eleazar de Carvalho, guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra for this week and next, will present a première at his Friday concert. Arnold Schönberg's "Kammersymphonie" will get its first Boston hearing on a program with William Schuman's Symphony for Strings and Berlioz's "Fantastic" Symphony.

Schönberg's Chamber Symphony for 15 solo instruments was written in 1906 but did not receive its first performance until 1913, in Vienna. Though written before the composer developed his 12-tone style, it is characterized by polytonality, and often, near-atonality. **12-18-47**

Its signature is E. It opens and closes in E major, but most of the symphony is remote from tonal center. Intervals of fourths regularly substitute for the usual thirds, and the principal theme exploits the whole-tone scale.

Mr. de Carvalho describes the work as "expressionistic." It does have thematic development, falling into five movements: Exposition, Scherzo, Development, Adagio, and Finale. But, as he interprets it, the important concern is not so much melody as sonority. He thinks of the tonal effects that distinguish the composition in terms of color: for example, "black" chords, where the contrabassoon predominates.

Mr. de Carvalho is quite familiar with the "Kammersymphonie." He has included it on programs for the Brazilian Symphony Orchestra, of which he is conductor. And last summer, when he was assistant in the conducting school at Tanglewood, he led a student orchestra through the difficult score with a success that prompted Dr. Koussevitzky to suggest it for a Boston program.

The Victor company has asked him to record it with the Boston Symphony, but, of course, the threatened crisis in the record industry has made this prospect problematical.

Mr. de Carvalho became interested in Schönberg through hearing "Verklärte Nacht," written in 1899. He is no devotee of Schönberg's later, extreme experiments, or of the disciples who have imitated and, he thinks, distorted his original ideas.

Schönberg, says Mr. de Carvalho, has had little influence on Brazilian music; though he is listened to with respect. The only exception he knows of—an important enough exception, at that—is Claude Santoro, whose Schönberg-like compositions won him a Guggenheim Fellowship.

Stravinsky is the number one influence in Brazil, Mr. de Carvalho thinks, with Debussy and Ravel not far behind. Impressionistic works, like Debussy's "La Mer," have intrigued Brazilian composers, he says, and though Villa-Lobos claims inspiration from purely native grounds, he regards him, too, as a highly eclectic craftsman.

Mr. de Carvalho is frankly pessimistic about Brazilian composition. He says that the National School of Music at the University of Brazil gives a thorough training in the techniques of composition—in fact, few students complete their work before they are 30—but, he complains, the graduates do not seem to produce with much originality, tending to lean rather heavily on folk music for their ideas.

Perhaps composers are scarce and generally unproductive, he suggests, because their public, at present, is circumscribed. In Brazil, he explains, music is the interest of a clique, in his estimate possibly 1 per cent of the population. The same people go to all the concerts, attend all the operas, buy all the records, and listen to the broadcasts.

To spread interest in music, the government is stocking public libraries with records and ear-phone phonographs and financing the Brazilian Symphony Orchestra in a concert a month for school children. In addition, regular symphony prices are at a level to attract hesitant investors. Sunday morning popular programs scale their seats at 25 cents and 40 cents. Friday afternoon, Satur-

day afternoon, and Monday night subscription series have a top price of \$2.50.

Mr. de Carvalho himself has notably helped broaden, and deepen, Brazil's musical culture. He presented the first Beethoven cycle, a series of nine programs, and has performed otherwise neglected North American composers on all-United States programs. And though he considers himself primarily a conductor, he has already, at the age of 35, written a symphony, two operas, four symphonic poems, 12 variations for piano and orchestra, three overtures, two trios, two quartets, and a violin and piano sonata.

M. M.



Rehearsal Sketch by Martha Burnham
Eleazar de Carvalho, guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week and next.

Tenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 26, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, at 8:30 o'clock

ELEAZAR DE CARVALHO Conducting

GUARNIERI.....Prologo e Fuga
(First performance)

VILLA-LOBOS....."Madona," Symphonic Poem
(First performance)

DE FALLA.....Suite from "El Amor Brujo,"
"Love, the Sorcerer"
Introduction and Scene — The Gypsies (Evening) — The Homecoming
— Dance of Terror — The Magic Circle (Narrative of the Fisherman)
— Midnight (Sorceries) — Ritual Dance of Fire (To dispel Evil
Spirits) — Pantomime — Dance of the Game of Love — Finale
(Morning Chimes).

INTERMISSION

DVOŘÁK.....Symphony No. 5, in E minor, "From the
New World," Op. 95

- I. Adagio; Allegro molto
- II. Larghetto
- III. Scherzo: Molto vivace
- IV. Allegro con fuoco

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Eleazar De Carvalho, continuing his visit as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave first performance to scores by two of his Brazilian countrymen at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. They were a Prologue and Fugue by Camargo Guarnieri, and the Symphonic Poem "Madona" by Heitor Villa-Lobos. The other numbers were the Suite from "Love, the Sorcerer" by Manuel de Falla, and the "New World" Symphony of Dvorak.

Guarnieri's work no doubt had good intentions, but his fugal writing for orchestra is broken up into bits and snatches to the extent that I couldn't even count all the entrances of the theme. The Prologue is a loud, brassy affair, no more distinctive of material or treatment than the Fugue, and certainly no more sensuous or appealing. The composer was present and bowed from his seat.

Villa-Lobos dedicated his Symphonic Poem to the late Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky, in whose memory the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, which commissioned the piece, was established. "Madona" may not prove to be a great masterpiece, but at least it sounds like music, with alluring turns and a rich, colorful use of the orchestra.

The lovely interludes from "Love, the Sorcerer," by turn amorous and frenetic, rhythmically subtle and aggressive, and of a grace which characterized Spanish music of a happier day, were welcome indeed. They furnished high color and warmth on a day of dreary, gray and foul New England weather.

What is more they were admirably played, for once again the Boston Symphony put its best foot forward for the talented young guest conductor. Ten years from now Mr. De Carvalho will probably conduct with more personal distinction and more delicate nuances than he did yesterday. All the same, his readings did credit to him for they were musicianly and in good style, with none of the strainings after effect or the tonal whoop-er-up that are apt to creep into the work of a young but not completely mature conducting talent.

Symphony Concert

The 10th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Prologue and Fugue.....Guarnieri
"Madona" Symphonic Poem.....Villa-Lobos
Suite from "El Amor Brujo".....Falla
Symphony No. 5 in E minor, from the "New World," Op. 95.....Dvorak

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Mr. de Carvalho's second program offered a more interesting selection of new music than his first but as a conductor he showed to better advantage in the Berlioz than in the Dvorak. Why conductors turn their backs on Dvorak's other symphonies is one of the minor mysteries of their mysterious craft. The "New World" has some lovely things in it, notably the scherzo; but there is altogether too much warming over of the themes which had been sufficiently served in the beginning. Under Mr. de Carvalho's ministrations the slow movement seemed more interminable than ever.

Two new Brazilian compositions were performed for the first time yesterday afternoon. Camargo Guarnieri's Prologue sounds better than his Fugue, and it is perhaps significant that at the end of the latter he returns to the theme of the former. For the rest this is just another of those pieces of dissonant counterpoint, which, I submit, is not very exciting musical news. The composer was present and acknowledged the applause from his seat in the hall.

Mr. de Carvalho then delivered a peculiar interpretation of the orchestral suite from Falla's "El Amor Brujo." He concentrated on detail, so that it was possible to hear many beauties of orchestration which ordinarily escape attention. But the interpretation as a whole was a little on the drowsy side. There was not much of that dramatic excitement which the music can communicate. Restraint is an admirable quality in its way, but "El Amor Brujo" can stand more youthful elan than Mr. de Carvalho brought to it yesterday.

Tenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 26, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 27, at 8:30 o'clock

ELEAZAR DE CARVALHO Conducting

GUARNIERI.....Prologo e Fuga
(First performance)

VILLA-LOBOS....."Madona," Symphonic Poem
(First performance)

DE FALLA.....Suite from "El Amor Brujo,"
"Love, the Sorcerer"
Introduction and Scene — The Gypsies (Evening) — The Homecomer
— Dance of Terror — The Magic Circle (Narrative of the Fisherman)
— Midnight (Sorceries) — Ritual Dance of Fire (To dispel Evil
Spirits) — Pantomime — Dance of the Game of Love — Finale
(Morning Chimes).

INTERMISSION

DVOŘÁK.....Symphony No. 5, in E minor, "From the
New World," Op. 95

- I. Adagio; Allegro molto
- II. Larghetto
- III. Scherzo: Molto vivace
- IV. Allegro con fuoco

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Eleazar De Carvalho, continuing his visit as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave first performance to scores by two of his Brazilian countrymen at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. They were a Prologue and Fugue by Camargo Guarnieri, and the Symphonic Poem "Madona" by Heitor Villa-Lobos. The other numbers were the Suite from "Love, the Sorcerer" by Manuel de Falla, and the "New World" Symphony of Dvorak.

Guarnieri's work no doubt had good intentions, but his fugal writing for orchestra is broken up into bits and snatches to the extent that I couldn't even count all the entrances of the theme. The Prologue is a loud, brassy affair, no more distinctive of material or treatment than the Fugue, and certainly no more sensuous or appealing. The composer was present and bowed from his seat.

Villa-Lobos dedicated his Symphonic Poem to the late Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky, in whose memory the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, which commissioned the piece, was established. "Madona" may not prove to be a great masterpiece, but at least it sounds like music, with alluring turns and a rich, colorful use of the orchestra. The lovely interludes from "Love, the Sorcerer," by turn amorous and frenetic, rhythmically subtle and aggressive, and of a grace which characterized Spanish music of a happier day, were welcome indeed. They furnished high color and warmth on a day of dreary, gray and foul New England weather.

What is more they were admirably played, for once again the Boston Symphony put its best foot forward for the talented young guest conductor. Ten years from now Mr. De Carvalho will probably conduct with more personal distinction and more delicate nuances than he did yesterday. All the same, his readings did credit to him for they were musicianly and in good style, with none of the strainings after effect or the tonal whoop-er-up that are apt to creep into the work of a young but not completely mature conducting talent.

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SYMPHONY CONCERT

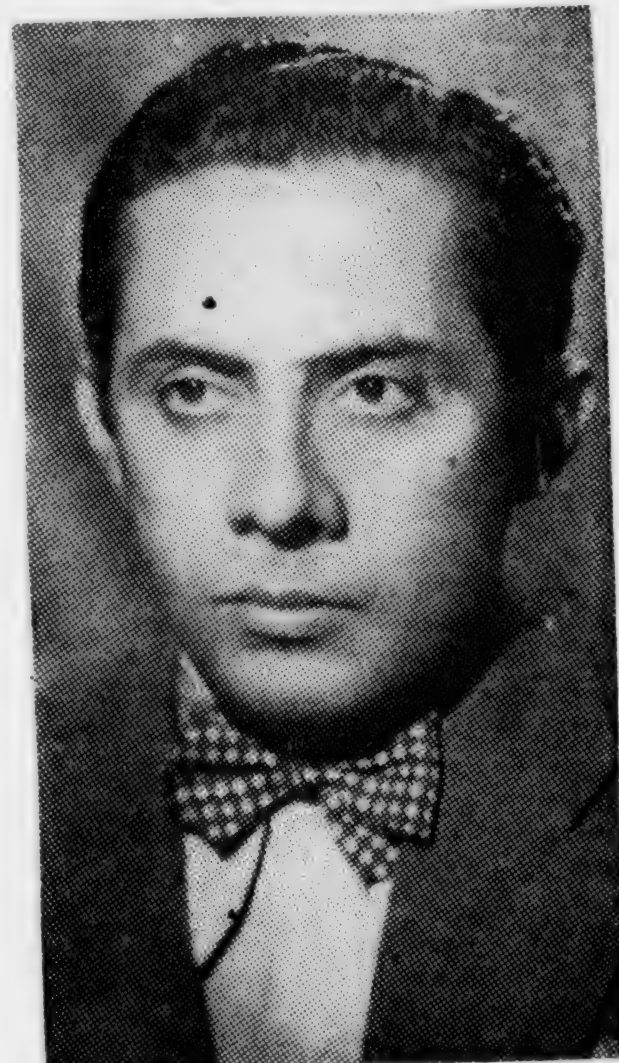
It was generally complained that the program the Brazilian guest conductor, Eleazar de Carvalho, prepared for last week's Symphony Concerts, was markedly unsuited to the holiday season, whatever interest it might have had in its own right. The one which was heard yesterday and will be repeated this evening filled the bill somewhat better. There were at least two genuinely popular items on the list, the Suite from Manuel de Falla's ballet, "Love, the Sorcerer" and the "New World" Symphony of Dvorak. The first part of this program is given over to new music, and not only new music but actual first performances. 12-27-47

The two numbers which enjoyed their world premieres yesterday are by contemporaries of the conductor. Camargo Guarnieri and the more celebrated Heitor Villa-Lobos. The first-named was present in the audience, but instead of going to the stage in the customary fashion, he modestly contented himself with taking a bow from his seat. Both composers have on occasion conducted their own works here. It is interesting to note also that Mr. Guarnieri's Prologo e Fuga was actually composed in honor of his young countryman's initial appearances with the Boston Symphony.

Nor was Villa-Lobos' symphonic poem, "Madona," without its connection with the Boston orchestra, being one of the many compositions commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, Inc., established in memory of Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky. Like Stravinsky's Ode, of pleasant memory, this symphonic poem is a musical tribute to that great and good lady, even taking the form of a character sketch. The work is definitely romantic, with attractive themes and equally attractive orchestration, and may be described as replete with atmosphere. It is, in fact, a portrait that its subject would surely have found flattering. Mr. Guarnieri's Prologue and Fugue, on the other hand, is just

one more example of skillful modern counterpoint, admirable in execution but leaving no very individual impression.

Mr. De Carvalho's easy and undemonstrative command of the orchestra, the intimate knowledge of the music that enables him to dispense with the score, were again in evidence. He appeared to be setting the compositions of Guarnieri and Villa-Lobos in the most favorable light, and he brought to pass wholly satisfying performances of the two familiar numbers. Speaking of Dvorak, is it not high time that we again heard one of his other symphonies? Especially do Nos. 2 and 4 deserve occasional performance.



José
Eleazar de Carvalho, guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week end.

Works by Two Brazilians Have First Performances

By L. A. Sloper

Eleazar de Carvalho, conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra as guest for the second week, offered the following program for the tenth concert of the season: Guarnieri, Prologo e fuga; Villa-Lobos, "Madona," Symphonic Poem; Falla, Suite from "El Amor Brujo"; Dvorak, Symphony No. 5 in E minor, "From the New World." The Guarnieri and the Villa Lobos items had their first performances.

Mr. Guarnieri's "Abertura Concertante" made a good impression when it was played here in the spring of 1943. His First Symphony won our applause for its facture if not for its individuality

when he conducted it here in the fall of 1945.

This new work resembles the symphony in that it is in the familiar garb of modernism, but it seems on a first hearing to have more originality. It is crystal clear in form, its musical message is stated with the greatest economy of means. The work shows an individual style. 12-27-47

Mr. Villa-Lobos wrote his symphonic poem for the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and dedicated it to Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky. Of his work he says: "I little regard the rules and logic of form, but rather favor the aesthetic of my art." This poem is melodious, prolix and formless. It is rather like the prose works of Thomas Wolfe. Its author was doubtless quite sincere in his admiration for his subject, but this work is a good example of what

"little regard for the rules and logic of form" will do to good intentions. *monita*

Mr. de Carvalho gave a good account of the music of his fellow countrymen. In fact he gave a much better account of himself than he did last week. His reading of the Falla was brilliant and exciting. He seemed to understand this music, possibly because it is by a Spaniard, and he directed it with complete authority.

His Spanish blood, however, cannot account for his playing of the "New World" Symphony. This symphony, which had been unheard here for six years, had benefited by the rest. It also benefited by the eloquence of the performance, which reminded us that, hackneyed as it may be-

come, tiresome as its melodic ideas may seem at times, an electric performance can always resuscitate it.

That is what it had yesterday. In the first movement there were disturbing signs that Mr. de Carvalho might be preparing a treatment such as he gave Berlioz last Friday, but no; everything was done with the greatest clarity and flexibility.

The orchestra was in top form. In the Falla and in the Dvorak the playing of Mr. Speyer and of Mr. Bedetti in particular stood out; but so did the trumpet and horn playing of Mr. Voisin and Mr. Stagliano in the Falla and of Mr. Mager and Mr. Valkenier in the symphony. The ensemble was superb.

On the evidence of this concert it would be interesting to have Mr. de Carvalho back again.

Nabokov Work Has Its First Performance

By L. A. Sloper

Serge Koussevitzky was warmly greeted yesterday when he returned to the stand for the eleventh program of the Boston Symphony season. He had chosen these works: Nabokov, "The Return of Pushkin," an elegy in three parts for high voice and orchestra (first performance); Debussy, "La Damoiselle Élue"; Tchaikovsky, "Letter Scene" from Eugene Onegin, and "Francesca da Rimini."

The soloists were Marina Koshetz in the Nabokov, the Debussy and the Tchaikovsky air; and Eunice Alberts for the second voice in the Debussy. The assisting chorus was the Wellesley College Choir.

Mr. Nabokov's work was composed by commission of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and dedicated to the memory of Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky. His Lyric Symphony was played here in 1930. He has composed the ballet, "Union Pacific," and other works.

His new work is a setting of Pushkin's verses celebrating his return to the scene of his exile. Divided into an Andante, an Allegretto and a Lento assai, the composition made no particular impression. It is conventional in style, and consists, for long stretches, of chords accompanying the solo voice, and in others, of sequences of no great originality.

Miss Koshetz is the daughter of Nina Koshetz. She is the possessor of one of those voices characteristic of Russian sopranos, with pinched tones and a marked vibrato, with a tendency to depart from pitch. However, this faulty production at the start of the concert may have been due in part to nervousness incidental to her Boston debut, for in the Tchaikovsky air her voice was much more satisfactory in the middle register, though it still was unfree in the upper range and, because of the failure to place tones properly, it could be heard clearly only when the orchestra was hushed. She imparted a measure of dramatic fervor to this music, but it was impossible at any time to tell what language she was singing in.

Her performance in the Debussy was subject to the same criticisms as in the Nabokov. The contralto role in this piece was taken by Eunice Alberts, the daughter of another distinguished singer, the Boston soprano, Adèle Alberts. The daughter's voice is round, warm and full of color.

The Wellesley College Choir proved that not all the good choral singing comes out of Harvard and Radcliffe. The young women sang with good tone and expression. That they could do so, placed on the stage as they were, was a wonder, for they were crowded in between the violas and the cellos like apples in a barrel. Why they could not have been placed at the rear, as choruses have been placed before for this and other works, is hard to understand. Perhaps Dr. Koussevitzky wanted to try them out as an orchestral choir, but the arrangement was so out of visual balance, and so clumsily managed, as to nullify any possible gain in total balance.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Eleventh Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 2, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 3, at 8:30 o'clock

NABOKOV..... "The Return of Pushkin," An Elegy in Three Parts for High Voice and Orchestra

- I. Andante
- II. Allegretto
- III. Lento assai

(First performance)

DEBUSSY..... "La Damoiselle Élue," Lyric Poem (after "The Blessed Damozel," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti)

WELLESLEY COLLEGE CHOIR
MARGARET MACDONALD WINKLER, Director

Soprano solo: MARINA KOSHETZ
Contralto solo: EUNICE ALBERTS

INTERMISSION

TCHAIKOVSKY..... Air of Tatiana ("Letter Scene") from "Eugene Onegin" (Act I)

TCHAIKOVSKY..... "Francesca da Rimini," Orchestral Fantasia after Dante, Op. 32

SOLOIST

MARINA KOSHETZ, Soprano

BALDWIN PIANO

VICTOR RECORDS

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SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
 By CYRUS DURGIN

Vocal soloists are all too infrequent at the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, but this week partial amends are made to the extent that soprano Marina Koshetz is singing in no less than three numbers. First comes Nikolai Nabokoff's "The Return of Pushkin," which is given first performances, then Debussy's "La Demoiselle Elue" by Debussy and the Letter Scene from the opera "Eugen Oniegin" by Tchaikovsky. The one purely instrumental number is Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," which replaces the originally announced Sixth Symphony of Shostakovich. Serge Koussevitzky conducts.

Miss Koshetz is the daughter of the famous Russian singer, Nina Koshetz, who herself has been a Boston Symphony soloist on several occasions and who yesterday sat in the balcony at Symphony Hall. Marina Koshetz' voice is a high-ranging but not big Russian soprano, on the brilliant rather than the sensuous side, characterized by pronounced vibrato. Befitting the daughter of Nina Koshetz, she sings with great intensity and temperament. On purely vocal grounds she sounded to better advantage in Debussy than Nabokov, for "The Return of Pushkin," a setting of the Russian poet's own verses, is rather clumsily written for voice and makes the singer compete with heavy, thick instrumentation. Nor does Nabokov's work have much character or distinction in its three movements. I thought I noted one tune. The composer was present.

Debussy's "La Demoiselle Elue," that wondrously radiant and delicate score, found Miss Koshetz singing with superb style and enunciating the Sarrazin-Rossetti words with pleasing clarity. The contralto soloist for Debussy was Eunice Alberts, a young Bostonian also the daughter of a late Symphony soloist, who acquitted herself well. The Wellesley College Choir, prepared by Margaret Macdonald Winkler, sang like

angels, and the whole performance was a thorough delight.

Between Tatiana's Letter Scene and "Francesca da Rimini" lies the certain difference between the intimate and the bombastic Tchaikovsky. Miss Koshetz again delivered a warm and moving performance. Seldom has Mr. Koussevitzky made Francesca's unhappy tale and the bad weather of the second circle of the Inferno (no worse than Boston's, yesterday) so eloquent and gripping as he did yesterday afternoon. The score and the performance may have been loud, but they were also emotionally overpowering.

Symphony Concert

The 11th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Marina Koshetz, soprano, was the soloist. Assisting were the Wellesley College Choir, Margaret Macdonald Winkler, director, and Eunice Alberts, contralto. The program was as follows:

"The Return of Pushkin," Elegy Nabokov
 "La Demoiselle Elue," Lyric Poem Debussy
 Air of Tatiana (Letter Scene) from "Eugen Oniegin" Tchaikovsky
 "Francesca da Rimini" Op. 32 Tchaikovsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Yesterday's concert offered quite a variety of orchestral fare as a glance at the program would tell, and it was thus undoubtedly sensible to substitute "Francesca da Rimini" for Shostakovich's 6th Symphony which had been promised. The program began auspiciously with the first performance anywhere of Nikolai Nabokov's "The Return of Pushkin," an elegy in three parts for soprano and orchestra. The composer was present yesterday and came onto the stage to acknowledge the cordial applause.

I imagine that if we knew Russian at all and Pushkin better, for he does not come out too inspiringly in translation, we should have appreciated and understood more of what Mr. Nabokov had to say. His music is not at all flashy, nor does it bristle with dissonant counterpoint. It is, in short, an expressive and imaginative setting of the Pushkin verses. A somewhat lighter section intervenes between two

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slow and sombre movements. Knowing as little as I did about the poem I nevertheless found the music and Marina Koshetz' singing of it very moving.

1-3-48 heard
We then heard an even more moving work, Debussy's "La Demoiselle Elue." There are reasons for this over and above the actual quality of the music. In the first place we know and are touched by Rossetti's poem and we are that much further ahead in appreciating the composer's purpose. Then, too, the contrast of orchestral color with that of fresh, youthful voices is extraordinarily effective. Even though the music is early Debussy, not entirely released from the chromatic magic of the wizard of Bayreuth, it is deeply felt and most artistically expressed—in a word, a lovely sounding score.

The performance by the Wellesley College Choir was exquisite, even though the words did not come through very clearly. Miss Koshetz's voice did not sound so well in this as in the two Russian pieces. There were several places where the orchestra completely drowned her out for Mr. Koussevitzky did not temper the instrumental wind for her. Nor was the text very audibly enunciated. On the other hand you could hear every word and note of the contralto, Eunice Alberts, who achieved some fine singing.

After the intermission Miss Koshetz was herself again in the famous "Letter Scene" from Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin." She proved herself an exceptionally sensitive and skilled vocal artist. Though the voice itself is not particularly pleasant, it is intelligently and artistically used, which is much more important. She was warmly received by yesterday's weather-brave audience.

Finally for popular good measure there was Tchaikovsky's Orchestral Fantasia, "Francesca da Rimini." It is one of Tchaikovsky's most bombastic and vulgar pieces, but there is no gainsaying that its noisy climaxes arouse an audience to quite a pitch. All the same I kept wondering what Dante would have thought of it.

The concert will be repeated to-night. Next week Serge Koussevitzky will conduct Walter Piston's new Symphony No. 3, Prokofieff's 1st Violin Concerto (with Isaac Stern as soloist) and Brahms' 2nd Symphony.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Three works make the current Symphony program, one of them altogether new, one still little known and the third about as well known as anything in the current repertory. The new piece is the Third Symphony of Walter Piston, one of the many works commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and dedicated to the memory of Natalie Koussevitzky, in whose name the foundation was established. Receiving its third presentation in Boston, or at least its third pair of performances here with orchestra, is the First Violin Concerto of Prokofieff, with Isaac Stern making his Symphony Hall debut as the soloist. (He had already been heard here in a Jordan Hall recital.) Dr. Koussevitzky probably decided that, after so much that was neither new or unfamiliar, the audiences of yesterday afternoon and this evening would welcome the Second Symphony of Brahms, a work without which no Boston season would be complete.

There is much that is admirable about Mr. Piston's new Symphony. It is serious in purpose, lofty in conception and—it is hardly necessary to say—excellently wrought. Mr. Piston long ago attained mastery of the orchestra and of orchestral composition. Few contemporary Americans go about their business with so much assurance. However, I am constrained to state, as a purely personal opinion, that the new work, which, by the way, was uncommonly well received, measurably lacks two very desirable qualities, salient invention and a style immediately recognizable as its author's own. On first hearing I was most pleasantly impressed by the very opening, the middle section of the Scherzo and the inspiring close. Dr. Koussevitzky, who conducted the work with his customary devotion and enthusiasm, brought the composer to the stage, after which the audience recalled him more than once.

1-10-48 Post
Prokofieff's First Violin Concerto, not likely to achieve the popularity of the Second, is a work of the composer's 23rd year, though it is wholly mature and completely individual.

70

It differs from other concertos in that the last movement is less showy than the middle one. In fact, it took courage on the composer's part to write so quiet a conclusion. If the audience was let down by this anticlimatic finish, it speedily recovered itself, and heaped upon young Mr. Stern the applause that he so richly deserved. Musically and technically, as we had already discovered, Mr. Stern, who was born in Russia but was brought up in San Francisco, is well equipped beyond the average.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

The first half of the Boston Symphony concert yesterday afternoon was one of the most novel, varied and absorbing hours we've had all season. It brought the first performance of the new Third Symphony by Walter Piston of Harvard University, and a revival of Prokofiev's First Violin Concerto with Isaac Stern as soloist, Serge Koussevitzky and the orchestra were at the top of their fabulous form, and so the total result was music and music-making of extraordinary interest. After intermission came the comfortable old Brahms of the Second Symphony. 1-10-48

Commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and dedicated to the memory of Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky, the Third Symphony is the best large composition that Walter Piston has written. It is masterfully set forth for a very big orchestra and every detail comes over clearly. It is music of good ideas and emotional "juice," and speaks out with a rugged grandeur equaled only in these times by Paul Hindemith. The scherzo is a real scherzo with rhythmic drive and melodic bounce.

The slow movement is the least communicative, and it may be too long. For some reason it soon loses that rapt mood with which it starts and which is the desideratum of any symphonic adagio. Then the

finale picks up and within 30 seconds you are excited all over again. Mr. Piston bowed from the stage in acknowledgment of applause for what may prove to be one of the great masterpieces of American symphonic music.

Perhaps the finest compliment one can pay Mr. Stern, who made his first appearance with the Boston Symphony yesterday, is to say that while I had no recollection of the 1935 performance of Prokofiev's First Violin Concerto, I shall never forget the way Mr. Stern did it. This was fiddle-playing of the highest brilliance in a piece that must be one of the most fearsomely difficult ever written. It is full of soloistic tricks and orchestral sorcery. 1-8-48

Every measure came off beautifully, and what was more, it was all musical. Mr. Stern is much more than a wizard of bow and fingerboard. Beyond his dazzling technique—which makes all the fiddlers' tricks look easy—is a profoundly musical instinct and a fine musical brain. He has a marvelous legato, also, carried on a light but lush tone that never becomes "fat" or "oozy." Mr. Stern deserved every last hand-clap of the rousing ovation he received.

Brahms' D major Symphony is still one of the 19th century masterworks, but somehow it was almost lost after Piston and Prokofiev-Stern.

Music by Harvard Composer To Have First Performance

By Melvin Maddocks

Walter Piston's Third Symphony is having its first performance tomorrow afternoon at the Boston Symphony concert, in company with Prokofiev's Violin Concerto (Isaac Stern, soloist) and Brahms' Second Symphony.

Mr. Piston, who has taught in the Music Department at Harvard for more than 20 years, originally intended to be an artist, completing the course at the Massachusetts School of Art. Both drawing and teaching, it may be imagined, have had indirect influences on his composition. His music seems to evidence an artistic attention to balance, proportion, and outline, and a certain academic tidiness.

Like earlier works, the Third Symphony reflects Mr. Piston's conviction that feeling derives from form. Even in fragmentary rehearsal it suggests habits of orderly craftsmanship. As usual, he seems scrupulous in avoiding the obvious: redundant phrases, static harmonies, prolonged parallel orchestration, and overly theatrical effects, like sensational dissonances and abrupt silences.

The care with which he has balanced instruments is a more positive example of technical skill.

He has said before that he likes to give each player something interesting to say, and in this symphony he seems to have been almost systematic in assigning themes. Thus, the first movement (Andantino) appears to be written in a studied instrumental climax. The first theme is introduced by the solo oboe; the second, by horn, clarinet, and English horn, and the third, (a kind of chorale) by brass. 1-8-48

The third movement (Adagio),

in four curves of development, would seem to have again exercised Mr. Piston at instrumental arrangement. The strings declare the theme; the woodwinds and harps vary it; the basses and celli start another variation; and finally the solo viola returns to the unelaborated statement.

As in instrumental assignments, Mr. Piston seems to have distributed rhythmic patterns inside of movements with an attentive ear to variety. For instance, the violas state the theme of the second movement—a three-part Scherzo—rhythmically, staccato. The middle part, in contrast, is lyric, featuring the solo flute with harp and clarinet accompaniment. Then the third part reverts to the first, with violins added to the violas.

The final movement (Allegro) also appears to be rhythmically interesting. The second theme of this movement—cast in the form of a three-part sonata movement—has a marching cadence, established by the woodwinds and staccato basses. On this march theme, played by the brass, the symphony reaches its final climax.

Mr. Piston does not like to "explain" his work, perhaps because he deals rather abstractly with musical ideas. Unlike some of his contemporaries, he has never utilized folk music, and

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 12th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The soloist was Isaac Stern, violinist. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 3.....Piston
Violin Concerto No. 1 Op. 19.....Prokofieff
Symphony No. 2 in D major
Op. 73.....Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The sensation of yesterday afternoon's exceptionally rewarding concert was the Prokofieff First Violin Concerto, unheard here since 1935, and Mr. Isaac Stern's breath-taking performance of it. The score is ferociously difficult, abounding in technical hurdles of the most alarming description. Yet Mr. Stern not only made light of these but even contrived to seem to forget them in the interest of the music itself. Nor is the orchestral part at all easy to synchronize with the solo role. Here Mr. Koussevitzky's talent entered; and the result was a superb and memorable performance. 1-16-48

Prokofieff's First Violin Concerto will never be as popular as his Second, which is more ingratiating as to style and more conventional as to form. But that is no reason to neglect the First, for at certain points it surpasses the other in imagination and it is certainly more original. Surely there is no other violin concerto which opens and ends with a moderately slow movement and practically confines the violinist's opportunity for display to the scherzo, while at the same time requiring him to play almost without pause. In the finale he is hardly given time to put on the sordino.

While the scherzo is the most brilliant and the most typically Prokofieff, recognizably stamped with his personality, there are pages both in the first and final movements which are of extraordinary inspiration. I refer to the closing pages of both, where the composer has woven an enchanting web of sound through which the solo violin is just perceptibly stirring. It is a fascinating effect. In fact, the entire Concerto is remarkable; and we owe a considerable debt to Mr. Stern for choosing it to play here. Though it is not at all the ovation type of concerto Mr. Stern was nonetheless warmly applauded.

Walter Piston our most distinguished local composer and equally one of the first in America, was present to acknowledge the applause for the first performance of his Third Symphony. It is an impressive work, the best score by an American we have heard here since Copland's Third. By far the most attractive movement, if not the most original, is the finale, the vigorous impulse of which sweeps the listener off his feet.

The other movement also easily grasped at a first hearing is the scherzo. Piston never writes an ineffective scherzo and this is one of his best. The opening prelude and the adagio are intellectually interesting, but they are more difficult to follow. I never felt that Mr. Piston was as completely at home, inspired if you like, in his slow movements. At any rate the new Symphony is a worthy addition to the not over-long list of first-rate American works on a large scale.

A stirring and dramatic interrotation of Brahms' Second Symphony brought this highly satisfactory program to an end. It was sociologically interesting to note that a good many in the audience left at intermission. Can it be that the day of Brahms' overwhelming popularity is waning?

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week the orchestra will be out of town. For the concerts of Jan. 23 and 24 Leonard Bernstein will conduct Beethoven's Symphony No. 2, David Diamond's Symphony No. 4 and Stravinsky's "Petrouchka."

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON • NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Twelfth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 9, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, at 8:30 o'clock

PISTON.....Symphony No. 3
I. Andantino
II. Allegro
III. Adagio
IV. Allegro
(First performance)

PROKOFIEFF.....Violin Concerto No. 1, Op. 19
I. Andantino
II. Scherzo
III. Moderato

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73
I. Allegro non troppo
II. Adagio non troppo
III. Adagietto grazioso; quasi andantino
IV. Allegro con spirito

SOLOIST
ISAAC STERN

This program will end about 4:20 o'clock on Friday Afternoon,
10:20 on Saturday Evening.

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- I. Allegro non troppo
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- IV. Allegro con spirito

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Isaac Stern as Violinist In Prokofiev Concerto No. I

By L. A. Sloper

Walter Piston's Third Symphony had its first public performance at the twelfth Friday concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting, yesterday afternoon. Isaac Stern, appearing for the first time with this orchestra, played the Prokofiev Violin Concerto No. 1. The other item on the printed program was the Second Symphony of Brahms.

When Mr. Piston's Second Symphony was played here, in the spring of 1944, we noted that this scholarly modern composer had been visited by the spirit of romanticism. That spirit seems to have found a welcome, for this symphony is also animated by lyricism.

It is somewhat unconventional in form: Andantino, Scherzo, Adagio, Allegro. This seems to be the fashion nowadays—soft, loud, soft, loud. The Andantino begins with a gentle theme given to the oboe, and develops to an emotional climax of much power.

The Scherzo is rhythmically alive and varied, full of humor. It is interrupted by a Trio of engaging simplicity. The Adagio is a long—perhaps a too long—slow

movement with a variety of themes which do not quite justify the time spent on them. The final Allegro is a lively movement having an irresistible march theme with which it concludes.

This symphony gives us new hope of the composers of the present. Mr. Piston does not like to talk about his music, much less to have anybody seek a program in it, but surely he would not mind our saying that without forgetting his erudition, he has succeeded in expressing melancholy, wit, pastoral reflectiveness and buoyancy. That is, he has used his materials and his learning to say something which is accessible to any listener. He joins the great company of communicative composers.

Mr. Stern is a violinist of formidable technique and unassuming demeanor. He performed Prokofiev's tricky Scherzo with the greatest of ease, and, for all the hustle and bustle, managed to reveal a broad tone and an impeccable intonation. This concerto is not classed among the display pieces in its field, yet it doesn't omit a trick of the violinist's art. Mr. Stern without any of the mannerisms of the virtuoso mastered all the tricks and gave a good exposition of the music.

BOSTON'S ORCHESTRA

Compared With Other Good Ones, It Emerges as Great Organization

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH bit extreme, it was not and is not

Before Dr. Koussevitzky restored the prestige it had temporarily lost, through a combination of circumstances, the Boston Symphony, by general agreement, yielded first place among American orchestras to that of Philadelphia, raised to its own lofty position by Stokowski. During Koussevitzky's first Boston season, a Cambridge girl of my acquaintance became engaged to a young man whose business was to take him to the Quaker city. Her mother accepted the situation with equanimity, save for one thing: her daughter was going to miss the symphony concerts. When I suggested to her that the young lady was merely exchanging one series of symphony concerts for another, the mother asked with undisguised astonishment, "Have they a good orchestra in Philadelphia?"

This illuminating anecdote was passed along to my old friend, H. T. Parker of the Boston Transcript, who, without mentioning any names, put it in a box on the music and drama page of what used to be known as the Boston Bible. In due course, a clipping found its way to the bulletin board in the Philadelphia Orchestra's tuning room. The rest of the story I got not long afterwards. In the Academy of Music itself, from the lips of the orchestra's assistant manager. After the aforesaid clipping had been posted for a few hours the Stokowskian eye fell upon it. And was the great man amused? He was not. With one of those hypnotic hands he tore it from its place.

Not Untypical

Although the attitude of this worthy Cambridge matron was a

entirely untypical. We have long accepted with justifiable satisfaction the general verdict that ours is the premiere orchestra, not only of this country but of the world. To be sure, Sir Thomas Beecham threw one of his customary bombshells not so long ago by stating that only two or three American orchestras were even the equal of the best in Europe. But who worries about what Sir Thomas says? To return to the matter of Boston's symphonic self-satisfaction, when the other orchestras, greater or lesser, visit us, as they do from time to time, the Symphony subscribers are likely to stay away in droves. Besides, Bostonians are notorious for their lack of interest in what goes on elsewhere.

Well, most of us like that which is ours: our own town, our own street, our own house or apartment, our own wife or husband: I like the Boston Symphony; and the more I hear other orchestras, the better I like it. The same goes for Symphony Hall. I admire the latter's proportions, commodiousness, acoustics and appearance. I like its fresh-painted look, in contrast to the dark woodwork of Carnegie Hall or of Orchestra Hall in Chicago. I like what an official of another orchestra lately described as its clean smell. I am also willing to admit that, outside Mexico City's Palace of Fine Arts, Severance Hall in Cleveland, the \$2,500,000 gift of the late John L. Severance, is the most beautiful house for music I have ever seen, and without any exceptions, the best equipped. There are even driveways into the centre of the building for both taxis and private cars. There are elevators and

everything else that you can think of in any way contributory to comfort, convenience and efficiency.

Severance happens to have been designed to serve the double purpose of opera house and concert hall. It is therefore semi-circular in shape, rather than oblong, like our own auditorium. And, as in New York's Carnegie and Philadelphia's Academy, there are boxes, something I don't like in a concert

hall. They are too undemocratic. Severance is also a bit small. Its normal seating capacity is 1830, which, by the placing of extra chairs, can be stretched to 2000. There is another hall seating 3000, where the Boston Symphony plays when on visit to Cleveland. And there is also in the same building the great auditorium, seating 7000, where the Metropolitan Opera Company holds forth, making the ticket problem less of a headache than it is here.

Cleveland's Youth Concerts

Again, Cleveland has it all over us in the matter of youth concerts. There are 24 each season, two whole weeks being devoted to them. The schools themselves cooperate with the result that the hours of the concerts are wholly convenient, and the youngsters are transported in buses. The programs, designed and conducted by associate conductor Rudolph Ringwall, are adapted to the various grades, and they are heard by 60,-

000 annually, 50,000 from the city itself and the rest from the suburbs.

Let us grant all the desirable features of Symphony Hall. Let us admit that, thanks to Dr. Koussevitzky's ministrations, while the Boston Symphony has its peers technically, tonally it is unique, in the opinion of nearly every unprejudiced observer. The fact nevertheless remains that in certain things other cities in the country may have the jump on us. Tradition, said Gustav Mahler, is death.

Symphony Concert

The 13th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 2 in D major Op. 36
Symphony No. 4 Beethoven
"Petrouchka" Diamond
..... Stravinsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Leonard Bernstein, making his annual visit to the Boston Symphony as guest-conductor, gave us an animated and entertaining concert yesterday. He brings plenty of youthful elan to his readings, but that is not to make the charge that he gingers things up merely for the sake of the spice. Witness, for instance, his eminently just tempo in and clear articulation of the scherzo of Beethoven's 2d Symphony.

David Diamond's 4th Symphony was given its first performance yesterday, and the composer was on hand to acknowledge the applause—more polite, I should judge, than enthusiastic. This reaction was perhaps due to the finale which seemed on a first hearing by far the most confused and meandering of the three. In such a short work it was odd to receive the impression that it was over-long. The composer evidently had considerable philosophical agitation going on in his mind at the time of composing this movement. He has, at any rate, imparted the murkiness of this meditation to the music with some success. 1-24-1948 Heard

Mr. Bernstein then proceeded to lead a most stimulating performance of Stravinsky's 37-year-old score, "Petrouchka," in its complete form, thereby including the scene at the Moor's which is usually omitted at concerts. There are those who claim to get little out of "Petrouchka" minus the action on the stage. Since I am not by way of being a balletomane, I cannot agree with them. The music is still fascinating and freakish and, with only a little help from the program, is both amusing and exciting to listen to.

The orchestra is at present decimated by illness. It is therefore a pleasure to be able to report on the excellence with which the second or third desk men accomplished the many difficult solos. Special citations should go to Mr. Pappoutsakis for his admirable flute playing and to Mr. Herforth for his trumpet solo in the Moor's scene. Mr. Foss' piano solo was, of course, fine.

The concert will be repeated tonight. Next week Mr. Bernstein will lead Weber's Overture to "Der Freischuetz," Harold Shapero's Symphony, and Schumann's 1st Symphony in B flat major.

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Thirteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 23, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 24, at 8:30 o'clock

LEONARD BERNSTEIN Conducting

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 36

- I. Adagio molto; Allegro con brio
- II. Larghetto
- III. Scherzo
- IV. Allegro molto

DIAMOND Symphony No. 4

- I. Allegretto
- II. Andante
- III. Allegro

(First performances)

INTERMISSION

STRAVINSKY "Petrouchka," A Burlesque in Four Scenes

People's Fair at Shrovetide
At Petrouchka's
At the Moor's
People's Fair at Shrovetide (towards evening)
Piano solo: LUKAS FOSS

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People's Fair at Shrovetide
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People's Fair at Shrovetide (towards evening)
Piano solo: LUKAS FOSS

Bernstein Also Conducts Full Score of 'Petrouchka'

By L. A. Sloper

Leonard Bernstein is conducting the Boston Symphony concerts this week and next, during Dr. Koussevitzky's midwinter vacation. For the thirteenth program of the season, played yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall, Mr. Bernstein submitted the following pieces: Beethoven, Symphony No. 2 in D major; Diamond, Symphony No. 4; Stravinsky, "Pétrouchka," a Burlesque in four scenes. *1-24-48 mmL*

Mr. Diamond's Fourth Symphony, like so many other works we are hearing this season, was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and is dedicated to Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky. We have heard here Mr. Diamond's Second Symphony, which made a very good impression, and his "Rounds for Orchestra," which did not fare so well.

This symphony, like the Second, is remarkable for its odd form, its good technique, and its emotional power expressed through recognizable themes. The composer has relaxed his customary reticence about its possible content to the degree of telling us that the work "was created with the idea of life and death." Quite an order, which he has undertaken to fill in three movements lasting 18 minutes.

The first two are very attractive. The first, an Allegretto, has lively tunes, a cheerful and care-free mood. You can forget about sonata-form and enjoy it. The second (Andante) is somewhat more serious, with a chorale-like opening theme which returns toward the end. The final Allegro is a lively, bustling movement,

which ends by becoming monotonous.

Mr. Diamond speaks of "a Mercury-like, sometimes elfish intrusion which I have invented, whose magical, unpremeditated presence intrudes itself here and there as the movement gains momentum." I think this elfin figure must have been what bothered me. Mr. Diamond is much more persuasive when his feet are planted firmly on the ground.

The "Pétrouchka" music was said to be the full score of the ballet. It is rather long, but I think it is worth playing. "Pétrouchka" is one of Stravinsky's masterpieces, the product of his youth, before he wandered into barren ways, gave himself up to "back-to-somebody-or-other" movements, and talked music instead of writing it. As a composer he is a master; as a philosopher he is confused. It is well to hear "Pétrouchka" and "Le Sacre" occasionally, just to restore the musician.

Mr. Bernstein secured a flowing performance of the Diamond and a lively one of the Stravinsky, with rhythmic precision but with some details obscure which are better brought out. The reading of the Beethoven was uneven. The first movement went very well and so did the Scherzo, but the Larghetto was over-interpreted instead of being allowed to sing for itself, and the Finale was rushed. Mr. Bernstein in his enthusiasm still tends to dance a symphony (though not so much as Mr. Münch) and he still uses many gestures reminiscent of Koussevitzky.



Rehearsal sketch by Martha Burnham

Leonard Bernstein, guest conductor at next week's concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

1-17-48 mmL

David Diamond's Fourth Having First Performances

By Melvin Maddocks

David Diamond's Fourth Symphony will get its first Boston hearing at tomorrow afternoon's Boston Symphony concert, which is to open with Beethoven's Second Symphony in D major and close with Stravinsky's "Petrouchka." The new work is having its first performance this evening at Cambridge, under Leonard Bernstein, who will also conduct the Friday and Saturday programs.

Mr. Diamond calls his latest composition the "smallest large symphony" he has written. "Smallest," because it plays only 18 minutes; "large," because its instrumentation is more ambitious than any he attempted in the three earlier symphonies.

The instrumentation is deliberately ambitious. When the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed Mr. Diamond's Second Symphony, some of the members complained that he had not given them enough to do. In the Fourth, everybody will work.

Mr. Diamond tried to avoid what he considers Mahler's mistake: scoring themes more grandly than their subjects justify. He has been careful, for example, not to score tutti passages unless the power of the ideas makes employment of the whole orchestra "reasonable." He has been able to give instruments more play in

contrapuntal parts, pitting choir against choir in linear development.

The Fourth differs from the earlier symphonies in other respects than instrumentation, Mr. Diamond says. It has longer melodic lines. Because it is shorter, it is more economically written, and its structure is more compact. Because of its studied instrumentation, it has more tonal color: in the earlier symphonies Mr. Diamond never used two harps together, or a piano, or nearly so much percussion.

In addition, the Fourth, according to its composer, is a more subconscious product than the other symphonies. The Second, for example, written during the war, has an optimistic Finale, because he wanted to express faith in ultimate victory.

The Fourth, Mr. Diamond says, has no deliberate statements; it is almost completely emotional. Commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation, it is dedicated to the memory of Mme Natalie Koussevitzky. And though it is not strictly an elegy, its material has been shaped by the circumstance of its dedication.

In an extremely general way, the Fourth projects Mr. Diamond's impressions of existence, in its early, middle, and final (transi-

tional) phases. The first movement, Allegretto, has the simplicity of a child's reactions. In sonata form, its first theme—introduced by muted strings—is pastoral, suggesting the freshness of the natural world as it appears to the very young. The second theme—stated by the solo oboe—is jolly and carefree and innocent.

The second movement, Andante, is also lyrical, but in a somber, meditative vein. It is meant to suggest, abstractly, the more subdued emotions of maturity. It has a chorale-like introduction by brass and, later, strings. Its first theme is a long cantilena melody traced by the violas. The second theme is stated first by three clarinets, and in this theme the movement reaches its climax.

The final movement, Allegro—in form, half scherzo, half rondo-finale—is rhythmic, spirited, and even exuberant: full of the hope of perpetuated life hereafter. The brass pounds away insistently with a force Mr. Diamond says may seem earth-bound, while the woodwinds soar to their highest notes, giving what he describes as a "getting-off-the-ground" effect, a sense of liberation. He did not stage these effects: the music, he emphasizes, took form from the emotional ideas.

Mr. Diamond believes the only characteristically American qualities of his music are its energy and its optimism, which the final movement perhaps best expresses. He thinks that nationalism is almost as bad for music as it is for politics. He has never used folk songs or national themes in his composition. As in this latest work, he has usually tried to produce music in terms of universal emotional experience.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday afternoon Dr. Koussevitzky's premier protege, Leonard Bernstein, began a three weeks' term as guest-conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Bernstein is a vital leader, and his programs are never on the negative side. That of yesterday, and this evening, offered the least familiar of the Beethoven symphonies, the Second, the new Fourth Symphony of David Diamond, and, for the first time here in concert form, the complete score of Stravinsky's "Petrouchka."

You really have to hand it to Dr. Koussevitzky; he has made orchestra-conducting a form of big business. In his school at Tanglewood he trains conductors, such as Bernstein and Eleazar de Carvalho, who has already appeared here this season, while through the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, established in the memory of Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky, he commissions works, such as this Symphony of Mr. Diamond. Thus, even when his actual presence is not manifest, his influence is felt. At the previous concert we heard a commissioned symphony from Walter Piston and next week will come another from Harold Shapero. Mr. Diamond's piece was a little easier to take at first hearing than Mr. Piston's, but I have a feeling that it wouldn't wear as well. It is relatively short, lasting less than 20 minutes, and, as modern symphonies go, quite obviously tuneful. However, you do not feel that a strong individuality is expressing itself, and the third and final movement is almost trivial.

Mr. Bernstein's reading of the Beethoven Second was sane, solid and substantial, though not sufficiently illuminating to bring what is probably the feeblest of the nine fully to life. While unquestionably a work of genius, "Petrouchka" is less effective in the concert hall than either "The Fire Bird," which preceded it, or the revolutionary "Rite of Spring," which followed it. The music is intimately connected with the action and, deprived of it, frequently loses point and significance. If that is true of the ballet in its customary curtailed concert form, it is even more true of a complete performance, interesting as it was to hear the music of the usually omitted third scene. Ballet music, which he himself composes, is right down Mr. Bernstein's alley, and yesterday's performance, with Lucas Foss to give a brilliant account of the piano part, was a memorable one.



By a Staff Photographer

1-23-48
Leonard Bernstein goes over a passage in David Diamond's Fourth Symphony under the watchful eye of the composer.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

Leonard Bernstein is back again as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at whose helm he will be for the next three weeks. His first program brings the Second Symphony of Beethoven, the new Fourth Symphony by David Diamond, and the "Petrouchka" ballet music of Stravinsky.

Season by season, Mr. Bernstein is maturing. His mastery of technic and his breadth of interpretation increase. At the same time his once extravagant gestures, for the most part, are being toned down. He was wise to play the infrequently heard Second Symphony of Beethoven, which he read with good style, and no attempt to draw from the music more than is in it. 1-24-48 Hand

David Diamond's Fourth Symphony, like so many of the new pieces done by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and dedicated to the memory of Mme Natalie Koussevitzky. It runs in three movements, of which the first is essentially lyrical, the second a massive slow movement, and the third, as the composer correctly states, a combination of scherzo and allegro finale. These performances are the first.

Mr. Diamond does not avoid melody, which is fairly remarkable among contemporary composers, and the first movement of this Symphony is notably songful. It is the best movement, too, for the others are as mixed in their idiom as Mr. Diamond's program notes about the work are confusing. It would be futile to attempt to grasp this music after one hearing. Let us hear it again. One thing is evident, however, and that is the clear, forceful quality of the writing for orchestra. Mr. Diamond was present and bowed in acknowledgement of applause.

Mr. Bernstein chose to play all of "Petrouchka" instead of the usual excerpts. This was fine for those who appreciated the chance to hear this tricky and wonderfully colored score done by a first-rate orchestra, but to some it must have seemed disjointed without stage action to

tie it together. On the whole the performance was eloquent, but there were numerous hurried and untidy details. The performance, too, brought out some Mr. Bernstein's less attractive physical mannerisms. After all, you don't have to dance to conduct a dance score.

DAVID DIAMOND

Those empowered with the cutting of notices seem to have a fixed prejudice against first performances of new music. Thus they left in a derogatory paragraph about the finale of David Diamond's 4th Symphony in my review on Jan. 24th and excised a paragraph expressing approval of the first two movements. The pastoral first and the chorale-like second were certainly music of skill and individual thought. Had he been able to keep up this vein of invention, he would have had a short symphony of considerable effectiveness. My apologies, then, are due Mr. Diamond for apparently slighting the good things in his music. The notice sounded ungracious, nor does it make me feel any better to know that it wasn't my fault. 2-1-48 Hand



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Newton Composer's Piece For Classical Orchestra

By Melvin Maddocks

Harold Shapero's First Symphony will have a first performance Friday afternoon from Leonard Bernstein and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Weber's Overture to "Der Freischütz" will open the week-end programs at Symphony Hall, and Robert Schumann's Symphony No. 1 in B-flat major ("Spring" Symphony) will close them. *1-29-48 Monk*

Mr. Shapero's new score, completed at Newton Center last March, was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and dedicated to the memory of Mme Natalie Koussevitzky. It took him two years to write, though, of course, he was working at other compositions during that period.

It is the first full-scale, full-length piece he has written for orchestra. He has composed a Serenade for String Orchestra and a "Nine-Minute Overture"—the Overture and a String Quartet won him the Prix de Rome in 1941—but for the most part, he has occupied himself with chamber and piano music.

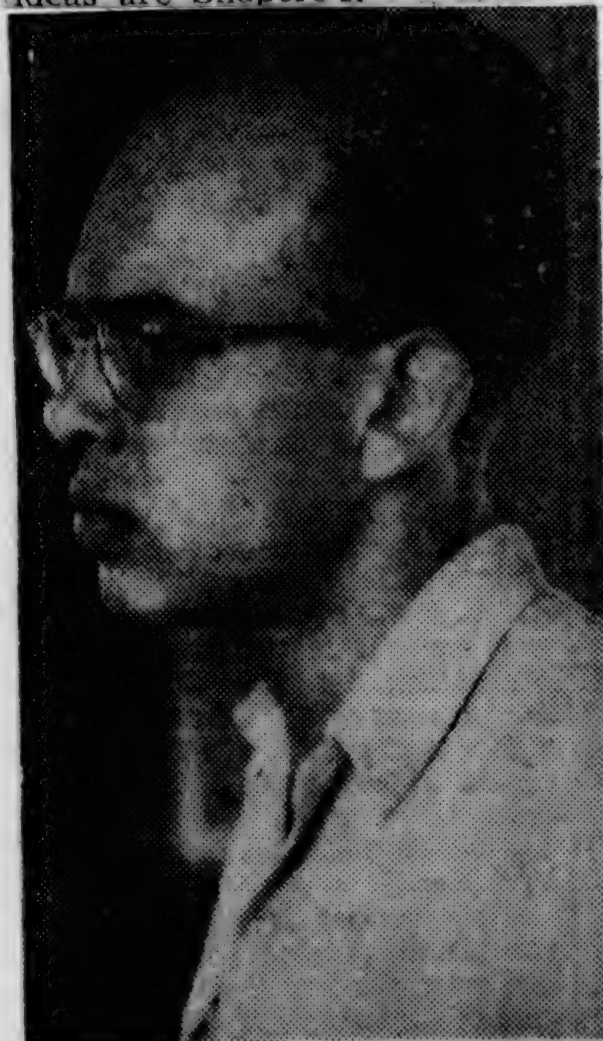
Mr. Shapero was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1946, and he has had time to start a number of other orchestral compositions, including a piano sonata.

He calls this new work "Symphony for Classical Orchestra." He describes it as a "conventional" symphony, written under the restrictions that a classical orchestra would impose, and he regards it as somewhat of an exercise. He has always had a special interest in studying classical orchestral scores, so this first symphony is not only a deliberate, but a rather natural experiment.

The symphony is in four movements, which take about 40 minutes to play. The movements follow strictly in the classical tradition: Adagio-Allegro, Adagietto, Scherzo (Vivace), and Finale (Allegro con spirito). The Allegro half of the first movement and the Finale are in sonata form, and the Finale winds up the symphony in an extended coda.

The key schemes, and the harmonic patterns in general, are as conventional as the form, but the individual chords, Mr. Shapero admits, sometimes have sour spacings. The strings and the woodwinds—especially the strings—are allowed to carry the themes, with the brasses, per classical custom, being used to re-enforce the tutti. Only in the Finale, when the trombones are featured, are they assigned a really conspicuous role.

Because of its conventional form and style, Mr. Shapero thinks listeners will have no difficulty understanding, or, at least, following, the symphony. To break it down too mechanically into formal components would, he believes, make it seem much more complicated than it really is. In fact, because its form and style are so familiar, he anticipates that listeners will turn detective to track down its antecedents. He hopes they will notice that, though the idiom may be Beethoven's, the ideas are Shapero's.



Harold Shapero, whose "Symphony for Classical Orchestra" is having its first performance at tomorrow afternoon's Boston Symphony concert.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Fourteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 30, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 31, at 8:30 o'clock

LEONARD BERNSTEIN *Conducting*

WEBER.....Overture to "Der Freischütz"

SHAPERO.....Symphony (for Classical Orchestra)

- I. Adagio; Allegro
- II. Adagietto
- III. Scherzo: vivace
- IV. Finale: Allegro con spirito
(First performances)

INTERMISSION

SCHUMANN.....Symphony No. 1, in B-flat major, Op. 38

- I. Andante un poco maestoso; Allegro molto vivace
- II. Larghetto
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- IV. Allegro animato e grazioso

First Performance of Work 'For Classical Orchestra'

By L. A. Sloper

Leonard Bernstein, in the second week of his guest conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, offered this program in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon: Weber, Overture to "Der Freischütz"; Shapero, Symphony for Classical Orchestra; Schumann, "Spring" Symphony, in B flat.

Mr. Bernstein again brought his youthful vitality and his strong rhythmic sense to bear on the music at hand. Weber's Overture he began with excessive deliberation, which resulted in rough attacks and a static feeling in the music. Then of course he went violently into his quick sections. This is supposed to produce dramatic effects, or should we say theatrical effects? Anyway, they were rewarded with loud applause by the Friday afternoon audience.

The Koussevitzky Music Foundation is spawning an enormous number of scores this winter. Its latest offspring is Harold Shapero's Symphony for Classical Orchestra, which, according to custom, is dedicated to the memory of Natalie Koussevitzky. It was completed last spring at Newton, Mass. This is apparently the composer's first work for orchestra, though he has written considerable chamber music.

Mr. Shapero is a graduate of Harvard, and has studied with all the big names in musical pedagogy. The designation "classical orchestra" refers to his economy in the use of his instruments and to the classical form of the work. He told an interviewer for this newspaper that he had used Beethoven's form, but that the musical ideas were his own.

There can be no doubt of the accuracy of that observation. Mr. Shapero's material, like that of so many of the moderns, is more notable for its rhythms than for its melodic quality or for its adaptability to development. The

rhythms are very Stravinskian, but the themes consist mostly of a succession of notes in close order chasing each other around the orchestra.

Is the spasmodic rhythmic movement of this symphony, and of so many other contemporary works, symptomatic of the uncertainty of human thought today? Certainly it seems to represent the unease of the society in which it grew. Its first movement is full of tricky rhythmic passages, but in the intervals between these it is apparently uncertain of its destination, like a reveler who is bewildered as soon as the noise stops. The slow movement, which must attempt song, is not notable for its melodic inspiration. In fact, it becomes extremely tedious.

The Scherzo is another rhythmic exercise, Trios intervening with little scraps of melody in the woodwinds, echoed by the kettle-drums. The Finale is described as being in sonata form, but it sounded to me more like a Rondo. First a chord, then a violent rhythmic orgy, then more chords, and more violence. It seemed as if it would never end.

The whole thing was strongly reminiscent of —Mahler. Imagine, a Mahler in Newton, with his really "endless melody," his instrumental tricks, his magniloquence, and above all his loquaciousness. But that's what it sounded like. The composer was present, and was warmly received.

The conductor had everything under control, except at the beginning of the Overture and in the slow movement of the symphony, when the horns got away from him.

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

The new Symphony for Classical Orchestra by Harold Shapero was given first performance by guest conductor Leonard Bernstein at the Boston Symphony Orchestra concert at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The piece came between Weber's Overture to "Der Freischütz" and the "Spring" Symphony of Robert Schumann.

In Mr. Shapero's work we have another commission of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and another dedication to the memory of Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky. The composer wrote for an orchestra of classical proportions, which is to say Beethovenish, and cast his work in the classical sonata-allegro layout, with slow movement (adagio) and scherzo. There is no comparison between this Symphony, which lasts 45 minutes, and the short, miniature "Classical Symphony" of Prokofiev, which is a satire on 18th Century symphonic manners.

Why Mr. Shapero, in 1947, wished to write for classical orchestra in classical form is his own affair. What concerns the public and those who write about music is the result, the music itself. Here, with the best will, I must say this seemed to me a singularly empty, uncommunicative and academic piece, written about twice too long though with good command of the orchestral instruments.

The slow introduction to the first movement is sluggish and groping, and the finale grinds on interminably. The scherzo is a compact, neat movement and the best of all. The

Symphony seems rooted, esthetically, in Brahms, and even in Beethoven during the scherzo and finale. But the technic and harmonic structure are modern and eclectic, with recognizable influences of Stravinsky, Copland and others. Through page after page run jiggling figurations full of repeated notes until they seem almost like a huge ostinato. Mr. Shapero bowed from the stage, in response to applause.

Mr. Bernstein read the Shapero Symphony, which sounded very tricky, with spirit and conviction. Weber's Overture and the "Spring" Symphony (which sounded lovely on a day of beastly cold weather) were eloquently and persuasively done. But there were technical details of nuance and attack, notably in the Schumann, that were, as last week, untidy, and out of place at Boston Symphony concerts. Mr. Bernstein's tempi for Schumann were a bit hurried here and there. But, as I observed last Saturday, this talented young man is improving season by season, and that is the important fact. You don't master the entire concert repertory in a short time.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

Two symphonies by young composers of unusual talents were played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Leonard Bernstein in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The program was the 14th in the regular week end series and will be repeated tonight. The symphonic offerings followed an ingratiating performance of Weber's Overture to "Der Freischütz."

The first of the two featured works on the program was the Symphony for Classical Orchestra by Harold Shapero, who is a Greater Boston resident in his 28th year. Mr. Shapero composed the work on commission from Dr. Koussevitzky, having previously won outstanding awards, including the Prix de Rome.

The other symphony was the first one by a young man named Robert Schumann, who lived in Leipsic at the time it was published in 1841. One hundred and seven years have not dimmed its beauty, and it is likely that it will still be played another century hence.

To make any such prophecy for the Shapero symphony would be optimistic in the extreme. It is a skillfully wrought work, undoubtedly more cleverly orchestrated than

the Schumann. Written in the neo-classic style stemming from Stravinski, it is full of syncopated effects and off beat entrances in an harmonic setting sometimes pungent and sometimes tedious. The most interesting movement was the second due to its better melodic line. The other movements suffer from too many cut up rhythmic figurations. If speed and intensity and punch are criterions for the excellence of the interpretation of the work, Mr. Bernstein did a first rate job with it. *1-31-48 PM*

The Schumann "Spring" Symphony, regardless of what the theorists say about its scoring, remains a work of true, musical genius.

How fresh the thematic inventiveness still seems and how persuasive its emotional context. Mr. Bernstein can see eye to eye with Schumann's youthful, white hot enthusiasms and changes of mood. Its typically Schumannesque short figures are just right for the young American conductor. The longer lines of Beethoven need greater repose than he is able to give, but the exuberance of Schumann is akin to his own. The conductor's failing for excessive speed could not spoil the first movement, and all was gay and appropriate as the ever increasing joys of spring were depicted in the score.

Mr. Shapero and Mr. Bernstein were enthusiastically received by the capacity audience and both were recalled to the stage. With all due credit to both of them, the chief glory of the afternoon remained with Robert Schumann.

Symphony Concert

The 14th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Overture to "Der Freischuetz" Weber
Symphony for Classical Orchestra Shapero
Symphony No. 1 in B flat major Schumann
Op. 38

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Mr. Bernstein designed and brilliantly executed a nicely balanced program yesterday, with the first performance of a modern symphony in the classic spirit enshrined by two of the choicest flowers of the German Romantics. The elements also contributed to Mr. Bernstein's success, for when could the "Spring" Symphony have sounded more welcome than in the dead of a winter such as that described in "Pelleas and Melisande"? *1-31-48*

Yesterday's premiere was that of Harold Shapero's Symphony (for classical orchestra), and the composer was on hand to acknowledge the very cordial applause, interspersed with a few bravos. That the public is given a broad hint in the designation, "Classical," towards an understanding of the music goes without saying. Inevitably, too, Mr. Shapero will have to stand hearing his work mentioned as influenced by Prokofieff. *Harold*

Actually of course, few if any composers write in a vacuum; and, that being the case, surely Prokofieff is as good a model as any? Moreover, Mr. Shapero is no slavish imitator; and any symphony that harks in spirit and form back to Haydn and Mozart is bound to bring up a facile comparison with Prokofieff. So much for that.

It is another axiom that any long work by a young composer is bound to be solemn, to reflect in musical terms upon the parlous times we live in and to draw gloomy conclusions. But Mr. Shapero has first of all written music full of varying and fertile melodies. Furthermore they are prevailingly buoyant or lyrically graceful, exuberant or gay. Even the adagietto—and how right that term is—does not grow sombre. It is a particularly lovely weaving of melodic invention. Again, Mr. Shapero in asking for an orchestra such as Haydn called for has scored skillfully and has used his smaller wind group to the full and usually happy effect. Finally, he has shown an amazing rhythmical diversity, which may make the Symphony difficult to play but also keeps the interest of the listener keen. Although it is an exceedingly ingratiating work that must not be allowed to gather dust on the shelf.

Weber's popular, but at our concerts not often heard, "Freischuetz" Overture was played last Tuesday night with resounding emphasis and repeated yesterday with the same successful results. Mr. Bernstein has gone on record in his programs of being an admirer of Schumann. It is true that his Symphonies require the sympathetic conductor's hand more than most. Mr. Bernstein played the "Spring" Symphony in a spirit of ardent and dextrous romanticism, which suited it.

Bernstein to Conduct First Performance Here Since 1918

By Melvin Maddocks

Leonard Bernstein is leading the Boston Symphony Orchestra tomorrow afternoon through the first performance of Mahler's Second Symphony in this city since Feb. 3, 1918. Mozart's Little Symphony in G minor, No. 25 (Köchel 183), will squeeze on the weekend programs ahead of the Mahler. *2-5-48 Monit*

When Karl Muck conducted the orchestra in two Boston performances of the "Resurrection" Symphony 30 years ago, he used an augmented ensemble of about 115 musicians and a chorus of 350 voices. Mr. Bernstein has added nothing to the orchestra but a clarinet and a trumpet, and his chorus will number only 100 voices, with Ellabelle Davis, soprano, and Suzanne Sten, contralto, the soloists.

Mr. Bernstein doubts if 100 voices are enough, but he says the Symphony Hall stage will accommodate no more. He hopes that the Hall's acoustics will amplify the chorus sufficiently to compensate for its lack of manpower.

When the "Resurrection" Symphony had its American premiere in New York over 39 years ago, one reviewer wrote: "If composers go much further in enlarging the machinery needed for a hearing of their scores, symphonic concerts will become too expensive for even the willingest set of guarantors to maintain."

The five movements, which will be played without intermission this week end, last approximately an hour and 40 minutes. Its ambition is proportionate to its size, though not quite so definable.

Mahler wrote the Second Symphony during the period when he was being converted to Roman Catholicism. He was an autobiographical composer—he usually meant what he wrote to have "significance"—and the "Resurrection" undoubtedly reflects the process of newly acquired faith. When you say that the symphony is full of implications of the struggle between skepticism and belief, you have said about all that can safely be said.

For Mahler, oddly enough, would never discuss its "significance" himself. He is supposed to have climaxed a dinner-table argument by leaping to his feet and shouting: "Away with program books, which beget false ideas! Let the public have its own thoughts about the work performed."

However, he was not a man of unusual consistency. Though he never wrote about the "Resurrection," he once let slip that the first movement depicts the "death of a hero who is fallen in Promethean struggle for . . . knowledge of life and death." Scored as Allegro *maestoso* and written in sonata form, it is, for practical purposes, a funeral march, with what have been called "episodes of consolation."

The second movement, Andante, is chiefly a dance tune, a Ländler, introduced by the strings. Its meaning is less clear than its form. To one rather rapturous critic it carried "a delightful gladness, like unto the thought of a peaceful and contented existence." To another it brought "a sardonic view of human enjoyment."

The third movement is a Scherzo, a piscatorial Scherzo, one reviewer called it. Mahler admittedly based it on the legend of Saint Anthony's sermon to the fishes, who, so the story goes, listened to the teachings, but, like worldly disbelievers, did not heed them. A German critic claimed he could tell the carp from the eel, so graphic was the orchestration. It is probably quite enough to identify the fish with the gurgling of the bassoons and to accept Mahler's attitude in this movement as one of disgust.

The fourth movement, "Primal Light," is an alto solo, set to words from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn." Though not much for poetry in its 1918 translation, the final couplet seems to sum up the idea behind the movement:

The merciful God, the merciful God a candle will be sending,
To light my way unto a blessed life unending.

The Finale opens with a stormy violence, which listeners have often thought symbolizes the Day of Judgment. But the chorus climaxes the symphony triumphantly by its singing of Klopstock's "Auferstehn!" (with additions to the text by Mahler).

When all the guesses are in, the Symphony must be judged, of course, on its music. But Mahler's music has frequently been as elusive to listeners as his ideas. The critics of the Boston performances found in the "Resurrecting" resemblances to Beethoven and Wagner ("Die Walküre") in the Allegro maestoso, and to Berlioz and Johann Strauss ("Sounds from the Vienna Woods") in the Andante—to quote them on just the first two movements.

One Mahler convert described the process of initiation: "He convinces you by knocking you down first, paralyzing you next, and eventually transforming you into an altogether new... wholly Mahlerian person."

Mr. Bernstein is a thorough Mahlerian. He thinks enough of the "Resurrection" to conduct the score without elisions, as he did at the New York City Center. Nobody minded, he said, except the critics. He hopes the Boston critics will have more to say than "Mahler is long."

Symphony Concert

The 15th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Assisting were the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. G. Wallace Woodworth, director, and Ellabelle Davis, soprano, and Suzanne Sten, contralto. The program was as follows:

Symphony in G minor K. 183.....Mozart
Symphony in C minor No. 2.....Mahler

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Mr. Bernstein achieved a major triumph yesterday with the performance of Mahler's immense Second Symphony. It was an interpretation that caught fire from the first stormy measures to the glorious finale where the composer unleashes all the musical forces at his command. This achievement was the more remarkable in that, owing to the subscription audience, the stage could not be enlarged, and the augmented orchestra, chorus and soloists had to squeeze in as best they could. It must have been very cramping for the players in the hour and a quarter the Symphony takes, but they did their duty with a will and turned in some superlative playing.

Mahler's genius was a strange one and he did not always succeed in pulling off his grandiose designs. The Second Symphony, however, is uniformly and in the end overwhelmingly successful. It is my feeling that too much is written about Mahler's music in the shape of programs for it. Does it really help us in listening to the third movement to read all about St. Anthony and the fishes and the vulgarity of the world? Something, of course, about "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" and the texts of the last two movements should be noted, but for the rest I found Paul Stefan's program mainly pretentious nonsense. Whereas I enjoyed the music thoroughly and was never bored for one instant.

Some have professed to find the third movement one of the finest things in all Mahler, but the truth is that the whole Symphony abounds in these happy touches. For others the ineffable peace of the fourth movement will have been one of the most moving things in the Symphony. And here, incidentally, the effect was enhanced by the beautiful singing of Suzanne Sten. Mr. Bernstein secured a perfect accompaniment for her, and the result was peculiarly felicitous.

A charming early Symphony in G minor by Mozart was spiritedly played as a sort of curtain-raiser to the Mahler. Mr. Bernstein secured a lively and ingratiating performance. His visit to the orchestra this year has been a resounding success, with hardly a dull moment in the three weeks.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Fifteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 6, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 7, at 8:30 o'clock

LEONARD BERNSTEIN Conducting

MOZART.....Symphony in G minor (No. 25, K. 183)
I. Allegro con brio
II. Andante
III. Menuetto
IV. Allegro

INTERMISSION

MAHLER.....Symphony in C minor, No. 2, for Orchestra, Soprano and Alto Solos, and Mixed Chorus
I. Allegro maestoso. *Mit durchaus ernstem und feierlichem Ausdruck* (With serious and solemn expression throughout)
II. Andante moderato. *Sehr gemächlich* (Very leisurely)
III. *In ruhig fliessender Bewegung* (In quietly flowing movement)
IV. "Urlicht" (Primal Light) — Contralto Solo. *Sehr feierlich, aber schlicht; Choralmäßig* (Very solemn, but simple; like a chorale)
V. Finale. (Chorus, Soprano and Contralto Solos)

Chorus of the
HARVARD GLEE CLUB and RADCLIFFE CHORAL SOCIETY
(G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor)

Soloists

ELLABELLE DAVIS, Soprano
SUZANNE STEN, Contralto

The Finale opens with a stormy violence, which listeners have often thought symbolizes the Day of Judgment. But the chorus climaxes the symphony triumphantly by its singing of Klopstock's "Auferstehn!" (with additions to the text by Mahler).

When all the guesses are in, the Symphony must be judged, of course, on its music. But Mahler's music has frequently been as elusive to listeners as his ideas. The critics of the Boston performances found in the "Resurrecting" resemblances to Beethoven and Wagner ("Die Walküre") in the Allegro maestoso, and to Berlioz and Johann Strauss ("Sounds from the Vienna Woods") in the Andante—to quote them on just the first two movements.

One Mahler convert described the process of initiation: "He convinces you by knocking you down first, paralyzing you next, and eventually transforming you into an altogether new... wholly Mahlerian person."

Mr. Bernstein is a thorough Mahlerian. He thinks enough of the "Resurrection" to conduct the score without elisions, as he did at the New York City Center. Nobody minded, he said, except the critics. He hopes the Boston critics will have more to say than "Mahler is long."

Symphony Concert

The 15th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Assisting were the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society. G. Wallace Woodworth, director, and Ellabelle Davis, soprano, and Suzanne Sten, contralto. The program was as follows:

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MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

The city owes a debt of thanks to Leonard Bernstein for giving the first performances here in 30 years of one of the towering masterpieces of all music: The Second or "Resurrection" Symphony by Gustav Mahler. The work takes up most of the Boston Symphony concerts this week, with the "Little" G minor Symphony of Mozart (K. 183) as opening piece. The vocal soloists for Mahler are Ellabelle Davis, Negro soprano, and Suzanne Sten, contralto, and the small chorus is of Harvard men and Radcliffe women.

Why it has taken a generation to hear the "Resurrection" Symphony again one may only wonder, considering how many piddling items have turned up in that time. Let us give thanks that we have heard it at long last, for it is a masterpiece of splendor and noble vision and of a scope that can only be called tremendous.

This is characteristic Mahler, full of that composer's painfully sharp sense of mankind's struggle and aspiration, joy and suffering, and of his unanswerable last question: What is the meaning of Life itself? But the pessimism that overwhelmed Mahler in his later years of the Ninth Symphony and "Das Lied von der Erde" was yet to come when he penned the magnificent and profound pages of the Second Symphony. 2-7-48 Gmk

He ended it upon a mood of shining hope and reassurance, of eternal life to come after the Last Judgment which his mighty horns, trumpets and trombones so impressively herald. The sense of mystery, so essential a part of Mahler's musical expression, permeates the first movement and most of the scherzo. The "Primal Light" section wherein, on words taken from the verses of "Youth's Magic Horn," man asks for light to guide him, is of a really poignant beauty. As for the majestic finale, that comes as close, I think, to anything one will ever hear in suggesting The Last Trump and the choir of the Heavenly Host.

Yesterday's performance was the finest work I have yet heard from Bernstein, who has caught the spirit and the style of Mahler. He showed he can handle triumphantly the huge apparatus Mahler needed to express himself. Bernstein further achieved a personal and an emotionally overwhelming performance. This was no less than masterly and deserved every cheer and round of handclapping of the noisy ovation which followed the last E-flat major chord.

Miss Davis and Miss Sten sang with absolute beauty of tone and style, and the chorus produced a marvelous pianissimo, thanks to the excellent preparation of G. Wallace Woodworth. The orchestra, especially the hard-driven brass, was magnificent. Very likely this will prove the high point of the Symphony season.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

It is difficult to write calmly and impossible to write adequately about what took place at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Before an audience that largely did not know the music or possibly that such a piece existed, Leonard Bernstein restored to the repertory of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the Second or "Resurrection" Symphony of Gustav Mahler, previously heard here at two special concerts under Dr. Muck just 30 years ago. Mr. Bernstein's triumph, and incidentally Mahler's, was no less dramatic than the Symphony itself. 2-7-48 Pao

It was obvious all along that Mr. Bernstein had orchestra and audience in the hollow of his hand, and the music in his head and in his heart. Through the three purely instrumental movements the spell worked by piece and performance was unbroken. Then Suzanne Sten added her contralto voice to the orchestra and sang, with deep

devotion, the "Urlicht" (Primal Light), that is the key and clue to the work, the explanation of that which has gone before and of the tremendous things that are to come.

The finale, which Mahler has directed should follow without pause, has been described as a vast tonal fresco of the Day of Judgment. The orchestra sounds the crack of Doom; there are calls from the horns; there is the tread of the hosts marching to the Judgment Seat. The chorale of the funereal first movement is recalled and measures about to be sung are played by the instruments. The voice of doom is heard again and again and after it those amazing bird-calls, in flute and piccolo, that "symbolize the last living sound of a mortal world about to be dissolved." Then, as from the other world, the chorus—oh, so softly—intones the words "Aufersteh'n, ja aufersteh'n wirst du, mein Staub" (You will rise again, my dust), and the Symphony begins to move toward its climax.

Yesterday this sublime setting of Klopstock's "Resurrection Ode" was entrusted to the choirs of Harvard and Radcliffe, too few in numbers, because of the restrictions of the stage, but mighty in valor. With the chorus was Ellabelle Davis, to sing the measures for soprano solo, as these particular ears have never heard them, and Miss Sten once more entered the picture, with Mahler's own words, "Believe, my heart, you have lost nothing." All too quickly came the overpowering conclusion, in which the bells peal and the very gates of Heaven are opened. When the audience recovered itself, pandemonium reigned. The emotional storm which had slowly gathered was finally released. And, you can take my word for it, no such excitement has been seen in Symphony Hall in many a year.

At some future time it shall be my pleasure and privilege to discuss in more detail Mr. Bernstein's discerning and inspired interpretation of this extraordinary work, and also the work itself, a virtual novelty in these parts. That it should be that is one of the most unaccountable things in the whole history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For the sake of the record it may be said that Mr. Bernstein offered as curtain-raiser the earlier and lesser of Mozart's two symphonies in G minor.

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Bernstein Offers

Vast Work

Employing Soloists and Chorus

By L. A. Sloper

Leonard Bernstein is winding up his three weeks as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra with a resounding performance of Mahler's resounding Second Symphony. The program, given in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon, opened with Mozart's Symphony in G minor (K. 183); not the one that you know in that key, but an earlier one, which foreshadows but faintly the great artist. Played only once before at the Symphony concerts (in 1899) and once again at Tanglewood, it served to fill out the program.

Mahler's Second Symphony,

strangely enough, yesterday had its first performance in the regular series of concerts, though Dr. Muck played it at two special concerts in 1918. It is one of his most grandiose works, which is saying a great deal. It is in five movements, and it calls for an augmented orchestra, including instruments offstage, soprano and contralto soloists, and a chorus. Yesterday the soloists were Ellabelle Davis and Suzanne Sten, and the chorus was made up of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, trained by G. Wallace Woodworth, their conductor. 2-7-48 Mont

The symphony represents Mahler at his most childlike and his most mystical. It is called the

"Resurrection," or, by Paul Stefan, "a symphony of destiny," concerning "the death of a hero, who is fallen in the Promethean struggle for his ideal, for the knowledge of life and death." There is a funeral march, and a movement recalling happier days. The third movement depicts St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes, from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," and includes a gesture of disgust because humanity, like the little fishes, is incorrigible. The fourth movement is a solo about "Primal Light," and the fifth is a tremendous climax representing the Day of Judgment, when it turns out that there is no punishment and no reward.

I think that Mahler's heaven,

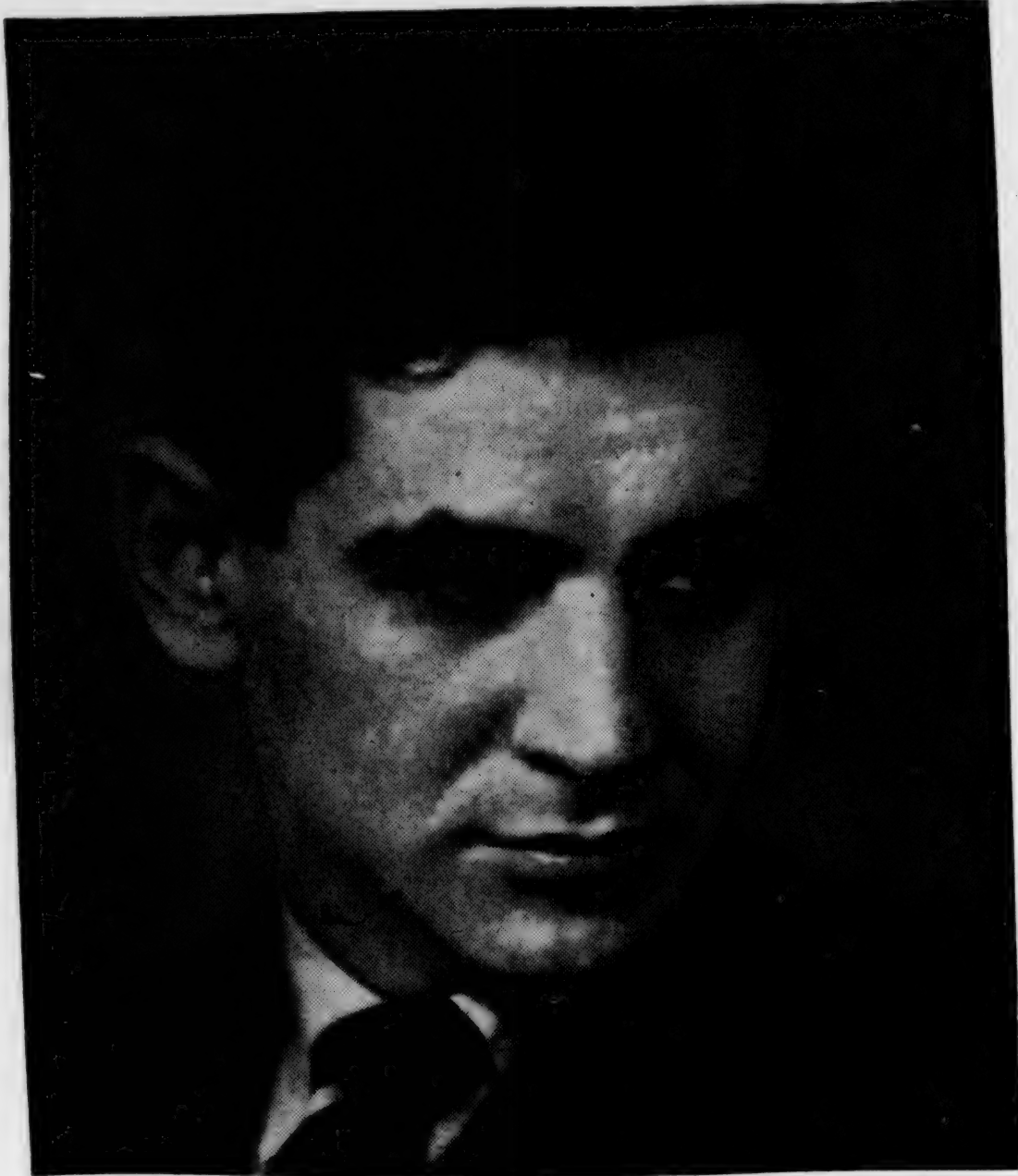
like his earth, is very naïvely material, and I do not understand Dr. Stefan's hifalutin' talk. If we are told that we are to listen to it as music, I reply that this is impossible, since the music is so pictorial that it has no existence part from the program.

Nevertheless, it has many moments of beauty, not including those in which the augmented orchestra screams and beats its breast. There are reminiscences of "Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Tristan." There is a very pretty tune in the first movement, which returns at the end. The Andante moderato is pleasant, if too long drawn out. I did not have the imagination to follow the play of the naughty little fishes, but I

did enjoy the final chorus, which, by the way, was sung with fine expression and power.

The audience lingered to bestow an ovation on Mr. Bernstein and all his forces. He has worked hard, he has introduced novelties on each of his programs, he is a very gifted young man, and he deserves his success.

BERNSTEIN



Mahler 5th, Rachmaninoff 2d on Records; Honegger

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

One of the most important symphonic releases in some time is Columbia's album of Mahler's 5th Symphony played by the New York Philharmonic Symphony under Bruno Walter. Mr. Walter has for many years now been the most authoritative and persuasive interpreter of Mahler's music. No better introduction to this still disputed talent could have been effected than Mr. Walter's performance here with the Boston Symphony of Mahler's 4th last season. A sunny, genial work, the 4th Symphony can be calculated to win over those who are frightened by the length and profundity of Mahler.

The 5th Symphony, which was last played here in March, 1940, is less easily assimilated than its predecessor. It is long, and in the present album requires eight two-sided twelve-inch records. It is also less discussed than those symphonies requiring vocal or choral assistance, such as the Resurrection Symphony (No. 2) or "Das Lied von der Erde." Mahler had a great hatred of program notes, which has not prevented his admirers from writing quite a lot about his intentions or the inner meaning of this or that passage. The 5th Symphony consists of five movements, a Funeral March, a stormy second movement, a scherzo, an adagio (which is sometimes played as a separate concert piece) and a rondo-finale. This is the first recording of the entire symphony.

I still cling to a first impression of this Symphony, namely that the first two movements and the lovely adagio are considerably superior to the rest. But it must be remembered that Mahler had often the intention of putting the seemingly trivial and the undeniably profound and tragic in one and the same work—like life itself. As Ernest Newman once pointed out, you would never find Tchaikovsky inserting the "Nutcracker" music into the Pathétique Symphony, but that is more or less what Mahler did. It was a part of his artistic philosophy, and that is one reason why the practice of playing single movements from his Symphonies does him a disservice. True, the adagio of the 5th can stand by itself in the concert hall; but how much more impressive to listen to the Symphony as a whole. Mr. Walter and the Philharmonic have become the definitive recorders of Mahler; and Columbia is certainly to be applauded for issuing this monumental album.

RACHMANINOFF'S 2ND

Victor has published another version of Rachmaninoff's 2nd Symphony in E minor by the Minneapolis Symphony under Dimitri Mitropoulos. There are already two earlier recorded performances of this work, one by the N. Y. Philharmonic under Rodzinski and the other by the Minneapolis under Ormandy. But it appears that the

"Resurrection," or, by Paul Stefan, "a symphony of destiny," concerning "the death of a hero, who is fallen in the Promethean struggle for his ideal, for the knowledge of life and death." There is a funeral march, and a movement recalling happier days. The third movement depicts St. Anthony's sermon to the fishes, from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," and includes a gesture of disgust because humanity, like the little fishes, is incorrigible. The fourth movement is a solo about "Primal Light," and the fifth is a tremendous climax representing the Day of Judgment, when it turns out that there is no punishment and no reward.

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former is not a technically clear job; and I would bet anything, even without hearing the earlier version, on Mitropoulos over Ormandy. At any rate the new album sounds well.

Rachmaninoff wrote this Symphony and the "Isle of the Dead" in retirement in Germany, since he feared to be known as nothing but a virtuoso pianist. At the same time it emerges more and more as the years pass that Rachmaninoff's purely orchestral music does not compare with that in which the solo piano is scored. He needed the solo piano to bring out the best creative talent in him. You keep wondering, for example, why this 2nd Symphony is not better than it is. I suspect that it is because Rachmaninoff deliberately banished the piano from his thoughts while writing it; and yet deep down it may have wanted to come in. For the sake of the record the last Boston Symphony performance was under Mr. Mitropoulos on Dec. 15, 1944.

HONEGGER PREMIERE

Next week the New York Philharmonic, under Charles Muench, will give the first American performance of Honegger's dramatic oratorio, "Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher," which was finished in 1935. The text is by the famous French poet, Paul Claudel; and the oratorio has been given with success in Europe both in dramatic and concert performances. The Philharmonic will offer the latter. There are two speaking roles, those of Jeanne d'Arc, which will be spoken by Vera Zorina, and Frere Dominique; and there are five singing roles and a chorus. The work is dedicated to the indefatigable Mme. Ida Rubinstein.

Joan of Arc has inspired a number of composers in the past, but none of this music has survived. An air, "Adieu forets," from Tchaikovsky's "Joan of Arc" (1879) is occasionally heard, and it is interesting to note that this opera followed the composer's immortal "Eugene Onegin." But who has ever heard or seen Verdi's "Giovanna d'Arco," or Gounod's "Jeanne d'Arc"? M. Muench was highly enthusiastic about Honegger's oratorio when he was here in November. I hope to be able to report on it from personal experience a couple of Sundays hence in this space.

Charles Ives Composition To Have Week- End Hearing

The Boston Symphony Orchestra will give the fourth concert of the Cambridge series in Sanders Theater this evening at 8:30, and the sixteenth pair of concerts in Symphony Hall on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. Richard Burgin will conduct these concerts.

In Cambridge, Mr. Burgin will present the First Symphony by Sibelius in E minor, Haydn's Symphony in C minor, No. 95, and Hindemith's Symphonia Serena.

In the Friday and Saturday series the music of Charles Ives will be heard for the first time at the concerts of this orchestra. Mr. Burgin will introduce "Three Places in New England," which the composer calls "An Orchestral Set." The program will open with Haydn's Symphony No. 95 and will also include Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements and the Second Symphony of Tchaikovsky. 2-10-48 *hml*

Charles Ives was born in 1874 in Danbury, Conn. He has been called the most original and is certainly the most independent of American composers. The free use of rhythms and the juxtaposition of tones in his music are his own and antedate the innovations of Stravinsky or Schoenberg. His music has been seldom performed on account of its extreme difficulty, but has always made a striking impression.

The "Three Places in New England" was performed in Boston by a chamber orchestra under the direction of Nicolas Slonimsky in January, 1931. The three movements are entitled "The 'St. Gaudens' in Boston Common" (Col. Shaw and his Negro Regiment); "Putnam Park, Redding Center, Connecticut"; and "The Housatonic at Stockbridge."

The first movement is a retrospect of the Civil War. The second was suggested by a memorial of the American Revolution near Redding Center, Connecticut. The composer imagines that a child, on a Fourth of July picnic, strays from his fellows and beholds, on the site of General Putnam's camping grounds, a vision of the Goddess of Liberty exhorting the soldiers—ghosts of an earlier century. The third sketch is idyllic, and was suggested by a poem of Robert Underwood Johnson, "The Housatonic at Stockbridge."

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

At last, thanks to the enterprise of Richard Burgin, some of the music by Charles Ives has turned up on a program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is an "orchestral set" entitled "Three Places in New England," and although Nicolas Slonimsky did it with small orchestra in 1931, it is for all practical purposes just about unknown here.

Charles Ives is a Connecticut Yankee, now 73, who studied music with his father and with Horatio Parker at Yale, but has divided most of his life between composing and the insurance business. A lot has been written about him, both as a salty-witted individual fond of solitude, and as a composer of extraordinary independence who was experimenting with several keys and rhythms at once long before Schoenberg or Stravinsky made any headway over here. Since Ives, at least in these parts, has had more written explanation than performance, many people must have come to think of him either as a neglected genius or a compounder of shocking dissonance. 2-14-48 *gsk*

You can't judge a man by one performance of one score, but

"Three Places in New England" leads me to believe that Ives is neither a genius nor a tonal ogre. His music is individual, and when he swings into march rhythm it has motion and "bite." Some of his harmonic devices probably were ultra-ultra when he wrote them, although now they do not seem extreme. The lack of movement when he writes in slow tempo betrays to me the mark of the amateur, and so does the prevailing lack of inward character of these pieces.

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The first movement, "Boston Common," is an evocation of the colored man's burden of pain and slow advance to freedom, aroused by contemplation of the Saint-Gaudens relief sculpture of Col. Shaw and his Negro regiment on the Beacon st. side of the Common across from the State House. The second movement is a play of fancy about a Revolutionary War memorial at Redding Center, Conn., when a small boy on a long-ago July 4 dreams of seeing the Goddess of Liberty pleading with some of Gen. Putnam's disaffected soldiers not to desert their cause. Both those movements contain fragments of tunes like "Yankee Doodle," "British Grenadier" and "Battle Cry of Freedom" in peculiar, disjointed harmonization.

Ives' third piece is a little brooding tone poem inspired by the beauty of the Housatonic River at Stockbridge, probably the best music of the three if not precisely the most "American" sounding of all.

Mr. Burgin's program reminds me of a large tray of hors d'oeuvres: varied, spicy and mostly attractive, but neither filling nor hearty. The best piece is the C-minor Symphony (No. 5 of the Salomon series) by Haydn, which is both excellent and not overly familiar. The Symphony in Three Movements by Stravinsky, is harsh, dry and inane with an andante based on a footling tune from Rossini's "The Barber of Seville." As for the Second or "Little Russia" Symphony of Tchaikovsky, that is simple-minded music but full of pleasant Slavic tunes. Mr. Burgin conducted well, and the orchestra responded superbly to his demands.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Sixteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 13, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN Conducting

HAYDN.....Symphony in C minor, No. 95

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante cantabile
- III. Menuetto: Trio
- IV. Finale: vivace

STRAVINSKY.....Symphony in Three Movements

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Con moto

INTERMISSION

IVES....."Three Places in New England," An Orchestral Set

- I. Boston Common
- II. Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut
- III. From "The Housatonic at Stockbridge"

(First performance at these concerts)

TCHAIKOVSKY.....Symphony No. 2 in C minor, Op. 17

- I. Andante sostenuto
- II. Andantino marziale
- III. Scherzo: Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Moderato assai

Mr. Burgin Offers Works Ranging From Haydn to Stravinsky

By L. A. Sloper

Richard Burgin, conducting the Friday and Saturday concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week, selected this program: Haydn, Symphony in C minor, No. 95; Stravinsky, Symphony in Three Movements; Ives, "Three Places in New England," an Orchestral Set; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 2, in C minor.

Haydn's Symphony No. 95 more or less belongs to Mr. Burgin. He unearthed it in 1943, after it had been gathering dust for 27 years, played it again in 1946, and now revives it once more. It is worth the revival, having all the skill and all the ingenuity that distinguished the master. It was performed with alertness and was received joyfully by the Friday audience, with a special bow to Mr. Bedetti and his playing of the cello in the Trio of the Minuet.

Mr. Burgin has something of a lien, too, on Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements. The

composer himself introduced it to us early in 1946, but Mr. Burgin seized upon it in the fall of the same year, and now repeats it—perhaps, like Dr. Koussevitzky in the case of Shostakovich's Fifth, in the hope that we shall like it if we hear it often enough.

I do not think the campaign will succeed. I am a little tired of hearing Stravinsky praised. Another symposium by his friends and associates has just been published. Composers, conductors, choreographers have joined in laudation. There is not a line of adverse criticism in it. I have joined in the general praise of Stravinsky. But I cannot accept the notion that every work of his is a masterpiece, which opens up new paths. The truth is that there is a good deal of ancient history—Stravinskian history—in this so-called symphony; and it is also, despite all denials, full of "expression."

Charles Edward Ives is now represented for the first time on a Boston Symphony program; nor has he received much recognition elsewhere. Born in Danbury, Conn., in 1874, he early experimented with polytonality. His "Concord"

Sonata and a movement of a symphony have been played in New York, Mr. Burk notes, and Nicolas Slonimsky directed a performance of the present Suite with his Chamber Orchestra in 1932, in Boston, and also conducted it in New York and Paris.

Heard after the Stravinsky, the Suite seemed mild in its dissonances. There is even an air of Impressionism about it. The order of the pieces is odd. A tonal picture of the St. Gaudens statue of Colonel Shaw and his Colored Regiment opens the Suite, and another of "The Housatonic at Stockbridge" closes it. Between is the lively movement, the kind that you might expect for a Finale. It is labeled "Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut."

The material seems to be fragments of folk and popular song, suggested but not repeated literally. The outside movements are nostalgic in mood. When I heard them in 1932 I said that they could be transposed without anybody's noticing. It was a foolish remark. Yesterday they appeared clearly individualized, one a moving tribute to the Negro

troops, the other a lovely picture of a New England river. There is enough dissonance to spice them, but not enough to drive you from the hall.

The middle movement has the strongest popular appeal. It depicts a scene in a park preserved as a memorial to General Israel Putnam. It represents a child's dream of the past and joy in the present, with special reference to a concert by a band whose instruments are not perfectly in tune. It is full of activity and fun. In spite of this, the Suite was coolly received by the Friday audience.

Sixteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 13, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, at 8:30 o'clock

RICHARD BURGIN Conducting

HAYDN.....Symphony in C minor, No. 95

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante cantabile
- III. Menuetto: Trio
- IV. Finale: vivace

STRAVINSKY.....Symphony in Three Movements

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Con moto

INTERMISSION

IVES....."Three Places in New England," An Orchestral Set

- I. Boston Common
- II. Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut
- III. From "The Housatonic at Stockbridge"

(First performance at these concerts)

TCHAIKOVSKY.....Symphony No. 2 in C minor, Op. 17

- I. Andante sostenuto
- II. Andantino marziale
- III. Scherzo: Allegro molto vivace
- IV. Finale: Moderato assai

Mr. Burgin Offers Works Ranging From Haydn to Stravinsky

By L. A. Sloper

Richard Burgin, conducting the Friday and Saturday concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra this week, selected this program: Haydn, Symphony in C minor, No. 95; Stravinsky, Symphony in Three Movements; Ives, "Three Places in New England," an Orchestral Set; Tchaikovsky, Symphony No. 2, in C minor.

Haydn's Symphony No. 95 more or less belongs to Mr. Burgin. He unearthed it in 1943, after it had been gathering dust for 27 years, played it again in 1946, and now revives it once more. It is worth the revival, having all the skill and all the ingenuity that distinguished the master. It was performed with alertness and was received joyfully by the Friday audience, with a special bow to Mr. Bedetti and his playing of the cello in the Trio of the Minuet.

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Symphony Concert

The 16th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Symphony in C minor No. 95....Haydn
Symphony in Three Movements....Stravinsky
"Three Places in New England"....An
Orchestral set....Ives
Symphony No. 2 in C minor Op. 17....Tchaikovsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

With the exception of the Haydn Symphony and the novelty of the Charles Ives pieces yesterday's concert had little to recommend it. Mr. Burgin lavished considerable interpretative effort over each number, but the results were not inspiring for the listener. Goodness knows we get enough Tchaikovsky every season without having to put up with his second-rate stuff as well. And so far this season we have two such, "Francesca da Rimini" and now the Second Symphony. It only remains to produce the "Manfred" Symphony for our cup of grief to overflow.

Ives is one of those curious phenomena in the history of music, a composer who is universally discussed and hardly ever played. In this he is like Schoenberg. But he is quite unlike Schoenberg in the paths his invention takes, for they are many, varied and uninhibited. He might, I suppose, be compared to a contemporary primitive in painting, but the comparison would not be fair to Ives' care for the medium of his expression. At any rate the "Israel Putnam's Camp" sketch is very good fun and completely effective. I got nothing, however, out of "Boston Common," save that I wished he would get "Marching Through Georgia" out into the open and done with. The last piece is a fairly obvious, descriptive tone poem. "Three Places in New England" was worth doing for the good things in it and as a means to hear something of this strange composer's output.

Mr. Burgin did this Stravinsky Symphony last season, and I wish instead he would revive the more imaginative Symphony in C. This work is of intellectual interest only, for it is dry and ascetic. Repeated performances do but accentuate these qualities. If there are to be revivals of Stravinsky's later music, let us by all means have the Symphony in C and "Persephone." The interpretation did not impress me as favorably as did the one Mr. Burgin gave us in the fall of 1946.

It was thus Haydn's Symphony

in C minor which provided the solidest musical pleasure of the afternoon. And what a novel and delightful piece it is! The performance was sparkling, and there should be a special word to Mr. Bedetti for his superbly graceful cello playing in the Trio. It is not the first time that Haydn has emerged with the honors of the day.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Charles Ives, boldest and most adventurous of American composers, will be 74 next October. Yesterday afternoon his music was played for the first time by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The work by which he was at last represented at Symphony Hall, the "orchestral set," "Three Places in New England," was, in point of fact, not altogether new to us, having been played here at Repertory Theatre 17 years ago by a chamber orchestra under the direction of Nicolas Slonimsky.

Whatever its actual merit and ultimate value, it was high time that some of Ives' music was played by a major American orchestra—no such honor had yet befallen it—and Richard Burgin, who is conducting this week's pair of concerts, is to be congratulated for having at last given Ives a measure of the recognition due him. It is an old story that the Connecticut composer, who went into the insurance business, preferring to make music an avocation rather than a profession, experimented with the more daring and radical aspects of musical modernism several years before Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Bartok and the others began playing with such things as polytonality, atonality and multiple rhythms. Not all of his music is published, and much that is available poses real problems to conductor and orchestra. Yet these pieces of yesterday did not seem too formidable; and it is strange indeed that the only previous performances of them should have been those given by Mr. Slonimsky in New York, Boston, Paris and Havana.

The three places in question are "Boston Common," specifically, the St. Gaudens monument honoring Colonel Shaw and his colored regiment; "Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut," and "The Housatonic at Stockbridge," the last-named inspired by the like-titled poem of

Robert Underwood Johnson. It is surprising that the composer did not make more of the opportunities offered by the first piece. In the second he used frankly, and noisily, military music, and yesterday's audience was much amused thereby. The third piece has real atmosphere. In it a New England scene has wrung from a New England composer music of individuality and beauty, rich in suggestion. This section alone would have made Mr. Burgin's venture worthwhile. 2-14-48 PM

However, the enjoyment offered by Mr. Ives' martial exercises in the second piece was welcome enough, in the midst of what turned out to be a rather dreary concert. Both Haydn's C minor Symphony, No. 95, an excellent work and not overplayed, and Stravinsky's essay in musical abstraction, the "Symphony in Three Movements," were conducted here by Mr. Burgin a year ago last November. The latter, which had been introduced to Boston by the composer the previous February, has much more rhythmic than melodic interest, the intermezzo-like second movement aside. The concert ended with a brilliant performance of Tchaikovsky's Second Symphony that nevertheless failed to make of this decidedly second-rate work something that it is not.

'Time' and Walter Piston; Notes on Recent Recordings

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Never tangle, if you can help it, with the magazines, "Time" or "Life." This piece of gratuitous advice will presently be explained. It is, if I am not mistaken, the proud theory of these two American institutions that they record history on the spot and that Caesar and Napoleon would have been mighty lucky if they had had a "Time" correspondent or "Life" photographer along on their campaigns. But it is a peculiar coincidence that every time you in your humble way know a little about a topic with which these impressive engines are dealing you can almost always note a mistake. For instance, I recall with pleasure a large picture of the Presidential Range of the White Mountains in "Life," taken from Bretton Woods, with a caption explaining that you were looking at Huntington's and Tuckerman's Ravines. Inasmuch as these Ravines are on the other side of the Range, "Life's" camera would have had to have been like the imaginary spectacles described so eloquently by Sam Weller.

All this preface is apropos of a short column on Walter Piston and his Third Symphony, which appeared in the Jan. 19th issue of "Time" and which quotes a review of mine with a distinct inference which is not correct. What I said was: "The best score by an American we have heard here since Copland's Third." What "Time" says is: "Since Boston has had no premieres of U. S. symphonies since Aaron Copland's, that was faint praise indeed." Though I pointedly said "score," we have had Cowell's Short Symphony and William Schuman's Symphony for Strings and a repetition of his Third Symphony since the first performance of Copland's Third. Also we have had Harris' Variations on a theme of Howard Hanson, Hanson's Serenade and Lukas Foss' "The Song of Songs." I admit that that is not a vast number of new American scores, so that a genuine compliment to Mr. Piston on that basis may be inadvertently whittled down from the original intention. Incidentally, when "Time" says that Mr. Piston is "head of Harvard's music department" it is again in error. The chairman of the music department at Harvard is Professor A. Tillman Merritt. Depend upon it, it's always good clean fun to be mentioned or quoted in "Time." 1-23-48

THE WOMEN'S SIDE

Music Critic Smith Didn't Mean to Say
the Ladies Have No Musical Abilities

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Last week this column had some unkind things to say about women as creative artists. There was no malice intended—I happen to have great admiration for the work of certain women composers, such as Mabel Daniels and the late Mrs. H. H. A. Beach—it was merely that Sophie Drinker in her new book, "Music and Women," made certain claims for the sex that seemed to me extravagant. Regarding the high place occupied by women as interpreters of music there can be no question, and I am about to make some sort of amends by lauding to the skies two young women musicians, both of them French, who have this season made their American debuts.

The first of these was the violinist, Ginette Neveu, who played the Brahms Concerto with the Boston Symphony in October. The other is 23-year-old Nicole Henriot, who week-before-last introduced herself to this country as soloist with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, under Charles Muench.

The piece that she chose for this important occasion was the Piano Concerto of Schumann, and the fact that conductor and soloist were both French did not prevent that German composer from getting his due—and then some. 2-8-48

Has Great Courage *Pat*

Besides being a pianist of outstanding musical and technical gifts, Miss Henriot is also a young woman of great personal courage. It is said that she bears upon her body the scars resulting from brutal treatment at the hands of the Vichy police, or, as another story had it, the German military, during the occupation. Her two brothers were active in the resistance, and when their house was searched for some important papers Miss Henriot disposed of them by putting them down a drain. For her valiant service she received the medal of the

Commandos D'Afrique, one of less than 50 civilians to be so honored by the French government.

To get back to Miss Neveu, the Boston critics had some reservations to make regarding her interpretation of the music of Brahms, though the New York reviewers subsequently accepted it as completely authentic. But when she returned in December to play the Concerto of Beethoven at a pension fund concert, she scored one of the greatest triumphs of recent years. Indeed this reviewer, who could hardly have sustained that opinion in a court of law, declared that Symphony Hall had never heard a performance of the work to compare with hers. And in this exemplary deed, Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra had full share. As far as I am concerned, any fiddler who plays that concerto from now on is at a disadvantage.

And Myra Hess

The almost universally accepted interpretation of the Schumann Piano Concerto is that of another woman artist, Myra Hess. Yet when she played it for us at the Symphony Concerts a few weeks ago I, for the first time, had my misgivings. Her interpretation of this most poetic of concertos seemed, paradoxically, almost too poetic, too romantic, and the compensating verve and brilliance that the last movement might have brought simply were not there. With Miss Henriot, on the other hand, while there was poetry and tenderness in abundance, while the Concerto did not lose its peculiar voice and quality, there was also plenty of excitement. A delightful thing about Miss Henriot's playing is its crystalline clarity, for which she does not pay the customary price, namely, a proper lack of warmth and expressiveness.

When Mr. Muench appeared as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony last year he was received on all sides with unqualified acclaim. Returning to us this season, he seemed to drive the music too hard. At the concert in question,

however, no such complainings were in order. Not only did he give full assistance to Schumann and Miss Henriot, as aforesaid, he brought to pass that afternoon a performance of the "Fantastic" Symphony of Berlioz that completely eclipsed any reading of the work in my long experience of it.

Apparently it doesn't take a German to understand Schumann, but it may take a Frenchman to get to the heart of Berlioz. The piece should have a phantasmagoric quality. That is its very nature, but only in this performance by Muench and the Philharmonic have I heard it fully revealed. Along with Miss Neveu's Beethoven and Miss Henriot's Schumann, it is something I shall not soon forget.

REPORT ON MUSIC

Concerning Neglect Here of the Works
of New England Composer Charles Ives

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Except for their clear obligation in the matter of new music—and we are inclined to forget that all music was new music once—our conductors supposedly aim to please. Indeed, their tenure of office would seem to depend in part on their ability to satisfy a by no means uniform public taste. Sometimes, of course, the horse has to be led to water and then made to drink. Both of those pioneers of symphonic music in America, Boston's Carl Zerrahn and the great Theodore Thomas, have been credited with the famous remark: "They don't like Wagner? Then I will play him until they do."

Two recent events at Symphony Hall have reminded us that, although these gentlemen obviously do not wish to overlook a good bet, they are still quite capable of doing so. The first of these was the long-overdue revival, by Leonard Bernstein, of Mahler's Second Symphony, and the other was the introduction to the Symphony Concerts, by Richard Burgin, of Charles Ives' "Three Places in New England." Not that the latter created any sensation. By comparison with the Austrian's "Resurrection" Symphony, with its grandiose theme, its impressive dimensions, its thrilling instrumental

and vocal sonorities, the American's "orchestral set" offered merely agreeable diversion. Even what was once its audacity has now disappeared. 2-22-48

Story of Ives *Pat*

Far more sensational than Ives' music, or, at least, this particular sample of it, is Ives himself. There is no more picturesque story in the annals of American music than that of the Connecticut business man, now in his 74th year, who made use of the formulas of modernism some time before any of the accredited inventors of them, and whose own compositions have been ignored by our orchestras, while those of his European successors have been played repeatedly. A striking example of this disparity was to be seen at this very pair of concerts. On the program stood also Stravinsky's Symphony in Three Movements, in its third performance at Symphony Hall in as many seasons. Nor did it lose much time in reaching us. The Ives suite, on the other hand, was receiving its first performance at the hands of any major orchestra, though it was published in 1931. The only conductor who had previously shown that he was aware of its existence was Nicolas Slonimsky, who performed it, in the year of its publication, with a chamber orchestra in both New York and Boston and

later took it to Paris and Havana. Of course, if the Stravinsky Symphony were a great masterpiece and the Ives work merely the fumbblings of an amateur, such disproportion-

ate emphasis would be understandable. But the fact of the matter is that the Symphony, while written with the sureness of touch that we expect from Stravinsky, is aridly intellectual—except in the second movement, and that for the most part is merely trivial—while the Ives pieces are highly imaginative, and in the case of the middle one, "Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut," downright entertaining. The audience the other Friday afternoon laughed aloud at the composer's use of military music and Revolutionary airs.

The first piece, prompted by the St. Gaudens monument on Boston Common, to Colonel Robert Gould Shaw and his colored troops, is more elusive and would probably gain on repeated hearings. "The Housatonic at Stockbridge" is a gem, and should help the work make its way, when other conductors wake up to the value of this three-fold bit of musical Americana. Regarding the rest of Ives' output I must confess ignorance. I do know that Lawrence Gilman, a generally dependable critic, pronounced the "Concord" Sonata for piano the greatest music yet composed by an American, and that the three Symphonies are excessively complicated, particularly on the rhythmic side. Anyway, "Three Places in New England" is a natural for any orchestral program. And look how far it has got in the 17 years it has been on the market!

Mahler's First

I have already dwelt on the extraordinary impression that the Mahler Second made on two audiences. People are still talking about it. That composer's First, now 60 years old, is a potential popular favorite, as witness Mr. Mitropoulos's great success with it here in 1936. Yet we have heard it three times all told and never once from Dr. Koussevitzky, who has also passed up the Mahler Fourth and the Ninth of Bruckner, with both of which Bruno Walter scored a distinct hit last season, when he gave us our second complete performance of the former and our third hearing, after 29 years, of the latter. There are other works by these masters and

also by such composers as Balakirev, Berlioz, Borodin, Carpenter, Chadwick, d'Indy, Dvorak, Haydn, Liszt, MacDowell, Mendelssohn, Paine, Schubert, Schumann, Sibelius, Strauss, Wagner and Weber that have been absent from the local repertory for anywhere from 10 to 50 years and, I believe, would be well received on their return to it. In the meantime, some pieces are played ad infinitum and ad nauseam. Granted the difficulties of achieving a properly balanced and sufficiently inclusive repertory, it could still be much better shuffled than it is. Many excellent cards remain at the bottom of the pack.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 17th concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Arthur Rubinstein, pianist, was the soloist. The program was as follows: Mozart, Symphony in C major K. 551.... Mozart, Piano Concerto in A major K. 488. Symphony No. 4..... Malipiero Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini Op. 43..... Rachmaninoff

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

There was so much to applaud in yesterday's concert that it is hard to know where to begin or what and whom most to praise. Let us start with Mozart. Even way out in Arizona Dr. Koussevitzky must have had his ear to the ground for musical happenings in Boston. Thus he must have known that a rival orchestra, the Minneapolis, and conductor Mitropoulos had not cut much of a figure here with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony. And so he comes back to Boston and produces a triumphant performance of that work! We can be grateful to him for showing us Mozart's greatness, which our visitors somehow muffed.

Another aspect of Mozart's greatness is to be found in his piano concertos, which are not played often enough in public. This one in A major is an utter charmer, and Dr. Koussevitzky and Mr. Rubinstein produced between them an interpretation of surpassing beauty. I must hand it to Mr. Rubinstein, who has sometimes been criticized in these columns for introducing his own personality between the music and the listener. Yesterday he was nothing if not calm objectivity and he let the music sing with simplicity and grace. The adagio was taken very

slowly, but successfully so and with a wonderful clarity. So too did Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra show us clearly the marvelous complexity of the "Jupiter" finale.

Dr. Koussevitzky then gave the first performance of an impressive new Symphony, the 4th by Malipiero. The work is singularly well knit. The effects, such as the use of drone bass, passages for trombones and tuba and solos for English horn, are superbly wrought. The Symphony is a memorial for many things, but the melancholy is not breast-beating or doleful dumps. The Scherzo, for instance,

has a wild excitement. There is plenty of contrast, but also a unity of thought that makes this perhaps Malipiero's finest work and a real find this season.

Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini is to my mind his best work. It is certainly his cleverest. It is a juicy piece, absolutely bursting with virtuoso tricks for the soloist and gorgeous effects for the orchestra. Mr. Rubinstein must have studied Rachmaninoff's own interpretation, for his does not differ materially from it. That is, too, the highest compliment that could be paid him. Altogether it was a splendid concert, brilliantly topped off in the grand manner.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Commissioning works right and left through the Koussevitzky Foundation, established in memory of his late wife, the illustrious conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, who yesterday returned to the regular concerts after his mid-winter vacation, is bound to turn up a notable composition once in a while. The law of averages will not have it otherwise. It is my guess that the Fourth Symphony ("In Memoriam") of Malipiero, which had its first performance on this occasion, will be with us for some time to come.

Not all the pieces dedicated to the memory of Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky are elegiac in character, but this one is. Into it the Italian composer has poured the suffering and anguish of the war years. The expression, however, is restrained and is the more forceful because of that. Compared with much modern music,

this Symphony is clear, readily assimilated at a first hearing. There are two slow movements; the second, marked "funebre," and the last, which takes the form of variations on a simple and haunting melody that came to the composer 36 years ago, as he watched a funeral procession wending its way along an Alpine path, while the bells of a nearby church tolled.

When this affecting finale came to its close there was much applause, which was fully deserved, though at the moment it seemed impertinent. There was even disbelief, in the case of this particular listener, for the next number, Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, in which Arthur Rubinstein was the pianist. The mood passed, once the Russian's piece, last heard at the Symphony Concerts when he himself was the soloist, got under way. The variation form may become tiresome, and Brahms, not to mention Paganini himself, had apparently exhausted the possibilities of this particular tune. Nevertheless, Rachmaninoff found plenty to do with it, much of it engrossing and some of it exciting. Also, after the somber coloring of the Malipiero Symphony, his lush and brilliant orchestration seemed all the richer.

Dr. Koussevitzky was in fine fettle yesterday, and so was Mr. Rubinstein. Before the intermission they accomplished a beautiful performance of Mozart's A major Piano Concerto (K. 488), which in its turn had followed a splendid disclosure of that composer's "Jupiter" Symphony. Some of the choicest things in all Mozart are to be found in the piano concertos, the poignant slow movement of this one is a good example, and it is a pity that pianists are not often tempted to play them. No doubt, Mr. Rubinstein would have hesitated to give us Mozart and nothing else. As it was, he revealed to us both the finer side of his art and his great virtuosity in one and the same concert. And a noteworthy concert it was, any way you look at it.

Seventeenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 27, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28, at 8:30 o'clock

MOZART.....Symphony in C major, K. 551 ("Jupiter")

- I. Allegro vivace
- II. Andante cantabile
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

MOZART.....Piano Concerto in A major (K. 488)

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro assai

INTERMISSION

MALIPIERO.....Symphony No. 4

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Lento, funebre
- III. Allegro
- IV. Lento

(First performance)

RACHMANINOFF.....Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 43

SOLOIST

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

Mr. Rubinstein uses the STEINWAY PIANO

Malipiero's Fourth Listed For First Boston Hearing

By Melvin Maddocks

Gian Francesco Malipiero's Fourth Symphony will have its first hearing tomorrow afternoon from Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dedicated to the memory of Mme Natalie Koussevitzky, the Symphony is subtitled "In Memoriam." "The idea of the elegy," Mr. Malipiero has written in an explanatory letter, "rules the subconscious mind of the composer."

Mr. Malipiero wrote the Fourth Symphony in the Italian mountain village of Asolo, where he has lived for most of the last 34 years. It is an old town; ruins of a Roman bath and theater have been uncovered in it. The setting, as visitors have observed, is not altogether inappropriate for a composer who has occupied himself so much with the old masters; who has edited the works of Monteverdi, Galuppi, and Tartini, and revived the "Orfeo" of Rossi and the "La Rappresentazione di anima e di corpo" of Cavalleri; and who, in the Fourth Symphony, has linked one idea to the next without elaboration or final development in a style he himself describes as reminiscent of the sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti.

monet 12.26.48

Between the wars his Asolo home provided Mr. Malipiero with a near-idyllic place to study and compose. But during World War II it was no retreat. "The war," he writes in his letter, "ended 200 paces from its door." The war must have seemed the more severe for the comparative insulation of the inter-bellum years. "Serge Koussevitzky," he opens

his letter, "... could not have chosen a more propitious moment for entrusting a musician with the task of writing an elegy." From a common sense of destruction, "one's soul was disposed to draw unto itself and make its own, the grief of a friend."

The first and third movements of the Symphony, according to Mr. Malipiero, may be defined as Hope; the second and fourth, as Resignation. But he has been careful to take the precaution every artist must take in talking about his own products. "These confessions," he writes, "should be considered the analysis which a composer may make of his own work, but not a pre-arranged program."

The first movement is Allegro moderato, with an energetic opening theme and later a statement of the dominating elegaic theme. The second movement is Lento funebre: "truly funereal," the composer describes it, "notwithstanding the almost pastoral theme" which appears briefly. The third movement is marked Allegro in uno, ben ritmato; its rhythm is "an inebriation, a need of seeking oblivion."

Thirty-six years ago, the composer tells in his letter, he heard the bell of an Alpine church tolling the chant of a funeral march, "the procession in Indian file so as not to stray from the path winding among the rocks." The bells inspired a simple theme that stuck in his mind, and he has used it, with six variations, for the final movement (Lento).

Perhaps Mr. Malipiero has come closest to putting the central problem of the symphony in words in the question: "Where and how to find comfort?" His answer: "By seeking to communicate with all that has been taken from us, but which belongs to us still."

Seventeenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 27, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 28, at 8:30 o'clock

MOZART.....Symphony in C major, K. 551 ("Jupiter")

- I. Allegro vivace
- II. Andante cantabile
- III. Menuetto: Allegretto; Trio
- IV. Finale: Allegro molto

MOZART.....Piano Concerto in A major (K. 488)

- I. Allegro
- II. Adagio
- III. Allegro assai

INTERMISSION

MALIPIERO.....Symphony No. 4

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Lento, funebre
- III. Allegro
- IV. Lento

(First performance)

RACHMANINOFF.....Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 43

SOLOIST

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN

Mr. Rubinstein uses the STEINWAY PIANO

Malipiero's Fourth Listed For First Boston Hearing

By Melvin Maddocks

Gian Francesco Malipiero's Fourth Symphony will have its first hearing tomorrow afternoon from Serge Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Dedicated to the memory of Mme Natalie Koussevitzky, the Symphony is subtitled "In Memoriam." "... The idea of the elegy," Mr. Malipiero has written in an explanatory letter, "rules the subconscious mind of the composer."

Mr. Malipiero wrote the Fourth Symphony in the Italian mountain village of Asolo, where he has lived for most of the last 34 years. It is an old town; ruins of a Roman bath and theater have been uncovered in it. The setting, as visitors have observed, is not altogether inappropriate for a composer who has occupied himself so much with the old masters: who has edited the works of Monteverdi, Galuppi, and Tartini, and revived the "Orfeo" of Rossi and the "La Rappresentazione di anima e di corpo" of Cavallieri; and who, in the Fourth Symphony, has linked one idea to the next without elaboration or final development in a style he himself describes as reminiscent of the sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti.

Between the wars his Asolo home provided Mr. Malipiero with a near-idyllic place to study and compose. But during World War II it was no retreat. "The war," he writes in his letter, "ended 200 paces from its door." The war must have seemed the more severe for the comparative insulation of the inter-bellum years. "Serge Koussevitzky," he opens

his letter, "... could not have chosen a more propitious moment for entrusting a musician with the task of writing an elegy." From a common sense of destruction, "one's soul was disposed to draw unto itself and make its own, the grief of a friend."

The first and third movements of the Symphony, according to Mr. Malipiero, may be defined as Hope; the second and fourth, as Resignation. But he has been careful to take the precaution every artist must take in talking about his own products. "These confessions," he writes, "should be considered the analysis which a composer may make of his own work, but not a pre-arranged program."

The first movement is Allegro moderato, with an energetic opening theme and later a statement of the dominating elegaic theme. The second movement is Lento funebre: "truly funereal," the composer describes it, "notwithstanding the almost pastoral theme" which appears briefly. The third movement is marked Allegro in uno, ben ritmato; its rhythm is "an inebriation, a need of seeking oblivion."

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Perhaps Mr. Malipiero has come closest to putting the central problem of the symphony in words in the question: "Where and how to find comfort?" His answer: "By seeking to communicate with all that has been taken from us, but which belongs to us still."



By a Staff Artist

Francesco Malipiero, whose Fourth Symphony will have its first performance at the Boston Symphony concert of Friday afternoon, Dr. Koussevitzky conducting.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

The Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts at Symphony Hall this week may not be the most novel of the season, but certainly they are among the most stimulating. The Fourth ("In Memoriam") Symphony of Malipiero receives its first performances, and Artur Rubinstein is soloist in two scores: the A major Piano Concerto (K. 488) of Mozart, and the Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini, by Rachmaninoff. The other number, which comes first, is the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart.

Malipiero's Fourth Symphony is music of terrible intensity and profound grief, and technically of great mastery and distinction. Without question, it is one of the finest works commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and dedicated to the memory of Mme. Natalie Koussevitzky. It is music influenced throughout by the awful ravages of the war and desolation of the post-war years, and although neither brutal nor violent, it is one of the most consistently grim scores I ever have heard. Those who wish to be soothed or pleasantly excited will not take readily to it.

Malipiero remarked about his Fourth Symphony that the war ended 200 paces from his house at Asolo, outside Venice, where he composed it. That will give you an idea of his spiritual devastation and hope-against-hope for return of the peace and happiness of life as it was. The texture is dissonant, but ordered and logical, expressive but not chaotic. All four movements—the first and third suggesting hope, the sec-

ond and fourth resignation—end in minor, and there is hardly any relief from the weight of crushing sorrow. Given time, this Fourth Symphony may prove a unique, warning memorial of the years when mankind attempted self-destruction.

Mr. Rubinstein had a personal triumph with both Mozart and Rachmaninoff yesterday afternoon. The first he played with delicate, flowing style; the other, a showy and tricky piece, he carried off with sky-rocket brilliance. It was distressing that the orchestra had not tuned down to the piano (or for that matter, that the piano people had not tuned the instrument up) for Mozart, but in Rachmaninoff soloist and orchestra were more nearly agreed on pitch. For Mr. Rubinstein—and for Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, who played superbly the afternoon through—there was applause that amounted to an "ovation."

It was good to see that musical examples of themes from Malipiero's Symphony were printed in the program book. Let us hope this will become standard practice.



Karsh

Artur Schnabel, soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the Friday and Saturday concerts. He will also give a recital in Symphony Hall Sunday afternoon, April 4.

Koussevitzky Back, Plays Malipiero Symphony

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky, returning yesterday to the Friday series of concerts after the longest mid-winter vacation he has ever taken, was received with particular warmth by the audience. He shared honors in the seventeenth program of the season with Artur Schnabel, who appeared as soloist in Mozart's Piano Concerto in A major and in Rachmaninov's Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini. Dr. Koussevitzky opened the concert with Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony and directed the orchestra also in Malipiero's Symphony No. 4 (first performance).

Mr. Schnabel received an ovation—two ovations, to be exact. He deserved them both. He is a superb artist, capable of interpreting two works of such widely disparate styles as those on this program. His Mozart was unexceptionable, with beauty of tone, polished phrasing, subtle shading and rhythmic phiancy. It was an aristocratic performance, of a musical penetration seldom encountered today.

Yet he could jump from this to the Rachmaninov Rhapsody, surmount easily the technical hurdles, and also bring out unsuspected or forgotten musical values here too. It had been heard here only once previously, with the composer as soloist. The theme is amusing and amusingly contrasted with the "Dies Irae." There is also a rather dreadful neo-Tchaikovsky theme. The performance was brilliant on the part of the orchestra as well as the soloist.

The novelty of the occasion was

Malipiero's Symphony No. 4, which was commissioned, like so many we have heard of late, by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation and dedicated to the memory of Mme Natalie Koussevitzky.

This is a symphony with practically no development—that is to say, no symphony. But perhaps the form does not matter. The composer was clearly, by his own account, deeply stirred emotionally when he wrote it. Unfortunately, his emotion is not expressed in the music. There is an energetic theme and a funereal theme, and, in the last movement, a theme derived from the tolling of an Alpine church bell.

The trouble is that none of these themes is salient. They lend themselves neither to development nor to contrapuntal treatment. The writing is "linear," a

style very well adapted to the material. Oddly enough, the last work of Mr. Malipiero's to be heard from this orchestra was his Second Symphony, also "Elegiac," played 10 years ago. The present work shows no growth.

The Mozart symphony was played with the utmost virtuosity on the part of the orchestra. Dr. Koussevitzky was in fine fettle, but his slow movement was again too slow, and his Finale too fast.



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Kurtz Soloist in Khatchatourian Concerto

By L. A. Sloper

For the eighteenth program of the Boston Symphony season, Serge Koussevitzky programmed works by Prokofiev, Khatchatourian, and Shostakovitch. Was this a gesture of defiance to the Supreme Soviet? For these three Russian composers have just been reprimanded, along with some lesser men, by the Central Committee of the Communist Party. They were told that their music "strongly smells of the spirit of current modernistic bourgeois music of Europe and America," and that it reflects "the complete decay of bourgeois culture, the complete negation of the musical art and its dead end."

These are harsh words to be directed at the leading creative musicians of Russia. Yet they are reported to have accepted them, and humbly thanked the Committee for correcting their style. But Koussevitzky is now a citizen of a country which is still free, musically, if not cinematically. So he declares himself for this decadent music. A fine gesture, whether one admires the entire output of these composers or not.

Aram Khatchatourian is probably No. 3 man in this hierarchy. We have heard his Piano Concerto twice and his Violin Concerto and a suite from the ballet, "Gayane," has been played at the Pops. He is given to exploiting folk music, and particularly that of the Armenians.

Was the Central Committee thinking of this Cello Concerto

when it rebuked the composer? It hardly seems possible. For this music is old-fashioned in every respect: in construction, in the use of folk-like tunes, and in the emphasis placed on the soloist, who is kept busy most of the time. When he is not playing a cadenza he is laboring at difficult passage-work. If only for this reason the concerto should be regarded as good propaganda for the Stakhanov method of production. As music the concerto is perhaps not so important. The themes are not striking, the passage-work is monotonous. Yet there is a certain vitality and a certain lyricism in it which may make for its popularity.

The soloist, Edmund Kurtz, was making his first appearance here. He is an excellent cellist. He played Khatchatourian's difficult solo part with the greatest facility, with a broad tone which had a great variety of color, and with more musical feeling perhaps than the score contained. He was very well received.

Prokofiev is, I suppose, No. 1 man of the trio. His Sythian Suite has long been familiar to us. The Committee may have been thinking of this suite, though they were a long time arriving at it, for it was written in 1914. It may justly be described as marked by "dissonance and disharmony." But not enough so to shock the average music lover today. It, too, seems a little old-fashioned, though in a different sense than Khatchatourian's music. But it still retains an effectiveness. Par-

ticularly in its description of the sunrise at the end, which won the usual loud and long applause.

From Shostakovitch, Koussevitzky played once more the Fifth Symphony, a favorite of the conductor's. Is this symphony decadent, or is it dull? It is a matter of opinion. 3-6-48 mmh

SYMPHONY HALL Boston Symphony Orchestra By CYRUS DURGIN

Serge Koussevitzky was reported yesterday unwilling to say whether he had chosen this week's all-Russian program for the Boston Symphony Orchestra concerts, as a gesture of protest against the recent official Soviet disapproval of five leading composers.

Nevertheless, his program assembles the "Scythian" Suite of Prokofiev; the Cello Concerto by Aram Khatchatourian, and Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony. All these composers are now under the Soviet ban. Furthermore, Mr. John N. Burk had written for the program book an entr'acte, "Composers and State Paternalism." You may draw your own conclusions.

At any rate, these concerts are perhaps the least interesting of the season. The best piece of the lot is Prokofiev's noisy but aging "Scythian" Suite, of whose complex din Mr. Koussevitzky made the most.

Remembering the ballet suites and the Khatchatourian Piano Concerto, one had expected the Cello Concerto to be rich, spicy and a strong stimulant. It turned out to be powerfully soporific, dry, dull, dreary and long as all eternity. To be sure, there is a pleasant cantabile tune in the slow movement, but all the rest is jiggling figurations and nervous orchestration.

Edmund Kurtz, who was making his Boston debut as soloist, lavished

his technical abilities and musicianship without stint upon this piece, which didn't deserve them. It would be nice to hear him again in a really solid item from the cello-with-orchestra repertory.

As for Shostakovitch's Fifth Symphony, that is a mixed grill. The largo contains beautiful writing and colorful solo effects. The allegretto which serves as scherzo is alive and buoyant. But those march tunes of the first movement and finale are downright cheap. Why was it necessary to rig up an entire program with so little contrast as this one has?

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

It seemed to be the feeling at Symphony Hall that Dr. Koussevitzky intended the current Symphony program, devoted to music by Prokofiev, Khatchatourian and Shostakovitch, as a protest against the official decree that lately put those three composers, and four others, in the doghouse. My objections are not necessarily the same as those of the central committee of the Communist party, but at 4:30 yesterday afternoon I was convinced that the doghouse is where they belong.

Of course, Prokofiev wrote his "Scythian" Suite back in 1914. He was then the bad boy of music. Stravinsky had just produced "The Rite of Spring," and his young compatriot evidently wished to show that when it came to barbarism he could go him one better. For me the evocative power this music once possessed has largely disappeared, leaving in the main only flatness and a filthy din. Or the din Dr. Koussevitzky made the most. These ears are still ringing from the assault committed by the battery in the first movement.

Khatchatourian's Concerto for cello was played yesterday for the first time in the United States, with Edmund Kurtz, brother of Efrem Kurtz, the conductor, making his local debut as the soloist. In the first two movements Khatchatourian respectively maunders and meanders. The third division is better. But here, as elsewhere, Khatchatourian is little more than a weak imitator of Balakirev, Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov and, yes, Ippolitov-Ivanov. It would be a pleasure to hear Mr. Kurtz in a more rewarding piece.

From Shostakovitch we got once more the Fifth Symphony, a curious mixture of beauty—or, at least, charm—tawdriness, triviality and sheer bombast. There was trumpet trouble in the second movement and harp trouble in the third. Otherwise, the performance was as eloquent as might be. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted this music, as he did everything else on the program, as though he believed in it thoroughly. No doubt he does.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Eighteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 5, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 6, at 8:30 o'clock

PROKOFIEFF.....Scythian Suite, "Ala and Lolli," *Op. 20*

- I. The Adoration of Veles and Ala
- II. The Enemy God and the Dance of the Black Spirits
- III. Night
- IV. The Glorious Departure of Lolli and the Procession of the Sun

KHATCHATOURIAN.....Concerto for Violoncello and Orchestra

- I. Allegro moderato
- II. Andante sostenuto
- III. Allegro

(First performance in the United States)

INTERMISSION

SHOSTAKOVITCH.....Symphony No. 5, *Op. 47*

- I. Moderato
- II. Allegretto
- III. Largo
- IV. Allegro non troppo

SOLOIST

EDMUND KURTZ



Abresch

Edmund Kurtz, who will introduce the Khatchatourian Cello Concerto to Boston at this week's concerts of the Symphony Orchestra.

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Khatchaturian Cello Concerto

By Edmund Kurtz

(Soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra)

The Khatchaturian Cello Concerto is in the usual three movements, which take about 30 minutes to perform. It starts with an introduction played by the orchestra. The solo instrument introduces the first theme, after which the second theme is introduced by the orchestra and repeated in a more elaborate form by the cello. This is followed by a long passage with the cello having a figuration in an even, rhythmic pattern. The orchestra

and the cello join in an enlarged form of the second theme which brings the cello to the cadenza. Orchestra and cello then return to the first subject, followed by a reminder of the second subject and the movement ends on a boisterous note. *3-4-48*

The second movement begins with the orchestra and two prolonged flute passages. The theme is introduced by the cello, a warm, one might say Oriental, melody, which is repeated an octave lower and then taken up by the orchestra, with the cello having passages in a higher register, fortissimo. A short orchestral interlude brings back the first theme with slight variations, but maintains the same mood. A flute solo, similar to that heard at the beginning of the movement, ends it, and leads directly into the third movement.

The cello states the first theme in the third bar. The second is introduced by the orchestra and then taken up by the cello. It is a long, mournful, expressive melody, utterly in cellistic vein and exploiting all the best-sounding ranges of the instrument. The finale of the concerto is full of technical passages played by the cello with a minimum of orchestral support. *monit*

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 18th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Edmund Kurtz, cellist, was the soloist. The program was as follows: Scythian Suite, "Ala and Lolli," Op. 20 Prokofiev; Concerto for cello and orchestra Khatchaturian; Symphony No. 5 Op. 47... Shostakovich

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

It was a timely gesture of defiance to put the three most prominent Russian composers, who recently landed in the official Soviet dog-house, on the same program. But it was not such a good idea artistically, and the result was just what a good many of us expected. Since Prokofiev is a considerably greater composer than Khatchaturian and an infinitely better one than Shostakovich, the concert began to run down after the glorious finish of the Scythian Suite until it ended in the tedium of the Largo and vulgar bombast of the Finale of the Shostakovich 5th Symphony. It was a badly planned, if superbly executed, concert; and its great compensation was the Scythian Suite. *3-6-48*

That is not to say that the Khatchaturian Cello Concerto, which was played for the first time in the U. S., is a bad piece. There are many clever and ear-tickling things in it. It is a fine canter for a virtuoso cellist. It is better than many modern, or old, for that matter, cello concertos. Hindemith's is the only exception that comes to mind among the moderns. But here's the rub *Heald*

It is very difficult to bring off the cello as solo instrument for an entire work. Inevitably there comes the time when the instrument sounds, as someone once said, like a bumble-bee in a wood-shed. There's a lot of this in the Khatchaturian piece. Nevertheless, the slow movement is good and there are many effective passages throughout. Mr. Kurtz played this difficult music with extraordinary verve and aplomb, and I suspect that the applause was as much for him as for the new music.

Mr. Koussevitzky is determined that we shall like Shostakovich's 5th Symphony. Because of the war I had not heard it since 1941 and I sincerely hoped that I would see the light on this occasion. But, except for the fine concluding pages of the first movement and the scherzo, the Symphony seemed to me if anything worse than before. I cannot, for the life of me, understand how anyone who appreciates the superb art of Prokofiev can place Shostakovich on the same plane.

Like the 'Sacre,' the Scythian Suite stands up well through the years. But the performance must be carefully wrought. When it is played as the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky's guidance played it yesterday the effect is shattering.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 19th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Assisting were the following: Harvard Glee Club, G. Wallace Woodworth, conductor; David Lloyd, tenor; Carol Brice, mezzo-soprano; James Pease, baritone; Wesley Addy, speaker. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 4 in B flat major, Op. 60

"Oedipus Rex," Opera-Oratorio, Beethoven
3/13/48 Stravinsky

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," acclaimed when it was first heard in 1927-28, has stood the test of time well. It is one of the composer's most impressive, varied and arresting scores. The ending is moving and filled with a deep pathos. Jocasta's music is lyrically lovely rather in the manner of Verdi. The choruses are knowingly wrought and placed. Oedipus' music is the most dramatically expressive in the oratorio. Only some of the music for baritone solo falls a little flat, and I am not at all sure that this was not the fault of the performance yesterday. The whole work is one of daring originality. Now if Mr. Koussevitzky will give us "Persephone" next season we shall be fairly au courant with Stravinsky's fine but less well known works.

There may be some who object to Stravinsky's rather high-handed way of dealing with Sophocles'

drama, first adapting it in a French version and then translating Cocteau's text into Latin. But the Oedipus story is not greatly sympathetic to the modern mind. In our briskly efficient way we cannot be sorry for a man who, knowing perfectly well what the oracle has just told him, returns to his own country, marries a lady of middle age and kills the first old man he encounters. The music, however, unlocks the pathos and tragic inevitability in the drama for us. It is a novel method of telling a story, but one that is extraordinarily effective. 3-13-48 *Head*

The performance yesterday was fine as to orchestra and chorus. The tenor soloist, moreover, Mr. Lloyd, was remarkable. He sang this difficult music of Oedipus with amazing ease and a great deal of feeling. He was a real "find" for this role. Mr. Pease sang along stolidly through the bass-baritone roles, but seldom as though he really felt the music. Miss Brice's

curious dual personality of a voice did not seem to me at all the right one for Jocasta's flowing melodies. Mr. Addy was not nearly so good as the Speaker whom Stravinsky had for the performance in 1940. He approached this terrible drama

rather like a friendly expert giving advice on income tax forms.

The concert opened with an ingratiating and smoothly articulate performance of Beethoven's 4th Symphony, one of the cheerful even-numbered symphonies.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Nineteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 12, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 13, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 4 in B-flat major, *Op. 60*
I. Adagio; Allegro vivace
II. Adagio
III. Allegro vivace; Trio: Un poco meno allegro
IV. Finale: Allegro, ma non troppo

INTERMISSION

STRAVINSKY....."Oedipus Rex," Opera Oratorio in Two Acts
(Text by Jean Cocteau, after the Drama of Sophocles)

Oedipus } DAVID LLOYD, Tenor
The Shepherd }

Jocasta CAROL BRICE, Mezzo-Soprano

Creon } JAMES PEASE, Baritone
Tiresias }
The Messenger }

Speaker WESLEY ADDY

Chorus THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB
(G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor)

Act I

Oedipus; Chorus

Speaker

Creon; Oedipus

Speaker

Chorus; Tiresias; Oedipus

Act II

Speaker

Jocasta; Oedipus

Speaker

Chorus; Messenger; Shepherd; Oedipus

Epilogue; Speaker; Messenger; Chorus

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Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," acclaimed when it was first heard in 1927-28, has stood the test of time well. It is one of the composer's most impressive, varied and arresting scores. The ending is moving and filled with a deep pathos. Jocasta's music is lyrically lovely rather in the manner of Verdi. The choruses are knowingly wrought and placed. Oedipus' music is the most dramatically expressive in the oratorio. Only some of the music for baritone solo falls a little flat, and I am not at all sure that this was not the fault of the performance yesterday. The whole work is one of daring originality. Now if Mr. Koussevitzky will give us "Persephone" next season we shall be fairly au courant with Stravinsky's fine but less well known works.

There may be some who object to Stravinsky's rather high-handed way of dealing with Sophocles'

drama, first adapting it in a French version and then translating Cocteau's text into Latin. But the Oedipus story is not greatly sympathetic to the modern mind. In our briskly efficient way we cannot be sorry for a man who, knowing perfectly well what the oracle has just told him, returns to his own country, marries a lady of middle age and kills the first old man he encounters. The music, however, unlocks the pathos and tragic inevitability in the drama for us. It is a novel method of telling a story, but one that is extraordinarily effective. 3-13-48 Head

The performance yesterday was fine as to orchestra and chorus. The tenor soloist, moreover, Mr. Lloyd, was remarkable. He sang this difficult music of Oedipus with amazing ease and a great deal of feeling. He was a real "find" for this role. Mr. Pease sang along stolidly through the bass-baritone roles, but seldom as though he really felt the music. Miss Brice's

curious dual personality of a voice did not seem to me at all the right one for Jocasta's flowing melodies. Mr. Addy was not nearly so good as the Speaker whom Stravinsky had for the performance in 1940. He approached this terrible drama

rather like a friendly expert giving advice on income tax forms.

The concert opened with an ingratiating and smoothly articulate performance of Beethoven's 4th Symphony, one of the cheerful even-numbered symphonies.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Nineteenth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 12, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 13, at 8:30 o'clock

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 4 in B-flat major, Op. 60
I. Adagio; Allegro vivace
II. Adagio
III. Allegro vivace; Trio: Un poco meno allegro
IV. Finale: Allegro, ma non troppo

INTERMISSION

STRAVINSKY....."Oedipus Rex," Opera Oratorio in Two Acts
(Text by Jean Cocteau, after the Drama of Sophocles)

Oedipus } DAVID LLOYD, Tenor
The Shepherd }
Jocasta CAROL BRICE, Mezzo-Soprano
Creon }
Tiresias } JAMES PEASE, Baritone
The Messenger }
Speaker WESLEY ADDY
Chorus THE HARVARD GLEE CLUB
(G. WALLACE WOODWORTH, Conductor)

Act I	PROLOGUE; Speaker	Act II
Oedipus; Chorus	Speaker	
Speaker	Jocasta; Oedipus	
Creon; Oedipus	Speaker	
Speaker	Chorus; Messenger; Shepherd; Oedipus	
Chorus; Tiresias; Oedipus	Epilogue; Speaker; Messenger; Chorus	

Composer's Big Choral Work Has Third Hearing in Boston

3-13-48 *mini* By L. A. Sloper

For the 19th program of the Boston Symphony season, Serge Koussevitzky listed Beethoven's Fourth Symphony in B-flat major and Stravinsky's Opera-oratorio, "Oedipus Rex." The singers were David Lloyd, tenor; Carol Brice, mezzo-soprano, and James Pease, baritone. The Speaker was Wesley Addy. The chorus was that of the Harvard Glee Club, of which G. Wallace Woodworth is conductor.

"Oedipus Rex" had its first American performance by this orchestra just 20 years ago, the year after the Paris premiere. It was repeated in 1940. These have been the only performances in Boston. The work requires large forces and much time for preparation. On the whole, Boston has been well served by Dr. Koussevitzky with Stravinskian choral works.

This work marked the beginning of Stravinsky's excursions into the past, and the resumption of composition for large orchestra. "Les Noces" was the last of his works for small forces and the last that showed a particular originality. Since then we have had from him precious, self-conscious pieces, and obeisances to the masters of the past. It is true that there are some who think they can trace a consistent and uninterrupted growth from "Les Noces" to the present.

"Oedipus" possesses a text in Latin. Jean Cocteau translated the Greek into French, and Jean Daniélou the French into Latin. Surely a roundabout route. As Philip Hale said, "The Latin of the text is not always Ciceronian." But Stravinsky was pleased with it. It was "not dead but turned to stone, and so monumentalized as to have become immune from all risk of vulgarization." After all, what does the libretto of a choral piece or an opera matter? You can't hear most of it anyway. It might as well be in Sanskrit.

Besides, a Speaker has been provided to tell the story for those whose memories of Greek drama are dim.

How has the music been wearing in the eight years since we last heard it? Pretty well. The first half is dull. Jocasta's air is still the high point, intensely dramatic in spite of the persistent recollection of the "Ta-ran-ta-ra" from "The Pirates of Penzance." It is interesting to note that here, and later in the chorus, when Stravinsky needs a dramatic effect, he turns to Verdi. There is also some suggestion of Handel, though not of his melodies, and of Russian composers, including Glinka, Moussorgsky, and Stravinsky.

David Lloyd sang the music of Oedipus with force, and after some constriction at the beginning, usually with resonance. Carol Brice, with her remarkable range and full-bodied voice, realized the full dramatic significance of Jocasta's part. With her aria, the oratorio began to pick up, and it maintained its hold until the quiet close, which is more effective than some of the shouting.

James Pease lent his excellent voice to the parts of Creon, Tiresias and the Messenger. Wesley Addy, though he missed the composer's desired "mock-heroic" style, did enunciate very clearly. Of course he was not responsible for his English text, with its "He falls, falls, from his high estate," and its "Farewell, farewell, poor Oedipus. They loved you." The chorus sang with great vigor, and for the most part with precision, paying, as no doubt the composer would wish, more attention to volume than to quality of tone.

Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra gave an eloquent account of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony. As usual, the opening Adagio became a Largo, but after that there was virtuosity and expression.

SYMPHONY CONCERT BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The centre of interest in the current Symphony program is Stravinsky's opera oratorio, "Oedipus Rex." This strange, undeniably impressive, and as undeniably uneven work received its first American performance from Dr. Koussevitzky 20 years ago last month. At the concerts of March 29 and 30, 1940, it was again heard in Symphony Hall, this time under the composer's direction. Dr. Koussevitzky has a way of making Stravinsky's music more eloquent than the composer intended it to be, if the latter's conducting of it can be accepted as the criterion. There can be two opinions as to the actual value of this score. There can be only one where yesterday's performance is concerned. It was magnificent. 3-13-48 *Pow*

The above sweeping statement must now be qualified. Aside from the fact that, in his zeal, the conductor occasionally drowned out the solo singers, his interpretation of the music can be praised unreservedly. The orchestra was superb, as was the Harvard Glee Club, which again furnished the chorus. David Lloyd, who supplied the roles of Oedipus and the Shepherd, and James Pease, who sang those of Creon, Tiresias and the Messenger, were on the whole, quite worthy of this distinguished company, something that can hardly be said of the Jocasta of Carol Brice.

Those who heard the performances in 1928 may still recall the noble singing of Margaret Matzenauer. There was an impression, subsequently strengthened, that she was giving the composer assistance that he sorely needed. Miss Brice was ill-at-ease, both with the Latin tongue and the music itself.

Nor did she convey any proper impression of the character. The difficult role of the speaker (difficult because of the stilted nature of the text to be declaimed) was adequately filled by Wesley Addy.

Stravinsky has declared himself as opposed on principle to the union of poetry and music, and in this instance he chose Latin (a Latin translation of Jean Cocteau's text, patterned after the drama of Sophocles) so that as he put it, he might ignore the word and concentrate on the syllable. He also favored Latin, in this case, since through its remoteness, its impersonality, it would better convey to a modern audience the spirit of Greek drama. Theory is one thing and practice is another. For the most part, Stravinsky has responded to the stimulus of the poetry. There are some arid pages; there is a curious mixture of styles, one of them that of the early Verdi at his jauntiest. Even in such a piece as this, Stravinsky's fondness for a propulsive rhythm must find occasional outlet.

Not the least interesting feature of the work is the extraordinary and highly personal use of the orchestra. And what an orchestra it is that served the composer yesterday. In the first part of the concert it distinguished itself in music of a very different sort, namely, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, sympathetically interpreted, as on many another occasion, by Dr. Koussevitzky.

Debussy 'Sébastien' Music Done With Cecilia Chorus

By L. A. Sloper

The first of the twentieth pair of Boston Symphony concerts was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Charles Münch, conducting as guest, had chosen this program: Schubert, Symphony No. 5 in B-flat major; Debussy, Music for "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien." The orchestra was assisted in the Debussy by the Cecilia Society chorus, Victor Manusevitch, conductor; by Nancy Trickey and Adele Addison, sopranos; by Dorothy Cornish and Eunice Alberts, contraltos, and by Raymond Gerome, speaker. The speaker's part, as arranged by Mr. Münch, seems to contain the words of a narrator and also those of Sébastien.

It cannot be said that Boston is unfamiliar with this late work of Debussy's. A stage presentation was given at the Boston Opera House in 1912. Mr. Monteux introduced a part of this suite in 1924. Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the whole of it in 1930, 1936 and 1939.

The play was written by D'Annunzio, and it is therefore melodramatic. The music matches the play. It is more theatrical than Debussy's other works. Inspired no doubt by the frenetic

playwright, he lets himself go. The line is clearer, there is less cloudiness in the orchestra, fewer colors on the composer's palette. There are even some real climaxes, noisy ones, with trumpets. But the score, is nevertheless in the tradition of mysticism and sensuousness. The atmosphere is close, the odors of incense and flowers are overwhelming, the windows, like Proust's, are never opened. One longs for fresh air.

3 26 48 *Trickey*
Would the work seem better in the theater? It is hard to say. It might profit by the stage action, which, however, could hardly be pleasant to watch. The speaker of yesterday did his best to give the picture. How could he be other than melodramatic, given his lines? But this kind of exaggerated acting does not go well in the concert hall. An actor is handicapped more than a singer by the surroundings. Mr. Gerome's French was pronounced clearly, possibly too clearly.

Soloists and chorus did themselves proud, particularly Miss Trickey. Mr. Münch seemed in his element. But Debussy's "Parsifal," as Vuillermoz wrote in 1920, "is still waiting for its Bayreuth." It looks as if it might wait a long time.

Rarely Heard Debussy; The 'St. Sebastian' Music

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Debussy's music to "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," a poetic drama by Gabriele d'Annunzio, is possibly his most difficult score to understand. For that reason and for several other factors, mainly emanating from the text, this strange and often fascinating music is seldom performed. The last time Koussevitzky gave it here at Christmastime, 1936, he employed only one soloist and the chorus. Even so he got a good deal of the work into the concert, though at a singularly unfortunate time of year when the hall was crowded with young people home for the holidays. A long work of such austerity and dramatic obscurity was not a happy choice for an audience many of whom were attending their first concert.

The Holy Week concerts, at which Charles Muench will conduct the complete score, are much more appropriate, even though the Roman Catholic Church authorities in Paris made some objections at the first stage production in May, 1911. There was an indignant response from the composer and the poet, but many Catholic families obediently stayed away. But if "Parsifal" is considered so eminently suitable for Holy Week, how can there be logical objection to "St. Sebastian?"

In addition to the full complement of vocal soloists, Mr. Muench will employ a narrator. This role will be taken by Raymond Gerome, a talented French artist, whose recent performance in Honegger's "Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher" was admirable. In spite of the recondite nature and rather dated mysticism of D'Annunzio's drama, this narrator's role should be of some assistance to the listener. It should be recalled that Debussy was not writing an opera, but incidental music, and he set only a small portion of the complete drama.

TWO PREMIERES

Debussy was not fortunate in the stage premieres of "St. Sebastian."

Besides the squabble with the Church, the death of the French Minister of War prevented the dress rehearsal from being the brilliant affair planned. The actual first performance did not go well. The stage direction dispersed the chorus in groupings in accordance with the painter's, Leon Bakst's, eye to effect. Thus sopranos and basses, tenors and contraltos, were all mixed up, so that some could not even see the conductor, Andre Caplet, and few could depend for support on their neighbors. Mme. Ida Rubinstein, who mimed the Saint, did not emerge without severe critical strictures.

A stage production here at the Boston Opera House on March 30, 1912, was apparently even more disastrous. The work must have been considerably cut, and it was paired, of all unlikely partners, with "Hansel and Gretel." It is well worth quoting Philip Hale's review at some length: "There was not one word of explanation in the program book and not even a list of the scenes. There was the vague suggestion of an altar on stage. Then there was the sight of two contraltos, scantily dressed, each fastened to a cross. There were apparitions of angels provided with halos.

"Later a woman was seen crawling about a dimly lighted stage and finally endeavouring to give an impersonation of a life-size letter 'Y.' Female choristers, thinking to encourage her in this painful attitude by singing, must have enlarged the martyrdom. I was informed by a trustworthy person that this martyr was Mme. Cevruti (sic—according to Oscar Thompson's biography of Debussy the lady was Theresa Cerutti. Imagine Mr. Hale's not being told the impersonator of the title role!). The scene unfortunately was grotesque and to the great majority incomprehensible. The saint pierced by arrows has inspired many painters. This saint flopping around the stage as if in search of a dropped coin excited laughter or amazement." This ghastly occasion was further disturbed by late comers. It was conducted by Andre Caplet, who, one would have thought, would have profited by the premiere in

Paris, especially as he was entrusted by the composer with most of the orchestration.

AUTHOR & COMPOSER

I do not wish to discourage the public by the account of these two early flops to stay away this week from the performances of the music. But it is only fair to warn the uninitiated that all is not plain sailing. Debussy's music, which he wrote in a matter of weeks unlike his usual habits, falls within his later style. There is still the combination of the austere and the voluptuous, but with much less of the latter and a frequent use of Gregorian modes. It is worth hearing for the many extraordinary things in the music, and for that reason it is probably best heard in a concert version.

The drama consists in five acts or mansions, as d'Annunzio preferred to call them, with a musical prelude or interlude before each.

When d'Annunzio undertook to write his drama about St. Sebastian he took a house in France and furnished it with objects about the martyr and works of art which put him in the right frame of mind. Even the air was subtly perfumed with incense. He studied the "Fabliaux" and the "Chansons de geste" and other examples of early French literature. Some averred, more prosaically, that it was his infatuation with Mme. Ida Rubinstein which impelled him to this labor. The Boston Symphony audiences are not urged to tamper with their domestic arrangements to this extent, but some slight mental adjustment is advisable.

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
By CYRUS DURGIN

Charles Muench as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra devotes most of his program of yesterday afternoon and tomorrow night to Debussy's "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." This is an austere and spiritual work which is an evocation of Christian martyrdom, death and resurrection, and hence appropriate to this season. As always in Holy Week, the afternoon concert is shifted back to Thursday.

To him who knows best the sensuous side of Debussy, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," must remain peculiar, even baffling, until one grows into the music and comprehends its essentially religious purpose. In 1936 and 1939, I thought this was music arid and bleak. Yesterday the impression was totally different—but not because the music itself was changed, apart from another conductor's interpretive approach. 3-26-48 gah.

Written as an incidental score for a mystery play by the Italian poet D'Annunzio, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" is a symbolic parallel in tone of the story of Sebastian, the favorite archer of the Roman Emperor Diocletian. For professing Christian faith, Sebastian was riddled with the arrows of his own men, only to enter Heaven whole of body and received as a saint.

Play and music are of 1911, a time of decadence. Yet the Pagan and Christian elements find their true counterpart in Debussy's complex musical style: his orchestral colors, his subtle rhythms, his alternately flowing and ejaculatory choral writing, and his quasi-ecclesiastical turns of melody. Thus understood, the score is fascinating if not gripping, powerful if not dramatic, and illuminating if not of the main body of living art. It is then seen as a pseudo-archaic and graceful, if synthesized, example of what Debussy (and others) have so aptly termed "decorative" art.

Yet as Mr. Muench presents it, there are differences which make for increased tension. The main one is the interpolation of a Narrator's part, prepared by Mr. Muench, in which Raymond Gerome, speaking delightfully musical French, takes what is virtually the role of Sebastian. This brings a striking personal quality to what is otherwise an impersonal work.

Another difference is that there are two soprano soloists instead of one. They are taken by Adele Addison and Nancy Trickey, whose contrasting and yet beautifully balanced young voices, and superb singing, lend a remarkably emotional effect. This time the two condemned brothers are personified by two soloists instead of two voices from the chorus: contraltos Dorothy Cornish and Eunice Alberts, also excellent. The chorus, which does very well, is the Cecilia Society, prepared by Victor Manusevitch.

Mr. Muench reads the score with intense passion and vigor, which has its own transforming and very individual effect. The program begins with Schubert's Fifth Symphony, done with a deliciously light touch.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Twentieth Program

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 25, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, at 8:30 o'clock

CHARLES MUNCH Conducting

SCHUBERT.....Symphony No. 5 in B-flat major

- I. Allegro
- II. Andante con moto
- III. Menuetto: Allegro molto
- IV. Allegro vivace

INTERMISSION

DEBUSSY.....Music for "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien"
(Mystery Play by Gabriele d'Annunzio)

- I. La Cour des Lys
- II. La Chambre Magique
- III. Le Concile des Faux Dieux
- IV. Le Laurier Blessé
- V. Paradise

La voix de la Vierge Erigone }NANCY TRICKEY
Vox Sola }Soprano

Vox Caelestis }ADELE ADDISON
Anima Sebastiani }Soprano

Les Deux Jumeaux.....{ DOROTHY CORNISH
EUNICE ALBERTS
Contraltos

SpeakerRAYMOND GEROME

THE CECILIA SOCIETY CHORUS
VICTOR MANUSEVITCH, Conductor

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SpeakerRAYMOND GEROME

THE CECILIA SOCIETY CHORUS
VICTOR MANUSEVITCH, Conductor

GIVE MUSIC BY DEBUSSY

Symphony Orchestra and Chorus Perform

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

The Symphony Concerts have gone vocal with a vengeance. Last time the major part of the program was given over to Stravinsky's opera oratorio, "Oedipus Rex." This week it is Debussy's music for D'Annunzio's mystery play, "The Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian," with Schubert's little Fifth Symphony as a curtain raiser.

Last Tuesday night Charles Muench came back to Symphony Hall, and he will remain there through next week. Was it his idea or Dr. Koussevitzky's to give us our fourth hearing of this curious work of Debussy's since 1930, when the entire suite was presented here for the first time? Previously Mr. Montoux had performed three instrumental excerpts. Surely it is a better record than any other American city can show. And, as surely, such emphasis upon this artfully contrived but seldom inspired music is not equally pleasing to everyone.

There can be no doubt that many enjoyed the performance of yesterday afternoon. At its conclusion there was prolonged applause. In addition to composer, conductor and orchestra, the objects of this enthusiasm were the Cecilia Society Chorus, which wrestled with difficult problems; these solo singers, Nancy Trickey, Adele Addison, Dorothy Cornish and Eunice Alberts; and the speaker, Raymond Gerome. 3-26-48 Pch

The speaker was an innovation of Mr. Muench's, so far as the Symphony Concerts are concerned—there is a narrator in the original play. Mr. Gerome was not content with mere narration, but put into his voice all the mystical fervor and the anguish of the text. In the dim light of the hall it was difficult to read the words and translation of his part, and of the choral and solo portions of the music. Yet without a knowledge of what was being said or sung, this long, too little varied work, would prove insufferably boring. Debussy's music has been compared to that of Wagner's "Parsifal," but a dozen bars of that opera would scatter these tonal wraiths in all directions. Of real drama, of real eloquence there is little. Of decadence there is much, in both text and score.

The chorus yesterday was hardly up to its job. The solo singing was excellent, but not always strong enough, and the orchestra superb. The Schubert Symphony, unheard here for 20 years, was beautifully played, and afforded great joy. If in it the young Schubert leans heavily on his predecessors, there is still much that is prophetic of the composer to come. And all of it is delightful. The concert, given a day earlier because of Good Friday, will be repeated tomorrow night.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 20th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Muench conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Assisting were the Cecilia Society Chorus, Victor Manusevitch, conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Adele Addison, soprano; Dorothy Cornish and Eunice Alberts, contraltos, and Raymond Gerome, narrator. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 5 in B flat major, Schubert
Music for "Le Martyre de Saint Sebastian" Debussy

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Charles Muench allowed us to hear yesterday the complete score of Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" music, with all the soloists required and a narrator. Previously we have had most of the music, but with only one soprano soloist. At that, according to the vocal and piano score, Mr. Muench made a few cuts, possibly to relieve the monotony of mood which Debussy's frequently fascinating music does not always avoid.

I had hoped that the presence of the narrator would bring some sort of dramatic unity to a long and obscure work. But that was reckoning without d'Annunzio. Years ago, when I had more scholastic zeal, I took the trouble to read the complete play of "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," but I would not urge you to rush to the library and secure a copy. It is a dreadfully tedious piece of literature, and its voluptuous mysticism is very much dated. Debussy is said to have been bothered by d'Annunzio's peculiar French, and I have a feeling that M. Raymond Gerome was struggling manfully with it yesterday. He is an extraordinarily fine speaker, but neither he nor the text was of much help to us in understanding the music. 3-26-48 Pch

The best way to appreciate this score is to forget as much of d'Annunzio as you can and concentrate on the sound as sound. Then the conscious archaism, the use of Church modes, the asceticism and the harmonic beauties will be heard for their own sake. The only poor part of the music is the choral and smash-bang finale. For the rest there is much to enjoy. It is our misfortune that Debussy elected in two instances to write major musical works to literature which we no longer hold in high esteem. In order to get the best out of his music we have to make some mental effort to redress this balance.

The performance yesterday was exceptionally fine. The chorus had been well rehearsed. Miss Addison and Miss Trickey sang their brief solo roles with great feeling and, in Miss Addison's case, with rarely beautiful quality of voice. Mr. Muench was the brilliant guiding spirit of it all.

The concert opened with Schubert's infrequently heard 5th Symphony in B flat major. It is an ingenuous and charming work in the manner of Mozart. Mr. Muench did it up to the queen's taste, with a spirited precision and the buoyancy which the French conductor manages to inject into virtually all of his interpretations.

The concert will be repeated tomorrow night. Next week Mr. Muench will lead the orchestra in Mozart's "Prague" Symphony, Beethoven's No. 8 and Schumann's No. 4.

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 21st concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Muench conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Symphony in D major, "Prague," Mozart K. 504
Symphony No. 8 in F major Op. 93 Beethoven
Symphony No. 4 in D minor Op. 120 Schumann

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Charles Muench is now an old and welcome friend of the Boston Symphony public. He has chiefly conducted French music here, however; and it was perhaps for that reason that he chose yesterday to exhibit himself from a new angle, that of interpreter of the familiar repertoire of the classic and romantic composers. No one could say that Mozart's "Prague," Beethoven's 8th and Schumann's 4th Symphonies constituted anything but a delightful program, but you would not say either that it was off the beaten track. Consequently the reviewer's task is merely to record his opinion of the performances as they were shaped by the conductor and played by the orchestra. The music was all joyous and ebullient, exceptionally apt for the season. *4-3-45 Herald*

I first had the good fortune to observe Mr. Muench when he came to Brussels during the war and aroused the Belgian orchestra to an amazing degree from the lethargy into which it had by and large fallen. He was clearly welcomed by that audience as a singularly inspired musician, capable of getting the best out of an orchestra and investing the most familiar music with a renewed freshness and intensity. His visits here and his work in New York have served only to strengthen that impression. I have no hesitation in pronouncing him one of the few conductors

of the very first rank now operating before the public. Performances under his baton are never stale. Now and again they may upset conventional notions of how a certain piece should go, but they are never insipid or dull.

Never has Beethoven's 8th Symphony sounded more joyous and exuberant. It is a symphony of sheer high spirits throughout with no slow movement to change the mood. Mr. Muench took it in this spirit and read it exultantly. With Mozart, though he used all the strings in the orchestra, he was more restrained but certainly not unduly so. The Schumann 4th Symphony was interpreted with all the ardor and fire that could be desired, with the appropriate tenderness in the contrasting lyrical themes. Schumann, because of his heavy orchestration, needs a knowing hand, and Mr. Muench guided the orchestra in a superb performance for which the audience responded with an ovation. Familiar though the music was, nobody in yesterday's audience could have caught up on their sleep through such glowing performances. Mr. Muench is assured of a hearty welcome each time he returns to Boston; and may his visits be frequent.

The concert will be repeated to-night. Next week Serge Koussevitzky returns to his post to lead Brahms' 3d and Sibelius' 2d Symphonies and a new piece by Samuel Barber.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Twenty-first Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 2, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 3, at 8:30 o'clock

CHARLES MÜNCH Conducting

MOZART.....Symphony in D major, "Prague,"
No. 38 (Köchel No. 504)

- I. Adagio; Allegro
- II. Andante
- III. Finale: presto

BEETHOVEN.....Symphony No. 8 in F major, Op. 93

- I. Allegro vivace e con brio
- II. Allegretto scherzando
- III. Tempo di menuetto
- IV. Allegro vivace

INTERMISSION

SCHUMANN.....Symphony No. 4 in D minor, Op. 120

- I. Andante: Allegro
- II. Romanza
- III. Scherzo
- IV. Largo: Finale

(Played without pause)

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 21st concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Charles Muench conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Symphony in D major, "Prague," K. 504.....Mozart
Symphony No. 8 in F major Op. 93.....Beethoven
Symphony No. 4 in D minor Op. 120.....Schumann

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

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(Played without pause)

Charles Münch Concludes His Engagement as Guest

By L. A. Sloper

Charles Münch this week concludes the second of his terms as guest conductor this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. For the twenty first program of the year he chose these pieces: Mozart, "Prague" Symphony in D major; Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, in F major; Schumann, Symphony No. 4, in D minor. Not the most interesting of all possible programs. Any one of these symphonies would be welcome on a program. But all of them at once? *4-3-48 Muench*

By now, we have come to a pretty good idea of Mr. Münch as a conductor. He has a flair for conducting. He makes an appeal to the eye. Many of his motions are needlessly vigorous. The orchestra needs no such violence to guide it. At times he leaps into the air in his excitement. It would be better if the excitement appeared in the music.

He has played a good deal of French music, of course. So long as he sticks to Debussy's "Ibéria," Fauré's "Pelléas et Mélisande" music, or the Rameau Suite from "Dardanus," he is fairly re-

strained. But turn him loose on the Franck Symphony, or the Debussy "Martyre de Sainte Sébastien" of last week, and he permits himself every exaggeration.

One might expect him to be authoritative, if erratic, in French music, but when it comes to Mozart and Beethoven, it is another matter. It is evident that he is no Mozartean. The "Prague" Symphony of yesterday was capricious in its tempi and absurd in its dynamics. In fact, it was dull.

And the Beethoven? I suppose it was the worst performance I have ever heard of this symphony. It was a series of whispers and explosions. The charming, lyrical measures were rushed so that you could hardly hear them, and then were smothered by chords fortissimo, with special emphasis on the trumpets. Mr. Münch appears to love the tone of the trumpet, for he lays on unmercifully with it. Finally, the symphony was without form and void. But the conductor had his reward in an ovation from the Friday audience.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

I have always thought that Dr. Koussevitzky (when his evil genius possessed him) could get more unnecessary noise and excitement out of an orchestra than anyone around. Well, compared with Charles Münch, who is concluding a two-weeks engagement at Symphony Hall this week, Dr. Koussevitzky, in his wildest moments is mild and gentle as a lamb, a model of reticence and restraint. *4-3-48 Pms*

This idea suggested itself last fall when Mr. Münch jazzed up the Symphony of Cesar Franck in a fashion truly extraordinary. He went to town yesterday afternoon on two pieces in which such goings-on were, if anything, less appropriate, the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven and the Fourth of

Schumann. During the intermission one member of the audience queried: "Was that the Beethoven Eighth or the Battle of Waterloo?" That, however, was not the general reaction. There was long and continued applause at the end of the Beethoven and cheering and stamping when the Schumann was done.

It would seem as though Mr. Münch is sadly deficient in what is known as a sense of style, and that he has little feeling for the personality of composers. For him Franck, Beethoven and Schumann are all treated as a combination of Tchaikovsky and Liszt. Now, Beethoven's Eighth is a little more composer himself so it is also playful, in the manner of Haydn. The playfulness of a Titan. The strong dynamic contrasts are such things as that relevant C-sharp points should in the

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

BY CYRUS DURGIN

Three symphonies form the farewell program of Charles Münch as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. They are the "Prague" (K.504) of Mozart, the Eighth of Beethoven, and the Fourth of Robert Schumann. On each of the other programs Mr. Münch conducted here there was at least one piece of French music. Such a list—in this case exclusively German—was just what some had been waiting for: to see what the excellent French conductor would do with other than French works.

The Mozart went beautifully, with every voice sounding clear, the whole full-bodied and taken at the right pace. Mr. Münch neither overrefined Mozart nor did he coarsen him. Everything sang and everybody was happy.

With Beethoven of the graceful little Eighth Symphony, however, it was a different and a startling, perhaps dismaying, story. Dynamically speaking, this was the most inappropriate performance of this score I have heard from first-rank forces. Mr. Münch observed every expression mark, but the whole Symphony was far too loud and far too tense. As a result the texture was thick; you missed most of the detail of the inner voices, and whenever there was a little solo passage for any wind instrument it sounded strained. It seemed, too, as if Mr. Münch had rehearsed the Eighth at a slower tempo and then speeded up in performance, for many times the orchestra was scrambling to keep together. *4-3-48 Sdm*

During the Schumann minor

Symphony, orchestra and Mr. Münch were back at their usual excellence, and here you had a wondrously vital performance of a wondrously romantic score. Again, every marking of the work was meticulously observed, save for a diminuendo that began two measures late in the first movement, and a ritard where none was indicated in the finale. Some of the sudden accents for strings were too heavy, but otherwise this was admirable Schumann.

These observations are made purely as a matter of reporting, for we all know that, by and large, Mr. Münch is a conductor of skill, taste, authority, experience and polish. Perhaps, like many another, he may be carried away on occasion by his own intensity. All the same it has been rewarding to hear him, and certainly the Boston audiences would like to hear him again. Their applause yesterday proved that beyond a doubt.

Koussevitzky to Retire; Munch to Succeed Him

By CYRUS DURGIN

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will retire as music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at the end of the season of 1948-49. 4-9-48 S.M.

He will be succeeded by Charles Munch, the French conductor who last week completed a fortnight as guest leader of the orchestra.

This was announced yesterday by Henry B. Cabot, president of the trustees, at the annual meeting in Symphony Hall of the Society of Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The news came as a startling climax, following a brief business session and a musical interlude in which Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the orchestra in two Wagner Preludes: those to "Lohengrin" and "Die Meistersinger."

Symphony

Continued from the First Page

Next season will be Dr. Koussevitzky's 25th at the head of what often has been termed "the greatest orchestra in the

world today," and it will have the character of a Silver Jubilee, with special features planned.

His actual retirement will follow the Berkshire Festival of 1949, which he will conduct.

The distinguished musician will then be 75. He will continue to be active director of

the Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood, and will make guest appearances with the Boston Symphony both during the main seasons here and at the Berkshire Music Festivals.

Charles Munch signed in New York on Wednesday a contract as music director, beginning in Octo-

ber, 1949. He flew from New York last night to fill Spring engagements in France, Holland and Belgium. Mr. Munch was born in Strasbourg, Alsace, Sept. 26, 1891, of a French mother and an Alsatian father.

His first teacher was his father, Ernest Munch, director of the Choeur Saint-Guillaume in Strasbourg. His instrument was the violin, which he studied later with Lucien Sapet in Paris and Carl Flesch in Berlin. He was made professor at the Strasbourg Conservatory and conductor of the orchestra there in 1919. He became concert master of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Orchestra, under Wilhelm Furtwaengler, in 1926.

In 1932 he founded the Paris Philharmonic orchestra, which he has since conducted. Previously he had directed the Paris Symphony, the Lamoreaux and Straram orchestras. Since 1938, when he succeeded Philippe Gaubert, Mr. Munch also has been conductor of the Paris Conservatory orchestra.

Mr. Munch first came to the United States in 1946 and made his American debut in Boston Dec. 27. He returned to Symphony Hall last November and again in March. He has made guest appearances with other American orchestras.

Koussevitzky Holds Record

Dr. Koussevitzky has directed the Boston Symphony nearly twice longer than any other conductor in its history. The two terms of Wilhelm Gericke, who had the next longest tenure, totalled 13 years.

In his quarter century in the United States, Dr. Koussevitzky has become a commanding figure of the American musical scene, famed for his concerts here and in other cities, known to a vast radio audience across the country.

The many recordings he has made with the Boston orchestra are a preservation of the brilliance and especial quality of his art. Dr. Koussevitzky also has come to be regarded with true affection for

his whole-hearted devotion in furthering modern music, notably that by American composers.

The founding of the Berkshire Music Center in 1940 was the realization of his lifelong desire to develop a school where young musicians of exceptional talent could receive the benefits of association with foremost musicians. Already the Berkshire Music Center has produced conductors, instrumentalists and singers who are making their mark.

Mr. Cabot announced the change in leadership by reading to the audience of about 700 Friends, the following letter from Dr. Koussevitzky:

"My dear Friends:

"It is a profound regret to me and a painful duty to confirm by the present letter my decision to resign as Conductor and Music Director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra following the season 1948-1949, which will also mark my 25th anniversary with our great and loved Orchestra.

"I am moved to take this decision because I feel that it will not be possible for me to continue my present strenuous obligations for the length of 16 to 18 weeks of our active Winter season.

"It is not without deep concern and heartache that I shall come to part with an orchestra to which I have devoted 25 years of my life and am bound by a quarter of a century of uninterrupted work and artistic achievement.

"I take comfort in the thought, however, that our association will not be completely severed, and as Director of the Berkshire Music Center I shall continue to serve the great educational and cultural cause, radiating from Tanglewood, thus carrying on the responsibility for a unique venture which you helped me to bring to life and which has developed to become an outstanding chapter in the history of the Boston Symphony.

"Let me express to you my warm and heartfelt appreciation for your confidence and friendship through-

out these long years, that helped to make my work a labor of love, possible only in an atmosphere of understanding and harmony."

Mr. Cabot replied as follows:

"Dear Dr. Koussevitzky:

"Last Wednesday at the trustees' meeting you presented a letter to the board resigning as conductor and music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra following the season of 1948-1949, which will mark the 25th anniversary of your leadership with you—may I say, our—or-

chestra. That meeting was adjourned until today and the trustees have asked me to accept your resignation and to express for all of them their regret that the time is so near at hand for the conclusion of the most brilliant leadership and the most devoted service which the orchestra has ever enjoyed from anybody.

"Your letter gives us some comfort, however, for it re-affirms the association which will continue through your position as director of the Berkshire Music Center. For our part, and we hope you will feel the same, we should like to broaden this association by anticipating that you will return to us as a very special guest in the Winter season.

"You have given so generously of your great and courageous spirit which has made possible joy and happiness to hundreds and thousands of hungry and appreciative audiences all over the world. And we know at Tanglewood, too, you have lighted a torch that will shine on through troublesome or peaceful times, and by your vision point to security and incredible accomplishment.

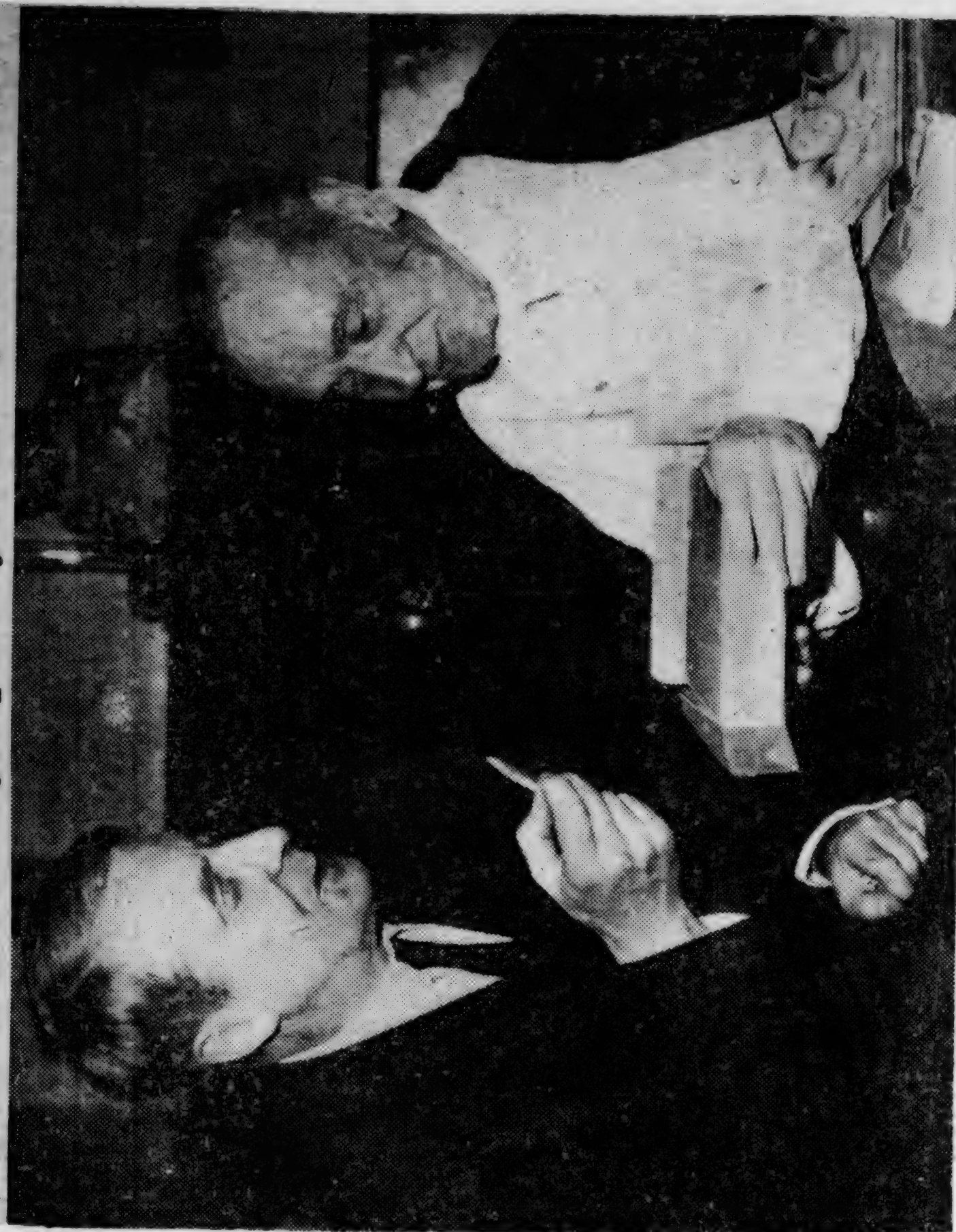
"Our heartfelt thanks and God bless you always."

During the business meeting, at which Oliver Wolcott was unanimously re-elected chairman of the Society of Friends, the present financial prospects of the orchestra were discussed. For the current year, \$156,000 in subscriptions has been pledged by the Friends, of whom there are 324 new members.

The weekly radio broadcasts now have 21 cooperative sponsors through the country, and although broadcasting receipts are said to be about \$7000 less than the previous season, the loss is expected to be made up by royalties from increased sales of recordings. General expenses, however, have gone up.

Following the business meeting and concert, tea was served in the upper Huntington av. foyer.

Boston Symphony Conductors



Charles Münch, left, will succeed Dr. Serge Koussevitzky as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra after the season of 1948-49. Here he is sharing with Dr. Koussevitzky a box of crackers in the latter's dressing room at Symphony Hall on one of the occasions when he

served recently as guest conductor. Dr. Koussevitzky, shown here with his famous broadcloth cape over his shoulders, is said to consider Mr. Münch a leader capable of retaining in the orchestra the tremendous tonal qualities for which it has become famous.

KOUSSEVITZKY DUE TO RETIRE IN 1949

IN MUSIC POST CHANGES

Conductor Will Then Round Out
25 Years in Boston Post—
Munch Will Succeed Him

4-9-48 Times

By JOHN H. FENTON

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BOSTON, April 8—Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will retire at the close of next season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra after rounding out his twenty-fifth year in that post, it was announced today.

He will be succeeded by Dr. Charles Münch, conductor of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra.

The Russian-born Dr. Koussevitzky, who will be 74 years of age in July, said he found it impossible to "continue my strenuous obligations for the length of the sixteen to eighteen weeks of our active winter season."

Dr. Koussevitzky will continue, however, as director of the Berkshire Music Center at Stockbridge, Mass. He also is expected to appear with the symphony occasionally as special guest conductor.

Announcement of Dr. Koussevitzky's retirement was made this afternoon at the annual meeting of the Society of Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was read by Henry B. Cabot, president of the trustees.

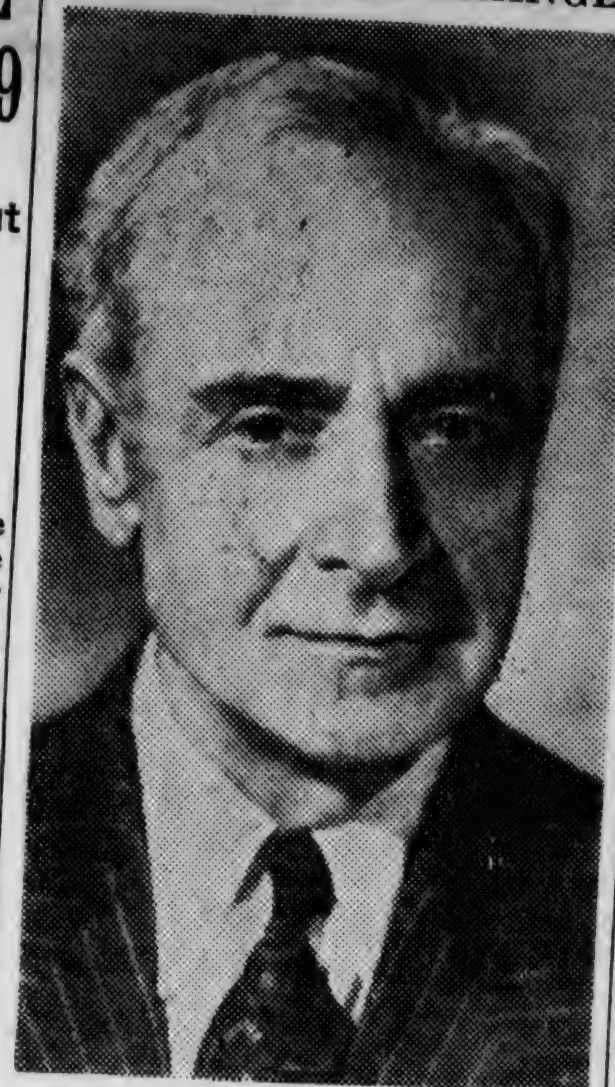
Will Conduct 13 Concerts

During the coming season, Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct the orchestra in thirteen concerts. Guest conductors will be used in eleven. This is the same arrangement which has been followed in the present season.

Dr. Koussevitzky, a conductor in his native country, fled from the Bolsheviks in 1920. Before assuming the baton of the Boston Orchestra permanently, he had appeared in England, Germany, France and Spain.

To Boston, Dr. Koussevitzky brought his brilliant interpretation of the contemporary composers, Sibelius and Stravinsky. He has received honorary doctorates from Harvard and Brown Universities. In 1903, before he was 30, Dr. Koussevitzky was decorated by the Czar of Russia. He was made a Knight of the French Legion of Honor in 1924.

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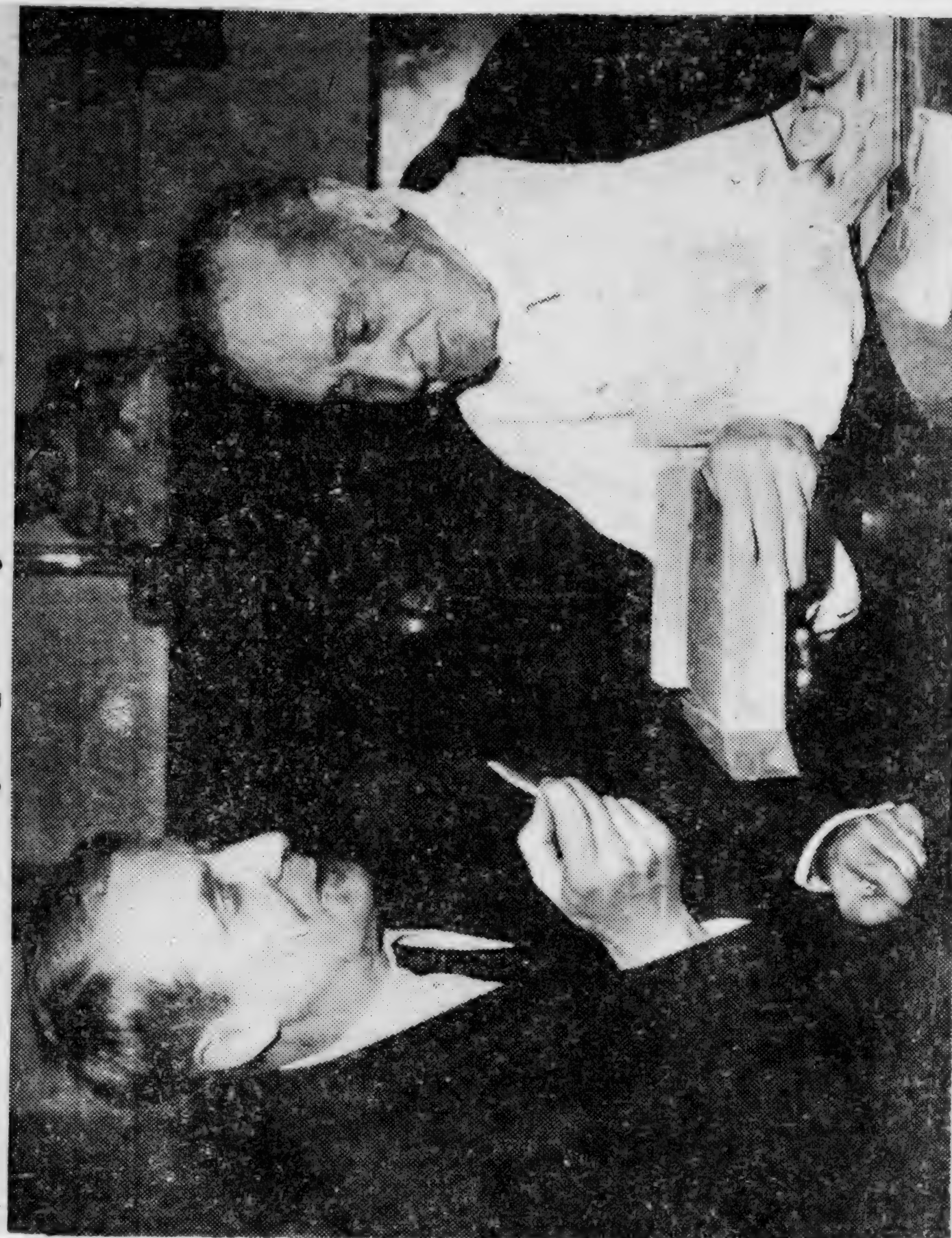
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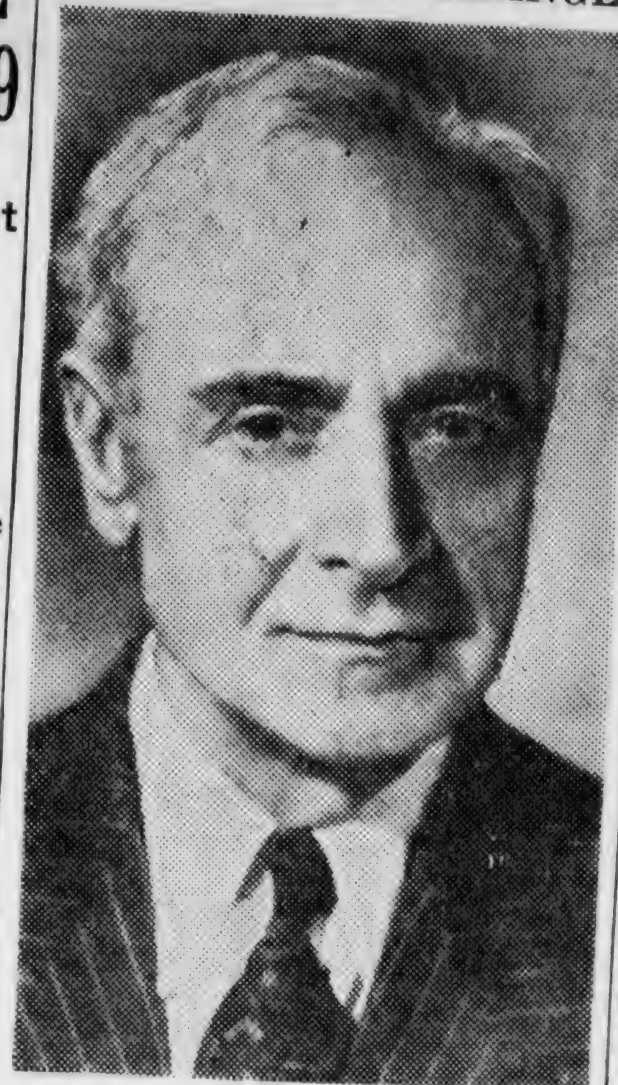
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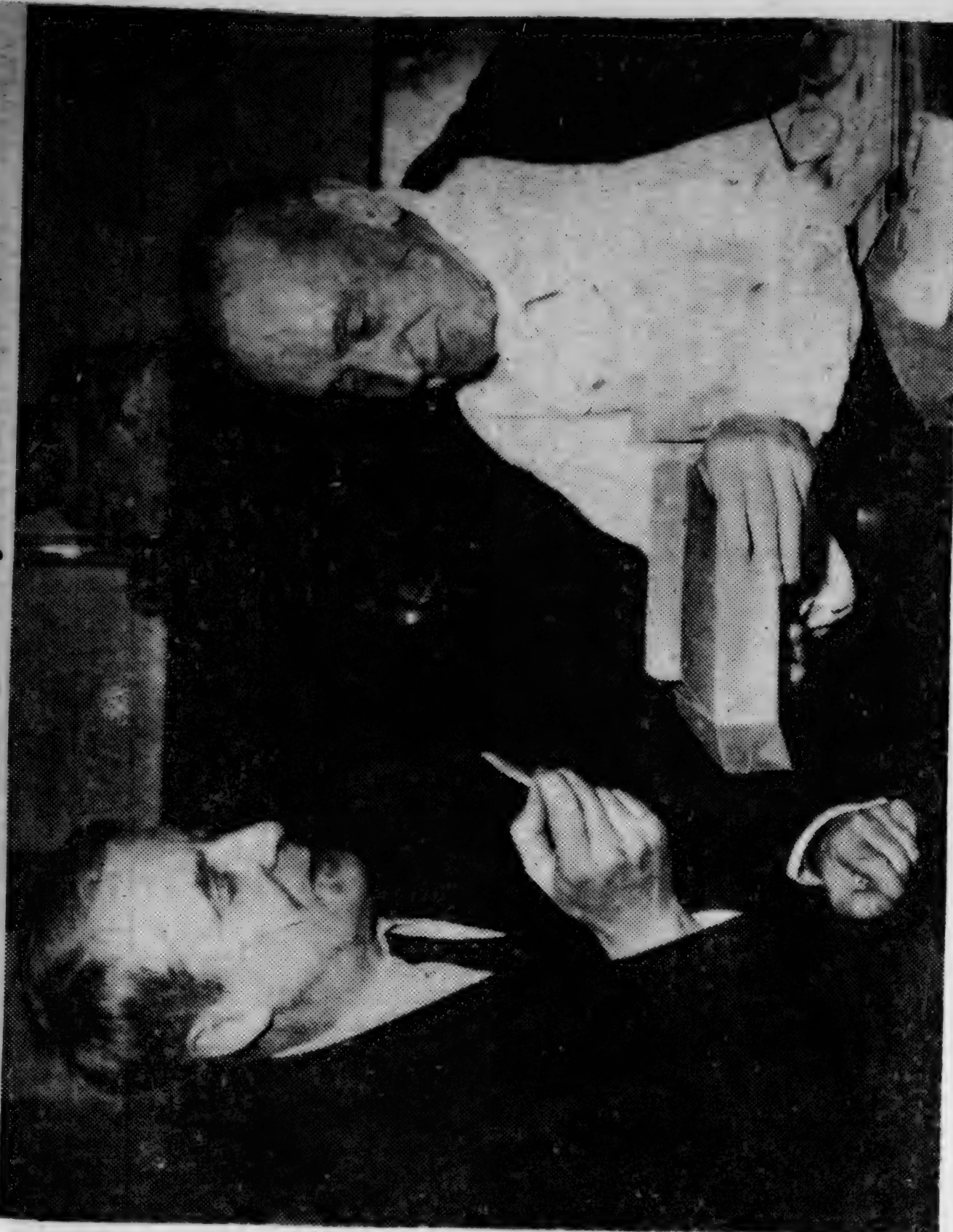
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Founded Paris Philharmonic

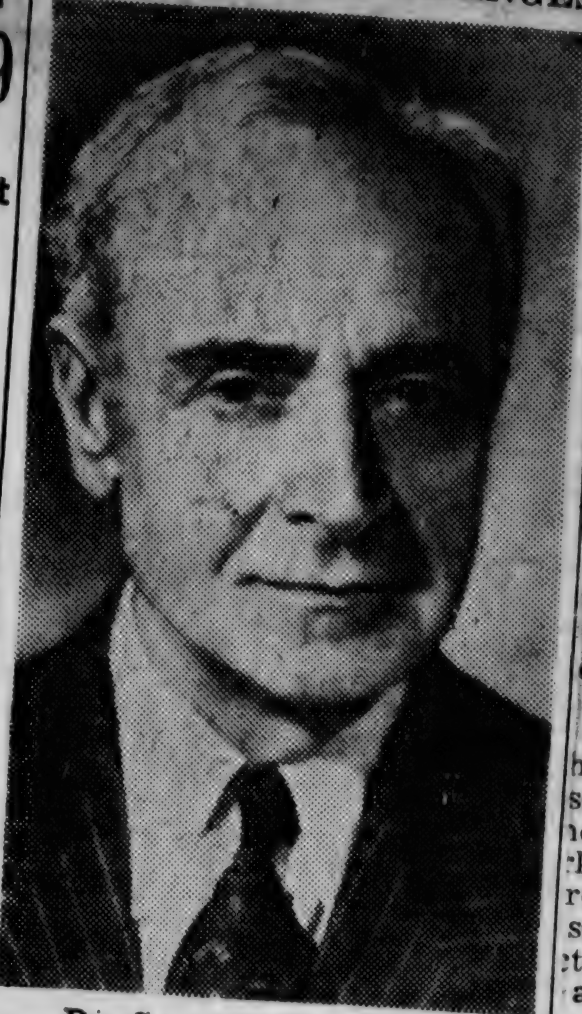
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Mr. Münch left New York today for France to fulfill spring engagements as conductor in France, Holland and Belgium.

IN MUSIC POST CHANGES



Dr. Serge Koussevitzky



Dr. Charles Münch

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Boston Symphony Conductors



THE HEART OF THE CITY

BLOOD DONOR DRIVE TO OPEN THURSDAY

Red Cross Seeks to Enlist 250,000 Volunteers to Aid City's Sick and Injured

GOAL IS 10,000 BY MAY

Kings County Hospital Chose to Get First Fluid—Recruits Credited With Gifts

The Greater New York Chapter of the American Red Cross will open the city's greatest peacetime

Mr. Munch made his first American appearance as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Dec. 27, 1946. He also conducted the Boston orchestra for three weeks of the present season. Mr. Muench left New York today for France to fulfill spring engagements as conductor in France, Holland and Belgium.

Wilhelm Furtwaengler.
Mr. Munch went to Paris in 1832. After conducting concerts of the Paris Symphony Orchestra and the Lamoureux and Straram Orchestras, he founded the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra, of which he since has been the regular conductor. In 1838, he succeeded Philippe Gaubert as conductor of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. He still holds that post.

In 1919 Mr. Munich was made professor of the Strasbourg Conservatory and conductor of the orchestra there. He went to Leipzig in 1926 as a concert master under Wilhelm Furtwängler.

was born in STRASBOURG, ALSACE, Sept. 26, 1891. His first teacher was his father, Ernest Munch, who was director of the Choeur Saint-Guillaume in Strasbourg. His chosen instrument was the violin, and later he studied with his father and with Lucien Capet in Paris and with Carl Flesch in Berlin.

Charles Koussevitzky grape hyacinths in Rockefeller Central Federal are in the background.

The New York Times (by Sisk)

**NEW PLEA FOR DELA
ON GERMAN ART MA**

**NEW PLEA FOR DELA
ON GERMAN ART MA**

Münch Chosen Conductor To Succeed Koussevitzky

Another era in the great history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was heralded yesterday with the announcement that Charles Münch will conduct the orchestra after Dr. Serge Koussevitzky resigns the leadership at the end of the 1948-49 season.

The announcement came at the annual meeting of the Society of Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, as Henry B. Cabot, President, read to Dr. Koussevitzky the letter from the Trustees of the orchestra accepting the resignation.

It was a matter of regret, Mr. Cabot said, "that the time is so near at hand for the conclusion of the most brilliant leadership and the most devoted service which the orchestra has ever enjoyed from anybody."

The prompt appointment of a successor to the famous conductor, who will have completed 25 years of service with the Boston Symphony at the end of next season, was indication of the Trustees' determination that the orchestra shall continue to have the advantages of uninterrupted leadership by a permanent conductor.

Dr. Koussevitzky's retirement was no surprise to the musical public generally, for it had been anticipated for some time that the quarter-century mark would be selected by him as an appropriate time for the step.

Mr. Münch's selection as successor was not so generally anticipated. He has conducted the orchestra as a guest on three occasions recently, and whereas he was greeted with loud and prolonged applause by the audiences, his reception by the critics was not so single-hearted. Some considered him too largely concerned with selling to the audience his own virtuosity rather than the qualities of the music. Others were lukewarm about him; still others praised him for vigor and imagination. 4-9-48 J.M.F.

Mr. Münch came to the United States in 1946 and conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra first on Dec. 27 of that year. He is a native of Strasbourg, Alsace. He founded in 1932 the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra which he has conducted ever since. He also has been conductor of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. He returned to Europe by plane yesterday to fill engagements in France, Holland, and Belgium.

His appointment is said to meet with the hearty approval of Dr. Koussevitzky.

In the letter confirming his decision to resign, Dr. Koussevitzky also made public that he will continue to direct the Berkshire Music Center. Furthermore, he will open each Symphony season in Boston as guest conductor of the first concert as long as he wishes to do so.

Accepting the resignation, the Trustees remarked on the fact that Dr. Koussevitzky's service with the orchestra has been almost twice as lengthy as that of any other conductor in the long history of the organization.

"You have given so generously of your great and courageous spirit," said the Trustees, "which has made possible joy and happiness to hundreds and thousands of hungry and appreciative audiences all over the world. And we know at Tanglewood, too (the Berkshire Music Center), you have lighted a torch that will shine on through troublesome or peaceful times, and by your vision point to security and incredible accomplishment.

"Our heartfelt thanks and God bless you always."

The Berkshire center gives promising music students an opportunity during the summer months of studying in association with great professional musicians.

SYMPHONY PICKS NEW DIRECTOR

Dr. Koussevitzky to Retire on Silver Jubilee

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

That Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who assumed the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the fall of 1924, would retire at the end of his 25th season was such a reasonable assumption, there was no surprise when it was confirmed by announcement to that effect at Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. The occasion was the annual meeting of the Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and after a business meeting and a brief program by Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra, Henry B. Cabot, president of the trustees, read a letter from the conductor in which he offered his resignation.

TOO STRENUOUS

"I am moved to take this decision," he said in part, "because I feel that it will not be possible for me to continue my present strenuous obligations for the length of 16 to 18 weeks of our active winter season." After expressing his sorrow at parting from the orchestra with which he had been so long associated, Doctor Koussevitzky went on to say that he would continue as director of the Berkshire Music Centre.

4-9-48 Post

Mr. Cabot then read his letter to Doctor Koussevitzky stating that the trustees had accepted the resignation and wished him "to express for all of them that the time is so near at hand for the conclusion of the most brilliant leadership and the most devoted service which the Orchestra has ever enjoyed from anybody." When the reading of this second letter was concluded Mr. Cabot announced that Doctor Koussevitzky's successor would be Charles Muench.

Doctor Koussevitzky will not actually retire until the end of the Berkshire Festival of 1949. After that, he will make occasional guest appearances with the Orchestra, both in Boston and in Tanglewood.

No Stranger Here

Mr. Muench is no stranger to Boston. He appeared as guest conductor last season, and for three weeks this season. He has clearly won the favor of the Boston audiences, though critical opinion was divided when he essayed, last week a concert of German music. In French music, except for his highly personal interpretation of the Symphony of Franck, he has been generally commended. When he has failed to satisfy, it has been, not through any insufficiency of temperament, musicianship, or the ability to command an orchestra, but through an excess of zeal, an over-exuberance. Such things are corrected easily.

Mr. Muench was born in Strasbourg, Alsace, Sept. 26, 1891, of a French mother and an Alsatian father. His chosen instrument was the violin, but he soon got into conducting. In 1932 he went to Paris, and has headed various or-

chestras in the French capital. For the past two seasons he has been in the United States, serving as guest conductor of various orchestras. He was appointed one of the four leaders of the New York Philharmonic Symphony, after the retirement of Artur Rodzinski, and will return to that post next season. Elaborate plans are being made for Dr. Koussevitzky's silver jubilee. And, as Mr. Cabot assured yesterday's gathering, he will not leave us for good at its conclusion.

Muench to Succeed Koussevitzky in '49

Leader Retiring After 25 Years

Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who in nearly a quarter century as conductor has built up the Boston Symphony Orchestra to world leadership, will retire at the end of the 1948-1949 season and be succeeded by Charles Muench, 56-year-old French conductor.

This was announced yesterday by Henry B. Cabot, president of the orchestra's trustees, at the annual meeting in Symphony Hall of the Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Silver Jubilee

By continuing through the next Symphony season, Dr. Koussevitzky will have completed 25 years as the orchestra's conductor, the longest term anyone ever held the position. Special features are planned in honor of the 74-year-old Russian-born conductor's silver jubilee season next winter and spring.

(Continued on Page Three)

Muench to Succeed Koussevitzky When Conductor Retires in 1949

(Continued from First Page)

BERKSHIRE CENTER

Muench, conductor of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra and the Paris Philharmonic, has appeared several times as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, including three weeks of the present season's concerts.

He has been in America since December, 1946. During that time, he has made guest appearances with orchestras in New York, Chicago, Montreal, Cleveland, on the Pacific coast and in Texas. He left New York yesterday by plane to fulfill spring engagements in France, Holland and Belgium.

Six feet tall, he is a striking figure on the platform and critics unanimously have commented on the vigor of his gestures. During his guest conducting, he won the complete confidence and admiration of the Boston Symphony musicians. His contract with the Boston orchestra is for three years.

Dr. Koussevitzky, although retiring as conductor of the Symphony, will continue as director of the Berkshire Music Center, the summer school of the Boston Symphony Orchestra founded at Tanglewood in 1940. The Berkshire center fulfilled a lifelong plan of Dr. Koussevitzky for a school where talented young musicians could perform in association with the foremost professionals.

Holding a position which might be called "conductor emeritus" of the Boston Symphony, Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct the opening concert of each symphony season after his retirement, for as many years as he wishes.

At the meeting of the Friends of the Symphony, Cabot read the letter of resignation which Dr. Koussevitzky sent to the trustees. It read in part:

"I am moved to take this decision because I feel that it will not be possible for me to continue my present strenuous obligations for the length of 16 to 18 weeks of our active winter season.

"It is not without deep concern and heartache that I shall come to part with an orchestra to which I have devoted 25 years of my life and am bound by a quarter of a century of uninterrupted work and artistic achievement.

"Let me express to you my warm and heartfelt appreciation for your confidence and friendship throughout these long years, that helped to make my work a labor of love, possible only in an atmosphere of understanding and harmony."

REGRET EXPRESSED

Addressing himself directly to Dr. Koussevitzky, who had conducted a brief concert for the Friends, the president of the trustees said, "The trustees have asked me to accept your resignation and to express for all of them their regret that the time is so near at hand for the conclusion of the most brilliant leadership and the most devoted service which the orchestra has ever enjoyed from anybody.

"Your letter gives us some comfort, however, for it reaffirms the association which will continue through your position as director of the Berkshire Music Center. For our part, and we hope you will feel the same, we should like to broaden this association by anticipating that you will return to us as a very special guest in the winter season.

"You have given so generously of your great and courageous spirit which has made possible joy and happiness to hundreds and thousands of hungry and appreciative audiences all over the world. And we know at Tanglewood, too, you have lighted a torch that will shine on through troublesome or peaceful times, and by your vision point to security and incredible accomplishment.

"Our heartfelt thanks and God bless you always."

LONG SERVICE

Dr. Koussevitzky's silver jubilee next season will complete a period of service almost twice as long as that of any previous conductor. Previous longest was the 13 years of Wilhelm Gericke's two terms, 1884 to 1889 and 1898 to 1906.

During his 24 years as the Symphony's director, Dr. Koussevitzky has become a familiar figure in the musical life of the United States, through the orchestra's numerous tours and its weekly nationwide radio programs. His outstanding performances as conductor will be perpetuated by a long list of recordings.



CHARLES MUENCH

Music Lovers, Symphony Players Like Muench, Alsatian-Born Conductor Long Famed in Europe

Charles Muench, 56-year-old Alsatian-born conductor who will succeed Dr. Serge Koussevitzky at the opening of the 1949-1950 concert season, already has won enthusiastic approval from Boston music lovers who heard the current season's concerts at which he was guest conductor.

Completing two weeks of guest conducting with concerts last weekend, he was given an ovation by the critical Friday afternoon audience. The continued bursts of applause brought him back from the wings three times for acknowledgments before intermission, and another three times at the end of the program. *4-9-48 M. M. M.*

USES NO SCORE

A big man, six feet tall, handsome and with a shock of unruly gray hair, he conducts with vigorous gestures. He uses a baton, but frequently shifts it to his left hand to free his right for lively movement. Like several of today's younger conductors, he uses no score.

He spoke almost no English when he arrived in the United States in December, 1946. Although his English has improved to the point where—as a friend expressed it last night—"he can express himself until he gets involved, and then gives up," he addresses the musicians in French.

Members of the orchestra were delighted at the announcement of his appointment. They expressed themselves as having enjoyed his leadership, both in rehearsals and in concerts, during the one week last November and two this spring when he was guest conductor.

The Symphony conductor-elect is married. The couple have no children. It was not known last night when they planned to take up residence in Boston.

BORN IN ALSACE

Muench, who will take over the Symphony at the peak of its ability and while it is generally regarded as the world's finest orchestra, was born in Strasbourg, Alsace, Sept. 26, 1891, of a French mother and Alsatian father.

His father, Ernest Muench, who was director of the Choeur Saint-Guillaume in Strasbourg, was his first teacher. The musical family includes two brothers of Charles who likewise have distinguished themselves musically.

The violin was Charles Muench's chosen instrument. Besides the tutorship of his father, he studied with Lucien Capet in Paris and Carl Flesch in Berlin. In 1919 he was made professor of the Strasbourg Conservatory and conductor of its orchestra.

In 1926 he went to Leipzig as concert master in the Gewandhaus Orchestra under Wilhelm Furtwangler. Six years later he transferred his activities to Paris, where he conducted concerts of the Paris Symphony, Lamoureux and Straram orchestras.

He also founded the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra, of which he has since been the regular conductor. In 1938 he succeeded Philippe Gaubert as conductor of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra, a position he likewise still holds.

His first appearance as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra was Dec. 27, 1946, shortly after his arrival in this country.

KOUSSEVITZKY DUE TO RETIRE IN 1949

Conductor Will Then Round Out
25 Years in Boston Post—
Munch Will Succeed Him

By JOHN H. FENTON
Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

BOSTON, April 8.—Dr. Serge Koussevitzky will retire at the close of next season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra after rounding out his twenty-fifth year in that post, it was announced today.

He will be succeeded by Dr. Charles Munch, conductor of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra.

The Russian-born Dr. Koussevitzky, who will be 74 years of age in July, said he found it impossible to "continue my strenuous obligations for the length of the sixteen to eighteen weeks of our active winter season."

Dr. Koussevitzky will continue, however, as director of the Berkshire Music Center at Stockbridge, Mass. He also is expected to appear with the symphony occasionally as special guest conductor.

Announcement of Dr. Koussevitzky's retirement was made this afternoon at the annual meeting of the Society of Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It was read by Henry B. Cabot, president of the trustees.

Will Conduct 13 Concerts

During the coming season, Dr. Koussevitzky will conduct the orchestra in thirteen concerts. Guest conductors will be used in eleven. This is the same arrangement which has been followed in the present season.

Dr. Koussevitzky, a conductor in his native country, fled from the Bolsheviks in 1920. Before assuming the baton of the Boston Orchestra permanently, he had appeared in England, Germany, France and Spain.

To Boston, Dr. Koussevitzky brought his brilliant interpretation of the contemporary composers, Sibelius and Stravinsky. He has received honorary doctorates from Harvard and Brown Universities. In 1903, before he was 30, Dr. Koussevitzky was decorated by the Czar of Russia. He was made a Knight of the French Legion of Honor in 1924.

Mr. Munch, the new conductor, was born in Strasbourg, Alsace, Sept. 26, 1891. His first teacher was his father, Ernest Munch, who was director of the Choeur Saint-Guillaume in Strasbourg. His chosen instrument was the violin, which he studied with his father and later with Lucien Capet in Paris and with Carl Flesch in Berlin.

Founded Paris Philharmonic

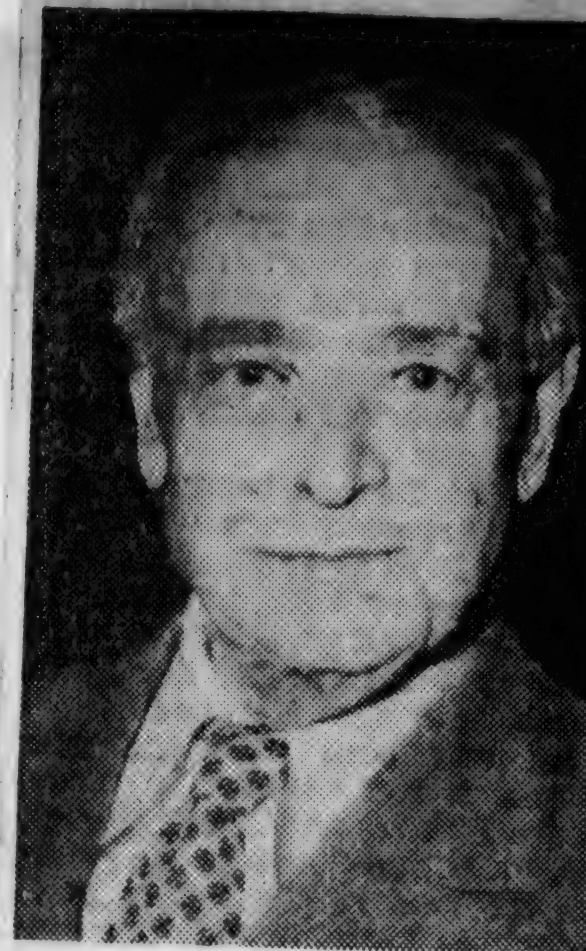
In 1919 Mr. Munch was made professor of the Strasbourg Conservatory and conductor of the orchestra there. He went to Leipzig in 1926 as a concert master under Wilhelm Furtwaengler.

Mr. Munch went to Paris in 1932. After conducting concerts of the Paris Symphony Orchestra and the Lamoureux and Straram Orchestras, he founded the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra, of which he since has been the regular conductor. In 1938, he succeeded Philippe Gaubert as conductor of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra. He still holds that post.

Mr. Munch made his first American appearance as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra on Dec. 27, 1946. He also conducted the Boston orchestra for three weeks of the present season.

Mr. Muench left New York today for France to fulfill spring engagements as conductor in France, Holland and Belgium.

Retiring Boston Orchestra Leader and Successor



Serge Koussevitzky



Herald Tribune—Acme
Charles Muench

Koussevitzky Retiring in 1949; Muench to Conduct Bostonians

By The Associated Press

BOSTON, April 8.—Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, seventy-four, Russian-born conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, will retire at the end of his silver jubilee 1948-'49 season, Henry B. Cabot, president of the trustees, said tonight.

His successor will be the fifty-seven-year-old Alsatian-born conductor, Charles Muench, who has appeared several times with the Boston Symphony.

Mr. Koussevitzky's letter of resignation said his decision to resign was taken because "I feel that it will not be possible for me to continue my present strenuous obligations for the length of sixteen to eighteen weeks of our active winter season." Mr. Cabot said Mr. Koussevitzky would continue as director of the Berkshire Music Center, at Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.

The announcement came at the

annual meeting of the Society of Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Symphony Hall.

Mr. Muench, at present conductor of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra and the Paris Philharmonic, will take over leadership of the Boston Symphony at the beginning of its sixty-ninth season in October, 1949. He left New York today by plane for France to complete engagements in France, Holland and Belgium.

Mr. Cabot told Mr. Koussevitzky before some 700 Friends of the orchestra, "You have given so generously of your great and courageous spirit, which has made possible joy and happiness to hundreds and thousands of hungry and appreciative audiences all over the world.

"And we know at Tanglewood, too, you have lighted a torch that will shine on through troublesome or peaceful times, and by your
(Continued on page 19, c (column 4))

Koussevitzky

(Continued from page one)

vision point to security and incredible accomplishment."

The silver jubilee season will complete a period of service almost twice as long as that of any previous conductor. Mr. Koussevitzky's predecessors were George Henschel (1881-'84), Wilhelm Gericke (1884-'89) and 1897-1906; Artur Nikisch (1889-'93); Emil Paur (1893-'97); Karl Much (1906-'08 and 1912-'18); Max Fiedler (1908-'12); Henri Rabaud (1918-'19), and Pierre Monteux (1919-'24). Mr. Koussevitzky's length of continuous service has been probably exceeded in this country only by the late Frederick Stock with the Chicago Symphony (1905-'43).

Mr. Muench comes to the position with an illustrious career to commend him. After early training on the violin with his father, Ernest Muench, and with Lucien Capet in Paris and Carl Flesch in Berlin, he was made professor of the Strassbourg Conservatory.

In 1926 he went to Leipzig, where he served as concert master in the Gewandhaus Orchestra under Wilhelm Furtwaengler. In 1932, he returned to Paris and conducted concerts of the Paris Symphony Orchestra, the Lamoureux Orchestra and the Straram Orchestra.

Mr. Muench succeeded Philippe Gaubert as conductor of the Paris Conservatory Orchestra in 1938. He founded the Paris Philharmonic Orchestra in the 1930s and is its regular conductor.

He first came to the United States to conduct the Boston Symphony as a guest on Dec. 27, 1946, and first appeared in New York with the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra on Jan. 23, 1947. He was guest conductor of both orchestras also in 1947-'48, and will be with the Philharmonic for four weeks next season.

Barber's 'Knoxville, 1915' To Have First Performance

By Melvin Maddocks

Samuel Barber's "Knoxville, Summer of 1915," for voice and orchestra, will be given its premiere tomorrow afternoon at Symphony Hall by Eleanor Steber, Metropolitan Opera soprano, and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. The week-end concerts will open with the Third Symphony in F major by Brahms and close with the Second Symphony in D major by Sibelius.

Mr. Barber finished his composition (Opus 24) a year ago. He had previously studied Miss Steber's voice for a projected group of songs, and he wrote the solo part with her in mind. She commissioned the work after it was completed, and together they presented it to Dr. Koussevitzky at Tanglewood last summer. Dr. Koussevitzky had suggested that Mr. Barber write a piece for voice and orchestra.

After considerable searching for a text, Mr. Barber happened upon James Agee's "Knoxville, Summer of 1915" in an anthology of American verse. He has dedicated the score "In memory of my father," appropriately enough; for Mr. Agee's prose poem is a nostalgic reminiscence of childhood. Since Mr. Agee was born in 1909, the protagonist in the poem is presumably six years old. "We are talking now of summer evenings in Knoxville, Tenn.," the poet writes in a prefatory note, "in the time that I lived there so successfully disguised to myself as a child."

The aim, of course, of both verse and music is to capture the idyllic mood of the small town in twilight "when people sit on their porches, rocking gently and talking gently" or lie on quilts "on the rough wet grass of the back yards," watching the twilight become "one blue dew." The trend of the scoring, then, is to strings (often with mutes) and to woodwinds (often in solos); the atmosphere is quasi-pastoral. The French horns and trombones are

richly sentimental, and the trumpets are frequently delicately muted.

The drone of the summer evening has been varied in the verse by sharper auditory images: "a horse, drawing a buggy, breaking his hollow iron music on the asphalt"; "a streetcar raising its iron moan"; "the dry and exalted noise of the locusts." The trumpets are forte to suggest the streetcar; the triangle suggests, perhaps, the gong.

The clima, assuming a more personal tone, is to be sung "with intensity and deep feeling":

May God bless my people, my uncle, my aunt,
My mother, my good father.
Oh, remember them kindly in their
time of trouble;
And in the hour of their taking away.

The music immediately following is marked *maestoso*. It is the only really emotional passage in the work; the rest of the score seems impressionistic, rather bland except for its occasional sound effects and a section marked *Allegro agitato*. *Adagio ma non troppo*, *Andante un poco mosso*, *Allegretto* apparently are the tempos to idealize the sensations of a small boy, wistful but happy "among the sounds of the night."



Ben Greenhaus

Eleanor Steber, Metropolitan soprano, discusses with Dr. Serge Koussevitzky and James Agee a point in the interpretation of Samuel Barber's setting of Mr. Agee's poem, "Knoxville, 1915," which will have its first performance at this week's Boston Symphony concerts, with Miss Steber as soloist.

Eleanor Steber Soloist In Samuel Barber Novelty

By L. A. Sloper

It was good to have Dr. Koussevitzky back in Symphony Hall yesterday for the first of the twenty-second pair of concerts of the Boston Symphony season. The audience and the orchestra thought so, too, for they rose in greeting and applauded long and warmly. This was in part an expression of affection and admiration for the man who has announced that he will retire at the end of next season. It may well have been also an expression of relief that the master's hand was again guiding the orchestra.

The program consisted of Brahms' Third Symphony in F major; Barber's "Knoxville, Summer of 1915," for soprano and orchestra, and Sibelius' Second Symphony. The Barber was having its first performance. Eleanor Steber was the soloist.

The playing of the Brahms was evidence of why we were glad to have Dr. Koussevitzky back. It was a beautiful performance, full of vigor and joy, testified to by the glorious tonal qualities of the orchestra and by the conductor's vision and eloquence. True, the

Andante became an Adagio, but that is one of the things we have to get used to with Koussevitzky. Otherwise, the symphony was justly proportioned and conceived as an architectural whole.

There's one thing about Kous-

sevitzy's Brahms: you always know where you're going. You may find yourself lingering by the way to pick a posy, but you know you're on the right road. There is no obscurity, no fog hiding familiar items in the landscape. The Russian guide knows his way through the German maze. No faltering steps here.

Mr. Barber's "Knoxville" is a setting of James Agee's prose poem dealing nostalgically with his childhood in Knoxville. Conceivably it means more to Mr. Agee than it can to anybody else. He speaks of "improvisatory writing," as opposed to "carefully composed, multiple-draft writing"; something, perhaps, analogous to Gertrude Stein. The prose poem tells with careful simplicity about the family lying on the grass as evening comes on, and how they finally all go to bed.

It seems a particularly unpoetic poem. But this is what Mr. Barber has chosen to set. His music is impressionistic, mildly dissonant, repetitious of theme. The first part is gently atmospheric, the second is boisterous, as a streetcar goes by, the conclusion is gentle as the family goes to bed. It is uneventful and a little wearisome.

Miss Steber has a pleasant voice in the middle register. When the music carries her into the upper

ranges, the voice becomes pinched and shrill, and subject to a noticeable vibrato. But she sang with style, expression, and, considering the nature of her material, with surprising dramatic power.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By JOHN WM. RILEY

The dramatic announcement on Thursday of Serge Koussevitzky's retirement as music director of the Boston Symphony at the end of the 1948-49 season had its effect on both yesterday's audience and the music performed.

As Mr. Koussevitzky came to his stand, the members of the orchestra rose in deference to their director. Slowly, the audience began to rise and to applaud in a brief demonstration of their regard for the man who has served them musically for nearly 25 years. This

was neither a prolonged nor an excited demonstration, for it seemed as though the audience was stunned by the announcement of the inevitable. Mr. Koussevitzky made a sudden gesture, indicating that the audience be seated, and the concert began.

The program offered two Koussevitzky favorites—the Brahms Third and the Sibelius Second symphonies—which are familiar to us as mediums of his personal expression. Between the two symphonies came the first performance anywhere of Samuel Barber's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," Op. 24. This is a setting for soprano and large orchestra of a prose poem by James Agee, in which Eleanor Steber was the soloist.

The performances of the two symphonies were not on their customary emotional level. In place of the forward drive, the swift, marching stride which often characterizes a Koussevitzky performance, we had reflective, personalized, lyrical, even tender interpretations which showed Brahms and Sibelius in a fresh light. Only briefly, in the final movement of the Brahms, and in the climax of the Sibelius, did Mr. Koussevitzky strive for transcendental sound. Perhaps we gained a new view of the music and its interpreter.

Mr. James Agee reveals, through John N. Burk's program notes, that his "Knoxville: Summer of 1915" was an experiment in autobiographical "improvisatory writing." This is a recollection in tranquility of happy childhood evenings. It is nostalgic, reminiscent and suffused with the rosy glow of fond memories.

That set Mr. Barber a problem when it came to writing music for Mr. Agee's words. They do not lend themselves to dramatic interpretation and they do not suggest the tension of an emotional climax. They are a blend of honest sentiment and feeling and Mr. Barber, as an artist, had to write fitting music for them.

I should say that he succeeded admirably, although the popular success of his music is something else again. In his workmanlike fashion he has deliberately designed music to mirror the mood of the text. Its texture is soft and pretty, sunny like a Monet landscape. It's what Virgil Thompson has aptly described as "elegant neo-Romanticism."

Messrs. Agee and Barber together successfully evoke the wonderful atmosphere and memories of childhood impressions. Although Mr. Barber's music seems to lack character on first hearing, I rather feel that it would grow on one in repeated hearings. The vocal part is cast in a sort of melodic recitative, pleasant but without a sharply defined character. Miss Steber sang it with feeling, as though she remembered those Summer evenings as a child.

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Twenty-second Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 9, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, at 8:30 o'clock

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 3, in F major, *Op.* 90

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante
- III. Poco allegretto
- IV. Allegro

BARBER....."Knoxville: Summer of 1915," *Op.* 24,
for Soprano and Orchestra
(First performance)

INTERMISSION

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 2, in D major, *Op.* 43

- I. Allegretto
- II. Tempo andante, ma rubato
- III. { Vivacissimo; Lento e suave
- IV. { Finale: Allegro moderato

SOLOIST
ELEANOR STEBER

MUSIC

Symphony Supports Petrillo
Despite Recording Ban Loss

By Frederick W. Carr

Staff Writer of The Christian Science Monitor

It is a rarity for a banker to see any good in James Caesar Petrillo, President of the Musicians' Union, or for a symphony orchestra to find any reason for the cut in its revenue he exacted recently by stopping symphony recordings. But both these things have just happened in Boston.

The Boston banker and the Boston Symphony Orchestra management agree with Mr. Petrillo that music recordings by expert performers should be copyrighted like books and music, itself, and should pay a royalty when used for profit.

When Mr. Petrillo announced last fall that the members of his union would cease making symphony recordings on Jan. 1, he estimated their annual loss in wages in \$5,000,000. The Boston Symphony Orchestra probably has lost more than any other, since more of its records have been sold than of any other orchestra, it is estimated. Its 107 members, who have been getting from \$700 to \$800 a year each for making records, are now drawing nothing extra.

Complaint Called 'Just'

Oliver Wolcott, Vice-President of the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston and Chairman of the Society of Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, told the friends at their annual meeting: "You have heard of the ban on recordings as of Jan. 1. This should not affect our receipts for some little time as many recordings have been made but not yet issued and as there is, of course, a continuing demand for the older recordings. Before this revenue falls off it is to be hoped that the difficulty will be adjusted."

"The musicians and composers have a just complaint. If I buy a

play, a certain amount of what I pay the bookseller goes as royalty, but if I then want to produce that play for profit, I cannot so use the volume I have purchased without the payment of a license fee.

"The purchaser of a Symphony record, however, can play it for profit from a radio station, in a theater, or in a tea room. We are hopeful that this inequity can be remedied and the making of records resumed before the market goes entirely to recordings by foreign orchestras."

The Friends of the orchestra whom Mr. Wolcott heads is a group which supports the orchestra by gifts and seeks to keep it from running into deficits.

Additional Records Made

As the recordings now ended have yielded much more money than the several thousand Friends have been able to contribute, the Friends are greatly interested in the recording angle of Symphony financing.

"The recordings have brought in about \$180,000 a year for the last two years," George E. Judd, Manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, said.

"They have been very important to our financing. As our budget runs over \$1,000,000, the recordings have furnished about one sixth of our budget."

Merit Cited

Of the merits of the musicians' ban, Mr. Judd added, "The same copyright petition should be given when you print on wax as when you print on wood pulp."

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4-10-48 News

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SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Twenty-second Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 9, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 10, at 8:30 o'clock

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 3, in F major, *Op.* 90

- I. Allegro con brio
- II. Andante
- III. Poco allegretto
- IV. Allegro

BARBER....."Knoxville: Summer of 1915," *Op.* 24,
for Soprano and Orchestra
(First performance)

INTERMISSION

SIBELIUS.....Symphony No. 2, in D major, *Op.* 43

- I. Allegretto
- II. Tempo andante, ma rubato
- III. Vivacissimo; Lento e suave
- IV. Finale: Allegro moderato

SOLOIST
ELEANOR STEBER

MUSIC

Symphony Supports Petrillo
Despite Recording Ban Loss

By Frederick W. Carr

Staff Writer of The Christian Science Monitor

It is a rarity for a banker to see any good in James Caesar Petrillo, President of the Musicians' Union, or for a symphony orchestra to find any reason for the cut in its revenue he exacted recently by stopping symphony recordings. But both these things have just happened in Boston.

The Boston banker and the Boston Symphony Orchestra management agree with Mr. Petrillo that music recordings by expert performers should be copyrighted like books and music, itself, and should pay a royalty when used for profit.

When Mr. Petrillo announced last fall that the members of his union would cease making symphony recordings on Jan. 1, he estimated their annual loss in wages in \$5,000,000. The Boston Symphony Orchestra probably has lost more than any other, since more of its records have been sold than of any other orchestra. It is estimated. Its 107 members, who have been getting from \$700 to \$800 a year each for making records, are now drawing nothing extra.

Complaint Called 'Just'

Oliver Wolcott, Vice-President of the Old Colony Trust Company of Boston and Chairman of the Society of Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, told the friends at their annual meeting:

"You have heard of the ban on recordings as of Jan. 1. This should not affect our receipts for some little time as many recordings have been made but not yet issued and as there is, of course, a continuing demand for the older recordings. Before this revenue falls off it is to be hoped that the difficulty will be adjusted.

"The musicians and composers have a just complaint. If I buy a

play, a certain amount of what I pay the bookseller goes as royalty, but if I then want to produce that play for profit, I cannot so use the volume I have purchased without the payment of a license fee.

"The purchaser of a Symphony record, however, can play it for profit from a radio station, in a theater, or in a tea room. We are hopeful that this inequity can be remedied and the making of records resumed before the market goes entirely to recordings by foreign orchestras."

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FRIDAY

BRAHMS...

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.

BARBER...

SIBELIUS...

- I.
- II.
- III.
- IV.

Start at 8:00

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 22d concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. Eleanor Steber, soprano, was the soloist. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 3 in F major.....Brahms
Op. 90
"Knoxville: Summer of 1915".....Barber
Op. 24
Symphony No. 2 in D major.....Sibelius
Op. 43

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The only novelty on yesterday's program, sandwiched between those massive old friends, Brahms No. 3 and Sibelius No. 2, was the first performance anywhere of Samuel Barber's setting of part of a prose poem by James Agee, "Knoxville: Summer of 1915." I remember Agee very well. We were both students in Bernard De Voto's composition class in Harvard in 1930-31, and he was by far the most promising and talented member therein. I cannot say with any conviction, though, that that promise has been here fulfilled. "Improvisatory" writing or not, such phrases as "switching their weight of aestival body" and "squared with clowns in hueless amber" convey little of either meaning or imagery to me. Rather does this writing seem a vague oath of allegiance to the Gertrude Stein banner.

Nevertheless Mr. Barber went boldly ahead and attempted to fetter it to music. He was closest to the text when he was writing a not unconventional summer nocturne, but most of the time he merely abandoned the text in the task of composing fairly pleasant vocalise. The loud shrieks on the word, "mother," may have appeared to some in the audience to have threatened our favorite American institution, but in the main Mr. Barber has composed nothing in the least startling. Candidly, "Knoxville:

Summer of 1915," was not worth the trouble of importing Miss Steber, who sang very well, or rehearsing the orchestra. Neither composer nor poet was on hand yesterday, which does not particularly surprise me. 4-10-48 Head

Doubtless because of the news of his retirement, Serge Koussevitzky was greeted yesterday by a rising orchestra and audience. It is a pity that this token of courtesy could not have been observed later on by the masses of people who hustled out throughout the Sibelius. After all, the Sibelius No. 2 has been played so often that everyone must know by now whether he wants to hear it again or not. All this leaving for mythical appointments while the music is in progress is grossly impolite to the musicians and the conductor, who are putting on a surpassingly fine performance and to the majority of the audience who want to listen to it. I am of the opinion, for instance, that this Sibelius Symphony has been played too much and ought to be given a rest; but it is certainly no test of endurance, even for one sated with the music, to stay and listen to such magnificent sound and playing.

The Brahms Third is another work which might wisely be retired for a while, save that the first movement is one of the most brilliant and invigorating things he ever wrote. Throughout the afternoon Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra were in the vein. On the whole the Sibelius went better in performance than the Brahms, but that is comparison on an exceedingly high level.

Boston Symphony's Future; Stravinsky's 'Soldier's Tale'

Herald

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The important news at the meeting of the Friends of the Boston Symphony Orchestra the other day has been amply commented upon in so far as Charles Muench, our new permanent conductor as of the season 1949-50, is concerned. He was for many of us the logical man for the job, providing he could be engaged. There were some who had hoped for Mitropoulos. He is undoubtedly an extraordinary musician, but, though we were all very polite about it, the experience here with his own orchestra from Minneapolis was not too reassuring. He seemed not to care particularly how the orchestra sounded. Now, Koussevitzky's greatest concern has ever been the tone of the Boston Symphony. Throughout the past 24 years he has striven to build the magnificent tissue of sound which is the Boston Symphony. Muench has proven that he has the same concern for tone at heart. We have every reason to believe that artistically the Boston Symphony's future is assured. *4-18-48*

There will be universal regret at Koussevitzky's resignation a year hence. He has had his enemies and detractors, especially in the first ten years of his incumbency when he was flinging modern scores at the audience by the dozen. But he has gradually won them over, and most of his moderns are now accepted with enthusiasm. There will be comfort in the fact that he will be at hand in the Berkshires and will undoubtedly come here for occasions as "guest," though it will be quite a wrench to think of him in that role. For reasons of his own health he is certainly wise to decide to resign. The prolonged cold which clung to him this autumn was alarming to his public, and we should not be so selfish as to wish him to expose himself to danger simply for our pleasure in having him lead the orchestra. Finally, it says much for the far-seeing sagacity of the trustees in taking such prompt action in securing the Boston Symphony's future at a time when the direction of other orchestras in New York and Chicago is floundering around with a schedule of guest conductors.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Yesterday's Symphony concert was one of those occasions when many things went well and some things not so well. A trumpet-player made a false entrance; an important chord in Strauss' "Don Quixote," was badly bungled, probably because of over-anxiety. Both could be forgiven. Accidents will happen. A more serious fault was Dr. Koussevitzky's tendency to drag and over-sentimentalize portions of Strauss' tone poem, in which Gregor Piatigorsky, after a considerable absence from the role, reappeared as the solo cellist. Don Quixote had his lady love (in a manner of speaking) but he was not lovesick. And yesterday, like Charles II, he was "an unconscionable long time a-dying."

On the other hand, there were many admirable details in this performance, both on Dr. Koussevitzky's part and on that of Mr. Piatigorsky, while the orchestra's new first viola, Joseph de Pasquale, did well with what might be called the role of Sancho Panza. The work itself is both the strongest and the weakest of the major Strauss tone poems. Granted the composer's premises, he does a superb job of delineation, whether of character,

mental states, or actual events. But he does it in such thoroughgoing fashion that not only phrases and single measures, but even single tones have significance. That sort of thing requires of the listener a degree of awareness that most listeners do not possess. Even the program notes, often disregarded, are of limited usefulness. You can lose your place in no time. What "Don Quixote" really needs is homework. *4-24-48*

Of a different stripe were the other numbers on the program the two Preludes of Bach, arranged for orchestras by Pick-Mangiagalli, that Dr. Koussevitzky has given us several times, and Haydn's Symphony, No. 98, in B-flat major, which the orchestra, under Wilhelm Gericke, played at a pair of concerts in 1905.

We are always being surprised that certain Symphonies of Haydn should be neglected while others are heard times without number. This is unquestionably one of the finer ones. The first movement contains striking harmonic effects; the second, thought by some to have been inspired by the death of Mozart, is certainly one of Haydn's noblest; the finale is full of arresting rhythmic tricks. This engaging work was as engagingly played, barring the mishap mentioned above. And now, how about the Symphony with the Drumroll, the "Military" Symphony, No. 93 in D and No. 99 in E-flat? They all deserve to be brought back to our attention.

Twenty-third Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 23, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 24, at 8:30 o'clock

BACH.....Two Preludes (arranged for String Orchestra
by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli)

- I. Adagio
- II. Vivace

HAYDN.....Symphony in B-flat major, No. 98

- I. Adagio; Allegro
- II. Adagio cantabile
- III. Menuetto
- IV. Finale: presto; più moderato

INTERMISSION

STRAUSS....."Don Quixote," Fantastic Variations on a
Theme of Knightly Character, *Op. 35*

Introduction, Theme with Variations, and Finale

Violoncello Solo: GREGOR PIATIGORSKY

Viola Solo: JOSEPH DE PASQUALE

MUSIC

Symphony Concert

The 23rd concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The soloist was Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist. The program was as follows:

Two Preludes arranged for string orchestra by R. Pick-Mangiagalli... Bach
Symphony in B flat major No. 98... Haydn
"Don Quixote" Op. 35.....Strauss

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The restoration of this Haydn Symphony (No. 98) to the active repertoire of the Boston Symphony is one of the best things that could have been done. As in all Haydn's mature works there are a great many arresting features, notably in this case in the finale. The adagio could not in fact have been a requiem for Mozart, as the music was first played in March 1791 and Mozart did not die until December of that year. All the same it is easy to see what Tovey meant by the remark, for the music is grave and tender and could have been the reflection of a great artist on the loss to the world of another.

The quantity of Haydn's symphonies is probably responsible for the neglect of some of the best of them, like this one. Still, it is decidedly curious that so charming and gay and unusual a work should have been shelved for so long. It suggests that conductors should look a little sharper when they plan a Haydn symphony for the program and not be content merely with repeating the "Surprise." Dr. Koussevitzky has a great way with Haydn, and the impeccability of the performance yesterday was marred only by one too early entrance of the trumpet. 4-24-48 *Rec'd*

Another piece repeated from Tuesday night's concert was the Bach. Of these two preludes, one originally for organ and the other for solo violin, which Pick-Mangiagalli arranged for string orchestra, the fast second one comes off better than the adagio. My suspicion is that Dr. Koussevitzky in his delight at exhibiting the silken texture of the orchestra's strings inclines to take the first prelude too slowly. Certainly no organist would attempt

such deliberateness. The second one, however, sounds grand. It is tastefully transcribed and is a fine addition to Bach literature for a symphony orchestra.

Only a rabid Strauss addict, in my view, can take continuous delight in "Don Quixote." I will go further and say that it is the most boring of his tone poems, though it has some competitors for that honor. There are, of course, passages of sensuous beauty and many others of a brilliantly effective realism. But by and large "Don Quixote" dates badly and inspires tedium more than exhilaration.

Mr. Piatigorsky played with his usual beautiful tone and execution, and Mr. de Pasquale also did well. But the orchestra performance was sloppy, for once in a way, and Dr. Koussevitzky dragged the music interminably so that at times it seemed as if the works would stop of their own momentum. Let us hope they can pull the piece together for tonight's performance.

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MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
 By CYRUS DURGIN

It was time that Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote" turned up again, with Gregor Piatigorsky as cello soloist, on a program of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. We last heard it three years ago February. Nor could there have been a better time to renew its acquaintance than on a weekend late in April.

This score, with all its exact and challenging detail, for some years has been one of the Serge Koussevitzky specialties and also a Boston Symphony specialty. It is not only a matter of this orchestra's tonal richness, but of the conductor's colorful imagination, and the sensitive response of the players to the polyphonic demands and the million-and-one attacks, accents, changes of rhythm and meter and other complexities that characterize the style of Strauss.

As for Mr. Piatigorsky, it is reasonable to say that up and down the far spaces of this country he today is most closely associated with the solo part of "Don Quixote." He plays it with a rich and "fluid" tone that never loses moisture, with a broad and virile style that "sings" all the way, and with a deft technique that makes it sound easy.

Yesterday, we heard for the first time the orchestra's new first viola in the role of Sancho Panza. Mr. Joseph De Pasquale gave a superb account of his prowess, so well that the analysis of Mr. Piatigorsky's work, in the preceding paragraph, applies equally to the playing of Mr. De Pasquale. When the performance was over, all hands received most cordial applause.

To begin this program, there is Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli's version for massed strings of two Bach Pre-

ludes: slow D minor composed for organ, and the fast E major from the Partita No. 3 for unaccompanied fiddle. Both, as we have learned from previous performances, are admirably arranged, and when played with such brilliant sonority as the Boston strings can muster, they really sound very big.

From Gericke's time, in 1905, until this week, Haydn's B-flat Symphony, No. 98 (fourth of the London series) had not been performed by the Boston Symphony. All those years it remained one of many unfamiliar Haydn symphonies deserving revival but finding it not. Mr. Koussevitzky is to be congratulated for presenting it even late. It is a most remarkable Haydn Symphony, containing an imposing first movement, one of the finest of Haydn slow movements and a tricky finale which reminds me of that other Haydn B-flat Symphony, the No. 102. The performance, apart from one conspicuous false entrance, was excellent. 4-24-48

Rare Symphony of Haydn Revived by Koussevitzky

By L. A. Sloper

For the twenty-third program of the Boston Symphony season Dr. Koussevitzky chose the two Bach Preludes arranged by Pick-Mangiagalli for strings, the Haydn Symphony in B-flat major, no. 98, and Strauss' "Don Quixote." The soloists in the Strauss were Gregor Piatigorsky, cellist, and Joseph De Pasquale, first violist of the orchestra. 4-24-48

This was an interesting program. The Bach Preludes, one from the Prelude and Fugue in D minor for organ and the other the Prelude to the E major Partita for violin unaccompanied, were introduced by Dr. Koussevitzky in 1930 and have been played three times since. They hold up well. They are not of the roof-raising variety; Bach has been treated here with due respect, but not dully. They were played with the beauty of string tone for which this orchestra is famous and were interpreted with a discriminating musicianship. 4-24-48

The Haydn is a find. Written for Salomon in London, it was first performed at these concerts in 1905, in Gericke's day, and has never been repeated. It is customary to say of anything so long neglected that it has found deserved oblivion; but not of this symphony. Indeed, of what revived work of Haydn's can such a thing be said? Of none, in my experience.

After a slow introduction the first movement marches gaily, filled with ingenious turns. There is a broad slow movement, the lively Minuet contains an engaging Trio, and the swift Finale has an amusing twist brought in by the solo violin. It is all delightfully characteristic Haydn, and it was read and played with appreciation of its quality.

Mr. Piatigorsky is always a welcome soloist. He wins the audience at once by his Don Quixote aspect and holds them by the subtle beauties of his tone and by his masterly interpretations. Yesterday he was well matched by Mr. De Pasquale, who has now overcome the tentativeness which marred his playing in his first solo part last fall.

"Don Quixote," too, was welcome. We have had only "Don Juan" this season, and two of Strauss' compositions are not too many. True, they are always a mixture of vulgarity and beauty, but the leaping themes and the sensuous neo-Wagnerian harmonies, with Strauss' own brilliant instrumental palette, are reason enough to call him back to the programs.

The orchestra played magnificently all the afternoon, except for a couple of slips in the trumpet section, one in Haydn and one in Strauss. Dr. Koussevitzky was at the top of his form.

Cheers for Dr. Koussevitzky Mark Final Program of Spring

By L. A. Sloper

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the last Friday concert of the Boston Symphony season yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. For the final program of his twenty-fourth season, and last but one, at the head of the orchestra, he chose Handel's Concerto Grosso for strings, Op. 6, No. 12 in B minor; four movements of the Second Suite drawn by Prokofiev from his ballet, "Romeo and Juliet," and, as so often before for grand finale, the First Symphony of Brahms, in C minor.

Audience and orchestra again rose to greet the maestro as he entered. The applause throughout was exceptionally enthusiastic and there was cheering at the end.

Once more we had the opportunity of hearing the splendid strings in the Handel concerto grosso, which was directed by Dr. Koussevitzky with his customary intensity. At its close the concertino of two violins and cello was called upon to share the applause, and then the full string orchestra.

Since Dr. Koussevitzky made his gesture of protest against Soviet control of musicians by playing Prokofiev, Khachaturian and Shostakovich at the eighteenth pair of concerts, Prokofiev and some of his colleagues have again been rebuked by the authorities. Was the inclusion of another Prokofievian work on this program a further defiance?

This time Prokofiev was accused of an "individualistic" attitude in his music. If this is the fundamental complaint against him I'm afraid he'll have to plead guilty. He is very individualistic indeed, and that is what we like about him.

It was interesting yesterday to try to detect "bourgeois" influences in this suite. Are these to be found in the pompous march of the noblemen in the first movement, the playful young girl of the second, the lively dance of the fourth? But the first is satiri-

cal, the second charming, the dance amusing. *5-1-1948*

Humor is the most striking characteristic of Prokofiev and the hallmark of the best of his music. Is the humor, at bottom, what displeases the Soviet authorities? Are they censorious because they don't understand humor, and therefore fear it? At all events, they are responsible for a great deal of innocent merriment among western musicians.

L A Sloper

The concert came to a resounding conclusion with the Brahms First. This work has been played every year since 1943, but this is the first time since 1941 that it has closed the season. Perhaps Dr. Koussevitzky has been sensitive about the comments on the frequency with which he made it his final piece for the year. But it is easy to understand its appeal to him, and it is easy to grant that he always makes it thrilling, as he did again yesterday. After all, what symphony is better for closing a season?

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Twenty-fourth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 30, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 1, at 8:30 o'clock

HANDEL.....Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, in B minor,
Op. 6, No. 12
Largo — Allegro; Larghetto; Largo — Allegro

PROKOFIEFF...."Romeo and Juliet," Ballet, Second Suite, *Op. 64* ter
Montagues and Capulets
Juliet, the Maiden
Dance
Romeo by Juliet's Grave

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 1 in C minor, *Op. 68*
I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro
II. Andante sostenuto
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

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Humor is the most striking characteristic of Prokofiev and the hallmark of the best of his music. Is the humor, at bottom, what displeases the Soviet authorities? Are they censorious because they don't understand humor, and therefore fear it? At all events, they are responsible for a great deal of innocent merriment among western musicians.

♪ ♪ ♪ Mozart

The concert came to a resounding conclusion with the Brahms First. This work has been played every year since 1943, but this is the first time since 1941 that it has closed the season. Perhaps Dr. Koussevitzky has been sensitive about the comments on the frequency with which he made it his final piece for the year. But it is easy to understand its appeal to him, and it is easy to grant that he always makes it thrilling, as he did again yesterday. After all, what symphony is better for closing a season?

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON · NINETEEN HUNDRED FORTY-SEVEN AND FORTY-EIGHT

Twenty-fourth Program

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 30, at 2:30 o'clock

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 1, at 8:30 o'clock

HANDEL.....Concerto Grosso for String Orchestra, in B minor,
Op. 6, No. 12
Largo — Allegro; Larghetto; Largo — Allegro

PROKOFIEFF...."Romeo and Juliet," Ballet, Second Suite, Op. 64 ter
Montagues and Capulets
Juliet, the Maiden
Dance
Romeo by Juliet's Grave

INTERMISSION

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 1 in C minor, Op. 68
I. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro
II. Andante sostenuto
III. Un poco allegretto e grazioso
IV. Adagio; Allegro non troppo, ma con brio

Globe 5/1/48

MUSIC

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra

By CYRUS DURGIN

The 67th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra ends with the Symphony Hall concerts of yesterday afternoon and tonight. It also ends amid the exaltations and tonal splendors of Brahms' First Symphony, a work which has served conductor Serge Koussevitzky as closing piece on many such occasions in the past. The program begins with the B minor Concerto Grosso, Op. 6, No. 12, by Handel, and includes the Second Suite from Prokofiev's ballet score "Romeo and Juliet."

The audience was well aware that this seasonal ending is the last but one of Serge Koussevitzky's long regime as conductor. Accordingly, they joined the orchestra in rising when he first appeared on the stage, and at the end they stood paying him noisy tribute with their hand-clapping and cheers. It was a bit of a wrench to realize that when we say goodbye to him a year hence, he will return only occasionally as guest conductor. In the meantime, however, the sadness inevitable on that occasion may be put aside in expectation of the brilliant season we may expect to begin next Fall when Mr. Koussevitzky enters his 25th and Silver Jubilee year.

Since the Koussevitzky strings have always had their special quality of strong resonance, rich color and crystal clarity, it was fitting to show them off in the Handel Concerto Grosso. Once again they showed that satin sheen which are their glory and the despair of any string body less individually talented and collectively disciplined. The performance was admirable in respects of expression and style, although I thought the conductor took the larghetto a little too slowly.

The dramatic interpretation of Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" music—a really extraordinary expression in sound of what goes on in the Shakespearean tragedy—made one wish again that some American ballet company would present the work entire. That should be a great experience. The excerpts that we know are proof that this is music by a master of orchestral writ-

ing as well as a poet of tone; music of broad conception and much power.

The bad influence of over-familiarity has wreaked its effect upon the Brahms C minor Symphony, until, for many listeners, the strength and beauty, the structure and not inconsiderable complexity of the masterpiece have become lost in a collection of old-hat tunes. Yet they are there, and it speaks for the genius of Mr. Koussevitzky that he can make the Symphony sound so fresh and noble and overpowering as he did yesterday. It speaks also for the virtuosity of the Boston Symphony, which continues to be the premier orchestra.

MUSIC
Symphony Concert

The 24th concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Concerto Grosso for strings in B minor Handel
"Romeo and Juliet" 2d Suite Op. 64 Prokofiev
Symphony No. 1 in C minor Op. 68 Brahms

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The final concert of the Boston Symphony season is always an event tinged with melancholy. Except when the weather is unseasonably warm there seems no good reason why the concerts should stop. So Dr. Koussevitzky takes the curse off the occasion, or, in another sense, adds to our burden of regret, by offering a resplendent performance of Brahms' First Symphony. It is certainly his favorite for this role of winding up the season. This year, in fact, we have heard all four of the Brahms Symphonies, which is almost too much of a good thing in so far as variety of program-making is concerned. If at all costs we must have so much Brahms, why not the Double Concerto, one of his greatest symphonic works?

The one near-novelty of the program was Prokofiev's Second Suite from "Romeo and Juliet," though it may be familiar to many of us from the orchestra's recording of it. Dr. Koussevitzky evidently thinks that the entire Suite is overlong. It was a bit too long on the program which Prokofiev himself conducted here in 1938, but would it not have fitted well at yesterday's concert? At any rate we were not given the chance to find out. The most impressive section is the finale, "Romeo at Juliet's Grave," which is serious music of passionate intensity. The opening makes superb use of contrasted fortissimi and pianissimi, and the two middle sections are ballet music of great distinction.

One of Prokofiev's chief attributes is his extraordinarily musical sense of humor. It asserts itself

again and again throughout his works, with many a sly twist harmonically or melodically and all manner of ingeniously contrived tricks. It would seem advisable to ignore Shakespeare in listening to this Suite. The music speaks for itself, and any references to Shakespeare's characters are, as the novelists always apologize, purely coincidental.

Dr. Koussevitzky rather exaggerated the allargando conclusions in the Handel Suite, but otherwise the strings sounded superbly in it. All afternoon, as a matter of fact, we heard glowing orchestral sound and playing. It was a fitting end to the season. Some general remarks on the Symphony season will be found in the Sunday Herald, where there is more space to discuss the various aspects thereof.

SYMPHONY CONCERT

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

For the final program of this, his 24th and next-to-the-last season as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Dr. Serge Koussevitzky has judiciously combined the old, the not-so-old and the relatively new. As heard yesterday, this program put the orchestra through its best paces, Handel's Concerto Grosso in B minor, the twelfth and last of the set that he wrote in just over a month in the fall of 1739, originally brought to our attention by Dr. Koussevitzky himself, again set forth the glories of the Boston strings. To be sure, the conductor was over-deliberate with the broad and beautiful Larghetto, but we are used to that. Making slow movements a bit too slow is one of his specialties.

At the opposite tonal extreme was the Second Suite from Prokofiev's ballet, "Romeo and Juliet." When the composer introduced the suite to us 10 years ago, at a concert of his own music, he played all seven numbers. Dr. Koussevitzky has got it down to four (which he has recorded) and no doubt they are the cream of the crop. I wouldn't remember, though I do recall that now-omitted Dance of the West Indian Slave Girls was very striking.

Anyway, the four numbers made such an agreeable impression yesterday that one longed for more of the same sort. This ballet is satirical and has little to do with Shakespeare. Indeed, the note of irony in Prokofiev's music is one of its happiest features. It is also deft and brilliant, superbly orchestrated, and for pure delight would be hard to equal in its particular sphere. The performance yesterday represented orchestral virtuosity of the highest sort.

For years Dr. Koussevitzky ended every season with the First Symphony of Brahms. For a while he replaced that work with the Ninth of Beethoven. Yesterday the Brahms was back in its honored position. Koussevitzky's eloquence with it, though sometimes a bit un-Brahmsian, is as familiar as the music itself.

This has been an interesting season and general comment upon it will appear on the music page tomorrow. Mention will not then be made of the fact, however, that at the regular concerts 40 composers were down for 73 numbers, not the largest total we have had by any means, due to the presence of many works of more than average length. Of these 40, seven were native-born Americans. Last year there were but three. Three others on the present list, Hindemith, Schoenberg and Stravinsky, are now American citizens, and there are two Brazilians. So the Western Hemisphere didn't fare so badly—12 composers and 16 works.

Evaluating the Record; Symphony Season in Review

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Reviewing any Boston Symphony season is always a fascinating task. What is the record with regard to new music? How many of the plans released by Serge Koussevitzky in the fall will have been realized? What of the quality of the new scores, the revivals? Let us hesitate no longer, but look at the facts.

First a few comparative statistics. During the 67th season we heard 9 works for the first time anywhere, 1 for the first time in the U. S. and 4 for the first time at the Boston Symphony. In the 66th season there were 4 in the first category, 4 in the second and 5 in the third. There were 12 revivals of contemporary music. (Rather arbitrarily I exclude Strauss and Sibelius from this figure and include Roussel's 3rd Symphony, Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and Prokofiev's Scythian Suite. The reader is entitled to make any readjustments accordingly as his taste dictates.) Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms each had 5 works played, followed by Tchaikovsky with 4, Schumann, Debussy and Stravinsky with 3 and Bach, Haydn, Berlioz, Strauss, Sibelius, Ravel and Rachmaninoff with 2 each. But if you include the two pension fund concerts the figure for Beethoven would rise to 9. In the 66th season Brahms led the pack with 10 (or 12 by another computation); Beethoven came next with 7 and Strauss was third with 5. We seem to be in no danger of neglecting Beethoven and Brahms.

MODERNS APPRAISED

The best of the new works were the Symphonia Serena by Hindemith, the Liturgical Symphony by Honegger and Malipiero's 4th Symphony. The last named was one of the world premieres, the others new to Boston. All three were such remarkable works that I am surprised they are not being brought forward again at Tanglewood this summer. The announced list for the festival contains several much less impressive scores. Hard on the heels of these foreign pieces were

two American works played for the first time. Harold Shapero's Symphony for classical orchestra and Walter Piston's 3rd Symphony were both distinguished scores.

Of less exceptional interest, though not without merit in varying degrees, were Khatchaturian's Cello Concerto, Nabokov's Return of Pushkin, Villa-Lobos' "Madona" and Ives' Three Places in New England. David Diamond's 4th Symphony had two movements of interest, but fell down badly in the finale. Guarnieri's Prologue and Fugue, Cowell's Short Symphony, Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony and Barber's Knoxville 1915 did not seem to me worth bothering with.

As to the revivals of modern music, Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 and Scythian Suite, Stravinsky's Oedipus Rex and Petrouchka (complete), Honegger's Symphony for strings and Roussel's 3rd Symphony proved most rewarding. Debussy's choral works, "La damoiselle elue" and "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" were certainly important events of the season, though the latter was something of a disappointment. Undoubtedly the most exciting and remarkable revival was the performance of Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony under Leonard Bernstein. Another revival that was very pleasant was Haydn's Symphony No. 98, unplayed since 1905!

PROMISES UNFULFILLED

When Serge Koussevitzky came back from Europe last October he was full of projects, many of which came to fruition as noted above. It does no harm, though, to glance at what did not come off. His greatest enthusiasm was reserved for Olivier Messiaen, from whom he promised a formidable symphony in 10 movements, lasting well over an hour and employing a huge orchestra. In England Mr. Koussevitzky was still keen over Benjamin Britten's music, and he told us about a Symphony for orchestra and chorus in which the chorus was treated like another orchestra. Most likely technical questions of parts and so forth prevented these from maturing.

The only other new pieces of which Mr. Koussevitzky spoke were a Piano Concerto by Howard Hanson and something from Villa-Lobos (other than "Madona"), Florent Schmitt and Jacques Ibert. In view of the record the failure to produce these can hardly be held against the conductor, especially when his ill-health in the fall is taken into account. Nor am I upset at the non-appearance of Liszt's 13th Psalm and Faust Symphony, both promised for this season.

But I should like to sulk at one or two other unfulfilled promises. Roussel's 4th Symphony has long merited a revival, fully as much as his 3rd. Each year it is promised, and May comes along with it still unperformed. In addition other pieces of Roussel were mentioned, namely the "Festin de l'arraigne" and "Pour une fete de printemps." We did get quite a lot of Debussy, but not the Gigue and "Ronde de printemps" which were specifically discussed and which certainly have languished on the shelf. Prokofiev's 5th Symphony actually got so far as to be put on the advance program, but it was withdrawn. Later on in the season we got Shostakovich's 5th, a sorry substitute. At least we can hear the splendid B.S.O. recording of the Prokofiev, which is some consolation.

On the whole the record as to soloists was not too exciting. Memorable exceptions were Isaac Stern in Prokofiev's First Violin Concerto, Ginette Neveu in Beethoven's Violin Concerto, Myra Hess in Schumann's Piano Concerto and Artur Schnabel in Mozart's Concerto in A major and Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a theme of Paganini. There was also an unusually large amount of choral music, with some highly promising vocal soloists. So much for that. The books, so far as this journal is concerned, can now be closed!

MATTER OF MUSIC

Surveying Symphony's 67th Season---
With Praise and Blame Where Needed

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

A Choral Season

In surveying the Boston Symphony's 67th season, which ended last evening, it is difficult not to think in terms of a year from now: to consider Dr. Koussevitzky's great work with and for the orchestra as accomplished, and to speculate upon Mr. Muench who, after a month's acquaintance all-told, is still pretty much an unknown quantity, as to what he will play and how he will play it. That, with a chief conductor, will be a novel experience for us. No doubt, he has his pet pieces, and they are probably different from Dr. Koussevitzky's. Someone should remind him that we don't really need to hear the four Symphonies of Brahms and the Second and Fifth of Sibelius every season.

The most brilliant performance of the period now under consideration came, not from Dr. Koussevitzky or his appointed successor, but from Leonard Bernstein. I refer, of course, to his revival, after 30 years, of the Second or "Resurrection" Symphony of Mahler. The composer deserves some of the credit for the work's sensational success with two audiences, but he owed much to Mr. Bernstein, as did we all, for his able marshalling of orchestra, chorus and soloists, his inspired interpretation. It is the general feeling that Mr. Bernstein, for all his remarkable gifts, is still too young to be in supreme command of one of the major American orchestras. But give him time. He has the goods, and we didn't have to import him. 5-2-48 PWS

This was very much a choral season. Besides the Mahler, we had Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex," with the Harvard Glee Club; Debussy's "The Blessed Damsel," with the Wellesley College Choir; and, from Mr. Muench with the Cecilia Society, Debussy's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian." This last performance was a fine one, but the piece itself hardly deserves the emphasis that has been placed upon it hereabouts. As well as appearing in the Mahler Symphony, the Harvard-Radcliffe Chorus participated in Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," given last Tuesday evening in aid of the orchestra's pension fund.

Most important of the many new pieces were Hindemith's "Symphonie Serenata" and Ives' "Three Places in New England" (both from Mr. Burgin) and the Fourth Symphony of Malipiero. Mr. Muench offered the "Symphonie Liturgique" of Honegger, which proved impressive in spots and missed fire elsewhere. He introduced a pleasant suite from the "Dardanus" of old Rameau, otherwise, in his three pairs of concerts he stuck to repertory pieces. It is a pity that we did not get his remarkable version of Berlioz's "Fantastique," but heard it instead from Eleazar de Carvalho in a performance of no more than

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routine excellence. That young man from Brazil, like Mr. Bernstein, another Koussevitzky pupil and protege, has ability but is hardly what the Boston Symphony should be getting in the way of a guest conductor when men like Walter, Mitropoulos, Szell and Reiner are available. Mr. Carvalho presented in the way of novelties, old and new, the curious Chamber Symphony of Schoenberg, for 15 instruments, out of place at a Symphony concert, an academic "Prologue and Fugue" by Guarnieri, and the appealing "Madonna" of Villa-Lobos.

This last was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, as were the Symphony of Malipiero, a work of great intensity that we should hear again, Piston's scholarly and agreeable Third Symphony, the inconsequential Fourth Symphony of David Diamond and Harold Shapero's Symphony for Classical Orchestra. I did not hear the Shapero work, which, like the Diamond, was conducted by Mr. Bernstein, but the consensus of opinion was that it didn't amount to much. The music of Charles Ives was a long time making its way to Symphony Hall and his Suite proved one of the hits of the season. Among the world premiers was that of Cowell's Short Symphony that, as was said at the time should have been labelled "Suite in the Early American Manner."

Two wholly new works required soprano soloists: Nabokov's "The Return of Pushkin," (Marina Koshetz) and Barber's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," (Eleanor Steber). I missed the Nabokov, which was generally conceded to be of poetic character. Barber's piece was doomed to failure through the very nature of James Agee's prose poem that he had put into music. A local novelty was the Cello Concerto of Khatchaturian (Edmund Kurtz). Heard in company with Prokofieff's barbaric "Sythian Suite," and the inflated Fifth Symphony of Shostakovitch, it had some people temporarily persuaded that the Soviet government had a point when it cracked down on "the big three."

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The Boston Symphony Season

By L. A. Sloper

Shapero's Symphony

The Boston Symphony Orchestra brought its sixty-seventh season to a close on May 1, with a prolonged ovation and presentation of a wreath to Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who has announced that at the end of one more season he will retire as music director and conductor. Next year will be his twenty-fifth at the head of the orchestra. *5-8-48 hmt*

He will not absent himself from the musical scene altogether, however. He is expected to be available for an occasional guest appearance, and of course he will continue to direct the Berkshire Festival and Music Center—projects close to his heart.

The programs this year have continued on their adventure—some course, although Dr. Koussevitzky himself conducted only 13 of the 24 concerts in the main series. He even assigned Leonard Bernstein to direct one of the New York series—an unprecedented step.

Nine works, six of them by American composers, had their first performance during the season. Some notion of the importance of the Koussevitzky Music Foundation to composers may be gathered from the fact that five of these new works were commissioned by the foundation and dedicated to the memory of Mme Natalie Koussevitzky.

Probably the most important of the new works was the Third Symphony of Walter Piston. This Harvard professor is a scholar and a craftsman. His work has always commanded respect. With his Second Symphony he had given evidence that he could also communicate emotion. This pleasant romantic feature of his work continues into the present symphony. Without abating his erudition and without anything resembling a program, he expresses melancholy, wit, a pastoral reflectiveness, and buoyancy. He has used his materials and his learning to say something which is accessible to any listener.

Possibly we may expect a similar development from Harold Shapero, whom we had heard much about before his symphony was produced. He has written a good deal of chamber music, but this, I believe, marks his first venture into orchestral music. This Symphony for Classical Orchestra is notable chiefly for its tricky rhythm, à la Stravinsky, rather than for any melodic material that lends itself to development. Indeed, between the rhythmic passages it seems uncertain of its destination, like a reveler bewildered by the abrupt cessation of noise. The symphony recalled, of all people, Mahler; a Mahler of Newton, Mass., with his instrumental tricks, his magniloquence, and above all his loquaciousness.

Another composer of a new symphony was David Diamond. This Fourth Symphony, like his Second, is marked by an odd form, a good technique, and an emotional force expressed through recognizable themes. It was created, he said in the program notes, "with the idea of life and death." The first two of the three movements are very attractive; the last is a bustling Allegro which ends by becoming monotonous.

Henry Cowell's Short Symphony (No. 4) is another of his experiments in musical folklore, containing three hymn tunes, a ballad, a dance and a fuguing tune. The first three movements were agreeable, but the last tended to be both tiresome and noisy. Malipiero's Symphony No. 4 has virtually no development, and is therefore a symphony manqué. The composer, as he tells us, was deeply moved when he wrote it, but unfortunately his emotion is not reflected in his music.

Samuel Barber's "Knoxville: Summer of 1915," for soprano and orchestra, is based on a most unpoetic prose poem by James Agee dealing with nostalgic recollections of his childhood. The setting

is impressionistic, mildly dissonant, repetitious of theme. The work is uneven and ungrateful to listen to.

Brazilian Composers

The other two world premières were both by Brazilian composers, a Prologo e Fuga by Camargo Guarnieri and a symphonic poem, "Madona," by Heitor Villa-Lobos. Mr. Guarnieri's work is in the familiar garb of modernism but it is crystal clear in form and its musical message is stated with the greatest economy of means and in an individual style. Mr. Villa-Lobos' symphonic poem is characteristically melodious, prolix and formless, rather like the prose works of Thomas Wolfe.

Khatchaturian's Cello Concerto was played for the first time in America, with Edmund Kurtz as soloist. This program also contained works by Prokofiev and Shostakovich. Since this concert was given just after these composers and several others had been officially chastised by the Central Committee of the Communist Party, it was generally assumed that Dr. Koussevitzky was here expressing his defiance of the Soviet policy. Unfortunately, this concerto was hardly representative of the best in Russian music. Like so much of the composer's other work, however, it has a lyricism that may make for popularity.

Of the works heard for the first time in Boston, Hindemith's "Symphonia Serena" was written with compositional mastery and tonal splendor but had little to say. Honegger's "Symphonie Liturgique" bears a strong family resemblance to "Roi David" and "Horace Victorieux." Schönberg's Chamber Symphony is a product of the period when he was saying good-bye to post-Wagnerianism and embarking on compositions built on the 12-tone scale. It is another musical experiment, not a work which stands up as music.

Charles Ives

Charles Ives was represented for the first time at these concerts with "Three Places in New England," consisting of a tribute to Negro troops in the Civil War, a lively account of a scene in a park preserved as a memorial to Gen. Israel Putnam, and a lovely tone picture of a New England river. Mr. Ives apparently is still without honor in his own country.

Soloists included Dame Myra Hess, Witold Malcuzyński, Nadia Reisenberg, Artur Rubinstein, Isaac Stern and Joseph de Pasquale, new first violist of the orchestra. Mr. De Pasquale was ill at ease in "Harold in Italy," but displayed his true form later in "Don Quixote." Another soloist was Ginette Neveu, who played the Brahms Violin Concerto with bravura but with little understanding of its musical content.

Guest conductors were Richard Burgin, associate conductor of the orchestra; Leonard Bernstein; Eleazar de Carvalho from Brazil, and Charles Münch of Paris. The announcement toward the end of the year that Mr. Münch had been chosen as successor to Dr. Koussevitzky beginning in the fall of 1949 was received with gratification on the part of some and with surprise on the part of others.

Mr. Münch is a conductor who appeals strongly to the eye. He is tall and slender and his gestures are dramatic. He has had a big popular success as a guest in the last two seasons. The judicious have reservations about him, especially in respect of the German repertory. The little German music he has played has roused some doubts. Complaints about his interpretations and about his athleticism on the stand inevitably recall, however, similar charges against Koussevitzky in the early years of his incumbency. Perhaps Münch, like Koussevitzky, will learn moderation,

Mahler Score an Outstanding Event of the Symphony Season

By CYRUS DURGIN

The customary Sunday obsequies for the departed 67th season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would have been conducted a week ago had there been space. Next best thing is to do it this morning.

This season began mildly enough with the usual joys experienced by those who get together, when the leaves turn and the air becomes brisk, to make and hear first-rank music from a great orchestra. It has ended, however, in the emotional tension generated by the news of Serge Koussevitzky's impending retirement and the succession to his post of Charles Münch.

Much will be written about that next season, when the actual shift-over draws near. For the moment it is enough to observe that since time marches on and inevitably there must be a change, it is fitting that Mr. Koussevitzky chose to take his leave at the end of his 25th and Silver Jubilee season, which surely will be the climax of an extraordinarily brilliant career. Also, putting practical and artistic considerations together, there could have been no wiser or more promising selection of a new conductor than the vigorous and gifted Mr. Münch. And how wise it was of the Symphony trustees to make their decision a season in advance!

There have been many rewarding events during the season past. The most exciting and that which will remain longest in my memory was not a new score or a new musician, but Leonard Bernstein's revival of the great and long-neglected Second Symphony by Gustav Mahler. This was so both for the character of the music: a vast, visionary and noble score, and for the brilliance of interpretation which Mr. Bernstein and his forces brought to it.

Best New Work

The best new work, to my way of thinking, was Walter Piston's Third Symphony, commissioned by the Koussevitzky Music Foundation, dedicated to the memory of Mme. Nathalie Koussevitzky, and given first performances anywhere last January. At that time the Globe said: "... the best large composition that Walter Piston has written ... may prove to be one of the great masterpieces of American symphonic music." It is gratifying to find that opinion shared by the committee which awarded Mr. Piston the Pulitzer Prize for the work.

The other three best examples of contemporary symphonic creation were, alphabetically, David Diamond's Fourth Symphony, the Symphonia Serena by Hindemith, Honegger's Liturgical Symphony, and the Fourth Symphony by Malipiero. All four showed great distinction in orchestral technic. All four were sharply individual, but where Diamond and Hindemith impressed most by their skill, Honegger and Malipiero, writing out of hearts troubled by war and Nazi occupation, produced the more emotional music.

One of the obscure tragedies of the contemporary composer is the fact that his work may be played once and not again. Any new music of evident worth, hard though it may be to grasp on brief acquaintance, ought to be heard again and four symphonies.

Harold Shapero is talented, as he indicated in his Symphony composed for the classical orchestra of about the time of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. I still think the work confused and too long, but only a man with a good musical brain and training could have written it. I suspect Mr. Shapero will find his own voice in other things to come. As for the three evocative movements by Charles Ives, a New England composer hitherto almost unknown in Boston, they were the music of a gifted and artistically eccentric amateur. They were interesting to hear, but of doubtful permanent value.

The Soloists

The level of soloists was high. Of the newcomers to these concerts, the two most exciting were violinists: Ginette Neveu and Isaac Stern. Both proved themselves to be first rank artists, of superb technique (Stern's jugglery of the Prokofiev First Concerto will never be forgotten), consummate polish and capable of arousing audiences to frenzied approval. There was much to recommend in the way of tonal beauty and intelligence in the singing of sopranos Marina Koshetz and Eleanor Steber (whom I heard in rehearsal), and contralto Eunice Alberts. Joseph De Pasquale, the orchestra's new first viola, truly distinguished himself in "Harold in Italy" and "Don Quixote." It was pleasant to welcome back such admired friends as cellist Gregor Piatigorsky; Myra Hess. Witold Macusynski and Arthur Rubinstein, keyboard masters all.

There is some technical distinction between "soloists" and "assisting artists", but here let us consider them all at once. Young Adele Addison of the lovely soprano voice and unusual musicianship, was important in "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian", and she ought to be back on the stage of Symphony Hall in a more important role. The same is true of Nancy Trickey, the gifted Boston soprano. I single out these last two because they are new and making their careers.

The season brought us more than the customary amount of choral music, which was all to the good since in most cases the scores were of high merit. It is something to hear within seven months Debussy's "La Demoiselle Elue" and "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian"; Beethoven's Missa Solemnis; Mahler's Second Symphony with its choral finale; and Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex".

Statistics are a dreary business, but we couldn't get along without them. They show that of the "standard" composers, Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart lead in the number of performances with a total of five each. Tchaikovsky had four. Three each was the lot of Debussy, Prokofiev, Schumann and Stravinsky.

Of the guest conductors little need be said. Mr. Munch will be in command in the Fall of 1949. Leonard Bernstein proved that his talents are steadily maturing and that we may expect great achievements in years to come. Eleazar De Carvalho is also gifted but not matured; his future is promising.

Pronouncing Mr. Munch's Name Rightly and Other Topics Following From That

BY WARREN STOREY SMITH

Symphony Hall has let it be known that Dr. Koussevitzky's successor, who takes over in the fall of '49, and who has heretofore been identified to the readers of this and most other American newspapers as Charles Muench, wishes that in future his name be spelled Munch, and pronounced in the French fashion. We have here the troubling business of the German umlaut. For Mr. Munch's name is German, or rather Alsatian; and when he came along, that amounted to the same thing. Incidentally, his mother was French, and in the matter of racial characteristics, he takes after her. There is nothing of the stolid Teuton about him, and his way with German music is sometimes quite unorthodox. 6-20-48 - *W. S.*

CLOSER TO "PINCH"

The umlaut is, of course, the two little dots that appear over the "u" in Mr. Munch's name and which give it the sound of the French "u," something closer to "pinch" than it is to "punch." Most American

newspapers do not provide umlauts, accents, cedillas and the like. When there is an umlaut, as you probably know, you merely insert an "e" after the vowel over which it is placed. To stick to musical names and titles, you do it in the case of Buelow. "Tannhaeuser," Schoen-

berg, "Der Freischuetz" etc. Once in a while a writer makes bold to Anglicize the name of a character in opera, as Shaw does in "The Perfect Wagnerite," when he substitutes Brynhild for the awkward Bruennhilde. He also writes Mimmy for Mime, Loki for Loge, Alberic for Alberich and Sieglinda for Sieglinde. When pronounced they sound okay.

It is Mr. Munch's name, and he has a right to say how it shall be written. But I am afraid he doesn't know the American public's penchant for pronouncing foreign names the way they look. When his name becomes a household word, as Koussevitzky's is now, some households will think of it as rhyming with lunch, and it will suggest to them what the dictionary defines as "chewing with an audible crunching sound."

Handel Had Problem

When he went to England, Handel was in a similar fix. His surname was Handel, with an umlaut over the "a," and you will often see it on programs as Haendel. At first he made it Hendel and finally settled for Handel, which is really the proper spelling today, though the Germans have never accepted it. For them he is still Haendel.

At least "le beau Charles," as his French lady admirers call him, would not be the first conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to have his name mispronounced. The present incumbent protected himself by getting rid of that ever-confusing "w." When he first spelled his name with Latin characters, he made it Kussewitzky. At least, that is how it appears in the older lexicons. You often heard Montoux called Montoe. And as for Muck, a lot of people made it rhyme with duck, and the connotation was not a flattering one. Another faction preferred Mewk. George Szell, now in Cleveland, was in line for the job. My pronouncing biographical dictionary makes it "shell." Most people say "zell." Actually, "sell" is correct. It's a nice mess.

In that it sounds the same (supposedly) to everyone and is written in a standardized notation, music may be called the one truly inter-

national language. Nevertheless, it is still not all plain sailing. In the 19th century, first German, then French, and finally English and American composers began to use their own language for tempo indications and expression marks, in place of the customary Italian. They did the same thing with the names of instruments. Beethoven, a pioneer in this respect, adopted German expression marks in his Sonata, Opus 90, and a few subse-

quent works, and he called Opus 106 a "Grosser Sonate fuer das Hammerklavier."

In scores you will encounter Violino, Violon, Violin, Geige and even Fiddle. As the expressive range of music increased, the indications for performance in Italian, German, French and English became more and more elaborate and explicit. Scriabin used some of the most extravagant of expression marks, but he considerably wrote them in French, not Russian.

Must Be Linguist

The point is, that in order to understand everything that may appear on a page of printed music, you have to be something of a linguist. Strauss and Mahler have done pretty well in the matter of German terms and directions. Our own MacDowell was one of the most resourceful devisers of English expression marks. But it is Percy Grainger that really takes the cake. He writes for "big" and "little" fiddles. He wishes to have piano chords "harped". And molto crescendo gives way to "louden lots." They say that national and racial consciousness were also behind this linguistic expansion in musical terms and names. Fortunately, the Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, Russians, Finns and Scandinavians decided that in this respect discretion was the better part of patriotism. We have troubles enough as it is.

Sunday Symphony

At Symphony Hall last evening Richard Burgin conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in the following program, with Georges Laurent and Bernard Zighera as soloists in the Howard Hanson "Serenade":
Symphony, in A major, No. 4.
"Italian".....Mendelssohn
Serenade for Solo Flute, Harp and Strings.....Hanson
"Ma Mere l'Oye," Five Children's Pieces.....Ravel
Symphony No. 5 in C minor.....Beethoven

By ELINOR HUGHES

The chief novelty on last evening's program, first in the series of Sunday night concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was Howard Hanson's Serenade for flute, harp and strings, which was first performed in Boston just a year ago. There is a pleasantly romantic note concerning the inspiration of the composition, which Mr. Hanson dedicated "To Peggie" and gave as a Christmas present three year ago to the lady to whom he was then engaged and who is now his wife. A second hearing confirms the impressions of a year ago that here is a light, pleasant and melodious work of something less than major importance, interesting chiefly for the excellent opportunities afforded to the flute soloist, opportunities beautifully grasped last evening by Georges Laurent, who was heartily applauded by the audience. 10-27-47/Donald

Mr. Burgin, who continues to conduct during the illness of Mr. Koussevitsky, opened the concert with a lively and enjoyable performance of Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4, called "Italian" largely because it was written during the composer's sojourn in Italy rather than because it is pronouncedly Italianate in quality. The performance was in honor of the centennial of Mendelssohn's death which occurs on Nov. 4, but no such solemn occasion is needed for a performance of this joyous work, begun when Mendelssohn was only 22. As a curious commentary on the deceptiveness of local color in music, Robert Schumann mistook the "Scotch" symphony for the "Italian" and wrote of it with lyrical rapture!

The other two works last evening have both been heard already this season, Ravel's "Ma Mere l'Oye," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. It seemed that the Ravel was played with unusual freshness and transparency of tone and with just the right suggestion of gently intellectualized musical fairy stories. As for the symphony, it seems as impossible as it is foolish to add any further comment to so magnificent and so familiar a work, but it can be said that the conductor and the orchestra received an ovation for their performance and also that the second movement in particular was really overpowering.

The second concert in this series will take place on the afternoon of Nov. 23 with Charles Muench, famous French conductor, leading the orchestra.

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

By JOHN WM. RILEY

The first program in the Boston Symphony Orchestra's shorter Sunday afternoon series was given in Symphony Hall yesterday. Again the orchestra's able associate conductor, Richard Burgin, was on the stand substituting for Serge Koussevitzky, who is kept at home by a persistent cold.

One hundred years ago, on Nov. 4, the bright career of one of music's most fortunate artists, Felix Mendelssohn, was cut short. He was only 36. Mr. Burgin began yesterday's concert with the "Italian" Symphony, which, though familiar, is a welcome ray of light, and the first of many Mendelssohn works we will probably hear in this anniversary year. Mr. Burgin played it with lightness and a firm rhythmic pulse. While it was not an exciting interpretation, it was an eminently satisfying one.

Between the brightness of the "Italian" Symphony, and the stunning effect Mr. Burgin created with Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite, came Howard Hanson's Serenade for Solo Flute, Harp and Strings. It is a pleasant interlude in which Messrs Laurent and Zighera performed their roles with their customary skill. While Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite is basically unspectacular, it does afford a virtuoso orchestra like the Boston Symphony an opportunity to show off its first desk players. The tunes, for the most part, are simple, lovely and ingratiating. "Mother Goose" is a matter of mood and atmosphere, which Mr. Burgin created with tenderness and care. 10-27-47

The program concluded with a vigorous, straightforward and truly exciting performance of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The next program in this series will be given Sunday afternoon, Nov. 23, when Charles Muench will be the guest conductor. 3444

Mendelssohn, Hanson, Ravel And Beethoven on Program

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Richard Burgin, presented yesterday in Symphony Hall, its first concert in the Sunday afternoon series. The program produced an agreeable balance, opening with the liveliness of Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony; concluding on the power of Beethoven's Fifth, and bracketing in the middle the impressionism of Howard Hanson's Serenade for solo flute, harp, and strings and the ballet rhythm of Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite.

Except for the Beethoven, of course, Mr. Burgin's responsibility seemed to be to coax grace rather than passion from the music. He succeeded in doing justice to his scores, with especially notable assistance from the strings.

For the "Italian" Symphony the strings—carefully restrained by the conductor from proceeding too fast or with too emphatic accents—produced a delicate, dancing lilt in the first movement. In the second movement the basses were conspicuous for the crisp rhythm they established behind the phrasing of the violins and violas. The brass flourishes seemed a trifle loud in the third movement, jarring its tranquility. But the Saltarello was struck off with vivacity and color.

Howard Hanson's Serenade was first performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra almost exactly a year ago. Yesterday afternoon George Laurent again played the flute part, and Bernard Zighera the harp. However, the strings were largely responsible for the heavily impressionistic chords, against which the flute was able to sound so fluent.

Mr. Laurent played with virtuosity and dramatic effectiveness, but actually the Serenade offers little opportunity for real expression. As a rather romantic exercise, it remains pleasing enough, principally because Dr. Hanson seems to have known how to exploit the special qualities of the flute.

Ravel's "Mother Goose" Suite succeeded the Serenade without changing the musical mood very radically. Once more the string section was pre-eminent, giving the five pieces, at times, a rich har-

mony which all of Ravel's tricks with piccolo, triangle, and wood blocks could not undermine. The oboes and English horn also made the most lovely passages in which they anticipate the strings. Mr. Burgin's performance had a special smoothness, even during the oblique Oriental strains of "Empress of the Pagodas."

Perhaps concentration on

Symphony Concert

The second concert in the series of six Sunday concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The guest conductor Charles Muench presented the following program:

"Iberia" ("Images" for Orchestra No. 2) Debussy
Symphony No. 3 in G Minor Roussel
Op. 42 Roussel
Suite from Incidental Music of "Pelleas et Melisande," Op. 80 Faure
Symphony in D minor Franck

By HOWARD WATSON

The program included two compositions repeated from the regular Friday and Saturday concerts, Debussy's "Iberia" and Roussel's "Third Symphony," already commented on in these columns, and two additional works, Faure's Suite from "Pelleas et Melisande," and the Franck Symphony in D Minor.

Once again, Mr. Muench proves himself a highly interesting conductor. He is energetic, but not overly so. He is not only fascinating to watch, but, which is more important, seems to have the great gift of making his men not only work, but thoroughly enjoy themselves while working for him. There is a completely wholesome quality about the man which inspires the orchestra to great heights. He is not a sentimentalist—as proved most clearly by his interpretation of Debussy, in which he chooses to paint little sketches, delicately, yet virilely, rather than engage in fussy extraneous details.

That he possesses nevertheless a deep degree of grace and feeling were illustrated in his "Pelleas et Melisande." The prelude to the Faure music written for Maeterlinck's play, in which the composer in the "Prelude" magnificently expresses the mysterious melancholy of the drama, were interpreted with great finesse and skill. The "Fileuse" and "Sicilienne" movements were performed with rare

subtlety, while he achieved the height of pathos in the movement representing the death of Melisande.

There is bound to be considerable discussion among musicians, both for and against the conductor's interpretation of the Franck Symphony which concluded the program. For there will be those who will say it is nothing short of a series of paintings of blacks and whites, and others who feel the increased tempi and the emphasis is entirely effective and a good idea. I find myself in the latter group, for to me it is no more sinful to underline the symphony, than to extend it as conductors have too often been guilty of. It seems to me that the Muench version only serves to enhance the majesty and solemnity of Franck.

The third concert of this series will take place on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 28, with Eleazar de Carvalho conducting.

Franck, Fauré, Debussy And Roussel on Program

By L. A. Sloper

Charles Münch conducted the second program of the Sunday afternoon series of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall yesterday afternoon. Debussy's "Iberia" and Roussel's Symphony No. 3 were carried over from the Friday and Saturday concerts of last week. Items added were Fauré's Suite from the incidental music to Maeterlinck's "Pelleas et Melisande" and the Franck Symphony.

Mr. Münch was particularly successful with the Fauré music. The Prelude and the "Fileuse" set the atmosphere of otherworldliness. The Sicilienne and Adagio told of the tragedy of the last scene with its unanswered question. The composer here caught the mood of mystery and remoteness that mark the play, and the conductor conveyed it with restraint.

In the light of the programs of yesterday and last week, a reconsideration of the good impression left by Mr. Münch's visit of last year seems in order. His technique is remarkable. He is completely master of the music and the orchestra. He can and does obtain the precise effect that he wants. He had a tremendous success with the audience and had

evidently won the suffrage of the players.

But what is it that he wants? He apparently seeks effects. In the Rameau Suite from "Dardanus" last week and in the Fauré of yesterday, the effects were quiet and peaceful, but a little mannered. In everything else they were apparently designed to command admiration for the conductor rather than for the music.

The Honegger of Friday, called a Symphony "Liturgique," became a showpiece worthy of Tchaikovsky at his worst. Was this the fault of the composer or the conductor? It is hard to say, since the piece was having its first Boston performance. It is possible that, hearing the work from another conductor, we might get a different idea of it. In any case, in the light of what happened to the familiar pieces yesterday, it is impossible to blame the composer alone.

In "Iberia" the Fragrance of the Night became interminable and the Morning of a Festival Day a race with time. Roussel's Symphony was almost unendurable for noise.

And the Franck—what shall we say to that? It was completely distorted. There were sudden

changes of tempo and violent contrasts of dynamics. The slow pages were too slow and the quick ones so fast that they were difficult to follow. In the climaxes the brass pierced the ears. It was magnificent, but what had become of Franck? This was neither the traditionally reverent interpretation nor the dramatic one of Koussevitzky. It was theatrical.

No doubt it is difficult to resist the temptation to play upon so magnificent an instrument as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the like of which Mr. Münch hardly enjoys in Paris. No doubt it is pleasant to hear the wild plaudits of the house and to receive the undisguised homage of the men. But what of music? Is it merely a means for the exploitation of the leader?

We shall hear Mr. Münch again later in the season. Will he by then have come to restrain his exuberance, and to devote himself to the communication of the composer's thought? Let us hope so.

Bernstein As Guest Conductor

Leonard Bernstein conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall through a program that was conspicuous for its rhythmic interest: Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 36; Ravel's "La Valse," choreographic poem; and Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," Burlesque in four scenes.

The Beethoven, by itself, is quite a study in tempos, with its slow introduction leading into Allegro con brio; its Larghetto, which is really livelier than the designation might indicate; its Scherzo, and its Rondo-Finale. Mr. Bernstein dramatically graded the orchestra into the Allegro of the first movement; and perhaps even more dramatically into the movement's march-like second subject, giving it an emphasis that was the more effective because of its contrast with what followed: the slow, quiet opening of the Larghetto. *1-26-48 amit*

The Larghetto also had its beauty underlined by a brisk reading of the Scherzo which followed it. Mr. Bernstein seems to have a fondness for dance rhythms, and he extracted an airy bounciness from the Scherzo.

He emphasized the scherzo characteristics of the Finale. He played it quite fast — perhaps driving it a bit — but he managed to clarify the dynamic contrasts, which probably depend somewhat on swift pace for their effects. Mr. Bernstein's over-all interpretation was one of energy, an interpretation heightened by the specific contrasts with the prevailing tempo of the slow introduction, the Larghetto, and the sudden lyric phrases of the Finale.

Mr. Bernstein was equally energetic with the more obvious rhythms and dynamics of "La Valse." The climaxes were crackling, but he made them seem logical by skillfully leading up to the overwrought waltz variations. In spite of their ultimate nightmarish effect, he drew from these variations an independent beauty that was remarkably moving.

Mr. Bernstein, of course, had his most spectacular chances to show rhythmic ingenuity in "Petrouchka," which, with its organ-grinder, music box, drum-rolls, Russian dance, Waltz, and Moorish ballet is certainly a work of the most imaginative rhythms. He maintained the relentless drive which eventually becomes so integral that the listener can feel it, even when the music has stopped.

FINE PROGRAM BY SYMPHONY

Bernstein Leads Group in Sunday Concert

Leonard Bernstein conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon in a program that was almost the same as that which he had offered Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. The difference lay in the substitution of Ravel's "La Valse" for David Diamond's new Fourth Symphony, and probably most of the members of the nearly capacity audience had no objection to the change, particularly since Mr. Bernstein, with his natural feeling for dance music, gave "La Valse" a glowing and exciting performance. *1-26-48*

Otherwise yesterday's concert, like its two immediate predecessors, began with Beethoven's Second Symphony and concluded with the complete "Petrouchka" of Stravinsky. For ordinary purposes the shorter version of "Petrouchka," usually heard in concert, is to be preferred, however rewarding it was to encounter in such outstanding performance music that otherwise must be heard in the theatre, where the emphasis is on the ballet, and the orchestra is likely to be a makeshift affair. Having dished up "Le Sacre" and "Petrouchka" in such fancy style, Mr. Bernstein should now give us Stravinsky's still earlier masterpiece "The Fire Bird." *Don C*

Symphony Concert

The 4th concert in the Sunday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Leonard Bernstein conducting, was given yesterday afternoon in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Symphony No. 2 in D major Op. 36 Beethoven
"La Valse," Choreographic Poem, Ravel
"Petrouchka," Burlesque in 4 Scenes Stravinsky

Beethoven's 2nd Symphony and the complete orchestration of the Stravinsky "Petrouchka" score included in the regular Friday and Saturday series were repeated in yesterday's program, and have already been commented upon. With the third composition, Ravel's choreographic poem, "La Valse," the guest conductor, Leonard Bernstein, and the orchestra, were greeted with the type of cordial applause that included a good deal of uninhibited whistling from the near capacity audience. For while magnificent interpretations of Ravel are hardly novelties to Boston Symphony audiences, seldom have they been treated to a more exhilarating interpretation of the composer than was Mr. Bernstein's. From the vaguely gray early movements of the competition, illustrating Ravel's love for piquant detail, to the rich glowing sounds of the seeping orchestral masses, the performance was entirely electrifying. With meticulous care and discipline, in the former, and considerable skill in reading the frenzied successive waltzes of the latter, Mr. Bernstein's reading was imaginative, rich, and in fine taste.

The fifth concert of the Sunday series will take place on Feb. 29. *1-26-48 Harold H. C. W.*

SYMPHONY HALL

Boston Symphony Orchestra

In the absence of Serge Koussevitzky, who is on his regular Winter vacation, Leonard Bernstein yesterday afternoon made his third appearance as guest conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Two of the items from yesterday's program were repeated from the Friday-Saturday concerts: Beethoven's Second Symphony and the complete "Petrouchka" ballet suite of Stravinsky instead of the usual excerpts. In place of David Diamond's new Fourth Symphony, Mr. Bernstein gave the Sunday audience Ravel's choreographic tone poem, "La Valse." *1-26-48 selk*

Bach, Haydn, and Sibelius Conducted by Koussevitzky

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, gave the sixth and final concert of the Sunday series yesterday afternoon at Symphony Hall. The program consisted of Bach's Two Preludes (arranged for string orchestra by Riccardo Pick-Mangiagalli); Haydn's Symphony No. 98 in B-flat major, and Sibelius' Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 43. All three selections had been included on the Tuesday program, and the Bach and Haydn had been included on the Friday and Saturday program.

The three works follow a logical development: string orchestra, classical orchestra, full orchestra. In forming chords, shaping themes, staging climaxes, and expressing emotions—as well as in deploying instruments—the compositions trace an arc from the comparatively single to the comparatively multiple, from the simple to the complex, from the direct to the devious.

The Bach Preludes are, in conception and construction, so easy to follow that the modern lis-

tener, schooled for all kinds of complications in music, may be almost surprised that they are so thoroughly satisfying, to the heart as well as to the ear.

The Adagio has the special simplicity of sacred music, the leisurely counterpoint of the organ, achieving an infinite variety of effect within the narrowest range of notes and dynamics. The climax is merely a slight extension of both, ending in a prolonged chord that yesterday trailed away in a wonderfully managed decrescendo.

Dr. Koussevitzky made the sudden transition smoothly to the Vivace: to the faster rhythm, shorter, more staccato phrasing, longer runs, and added frills of the dance. *4-26-48 Minit*

The Haydn passes through more and greater variations of technique and of mood, but within movements, it has the unity of development of the Bach. Dr. Koussevitzky gave outline to the themes as they began, characteristically, in the strings, digressed in the other sections, accumulated intensity in ensemble, and fell off, again to be repeated. The timpani firmly underscored the rhythms, and also the climaxes; perhaps, at times, reinforcing the latter too powerfully. Richard Burgin caught the right quality of archness for the violin solo in the Finale against the comically syncopated background.

The Sibelius Dr. Koussevitzky, of course, gave drama, but he could not, except in the third movement (Vivacissimo: Lento e suave), give it continuity. The symphony is a series of ingenious ideas, composed of series of ingenious chords, but it carries little forward movement in its mechanics or its meaning. It repeats and contrasts with a certain self-consciousness.

It is lushly romantic, like the soundtrack of an idyllic movie, in alternating measures between the French horns and woodwinds. It is full of Wagnerian dangers, sounded by ominous brass, sinister bass, rumbling drums, and agitated strings.

And, needless to say, it is full of Wagnerian triumphs. Dr. Koussevitzky graded the tuttis as well as could be done, reserving a certain margin of unexhausted splendor for the Finale. But following Bach and Haydn, Sibelius did seem untidy and unresolved.

M. M.

Boston Symphony Orchestra

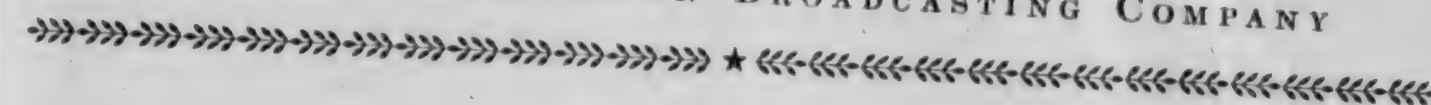
SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Music Director
RICHARD BURGIN, Associate Conductor



Historical and descriptive notes by JOHN N. BURK

Tuesday Evenings . . . 9:30-10:30 E.S.T.

Broadcast by the AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY



First Broadcast Program

TUESDAY EVENING . . . OCTOBER 14

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conducting

RAVEL "Ma Mère l'Oye" ("Mother Goose"),
Five Children's Pieces

- I. Pavane de la Belle au Bois Dormant
(Pavane of Sleeping Beauty)
- II. Petit Poucet
(Hop o' My Thumb)
- III. Laidronette, Imperatrice des Pagodes
(Laidronette, Empress of the Pagodas)
- IV. Les Entretiens de la Belle et de la Bête
(Beauty and the Beast Converse)
- V. Le Jardin Féerique
(The Fairy Garden)

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 5, in C minor, Op. 67

I. Allegro con brio	III. { Allegro: Trio
II. Andante con moto	IV. { Allegro

SIXTY-SEVENTH SEASON . 1947-1948

eighteenth centuries, but principally by Vivaldi, Corelli, Handel and Bach. These composers had no interest in laying forth the pyrotechnical skill of a single virtuoso, but divided their music into a small group of picked artists who wove their voices together, and the main body of the orchestra, which gave a ground and a more solid substance to the whole. The small group was called the *concertino*, the large group the *tutti*, or *concerto grosso*. Handel and the two Italian masters favored concertos for strings alone, but found use for wind instruments as well. Bach in his six Brandenburg Concertos limited himself to strings only twice (Nos. 3 and 6) and even in these tried every possible division and balance to attain new ends. With Bach, according to his famous biographer Albert Schweitzer, the alternation between the small and large body of tone ceases to be a formal principle and "becomes a living one. It is not now a question merely of the alternation of the *tutti* and the *concertino*; the various tone groups interpenetrate and react on each other, separate from each other, unite again, and all with an incomprehensible artistic inevitability. The concerto is really the evolution and the vicissitudes of the theme. We really seem to see before us what the philosophy of all ages conceives as the fundamental mystery of things, — that self-unfolding of the idea in which it creates its own opposite in order to overcome it, creates another, which again it overcomes, and so on and on until it finally returns to itself, having meanwhile traversed the whole of existence." "The wind instruments," according to Schweitzer, "are here used with the audacity of genius." In the First Concerto Bach adds to his strings a wind ensemble consisting of two horns, three oboes and a bassoon. The horns, being written for the higher range of instruments now obsolete, test the skill and the lip of the modern virtuoso.

SYMPHONY, "MATHIS DER MALER" ("Matthias the Painter")
(Orchestral version composed in 1934)

By PAUL HINDEMITH

Born at Hanau, Germany, November 16, 1895

"Mathis der Maler" was composed as an opera, but long before its first performance (in 1938) these three instrumental excerpts, called a "symphony," were performed and came to be known across the musical world. It is probably for this reason that the three movements have been closely identified with three famous paintings of the Isenheim Altar piece in the Museum at Colmar in Alsace, the eloquent handiwork of Matthias Grünewald, the sixteenth-century German painter.

These three movements, considered as a symphony, point more directly to the Isenheim tryptich than to the imagined vicissitudes of Matthias in the opera itself. The first painting shows an angel playing a stringed instrument

and singing, while a glow, luminous with many colors, envelops her. The second shows the laying away of Christ, and the third the assault upon Saint Anthony by a hoard of fiends and monsters. The first is beatific, the second full of compassion, and the third devout in the face of terrific assault. Only an artist of Grünewald's time and faith could have so filled his work with such intensity of religious conviction. Hindemith's music is antique and churchly in theme, bold and individual in the working out. At the last, as it depicts the conflict of the Saint and his final triumph over evil forces, it becomes an imposing structure of sound.

Third Broadcast Program

TUESDAY EVENING . . . OCTOBER 28

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY, Conducting

- STRAUSS "Don Juan," Tone Poem
(after Nikolaus Lenau), *Op. 20*
- SIBELIUS Symphony No. 5 in E-flat, *Op. 82*
- I. } Tempo molto moderato
II. } Allegro moderato, ma poco a poco stretto
III. Andante mosso, quasi allegretto
IV. Allegro molto

"DON JUAN," TONE POEM (after Nicolaus Lenau), *Op. 20*
(Composed in 1889)

By RICHARD STRAUSS

Born at Munich, June 11, 1864

The Grand Ducal Court Orchestra at Weimar acquired in the autumn of 1889 an "assistant Kapellmeister" whose proven abilities belied his years. Richard Strauss, was then only twenty-five. As a composer he had already made his mark, and from orthodox beginnings had in the last three years shown a disturbing tendency to break loose from decorous symphonic ways with a "Symphony" — "*Aus Italien*," and a "Tone Poem" — "*Macbeth*." He had ready for his Weimar audience at the second concert of the season a new tone poem, "Don Juan," which in the year 1889 was a radical declaration indeed. If many in the auditorium were dazed at this headlong music,

there was no resisting its brilliant mastery of a new style and its elaborate instrumentation. There were five recalls and demands for a repetition. Hans von Bülow, beholding his protégé flaunting the colors of the anti-Brahms camp, was too honest to withhold his enthusiasm. He wrote to his wife, "Strauss is enormously popular here. His 'Don Juan,' two days ago, had a most unheard-of-success." And producing it at Berlin a year later, he wrote to its creator, "Your most grandiose 'Don Juan' has taken me captive." Only the aging Dr. Hanslick remained unshaken by the new challenger of his sworn standards. He found in it "a tumult of dazzling color daubs," whose composer "had a great talent for false music, for the musically ugly."

The "Don Juan" of Lenau, whom Strauss evidently chose in preference to the ruthless sensualist of Byron or Da Ponte, was a more engaging figure of romance, the philosopher in quest of ideal womanhood, who in final disillusion drops his sword in a duel and throws his life away. Lenau said (according to his biographer, L. A. Frankl): "My Don Juan is no hot-blooded man eternally pursuing women. It is the longing in him to find a woman who is to him incarnate womanhood, and to enjoy, in the one, all the women on earth, whom he cannot as an individual possess. Because he does not find her, although he reels from one to another, at last Disgust seizes hold of him, and this Disgust is the Devil that fetches him."

SYMPHONY, E-FLAT MAJOR, NO. 5, Op. 82

(Composed in 1914; revised in 1916 and 1919)

By JEAN SIBELIUS

Born at Tavastehus, Finland, December 8, 1865; living at Jarvenpää

To the musical world of 1914, a world steeped in tone poems of lavish colorings, swollen orchestrations, lush chromatizations, Sibelius gave a symphony elementary in theme, moderate, almost traditional in form, spare in instrumentation. The themes at first hearing are so simple as to be quite featureless; the succession of movements makes no break with the past. However, any stigma of retrogression or academic severity is at once swept aside by the music itself. It goes without saying that Sibelius set himself exactly those means which the matter in hand required, and using them with consummate effectiveness created a sound structure of force, variety and grandeur which no richer approach could have bettered. Once embarked upon a movement, even from apparently insignificant beginnings, this unaccountable spinner of tones becomes as if possessed with a rhythmic fragment or a simple melodic phrase. When his imagination is alight, vistas unroll; the unpredictable comes to pass. There was in Beethoven a very similar magic; and yet Sibelius could

never be called an imitator. It is as if an enkindling spark passed in some strange way across a century.

The thematic basis of the first movement is the opening phrase, set forth by the French horn. The whole exposition of this theme is confined to the winds, with drums. The second subject enters in wood-wind octaves. The climax is reached as the trumpets proclaim the motto of the initial theme, and the first movement progresses abruptly, but without break into the second, which in character is an unmistakable scherzo. A dance-like figure is at once established and maintained for the duration of the movement. The initial subject of the first movement is not long absent, and brings the concluding measures. The slow movement consists of a tranquil and unvarying allegretto, for this symphony discloses no dark or agonized pages. The movement develops as if in variations a single theme of great simplicity and charm, which changes constantly in melodic contour, but keeps constant rhythmic iteration until the end.

Characteristic of the final movement (and of Sibelius in general) is its opening — a prolonged, whirring figure which at first gathers in the strings, and as it accumulates momentum draws in the wind instruments. An even succession of half-notes (first heard from the horns) increasingly dominates, and leads to the triumphant coda of heroic proportions. If there is an "Eroica" among the symphonies of Sibelius, it is surely the Fifth, with the nobly imagined close.

BALDWIN PIANO — VICTOR RECORDS — *Programs subject to change.*

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Boston Symphony Orchestra
Boston 15, Massachusetts

BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

SERGE KOUSSEVITZKY
Music Director

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RADIO BULLETIN

FOR THE
Tuesday Evening Concerts

Over the A B C Network
Season 1947-1948

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FELIX MENDELSSOHN.
1809-1847.

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Tuesday Symphony

The second concert of the Tuesday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The soloist was Lukas Foss, pianist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 4 in E minor Op. 98 Brahms
Piano Concerto in G minor, Mendelssohn
Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" Mendelssohn
Symphony in A major, "Italian," Op. 90 Mendelssohn

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The centennial—to the exact day—of the death of Mendelssohn was observed last night by the Boston Symphony in the last and broadcast half of the program. The first part was occupied by the 4th Symphony of Brahms, of which Mr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra give a magnificent interpretation; but since it was heard last Friday and Saturday and also at the end of last season no further comment need be made just now.

Mr. Lukas Foss gave a truly brilliant and spirited performance of Mendelssohn's First Piano Concerto, a work full of charm and the spirit of youth. Oddly enough it has been neglected by the Boston Symphony. Its vivacity and effectiveness cannot be gainsaid, especially in the first two movements. Moreover the recklessly indulgent prettiness of the andante is not too much of a muchness when played with the taste and suavity of phrasing which it had last night. Mr. Foss won a well deserved ovation for his impeccably fluent work. As a matter of fact I infinitely preferred this composition to the more pretentious Concerto of Rachmaninoff which we endured last Friday.

Mr. Koussevitzky then went on to play the ever-delightful Scherzo from the incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in which M. Laurent was signalled out for his fine flute playing, and the familiar and amiable Italian Symphony. Mendelssohn's centennial might actually rate a complete program of his music, but at least last night nobody could complain that we listened to inferior examples of his art.

SYMPHONY HALL
Boston Symphony Orchestra
By JOHN WM. RILEY

One hundred years ago last night, Felix Mendelssohn died in Leipzig, cutting short at the age of 38 the bright career, and drawing the shade on one of the most cultivated musical minds the world had seen to that time. Mendelssohn's standing faded quickly, but it has regained its true place in the affections of music lovers.

With true devotion to the memory of a fine artist and sensitive regard for the qualities of his music, Serge Koussevitzky gave over the broadcast portion of last evening's Boston Symphony concert to three of Mendelssohn's most popular works. There were the G Minor Piano Concerto, in which Lukas Foss was the able soloist; the Scherzo from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Italian" Symphony—three works which miss only two facets of the art of Mendelssohn: his gift as a miniaturist as shown in the "Songs Without Words" and his more Olympian view of "Elijah."

In contrast to the stunning but uncomfortably highly-charged performance of the Brahms Fourth Symphony which began the program, the Mendelssohn works all emerged with their character quite undisturbed. Lyricism at its loveliest; continuous melody in a happy (the name Felix means "happy") frame of mind; delicacy and brightness. Yet there was never depth wanting.

The Scherzo was a beauty of shimmering sound. And the Concerto was a delight. Mr. Foss has a nice feeling for the poetic qualities of Mendelssohn and the slow movement was particularly ingratiating. However, he had a tendency to rush some of the showy passage work. But the overall effect never departed from the spirit of Mendelssohn's intentions. The concert closed with a superbly light performance of the "Italian" Symphony.

Mendelssohn Centennial; What Is His Position Today?

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Tuesday of this week will mark the 100th anniversary to the day of the death of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy in Leipzig. The occasion will be modestly celebrated by the Boston Symphony that evening by the performance of his Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the Italian Symphony and the Piano Concerto in G minor. But the first, and broadcast, part of the program will be given over to Brahms' Fourth Symphony, a curious sort of complement to Mendelssohn's genius. Originally the Reformation Symphony had been announced, and under the circumstances it seems rather a pity that this plan was not adhered to. After all, we hear the four symphonies of Brahms over and over, year after year, so that we are in small danger of forgetting their great virtues.

Of course, Mendelssohn's place in the sun is not now what it was in his own day and for many years after his death. The rise of Wagner in a totally different field and later of Brahms in the symphonic field eventually caused his partial eclipse. The extreme veneration in which he was held in 1847, can best be illustrated by a testimonial given him by Prince Albert at the second London performance of "Elijah."

"To the Noble Artist, who, surrounded by the Baal-worship of debased art, has been able by his genius and science, to preserve faithfully, like another Elijah, the worship of true art, and once more to accustom our ear, amid the whirl of empty, frivolous sounds, to the pure tones of sympathetic feeling and legitimate harmony; to the Great Master, who makes us conscious of the unity of his conception, through the whole maze of his creation, from the soft whispering to the mighty raging of the elements. Inscribed in grateful remembrance by Albert—Buckingham Palace, 23d of April, 1847."

INEVITABLE REACTION

Intellectually there sprang up in the 20th century and even earlier a contempt for Mendelssohn which is almost as unfair as the encomium of the Prince Consort is ridiculous. It was part and parcel of the intense reaction to Victorianism. As

Philip Hale wrote: "Mendelssohn in his maturity wrote his music as he looks in his picture, smiling and with a stickpin in his ruffled shirt. When at 17 he wrote his overture to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', he was a romanticist. What might he not have accomplished if he had been poor and less respectable! He wrote this overture before he had been spoiled by flattery; before he became a composer of priggish formulas."

Writing in 1934 Mr. Hubert Foss, the English critic, expatiated at length on Mendelssohn and "the comfortable" and the Tennysonian aspects of his art: "There is that endless outpouring of sweet melodies, a stream that never brings itself to cease, however poorly it trickles. Sometimes it is like the water that, falling over the concrete rocks at the exhibition, flows down the vent and so up the pipe to the head of the fall, to do its decorative task again."

All this is rather condescending to poor Mendelssohn, much though there may be elements of truth in the criticism. It is true that Mendelssohn's oratorios have fallen quite out of fashion. "Elijah" is still enjoyed and always will be so long as choruses unite to sing; but how often, if ever, do we now get a performance of "St. Paul" or the Hymn of Praise? Ironically enough it was Mendelssohn's enthusiasm for Bach which has eventually in our day caused his own choral works to fall out of currency.

ENDURING MUSIC

But if judicious selection is made from Mendelssohn's output an impressive list of enduring music can be compiled. Not all of this "best" was written, as Mr. Hale implied that it was, in his youth. The scherzo of the F minor Quartet, for example, is acknowledged to be a remarkable piece; and that Quartet was finished practically on his death-bed. The Italian and the Scotch Symphonies have retained their place in the symphonic repertoire. Even better are the Overtures and perhaps especially "The Hebrides." The piano music of Mendelssohn provides a rich yield. Not all the Songs without Words by any means are to be dismissed, and many pianists still favor

the Variations Serieuses. The Piano Concerto, which will be heard Tuesday, will not prove unworthy of performance. As for the Violin Concerto it is a masterpiece in its class.

Sir Donald Tovey wrote with his customary perspicacity about Mendelssohn, and this anniversary is as good a time as any to quote him on one point: "The dangers of a Mendelssohnian facility are notorious; but men of genius, including Mendelssohn, need all the facility they can get. Handel was a fluent composer at the age of eleven, and seemed absorbed in fashionable Italian opera at the age of Mendelssohn's death (38); while only the immense gulf between Wagner's early and his mature art blinds us to the historic importance of the fact that his worst early work, 'Rienzi,' was a world-famous success. 'Respite finem' is a very good motto if the end is there for you to look at; but surely no one can say what another thirty years' experience of so eventful a period in musical history would have done for such an impressionable and generous a nature as Mendelssohn's."

Lukas Foss Piano Soloist With Symphony Orchestra

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, last night presented a Mendelssohn Centennial program at Symphony Hall. Brahms' Fourth Symphony was the only alien item on the program. Mendelssohn performances included the Concerto No. 1 in G minor for piano (Lukas Foss, soloist); the Scherzo from the incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; and the "Italian" Symphony. 11-5-47 *mm*

Mr. Foss' interpretation seemed to be the achievement of the evening. The concerto, though no showpiece, has its difficult passages, especially during the Presto movement. But throughout its most rapid runs, Mr. Foss played with an apparently effortless technique that produced delicate, rippling melody in quietly accented rhythms, evoking just the air of poetic sprightliness Mendelssohn must have intended.

The Andante he executed with the direct simplicity it asks for. Here, as in the Presto, a light, even touch was the characteristic

expression. Particularly during the unaccompanied portions, Mr. Foss squeezed out the melody bit by bit with a lingering hesitancy which set off to best advantage the fluent rush of the Presto.

The orchestra helped make the concerto an unusually satisfying performance by sensitive accompaniment. The strings and woodwinds re-enforced the piano without smothering its pianissimo phrases or hurrying its leisurely turns.

Mr. Foss had to be very good to capture the evening, because the other performances on the program were all excellent. Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra reached their heights, characteristically enough, in dramatic interpretation.

The tragic overtones in the first movement of the Brahms seemed a little uncertain in their disclosures. But the devout quality of the second movement was convincingly dramatized, especially in the organ-like stateliness of the woodwinds.

The orchestra really caught fire in the energetic triumph of the third movement, right from its dynamic opening measures, and Dr. Koussevitzky made capital of such incidents as the electrifying dialogues between timpani and triangle. The tragic implications of the first movement were more clearly developed in the Finale, but the sober conclusion seemed hard put to overcome the exultant momentum of the third movement.

In quite a different vein, the orchestra romped through the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Scherzo. The woodwinds were alive, the strings were sprightly, and no one played loudly enough to break the spell. The unpretentious charm of Mendelssohn was scrupulously preserved.

The "Italian" Symphony brought back the emphasis on drama. The first movement was performed with emphatic drive, which heightened the lyric effects of the Andante. In this movement the strings beautifully projected the singing tone which they had achieved with consistent success throughout the program.

Dr. Koussevitzky conducted the Saltarello with particular punch

bringing the evening to an appropriately dramatic conclusion.
M. M.

Tuesday Symphony

The first concert in the Tuesday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Richard Burgin conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:
Classical Symphony Prokofiev
Symphony No. 5 in C minor, Op. 67 Beethoven
"Ma Mere l'Oye" Ravel
"Don Juan," Tone Poem Op. 20 Strauss

To the stirring strains of Prokofiev's "Classical Symphony" the first in the series of the Boston Symphony Tuesday Evening Concerts got under way last evening at Symphony Hall, with Richard Burgin conducting in the absence of Dr. Serge Koussevitzky, who was unable to appear because of illness.

The Prokofiev symphony seemed to set the pace for an altogether well balanced program. Stimulating, sparkling and alive—its four movements occupy no more than eleven minutes, the "Classical Symphony" simply proves that Prokofiev has something to say, and says it. The first movement with its clipped staccato phrases wastes no time; the charming pizzicato is simplicity itself; the eighteenth-century gavotte lends itself possibly to ballet; and the finale with its recapitulation is complete and precise. 10-15-47 *mm*

Burgin's violent portrayal of "Don Juan," the tone poem composed by Richard Strauss at the age of 25, bears little resemblance, if any, to the composition as offered by the National Symphony Orchestra of London as recorded by Sidney Beer. The disturbing quest of the music itself is something not to be taken half heartedly and its pace was set in an almost frantic effort to get all out of it that the composition had to give. The work itself, with its elaborate instrumentation, its picture of pursuit and longing and frustration is not easily grasped and has not become one of Mr. Strauss' most popular compositions.

Maurice Ravel's gay and charming "Ma Mere l'Oye" which tells the story of the French "Mother Goose" and consists of five children's pieces was most ably handled, if somewhat lacking the subtlety of Dr. Koussevitzky's interpretation of the French composer's work. This blithe music, first written as little piano duet pieces for a suite, was later made into a ballet by the composer. It has not been heard at these concerts since 1941.

The triumphant tones of Beethoven's immortal 5th Symphony closed the first concert of the Tuesday series. So many thousands of words have already been written

about this familiar stand-by that there is little need here to go into a discussion of the composition itself. Suffice it to say, and this may or may not be local prejudice, it is unimaginable to hear the Boston Symphony musicians even attempt this majestic work without a feeling of inspiration that infuses not only themselves, and the conductor, but also the audience with a rare state of satisfaction. H. C. W.

Burgin Makes Season Debut As Conductor

Richard Burgin, concertmaster, conducted the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall last night, when Dr. Koussevitzky was unable to appear. The program was one to challenge a substitute, even a regular substitute. For in their special demands on dramatic virtuosity Prokofiev's "Classical" Symphony, Strauss' "Don Juan," Ravel's "Mother Goose," and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony formed a program that seemed designed for Dr. Koussevitzky. Mr. Burgin satisfied the audience with a business-like performance. 10-15-47 *mm*

The "Classical" Symphony proved a witty program opener. The Finale, especially, seemed to be performed with the saucy affection the composer must have intended when he wrote this 11-minute exercise in the vocabulary of Mozart.

The melodrama of "Don Juan" was in striking contrast to the elegance of Prokofiev. The brasses, in particular, took honors. They were brilliant without being blasting. The horn passages made the lyrical interludes—especially the solo violin's brief love song—seem a little faint. But the aggressive balance between the portraits of Don Juan (in brass) and his ideal loves (in strings and woodwinds) was effectively maintained without being over-sensuously exploited.

The brasses took a rest in Ravel's "Mother Goose." This suite of five children's pieces is pleasant enough listening, if the program notes are sufficiently ignored. But last night, even with the intermission to space the juxtaposition, Ravel in the nursery seemed slightly uneventful after

Strauss with Don Juan. Delicate effects and mild accents were hard to appreciate, and the lack of real ideas was more difficult to overlook.

Then, too, Beethoven's Fifth would make almost anything that preceded suffer by comparison, if, indeed, it were not forgotten. Mr. Burgin conducted the Fifth with requisite vigor, but next to no

flamboyance. Here, as to a lesser extent in "Don Juan," the brasses managed to supply the tremendous drive demanded of them without sounding oratorical. The strings seemed especially sensitive in sustaining the long pianissimo suspense of the third movement.

The over-all result was a clean performance in which Beethoven's themes were allowed to support themselves without the extravagant dramatics conductors are sometimes tempted to believe necessary. Beethoven has probably provided all the drama and passion this symphony can absorb, and a straightforward reading like Mr. Burgin's seems the more truly effective for its modesty and restraint. M. M.

SYMPHONY HALL Pension Fund Concert By CYRUS DURGIN

Last night, for the first time in several years, the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave at Symphony Hall a mid-season concert for the benefit of its pension fund for retired members. Serge Koussevitzky conducted a Beethoven program consisting of the Seventh Symphony, the "Coriolanus" Overture and the Violin Concerto, with Ginette Neveu as soloist. 12-24-47

As ill-luck would have it, this concert for so admirable a purpose had to fall on a night of foul weather. Yet even this circumstance did not entirely account for the fact that less than a capacity audience was on hand. Before the storm began, it was known that the seat sale was lagging. In the past, pension fund concerts have not always had the support they deserve, which seems to me a shocking and shameful absence of loyalty on the part of some of the Boston public.

Miss Neveu, the Parisian violinist who had made her Boston debut with the Brahms Concerto last Fall, once again proved herself a brilliant virtuoso and excellent musician with the greater Concerto of Beethoven. At her first appearance some few complained of her extravagant physical motion as she played, and the great abundance of temperament. Last night she was more contained, and although that temperament (perhaps partly under the stress of Mr. Koussevitzky's driving interpretations) did result in some overly taut passages in the first movement, the performance as a whole was both authentic Beethoven and of personal intensity.

It may be Miss Neveu's problem not to let her temperament run away with her; when she does not she plays superbly. Her cadenzas were of lightning brilliance, and when she had finished the Concerto she received applause and cheers such as few soloists win at Symphony Hall.

It was regrettable that the Symphony had to come first, to make two climaxes: one for the radio audience and one for those in the hall. All-Beethoven, moreover, is not the most interesting fare nowadays, and if a concert is to benefit the pension fund of the players, why not have at least one number with all the men playing?

Ginette Neveu Soloist In Beethoven Program

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under Serge Koussevitzky, gave its one hundred and fifth Pension Fund Concert last night at Symphony Hall. The all-Beethoven program consisted of Symphony No. 7, in A major, Op. 92; Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 62; and Violin Concerto in D major, Op. 61, in which Ginette Neveu was soloist. 12-24-47

The symphony and overture excited sustained applause, but, for the audience, the concerto and Miss Neveu climaxed the evening. Her first movement received as enthusiastic acclaim from the orchestra as from the audience, both of whom repeated, and prolonged, their appreciation at the concerto's conclusion.

The concerto called attention first to Miss Neveu's technique, which must have accounted principally for the applause at the end of the opening movement. In her arpeggios she displayed extraordinarily fast fingering, fingering that, in her trills, proved to be as even as it was swift. She produced her highest range with round tone, and, toward the end of the Allegro ma non troppo, bowed pianissimo phrases with remarkable sweetness.

Her interpretation in this virtuosic first movement—though commendably free from exaggerated execution—was appropriately dramatic, being characterized by ascending passages of developing intensity.

The Larghetto showed that she was more than merely an impressive technician. For she played this second movement with a delicacy of feeling which, added to her purity of tone, re-

sulted in a persuasive lyricism. The orchestra provided noteworthy accompaniment: of just the proper size to reinforce her solo voice without encircling it.

In the Rondo Miss Neveu indicated that she can play with vigor, as well as with flair and with feeling. She phrased her dance theme with sure emphasis, contrasting the broad dimension of her lower tones with the lighter grace of their repetitions in upper register.

If the concerto climaxed the program, the Rondo, in a way, climaxed the concerto. Miss Neveu's performance was generally unaffected throughout, but her fidelity to the spirit of the Rondo seemed to give it a special triumph.

In this respect, the program ended as it had begun. For Dr. Koussevitzky, in the Allegro con brio of the Seventh Symphony, achieved another triumph of the dance. The orchestra responded with verve to his customary dramatic interpretation, underlining forcefully the highly rhythmic pattern of full, martial chords and contrasting mazurka accents.

Dr. Koussevitzky especially emphasized the tension of the "Coriolanus" Overture, building up suspense for the dynamic effects and for the melodic variations with equal success. He paced the performance well, carrying off the final pizzicato with elegant dash. The orchestra managed to give the overture an heroic atmosphere, which epitomized the triumphant, often exuberant, mood of this particular Beethoven program. M. M.

Pension Fund Concert

A Pension Fund concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given yesterday evening in Symphony Hall. Ginette Neveu, violinist, was the soloist. The program was as follows:

Symphony No. 7 in A major Op. 92 Beethoven
Overture to "Coriolanus" Op. 62 Beethoven
Violin Concerto in D major Op. 61 Beethoven

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

Those who braved the ironical advent of the "green Christmas," which the weather experts promised us, to attend the Boston Symphony's Pension Fund concert experienced one of those rare and thrilling experiences that come but rarely in any given season. This was the electrifying performance of the Beethoven Violin Concerto by Mlle. Ginette Neveu. I have never heard a performance of this familiar work which so moved and gripped me. Nor was there any doubt that the audience—not unfortunately of capacity size—appreciated the exceptional nature of the interpretation. They practically stopped the show after the first movement and, in spite of obvious transportation difficulties, they remained long afterwards to cheer and applaud to the echo. 12-24-47

This is a strictly accurate report of what went on last night in Symphony Hall; and every shout and clap was justified, for so complete a mastery of a famous score combined with such fire is seldom heard in the concert hall. The woods are currently full of excellent violinists, but few of them—not always through their own fault—ever achieve the heights which Mlle.

Neveu scaled last night. In my own experience I would have to go back to that extraordinary concert where Heifetz played the Prokofieff 2nd and the Brahms Violin Concertos with this orchestra for a comparable experience.

This admission I make with the more humility, because I made several strictures on Mlle. Neveu's performance earlier this season of the Brahms Concerto. It may be that she had not quite the superbly sympathetic orchestral support which Mr. Koussevitzky furnished her with last night; or again she may not have been as entirely at her ease in her American debut. At any rate I have never heard such splendid intellectual and emotional domination of the first movement, the greatest of a monumental work. And she carried this amazing interpretation through to the end. Philip Hale used to aver, at least in private, that the finale

bored him to distraction, but he would not have been bored yesterday.

Why this all-Beethoven Pension Fund concert did not catch on with the public in advance is one of those mysteries of the box-office. The approach of Christmas might account for it or the appalling weather at the last moment. At least the three-fourths full house heard a stirring rendition of the "Coriolanus" Overture and a performance of the 7th Symphony to warm up with. But it was Mlle. Neveu's triumph, and for that the concert will remain memorable.

MUSIC Symphony Concert

A special concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall in honor of the Music Teachers National Association convention. The program was as follows:
Suite from the Ballet "Appalachian Spring" Copland
Symphony No. 8 in C minor Bruckner

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

The Music Teachers National Association, convening this week in Boston, was present in force last night in Symphony Hall to listen to this concert played for its benefit by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The teachers applauded Dr. Koussevitzky to the echo when he emerged and even more when Dr. Howard Hanson, composer and head of the Eastman School in Rochester, handed him an award on behalf of the Association. The audience also applauded Aaron Copland at the completion of his "Appalachian Spring" Suite. 12-31-47

This Suite finds Copland at his most ingratiating and in his "popular" vein, as in his "El Salon Mexico," "Danzon Cubano" and the music for "Billy the Kid." It employs a great deal of native, folk material, but ingeniously and with taste. In a way it is a kind of modern pastoral symphony, a mood especially invoked by the quiet opening and conclusion. The entire

Suite is a refreshing work and its fame and popularity are readily understandable.

The last and broadcast half of the concert offered Bruckner's 8th Symphony, which we heard earlier this season. Dr. Koussevitzky makes a sizeable cut in the first movement and an even larger one in the adagio, thereby eliminating some eight minutes of the score and squeezing the symphony well within an hour's compass. This is debatable practice and, of course, brings the fanatical Brucknerites down on his head like a ton.

The trouble is that Bruckner was both long-winded and excessively repetitious, so that the temptation

to cut him is for many musicians irresistible. Since, however, the slow movement is in Bruckner's symphonies usually the core of his thinking and his spirituality, it would seem wiser instead to omit the finale altogether. This finale is particularly weak, and we would thus be left with the last, tranquil strains of the noble Adagio. On the other hand, since Dr. Koussevitzky and the orchestra give a truly, eloquent interpretation, it might be argued that he knows best.

Koussevitzky With Mozart And Brahms

Last night Dr. Koussevitzky made his first appearance at Symphony Hall since returning from mid-season vacation. In the fourth concert of the Tuesday evening series he led the Boston Symphony in Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," Serenade for String Orchestra (Köchel No. 525) and Symphony in C major ("Jupiter") (K. 551); and in Brahms' "Academic Festival" Overture, Op. 80, and Symphony No. 2 in D major, Op. 73.

2-25-48 - M.M.
Mozart and Brahms on the same program are always interesting company. For the listener who likes both they seem to improve each other; for the partisan listener, one suffers and the favorite gains from comparison. No matter what their sympathies, nearly all listeners would agree

that last night's program was skillfully ordered. Even apart from the subject matter, there is a pleasing logic in opening with a string orchestra, continuing with a classical orchestra, and concluding with a thoroughly employed, full-size orchestra.

The Mozart, especially the "Nachtmusik," Dr. Koussevitzky conducted unobtrusively. For the most part, he allowed the music to spin out itself, and his light control appeared justified. The structure of Mozart's music is so orderly and its details are so animated that little direction would seem necessary either to clarify or to stimulate its performance. Last night all the proportion and life of Mozart's ideas came through without prodding. The slow movements sang, and the minuettos danced; and the strings played with the polished richness which has become the hallmark of this orchestra.

Dr. Koussevitzky exerted himself a great deal more in the second half of the program. The "Academic Festival" Overture supplies its own momentum, but Brahms' symphonies are less mobile than Mozart's. The lovely details are there, but they do not declare themselves so fluently as Mozart's. They can bog down easily under a heavy hand, and, if paced too slowly, their development can seem meandering. Dr. Koussevitzky never allowed the Second Symphony to lag. He gave it a propulsion that did not permit the melodies to become sentimental or the climaxes to hang static. By making the Brahms rhythmic, he also made it more lyrical in detail and more grand in outline.

M. M.

Münch as Symphony Guest

Charles Münch returned to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra last night in the fifth program of the Tuesday series. His selections were Franck's Symphony in D minor, Schubert's Symphony No. 5 in B-flat major, and Roussel's Symphony No. 3 in G minor, Op. 42.

M. Münch is a highly passionate conductor, who seems to be at his best when his material works against him; when it forces him to discipline his emotions. Thus, the Schubert, with its diminished orchestration, its Mozartean delicacy, and its regularity of form, is not the work to court virtuoso exploitation.

As a consequence, M. Münch gave it a clean, lyrical reading. He allowed the slow movement to sing itself and yet kept the music flowing. He regulated the volume in constantly sensitive relation to mood. In the Menuetto he played off the basses against the pastoral woodwinds with excellent effect. The performance was rhythmic, proportioned, and attentive to detail.

The Franck came off much less happily. Melodies seemed hurried, voices unbalanced, and details slurred. At times M. Münch

was able to paint dark tones with an emotional sweep, but only temporarily did he really succeed in keeping the music under control. The performance lacked integration. Occasionally the sections blended, but the brasses were made to play too loud and disrupted what balance could be achieved. The percussive instruments were also abused. There was a sense of exaggeration: the loud passages seemed too loud, the fast passages too fast, and the slow passages too slow. M. Münch's interpretation, like his gestures, appeared unnaturally strained. It left the impression of personal indulgence and neglected intentions. **3.24-48**

If the Roussel was not so clear a triumph as the Schubert, the fault was probably more in the composition than in the conductor. For M. Münch directed it with brisk mastery. **Minut**

Though this work may sound only spasmodically developed, it has none of the sentimental temptations that apparently bring out the worst in him. He rendered the contrapuntal melodies rhythmically and dramatically. Frequent climaxes called for heavy and varied percussion, but he man-

aged to accommodate it to the rest of the orchestra. He appeared to make the most of the effects the composer tried for. Whatever the success of the score, its interpretation was respectful and eloquent. M. Münch showed, as in the Schubert, that when he subordinates himself to his text, he can be a clear and affecting mediator. **M. M.**

'Missa Solemnis' with Harvard Chorus

Beethoven's Missa Solemnis in D major, Op. 123, was performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, assisted by the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, in the orchestra's one hundred sixth Pension Fund concert last night at Symphony Hall. Serge Koussevitzky conducted. The soloists were Ellen Faull, soprano, Eunice Alberts, contralto, David Lloyd, tenor, George London, bass, and E. Power Biggs, organ.

The Missa Solemnis is, above all, dramatic, intensely responsive to the despair and fervor of its traditional text. And Dr. Koussevitzky, with especially eager cooperation from the chorus, gave a grandly dramatic performance that won him the prolonged, ecstatic applause from the non-subscription audience. **4-28-48 Minut**

Dramatic effects seemed heavy in attainment in the Gloria. There was a quality of strain to the chorus, as if the voices were being painfully extended to the full; this laboring resulted in the production of great sound rather than the expression of great emotion. The trumpeted "Gloria in excelsis Deo" followed by the hushed "et in terra pax" seemed in over-emphatic contrast; the results were sensational rather than profound.

On the phrase "filius patris" the chorus sang its loudest; instead of being overwhelming as reverence it was simply startling as sound—a sound in which voices and instruments lost their identity and attack and pitch could hardly be controlled. The impression was that Beethoven had stressed as dramatically as he dared in pointing up climactic phrases and that the chorus might well have worked against the temptation to be overpowering.

However, in the Credo, the Sanctus, and the Agnus Dei many of the purposefully dramatic effects were magnificently realized, like the contralto's coming down on the word "crucifixus" and the chorus' sudden exclamation, "miserere nobis." The more purely musical effects, like the solos and quartet on the Credo's "Amen," were often beautifully projected.

The Sanctus was probably the section most handsomely interpreted, with the orchestra's devotional introduction; the quartet's "Osanna in excelsis"; Richard Burgin's lovely violin solo, and the contralto and bass duet on "Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini."

Miss Alberts was perhaps the best of the four very good soloists last night; she was full, clear, and expressive. Mr. London asserted himself more as the evening progressed. He sang the bass' Agnus

Dei solo with skill and dignity, though with possibly not quite enough passion. Miss Faull compensated, in the fire of her solos. Mr. Lloyd was most effective in giving body to the quartet. For the chorus many of the passages must have been as taxing as they were rewarding. Its generally apparent preparedness surely earned the bow for G. Wallace Woodworth.

M. M.

MUSIC

Tuesday Symphony

The final concert in the Tuesday series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, was given last night in Symphony Hall. The program was as follows:

Two Preludes for string orchestra Bach-Pick-Mangiagalli
Symphony in B flat major No. 98 Haydn
Overture to "Egmont" Beethoven
Symphony No. 2 in D major
Op. 43 Sibelius

By ALEXANDER WILLIAMS

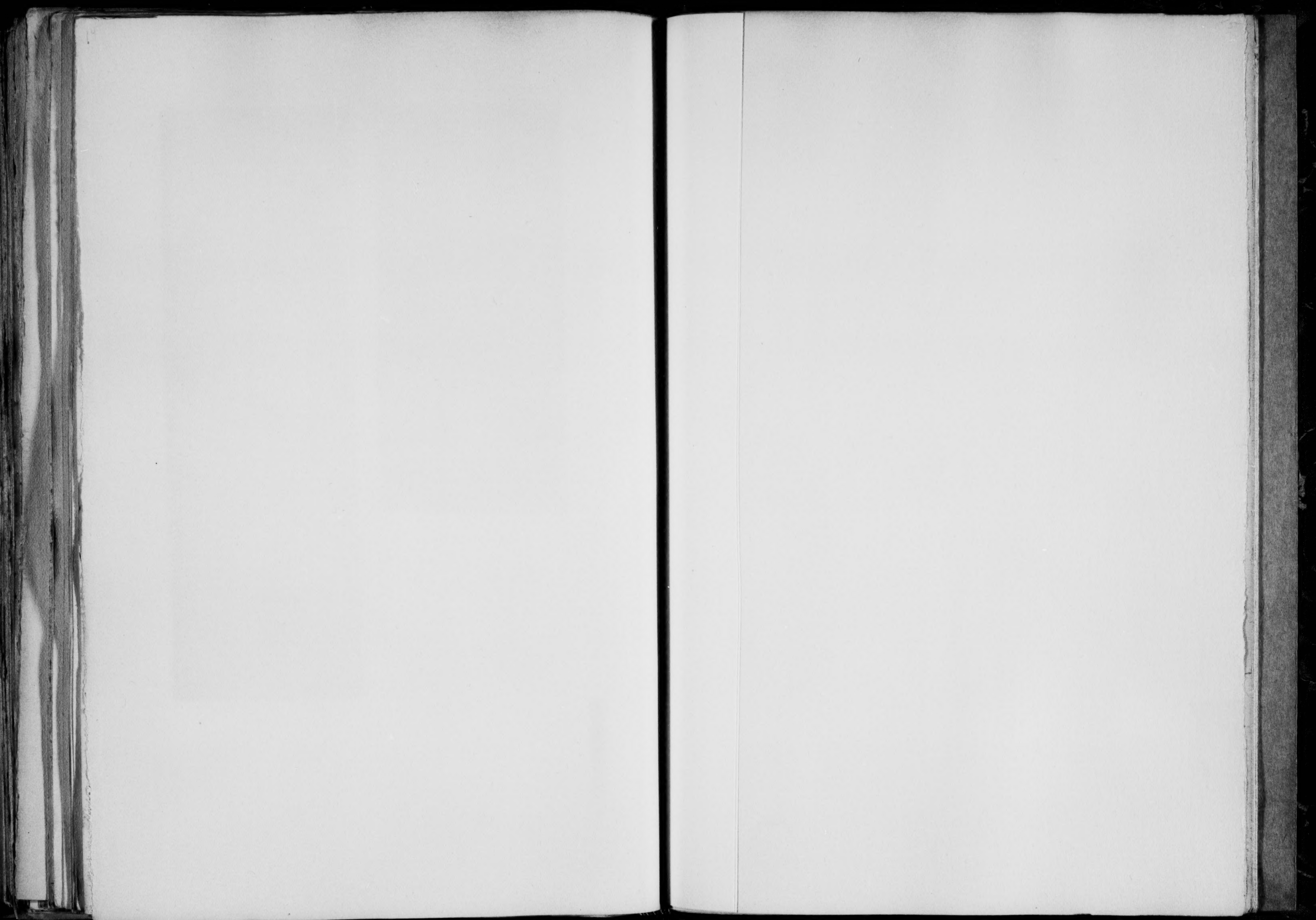
The first part of this final concert in the Tuesday series in Symphony Hall will be repeated this weekend and the Sibelius was done at the last regular concerts, so that not much need be said in review just now. The item of chief interest was the Haydn Symphony No. 98, one of the London series. Astoundingly and unaccountably this beautiful work has been done only once before by the Boston Symphony—in December, 1905, under William Gericke. As Sir Donald Tovey and other Haydn authorities have pointed out, this is one of the master's mature works that has several extraordinary features, notably the moving adagio. As in all these later Symphonies of Haydn there are surprises for the ear far greater and more amusing than the familiar "Suprise" Symphony's fortissimo. More on this music anon. 4-21-48/leged

The two Bach preludes which Ricardo Pick-Mangiagalli chose to arrange for string orchestra are successful and tasteful examples of this sometimes nefarious practice. The vivace from the 3rd solo violin Partita sounds especially well in this medium. Dr. Koussevitzky had the orchestra playing beautifully in the Bach and Haydn. Another concert prevented my hearing the rest of the program, but if they continued in the same vein the audience last night must have had a treat.



Abresch

George London, bass soloist in Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" at the Pension Fund concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, tonight.





**CONTINUED
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NEXT REEL**